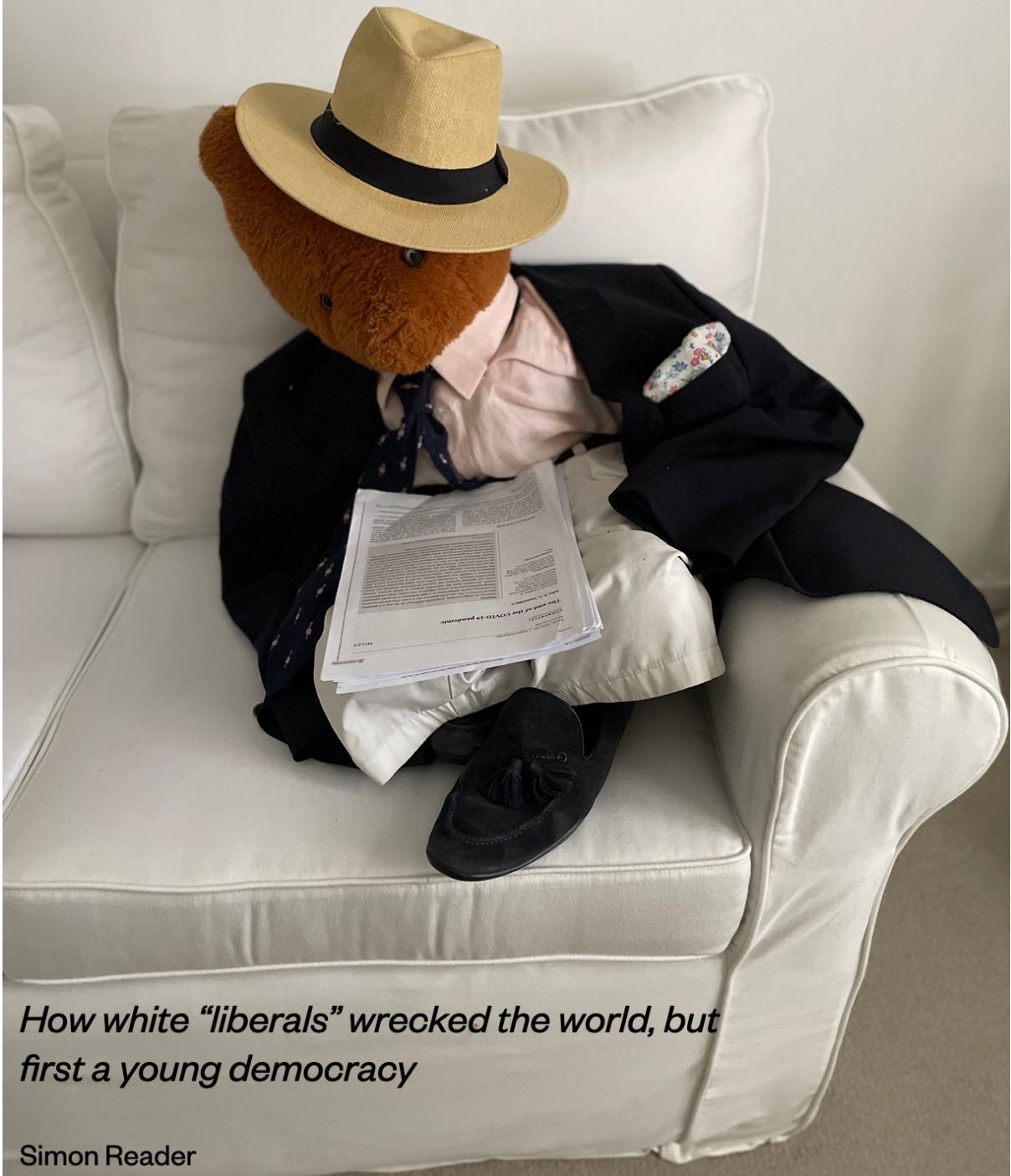


# Sutenbastud



*How white "liberals" wrecked the world, but first a young democracy*

Simon Reader

For the Rhodesian in all of us

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## Prologue: From Elsewhere

**AFTER I'D** heard he'd been arrested for shooting crabs with a .38 special on a beach in Thailand in 2018, I thought about Lior Sa'at for the first time in a while. Then in 2021, the notorious Israeli gangster who terrorized the South African city of Johannesburg in the early 2000s, died in Vietnam.

The story is that he died alone on a gurney in the passage of the village hospital he had been admitted to earlier in the day with breathing difficulties. He was morbidly obese, and the nurses - terrified of coof - hadn't removed the dirty jeans over which his gut spilled in wavy rolls. On his chest and shoulders hives had broken out which accentuated infected pustules littering his neck. No doctor visited him for over 5 hours. He'd been left with just an old oxygen canister - no painkillers, no IV, and he didn't possess the energy to adjust an ill-fitting mask. Eventually, a doctor did get to him, noting on his clipboard a 'smell of sulfur' and 'enuresis'. Under the former, the doctor had

scribbled 'brain trauma' followed by a question mark. Blood was drawn from his limp right arm; once in the tube, it resembled the color of dark tea.

Approximately an hour after the doctor had seen him, an orderly wheeling a stretcher past noticed that he appeared to be in a death spasm. Leaning closer, but not too close, the man heard what appeared to be small cracks coming from Lior's chest, possibly his lungs filling to capacity with fluid. The orderly parked the stretcher then searched for a nurse, but Lior Sa'at, in all his piss and puss and shit, had already died. The nurses at the hospital wanted him ground to ash, quickly, but when Israeli authorities were informed of this, the scramble to avoid his body being cremated began.

Two days after I'd heard this story, I had a dream about him, and I coupled what I remembered to what I imagined.

In the dream he was in hell, obviously, and he was talking to his cellmate. He was telling this person - a slender white man with wispy blonde hair and a thin, pencil moustache who sat on the top bunk smoking, about his life, but not about everything, only about his

life in Johannesburg during the late 1990s and early 2000s. Perhaps that was everything.

He told the man about a city disintegrating, rife with hookers and crack and elevator shafts in abandoned, slum buildings used as toilets. He said that he had gone to the suburbs that lay in the shadow of the city - partially under encouragement from Tel Aviv, partially of his own ambition - to frighten the life out of South African Jews - extort them, torture them and - should he deem it necessary - kill them.

He told the man that he went to South Africa because you could no longer torment Jews in Belgium. Antwerp was once the place to do this, but something had happened. He told the story of his childhood friend, Big Moshe, who had gone to Antwerp and for a while succeeded in extorting businesses owned by Hasidic Jews. But one night in 1991 Big Moshe and his accomplice Dror were walking home after they had lifted another 5000 francs off a kosher catering business when a man shouted out to them in Hebrew from across the road: "Hey Moshe! My dear Moshe! I remember you?! How are you?! Wow, can you believe it?!" The man crossed the road and walked toward

them excitedly, smiling, with his right hand stretched out disarmingly. Big Moshe was caught off guard: an old friend? Someone from home? But it was happening so quickly he didn't have time to think, so he just offered his hand, squinting his eyes. The man grabbed it, then quickly stepped to his side: in his left hand was a blade, and he sunk it deep into Big Moshe's kidneys, then punched twice. Big Moshe fell to his knees almost immediately, and the man eased him down onto his back while looking around: "Shhh...shhh...shhh." Dror, stunned, could only stare at the man. "Go back to Ramat Gan," the man told him calmly in Hebrew, "tell your friends not to come." Dror returned to Israel the following day as the man instructed and spread the word: "Mossad is there now." So, Lior told the man, it was Johannesburg.

He told the man it was a place without rules or consequences. He explained how he was smart not to attract attention at first, and did so by selling t-shirts at flea markets. Patiently he absorbed stories and ideas from the others who came before; in those early days, he explained, he would laugh whenever someone whispered that he was part of the "Israeli mafia". There was no such thing, just a group of sadistic



criminals, some from the army, some from gangs - all unafraid of violence, gifted with an advanced sense of conflict born of war and panic.

He told the man about his first extortion attempt. Easy. Second, third, and fourth too, and soon he explained, he was driving the latest model BMW at full speed up and down Louis Botha Avenue, past the brothels and drug dens, intimidating other drivers by baring his thick arms out the window. On his car stereo he blasted the latest electronic dance music smuggled into the country from Israel by El Al air hostesses. He had taken steroids in his youth, many, and the steroids had taken his hair - but the look suited the vests and chains he was fond of. He told the man that soon he was shackled up with a “masseur”, a local blonde woman not bothered about full service if clients were willing to pay. He didn’t mind either, keeping extra wipes and oils and condoms in the glove compartment of the BMW - alongside a stolen 9mm, its serial number filed off. And in the boot, a baseball bat.

He told the man about the first time he used the baseball bat. It was on a man called Shai Avissar. Shai



had snatched the title of “leader” from the group of Israelis - but you can’t lead if others aren’t prepared to follow. The man before Shai was called Motti: Motti wound up dead, then it was Shai’s turn. Shai was dealing diamonds without a license, making too many threats and demanding too many favors. One idle Tuesday afternoon, a group of shoppers looked on as Shai was snatched off the street near Norwood’s Pick ’n Pay branch and bundled into a van. In the back of the van Lior beat Shai to death, then drove out of the city to bury him in a shallow grave not far from the infamous Vlakplaas apartheid torture camp.

He told the man that after he’d killed Shai, word got out - and now the Jews were terrified. They were always terrified, he explained, of the organized groups who hijacked vehicles and stole Rolexes, of the random acts of violence that saw little old Jewish ladies being raped and murdered by their gardeners or families chased by marauding gangs as they walked the street on Friday evenings. In the early days of his extortion game, he explained, he had made a number of telephonic threats to Jewish homes. At precisely the moment the family had gathered for dinner.

Then he told the man about the underworld that already existed in Johannesburg, and the inevitable crossover between what he wanted and those who thought the city belonged to them. Ecstasy had arrived in South Africa and was thriving. One particular model of organized crime emerged that intrigued him.

Most of the city's nightclubs were under the protection of a notoriously violent cartel of bouncers. The cartel had an agreement with the local chapter of the Hell's Angels biker gang: the bikers would cook the ecstasy, and the bouncers would sell it in the clubs they worked the doors and floors of. He described to the man the kind of people these bouncers were - whites from the south and the east of Johannesburg, the children of poor, itinerant immigrants or mechanics or tow truck drivers, who possessed no education, had grown up surrounded by racial and class loathing and whose values were shaped by the pursuit of respect above all.

The bond they shared with each other, he explained, was supposedly their strongest feature, but in his view, it was also their weakest. The brotherhood was based on mutual identity, tragedy, loss and most

importantly, loyalty. They had given each other what they never had - meaning, a more-or-less sense of belonging. Absent of the same, Lior concluded that to take what they thought was theirs would best be accomplished by smashing the lock of the chain they protected it with.

He told the man about some additional complications. The bouncer cartel had an established, transactional relationship with the police. Murders committed at their hands would subsequently not be investigated, or stalled, or the dockets lost. One example was the case of one rival nightclub drug dealer, shot in the throat as he sat in his car in a parking lot. There was no justice for him. Other competing dealers and bouncers were killed, their bodies dumped in lakes or empty mines.

He told the man how his war with the cartel started. Just before the turn of the millennium, a warning came to his attention and with it, an opportunity. At that stage, he was interacting with the cartel, not intimately, but close enough to notice that one of its members became increasingly nervous whenever he saw him. Lior suspected he was talking to the police

about him and his suspicions, he explained, were proved correct when he learned that some of the cartel members had led police to Shai's body in the shallow grave at Vlakplaas.

So he pulled the trigger on his opportunity. Under fictitious pretenses, he lured the nervous man to a deserted petrol station northeast of the city in the early hours of a Monday morning. While the man was sitting in the car waiting for the rendezvous, Lior approached from behind, crept up to the window and shot the man in the side of the head. He described how he stood staring at the blood and hair and shattered glass, admitting that dying on a deserted road, at a paranoid hour, among the skeletal remains of a looted convenience store, was a hopeless way to end.

He told the man about events thereafter. Once the nervous man's body was discovered, the cartel gathered at the morgue, where they were joined by the police. This signaled for the first time joint consequences and prompted hitherto unknown caution: as easy as it was to pull a trigger, it wasn't actually necessary, so he explained how he started commissioning assassins he encountered, meeting

them in the alleys of Orange Grove, the suburb poised to become one of Johannesburg's next Hillbrows. There were plenty of these ex-paras around - former soldiers from countries as far as Senegal to as near as Zimbabwe - battle-ready, violent, and better trained than members of the South African Defence Force.

He told the man that the execution of the nervous cartel member hadn't conveyed the message he intended: stop talking to the police about me, I'm not scared of them, hand over your businesses, your networks - and ride off. Or else. So a year after he'd killed the man, he paid a bunch of black ex-paramilitaries to kill another member of the cartel and of all of them, it was this man he wanted to kill the most. He was the craziest.

He told the man that in October 2000, the crazy man was walking toward a nightclub the cartel sold drugs at called Bourbon Street. An assassin crossed the street and shot him three times - in his legs, chest and arms - but the crazy man survived. Already inconsolable from the death of one of their brothers, this failed attempt enraged the cartel.

6 months later, he explained, the crazy man had recovered but still walked with a limp. He was leaving another nightclub - this one called Gecko Lounge, in the Johannesburg suburb of Randburg, and as he walked outside from the club 3 shots rang out. He tried to turn back quickly but was shot again and collapsed. The fourth shot hit him in the back: he was dead before he arrived at the hospital.

He told the man that at this point it was suddenly hot. Too hot. A few days later he tried to cross the South African border into Mozambique but the police were alerted to his escape route and he was arrested. Despite his protestation that he had been illegally rendered, he was transferred back to Johannesburg and held in solitary confinement. Being locked up didn't bother him. The prison officers were agreeably corrupt, and he paid them to provide him with kosher meals or KFC when he felt like it. For the two months he awaited trial he was treated well by both the officers and fellow prisoners he handed out cash to with abandon. Then came the day of his court appearance.

He told the man that he was climbing into the police

vehicle that was to take him from the jail to the court when he noticed the investigating officer - a fat man who had initiated his arrest in Mozambique - talking to someone he recognized. This was danger: the person he saw, with bleached blonde hair and a thick jaw, was the cartel's most fearless profile. He sat tapping his feet as the vehicle started snaking its way through the city's lanes before it came to stop at traffic lights. He heard the roar of a motorbike engine, then the crackling and shrieking of tearing metal as the Uzi's bullets flew into the back of the wagon. An awaiting trial prisoner sitting next to him - a young colored man booked for petty theft from a car - was cut to pieces, his lifeless, slender frame slumped on the floor. He told the man that as the motorbike sped off, he felt a burning sensation on his back thigh. A bullet had grazed his buttocks.

He told the man that he was eventually charged for Shai Avissar's murder in 1999 and for the next 3 years he'd be held in solitary confinement again as the case labored its way through South Africa's decrepit justice system. It was for his own protection but despite the attempt on his life he wasn't convinced he needed it. Testifying against him at the trial would be Shai's



widow, a woman born in Belfast, Northern Ireland, who had participated in Shai's frauds, and was now romantically linked to a Polish gangster in Johannesburg who had built a counterfeit coin machine that was ripping off casinos across the country. The woman herself aspired to be a gangster who claimed to know the infamous Kray brothers of London's East End - something later jeered as typical Johannesburg hubris - who had smuggled blood diamonds from Sierra Leone and the DRC and been a face in the country's infamous "Black Dollar" scam. He told the man that the woman was a close friend of Nelson Mandela's ex-wife, that she had also - it was reported - profited handsomely from the sale of illegal hard-core pornography, striking deals with the owners of VHS cassette rental shops who would wrap the contraband in brown paper before sliding it across the counter to customers.

Here, he told the man, he required the kind of solidarity and brotherhood the cartel boasted, that was conspicuous by its absence from his own life. Other Israelis were involved in the widow's coin scam too and on the periphery was one man just as feared on Johannesburg's streets as Lior was. This man's

name in South Africa was Amir Moila or David Milner; in Israel, it was Amir Mulner. He was the son of an Israeli policeman, who had army expertise in building small and medium explosive devices - bombs that could fit neatly into a car seat's headrest. Local prisoners he intermittently shared cells in Johannesburg with were mesmerized by his ability to create IEDs from empty bottles and pens and lighter fluid. Now Lior needed Amir, or David.

He told the man that it was now November 2003 and the widow was driving to court to testify against Lior with a companion when she stopped at an intersection adjacent to the arterial highway leading into the city. A man wearing a yarmulka was standing on the curb looking around, possibly lost. As the woman waited her turn to proceed, the man moved swiftly: from the bag he carried on his shoulder he pulled a gun and fired into the vehicle, hitting the widow in the temple and neck and chest and blowing the fingers off her companion. The widow was dead: Amir or David had given to Lior that which bound his enemies, something he'd never considered valuable.

He told the man that in January 2004, the

investigating officer - the fat man he had seen talking to the flamboyant cartel identity the day the prisoner in the vehicle was killed in front of him - died of a heart attack. In this strange, mad place, where there were no coincidences, just illusions of, and no consequences, just bartering, the State against Lior Sa'at was withdrawn. He was free. In March that year - now a spectacle of media intrigue - he was escorted to the Israeli Embassy in Pretoria by 10 vehicles belonging to the Serious and Violent Crime Unit within the South African Police Service. After collecting his travel documents the convoy turned in the direction of Johannesburg International Airport.

He told the man about the journey to the airport. About how the convoy slowed as it approached the international departures terminal lane, and a few moments later he could see 10, 15 then 20 armed policemen holding rifles and wearing helmets and bulletproof vests at the entrance. The car stopped, he explained, and he was hurried through the terminal, where he could feel, he told the man, the presence of the cartel there. Yes, they were there, loitering, perhaps in the sunglasses shops or restaurant area, waiting for an opportunity to kill him. There were

many policemen, sure, but there was also something else.

A sense of madness, he explained to the man - madness that makes a man too sad or angry to think or kill, that freezes then haunts him. When he was ushered into another police vehicle on the tarmac to be driven directly to the awaiting flight to Israel, he smiled back at the terminal, to the cartel.

A demon had come from elsewhere, a place they wouldn't be able to find on a map, and taken from them what they thought they owned. It had broken hearts and friendships, taken an only child from a single mother, and left a trail of blood and bullet casings and hanging, spent oxygen pipes in hospital trauma units. The grief felt by those close to the two cartel members he had murdered was so intense that it would carry through decades of their lives ahead. Some would ink their skin with the memory of their fallen brothers. "I made them mad," he told the man.

Then Lior explained how nothing else he did after that would ever light the same range of sensations. When he learned that others, in particular Eastern

Europeans, had heard about the carnage and wanted scraps for themselves, he wasn't jealous. Serbian paramilitaries, Bulgarian credit card scammers - even Slobodan Milosevic's own son Marko - went to Johannesburg to further test South Africa's addiction to impunity. Some would succeed, others would spend the rest of their lives in filthy jails. It didn't matter. It had been done.

If there was one regret, he explained to the man, it would have been the years he spent back in Tel Aviv. He had linked up with Amir - now only Amir - who had returned from Mexico - where he had escaped after he murdered the widow. Amir expected loyalty for his role in Lior's freedom - and begrudgingly, despite not knowing what it really was or how to give it, he lent his muscle as Amir fermented control of the underworld. When Lior and Amir were stabbed at the end of January 2006 in a hotel north of Tel Aviv during a meeting intended to iron out differences between underworld factions, he reconsidered his involvement. These people were different. They weren't preoccupied by virtue or designs of. You couldn't make them mad. They were their own demons. So he fled to China.

There was silence in hell's cell, and the man on the bunk lit another cigarette, nodding his head. He looked down at Lior, smiled, then exhaled a plume of smoke: "I am Gaetan," the man said in a French accent, "Québécois, flight attendant. And I am ze man who give America ze \*Aids."

*\*It was initially documented that Air Canada flight attendant Gaetan Dugas was the patient zero of the American HIV/Aids epidemic. In recent years, scientists have argued that HIV/Aids was around long before, and that Gaetan wasn't patient zero but patient 'o'.*

## **Introduction: Sutenbastud**

**AROUND THE TIME** Lior Sa'at was re-energising Tel Aviv's organised crime scene, I met Sutenbastud. At first it was a man - an Englishman - but gradually I understood it was a woman too - an American, Australian, Canadian or New Zealander, then a student, a pastor, a nurse, doctor, businessman and of course, a politician. It became a corporation, an international charity or NGO then an actual policy and eventually, it would be difficult to examine an English-speaking, western society without the firm conclusion that these places were jammed with Sutenbastud.

The experience I speak of occurred in the mid-2000s. I had come off a game reserve and was working for a small communications business and for a time it was a glorious experience; at first the company had sufficient money to cover humble salaries each month but not much more. It was this, a just-enough kind of existence, which made the employees, from set and graphic designers to producers, cheerful, easy-going people. Our interactions weren't yet destroyed by a divisive, hostile media, we had robust attention spans



and didn't need to fiddle endlessly with phones. We could smoke indoors.

Then the company began to grow as clients became enamoured with our oddball-ness and provided repeat business. The growth caught the eye of the company's major client, The Big Company, which is the same Big Company today that markets its soap through obese models and distributes ice-cream, originally from Vermont, that gives people obesity, then diabetes before finishing them off by making them impossibly stupid. The founders of our company, some of whom were former hippies, warmed to the idea of being integrated into the Big Company's country communications department.

My closest friend in the company was also its soul. In his late 30s, Clarence Hlenga was a handsome, muscular Zulu who was raised in poverty in a village near Newcastle, KwaZulu Natal, and boasted two menacing scars on his face. Despite the circumstances of his upbringing he was deeply proud and loyal to his tribe, which meant subscription to superstition.

"*Mfanagit* (friend), if you are argue to me," he warned me at one of our first meetings, "I'm know eh man, thes man, who can ten (turn) you into cat". He was deadly

serious and expected me to accept the threat as possible.

Clarence was the company's production manager. He led a team of fellow Zulus who he had secured jobs for. Quincy, who wanted to become an actor; Bongzi, who would run into a fire for Clarence such was his devotion to his childhood friend; Strike, who, I didn't know at the time, was wanted by police in Kwa-Zulu for his part in a vicious hostel assault which left three men in ICU and Mafika; a tiny man who spoke with darting eyes and was never without a cigarette between his lips.

My job was to turn essentially company advise or rules into theatrical content that would then be acted out by famous local actors to companies that employed substantial numbers of black staff. The production sets would be erected and struck by Clarence and his team, who also managed the props. We were required to travel often. Whilst the famous actors flew, Clarence, myself and the team drove, followed by a trailer packed with equipment, across South Africa's provinces, to some of the most remote villages in the country. At the end of every production Clarence and I would sit and close off the day, usually drinking

(Clarence liked Amstel - or “Umsteel” - lager, and if not, Windhoek - “Veendhook”). I always finished our informal debrief with Val Kilmer’s lines from True Romance, where Christian Slater’s character, also Clarence, is visited by the ghost of Elvis Presley: “I like you Clarence,” I would say, before snapping my fingers and pointing at him, “always have, always will”.

The benefits to integrating our small company into the Big Company were not clear. I knew nothing about business, especially mergers, but Clarence was happy just to be surrounded by people he could trust, earn enough to keep himself in Umsteel, polony and the odd whiskey, with anything left over spent on the 5 girlfriends he was courting at any point. But others in the company were equally puzzled by the prospect of being owned. Then one Friday evening, when we were gathered for our habitual after-work drinks, we were informed that a man would be coming from London on Monday to speak to us.

On Monday morning I arrived to notice a bald, wiry man sitting on one of the sofas in the central area of our open planned offices. He was reading a set of documents but it was his outfit that alarmed me: he was wearing Oxfords with rubber soles, olive trousers

that probably belonged to a suit but instead of a shirt, tie and jacket, he wore what is known as a Madiba shirt - the colorful, loud, band-collar prints beloved by the former President Nelson Mandela. Occasionally he would look up from the documents and case out the room and just after 9am, the founders emerged from the boardroom, climbed up the stairs and told all the staff to leave their desks and converge around the sofas. The man stood up.

“I am Anthony Tice...and today I speak to you in the spirit of Madiba (‘Mudeeeeeeeeba’)”... He stopped and waited, with his eyebrows raised, then nodded looking around. It was the type of statement you could only make if someone like the South African singer PJ Powers was standing next to you ready to break into a song exaggerating the ANC’s path to liberation. But there was no PJ and everyone just kept quiet (the accounts department consisted of 4 or 5 Afrikaans secretary-types in their late-50s who smoked so much that yellow films covered their spectacles). It was awkward but before it became uncomfortable, he clasped his hands together: “Right, I have been sent by my company to ready yours and from what I’ve seen...” he started nodding again with his eyebrows raised, “...is that there is a lot of room for

improvement. But the good news is that we'll be doing this together." I looked across the room to Clarence. He was staring at Anthony Tice in the same way I had seen him looking at geared-up cyclists in Johannesburg's coffee shops on Sunday mornings. "Now," Anthony Tice continued, "I will be spending a lot of time with you all in the next three to four months." He started pointing at everyone and a manic expression consumed his face. "Starting from the bottom up, I want to meet the entire company from tomorrow morning, starting with...erm..." he looked down at his papers and squinted, "um...Claris...yes, starting with Clarinz and moving steadily up. The rest of you will be informed of your time throughout the day. Now I'm going to leave you, carry on please." As we filed back to our desks, I passed my favourite founder on the way out. "Just a little bit weird?" He didn't respond.

That evening Clarence and I had a drink in Melville, another one of Johannesburg's suburbs surrounding the city that was once vibrant and reasonably safe but was now descending into gangster warfare - to the point where it was being referred to as "Helville". Clarence rented a garden cottage from an elderly couple in Helville, a short distance from the main road

with its assortment of grimy bars and nightclubs. "I'm hev to see thet men 9 o'clock tomorrow," Clarence remarked, "so only 1 beeya (beer) fo me." His mood suggested something wasn't sitting right.

He insisted he walk the short distance home. Just before he arrived, two thugs - one armed with a pump action shotgun - jumped out from behind a parked car and accosted him, taking his phone and his wallet. When he didn't have anything else to give them, the one with the gun shoved the barrel into his brow, knocking him down. Bloody, he staggered into a neighbour's driveway before collapsing against a garbage door.

The following morning Clarence wasn't at work. Ordinarily he arrived at 7am having picked up some of the team. At 8am he still wasn't there but Anthony Tice was, down in the boardroom with its ageing TV and VCR fixed to a shelf. Clarence drove the company vehicle, a white truck, and at 9:30am it appeared at the entrance of the property. From the window above my desk I saw the vehicle park, and Clarence emerged with his head wrapped in bandage. He was alone. I left my desk.

Some of his team were already coalescing in grimaces around him as he explained what happened. He had been at the police station to report the incident but couldn't call earlier as his phone had been stolen. He was holding a piece of torn paper with digits scribbled on it, presumably the police reference number, but before anything else was said, there was a charge at the door and out came Anthony Tice wearing a tan suit that hung painfully off his slender frame.

“Claris!! What the hell is this?! You were supposed to be here to see me at gam?!” Even if it was a joke, which I momentarily thought it was, it was in poor taste. Clarence looked at him, puzzled but Anthony was only getting started: “Did you not get the date and time? Huh?!” I tried to protest but Anthony Tice sensed this and quickly waved a hand in my direction to shut me down. He asked the question again, this time slowly, as if he was talking to a child. Clarence's team, in a combination of shock and embarrassment, quickly dropped their heads. I ignored the previous hand: “He's been at the police station.” Anthony Tice turned to me: “I'm not asking you. And I don't give a fuck.” I noticed small, blue veins in his pale neck. He turned back to Clarence: “Whose vehicle is this?” Clarence stammered: “Es vehicle fo company?” “And why are



you driving it?” “Er...becoz es job?” “Give me the keys,” Anthony Tice demanded, before raising his voice again, “this ends today. I’m officially giving you a warning - you’ll have it in writing by end of business.” Then he turned around and stormed off.

I went into the office of the founder that I liked the most. “You need to speak to that fucking idiot,” I said, “who the fuck is that?” You would expect a former hippy to willingly leap into an occasion of such blatant injustice, but he just stared at me. “Just do what he tells you,” he said with traces of exhaustion, “please.”

I was still seething when I was given my time to see Anthony Tice. 4pm. I had a couple of hours to burn so I thought I’d go and see Clarence, but he was nowhere to be found. Mafika emerged from the makeshift huts behind the office that served as their canteen and explained that Clarence was walking to the local dry cleaner to collect props. “Walking?” He nodded: “Not stop with the bleeding, needs sum few bendage.” I took Mafika with me and we drove to the nearby shops looking for Clarence along the way. At the store we bought some extra plaster then sat in the parking lot. “You got any weed?” He dipped into his shirt

pocket and bought out some black majat folded in old newspaper. He emptied out one of his cigarettes, bit out the butt, filled it with the seed-sodden grass then lit it and handed it to me. "Has that guy asked to see you?" He shook his head. "Thees morning I'm greet thet men... but...he... a just eh quiet." "He didn't greet you?" Mafika shook his head. Clearly members of Clarence's team fell into a space just below his definition of "the bottom". "Don't go near him," I told him, "and use of the aftershave in my boot when we get back." His eyes were yellow.

The weed was surprisingly strong for black majat, and its effect was decent enough to take my mind off the pending meeting. But then it was 4pm. I went to the bathroom to splash my face before knocking at the boardroom door.

Anthony Tice opened the door and stuck his hand out. "Oh hiya mate." His smile caught me off balance. "Come and sit down...let's get to know you." Inside the boardroom, brown paper panelling had been placed over the lower parts of the four walls. On the brown paper white pages with headings had been stuck with tape. "Systems" read one heading, followed by bullet points. "Values" read another, then there was

“strategy” and “accountability”. I sat two seats away from him at the head and waited as he studied the IBM laptop screen in front of him. There was a cycling magazine laying on the table. He noticed me looking.

“Oh that. These days...big cycling man myself, group of lads and I did Ireland some time back for charity. Cycling, oh yes, truly superior to all other forms of cardiovascular, especially running, you know, sometimes I’ll be passing runners whilst I’m cycling thinking, ‘what are they doing?’ Anyways, football, yeah love the game, season ticket holder you know, Arsenal, but come to think of it Burnley was my first team. Great bunch, great lads, yeah, great times really...you know who Dianne Abbott is?”

“Nought”.

He started speaking slowly.

“So...you don’t know the first black female Member of Parliament in the UK?” He emphasised “black” - loudly - “BLLLUCK!”

I shook my head. Had the weed not worn off I would have probably laughed.

“Sorry...you’re asking me if I know a politician from a country I’ve visited twice in my life?”

“She’s bluuu...” He stopped himself and leaned back.

“Nahh, shouldn’t be surprised but anyways, I took her to an Arsenal match, fascinating story, really, you’ll love this, really fascinating, was my idea, I told the board - listen - let me handle the politicos, so we went, and then she told me, ‘you know Anthony, I don’t like white men much, but you, there’s something different about you’. Yeah, had a great time. Great time. Really, but I’m not surprised, I mean I wasn’t - a lot of people have told me I’m excellent with races and so on and this is why I’m good here because, hey...look at me.”

He pointed at himself with two fingers, then turned them around to point at me.

“I know people right, and I know how difficult it must be ten years into the ANC and you’re shocked and you’re having to change but listen to me, I know and I’m telling you...”

“I’m not so much shocked.”

His gaze shifted from me to the floor, like my response had just extinguished a fire in his head. Ten seconds elapsed.

“So....I want to talk about your KPIs...”

“My what?”

He looked at the computer again, then squinted his eyes at me.

“You’re senior here...management....and you don’t know what KPIs are?”

“Nought”.

“Key performance indicators, in your case, client retention - the percentage of repeat customers.”

The sight of his eyebrows raised in expectation dislodged my intention to offer one-word answers only. So I explained how the majority of clients were government departments or state-owned enterprises, and every year they gave us business.

“If that’s what you mean.”

“Okay...okay.”

He flattened his hand and held it out as if he was trying to calm me down.

“So let me ask you this then: why are you focussing on only this group, and not going out to the major corporates, big other mining companies, to the machine manufacture...”

He stopped.

“Before that, what do you think is the USP of your division?”

“The what?”

“Oh for fuc...”

He stopped himself and exhaled.

“Unique selling points. Unique...selling...points.”

He was now talking like he had to Clarence earlier and doing the thing with his hand again.

“What...does...this...division...of...the...company...do...that...distinguishes...it...?”

“Ja...so...we do good work, and the good work makes good money - I think - from repeat clients all of whom I regard as good people.”

He rocked back and forth in his seat digesting my response. Then he brought his finger back up and pointed to the ceiling.

“Now when you say to me ‘good people’, I’m immediately thinking: ‘Anthony, this guy values personal relationships’. That’s what I’m thinking and personal relationships are not...”

He stopped and pointed to all the pages stuck on the walls, then slapped the table harder than necessary.

“...integral to company mission now.”

“I mean, I don’t go drinking with clients, I don’t know what you are...” He cut me off.

“I didn’t say you did, but I do say - if I’m talking as one of your clients - ‘see that guy who is doing our comms work, let’s knock his price down ten percent this year because he won’t mind, he thinks we’re cool’. And suddenly we’re charging less than our competitors, things are more expensive, and we got a reputation for being pushovers. Never be a pushover, doesn’t work for me, that and I’m not having that!”

He wagged his finger at me then slapped the table again.



“Ja...um...look that...um...doesn't happen.”

I shook my head at him and instantly I regretted it because it created another wildcat strike in his brain.

“Doesn't happen? So I'm lying? You'd know this how? You install listening devices in the offices of your clients? Bug their phones? How do you know they're not having a laugh?”

“Having a what?”

“STOP SAYING THAT TO ME!”

It was an eruption, and it happened so quickly that I didn't even see him stand up from his chair. But there he was, almost panting, leaning across the table. He gripped the edge of the table, shaking his head in fake exasperation. He sat back down.

“Now I've been phoning your competitors seeking quotes for exactly the thing you do, and we're coming in less, in some cases twenty percent. Look, everyone here has to do better. I've been here three days and I can already see that the company is underperforming. And you're not taking enough advantage.”

He pointed at me.

“I expect to see more.”

I stood up.

“Cool, we done?”

I didn't wait for his response and walked to the door.

“By the way, this is for you. Give Claris his when you see him”.

I turned around at the door.

“Claris? Who is that? Who are you actually talking about?”

From a briefcase next to his chair he retrieved two pieces of paper. He pushed them across the table. On both papers, in boxes at the top: “Written Warning”. I saw my name on the second.

“Seriously?”

He stood up and pointed at me.

“I'm not kidding. I wasn't kidding this morning. You were bang out of order, insubordinate bordering on abusive. But look....”

He stopped and smiled.

“I don’t hold grudges, take that and learn from it. Let’s start new. Hey, you hearing me? Let’s start new. Okay, cheers mate. See ya.”

I walked to my desk and dropped both pages. One of the founders had also signed both warnings. I grabbed my keys and sent Clarence a text message. “My house. Tonight”.

I had dealt with difficult people before. At school I had fought off the advances of amateur pedophiles masquerading as educators. At the game reserve I had driven and walked drunk and obnoxious English and Australians. I had one German couple that insisted on not showering for the 7 days they stayed as they thought bad hygiene could get them closer to animals. But Anthony Tice was different. An alien universe of difficult.

Without the company vehicle it took Clarence over an hour to reach my apartment. I heard him climbing the stairs so went to meet him. He had a new dressing covering his head. I stated the obvious upfront: “That happened in front of everyone!” He nodded: “Yiz...eh...thet was eh heavy.” He shook his head and we stood in silence. An order had been broken, dispatched with cruelty I’d never really seen before.

Not even witnessing an incident where some drunk whites had abused a group of terrified coloured people with racist taunts at Newlands Cricket Ground in Cape Town in my youth, or watching grainy videos of white apartheid cops beating black protestors had unnerved me as much as the sight of Clarence - and his hard-won order - being so callously humiliated. "We have to do something. Come." We started drinking.

Clarence knew violence better than anyone I'd ever met. He'd witnessed shootings, torture and stabbings. He had grown up with a choice: his own hands or extreme pain - in a fight he'd crack Anthony Tice so hard the fucker would be shitting strands of polyester for months. He sat in deep thought through his first Umsteel; at the end of the second, he dropped his voice and whispered: "Thet one...thet men...thet one is the S-U-T-E-N-B-A-S-T-U-D". "Satenbastud," he repeated, "the WEST (worst)...the WEST men!" Then he cracked two fingers together in a whipping motion, as if he was summoning the man from the village to conjure a spell. I thought about what he'd just said. "Yes...satan bastard....exactly. That's him," I said, "nailed it." From where Clarence had come, what his life through its frequent tragedies and infrequent wins meant, satan bastard - sutenbastud - was the worst

insult possible. I was aware of its existence on the edges of the *loxion* (location) vocabulary - there was just never anyone awful enough to use it on. Until now. "Sutenbastud," I said, "sounds better in one word." He smiled. We had a name.

For the next month, we brooded. Sutenbastud had completed his meetings with other members of staff, many of whom he belittled or ravaged to tears. During that time it felt like we were flying into some strange hell: on the occasion a well-dressed black man or woman came to the office, Sutenbastud would give them the Henry IIIV-John Blanke treatment, often to the individual's visible discomfort, explaining - without being asked - how much he admired Nelson Mandela, or his pride at taking our company "into the 21st century", a thinly disguised inference that the rest of us were unwashed, unworldly savages. An hour later and he'd be yelling obscenely at Strike or Quincy.

One Friday morning the foundations of resistance were laid, jump-started by another bullying incident that happened - again - right in front of me.

I was sitting working with the junior graphic designer, Danila, a mildly mannered Polish girl, on a poster for a government campaign. She was relatively new to the

company, but popular and talented. Prior to joining the company she'd spent a year teaching herself English, and the Afrikaans secretaries had taken a shine to her. We were interrupted by the sound of a chair being dragged behind us. "Oh," Sutenbastud said, pointing at her computer, his thin arm sliding between us, "the old Formula 1 hey." Before Danila was given a chance to respond, he was into the opening chords of his routine, placing one foot on the chair, then leaning his arms on his bent knee menacingly. "You know," he said, "that if I wasn't talent spotted by the company, I'd probably be there." He pointed again to her Ferrari screensaver. "On the circuit. With those lads. Actually get a bit tired of being reminded how good I was. But you know, things happen. When Coulthard wasn't performing a while back I actually got approached..." "I'm sorry," Danila cut in politely, "is there anything you needed?" "Don't interrupt me!!" Both of us froze at his bark. It was inappropriate, but not as bad as the ones he'd shot Clarence and I with. Still, enough to attract attention from others who looked up their desks. Just as quickly he was away again: "Anyways, as I was saying, the boys from McClaren came to see me, we had this long conversation and they could see that I just wasn't

buying it.” He stopped and shook his head. “Just wasn’t buying it.” He shifted his eyes from the monitor to me. “I said to them, ‘look, in two weeks I’m going to meet Nelson Mandela, I just don’t have time for...’” “So you kicked them out?” Danila squirmed as my words hung in the air. Sutenbastud’s eyes widened and his mouth contorted. “I didn’t,” he said slowly to me, “kick them out. I was busy. Busy.” He took a deep breath. “Now,” he said, turning back to Danila, “I sent you the stuff I need in presentation format right?” Danila nodded. “And what you’ve sent me back is shit. So do it again, and do it properly. Do your job, or I’ll get someone to do it for you. We clear? Right.” He took his foot off the chair and spun around. From the side I could see tears forming in Danila’s eyes. When he was out of sight she showed me his initial instruction. She’d done exactly as he had asked. “I don’t know what to do,” she said, shocked. I sent Clarence a message to meet me at the huts.

“Follow him,” I told him, “when he leaves tonight, tail him in Strike’s car. We need to find out where the motherfucker is staying.”

I didn’t expect the intelligence so quickly. On Saturday morning at 2am I was awoken by the entry phone. It

was the sentry manning the security gate from behind bullet proof glass. I had turned off my mobile before I had gone to bed.

“Someone here says he must see you.”

He cleared his throat.

“But he looks like a *skabenga* (thug).”

“Clarence,” I replied, “let him in.”

I walked downstairs and opened the door. Even in the poor light Clarence’s brown face looked drained of blood. I ushered him in, walked to the kitchen and started pouring us glasses of scotch. “Strike he is eh the one here.” With that Strike appeared shaking his head. He too looked spooked. I stopped pouring: “What the fuck is going on?” Clarence slumped into the sofa, muttering, before putting a hand over his eyes. Then the words came out with a desperate force.

“Yoh mfanagit. Yoh! Me, we, we follow Sutenbastud from evening yestadey, he lee-ving down by Hayidpuk (Hyde Park). He stayin house in complex no security just a..eh..a gate. Thees ol lady she is come out with gate opening so we es going in with the car fo Strike.”

Strike mumbled something I couldn’t hear.



“Then we see Sutenbastud car. Es puk down far by bottom end. Justa lust (last) house in eh complex.”

Clarence stopped and gulped his whiskey.

“Then, we is climbing fo the wall, and walk fo the guden around. There is pool. We hide in a the, er, boooshes...”

“Fuck sakes,” I cut in, “you shouldn’t have done that - were you caught? Please fucking no...” My felt my chest beginning to implode. But Clarence shook his head and waved me down. “No...just, eh, listen mfanagit,” he said, his eyes pleading, “listen.”

He exhaled.

“Then we from guden seeing Sutenbastud sitting in house with eh...er...woomun (woman), maybe is a wife fo Sutenbastud or sumthing, maybe.”

I remembered that he wore a wedding ring.

“She is wearing eh eh...the gown, you know? The door is from room open to guden. We are standing in booosh eh..eh...wutching, across fo the pool. Sutenbastud just a sit down with eh drinking eh listening music eh maybe Feell Collinz. Then there is a

sound in house fo eentakom (intercom). This other pepool (people) is come...”

He stopped and took a large sip of whiskey.

“Then Sutenbastud he stand up he go he open fo the door and these man coming in. Es 2 man.”

“Two men? Who? *Mlungu*? (whites)”

“No, es *muntu*, es 2 *muntu* (blacks). Then...”

He cut himself off with another giant sip, finishing the glass. I noticed Strike, who was standing quietly with his hands behind him against the wall, had finished his too.

“Then these 2 men, they stut with the eh woomun, she is eh changing, yoh, gone with the gown, and now naked - ES N-A-K-E-D and the men is...yoh...hayi...hayi hayi hayi....”

He covered his mouth with his hand and started whispering.

“GGGGA! The men is *patla-patla* (foreplay) with the wooman! In front fo Sutenbastud! He just a sitting...eh...eh...wutching.”

“You’re fucking kidding me?”

He whistled and shook his head again.

“Okay just wait slow down,” I said sitting up: “You’re telling me that you’ve just seen two men...with Sutenbastud’s wife...in front of him?”

“Ex..ex...exact! And we cant a move becoz door es open eh he will eh see us. So we hev to stay shhhh shhhh shhhh and jus a wutch. But em not wutching. Justa wutching fo the ground. Es so bad.”

I looked up to Strike. He nodded sheepishly.

“Then what happened?”

“Ahhhh...mfanagit...no....hayi....Satenbustud he is eh...playing...”

A look of disgust crossed Clarence’s face, like he was sucking on a lemon.

“He sit a up and take fo the trouser off...he is..eh...playing, eh P-L-A-Y-I-N-G with himse...”

He started whispering inaudibly and gripped his right hand into a fist then, with a look of revulsion, opened it and flung it down to his side.

“Hayi...hayi...!”

“Oh my God. Okay, okay. just chill. Fucking hell.”

But he ignored me and he pressed on.

“Then they eh eh finish, the men eh es finish and the wooman she is eh put fo the gown on. Sutenbastud is say a goodbye to men he pay a money a M-O-N-E-Y from the eh trouser and the men is eh leaving. Then Sutenbustud he drinking and get very cross. He very angry.”

He clicked his tongue.

“HE IS A-N-G-R-Y! Shouting...WA WA WA WA...he throw fo a the wall one gluss is break and the wooman she is leavin from room. Satenbustud not happy. Then he closing door for guden and we climbing fo the wall. Too much. Hayi, too much.”

We sat in silence. Clarence cleared his throat.

“*Mfanagit* es a bad, es a soo bad. Not having word to say. Es so bad.”

Perhaps the proliferation of multiple participant pornography has desensitised us today, but back in the early 2000s, this - what just happened - wasn't usual in South Africa. Take one step further: to 2 Zulu men, a white man of means paying other men to have

sex with his wife in front of him was culturally unfathomable. What they had just seen was almost - almost - the Native American Indians who could not see the boat arriving packed with colonisers because their minds were not trained to consider such things existed. If Clarence and Strike had been caught in that garden, they could have been shot, and judging by their evident horror, both might have agreed that an arguably better outcome.

I refilled our glasses.

“You sure you weren’t seen?”

“Uh uh. Nobudy seeing. Gate open from inside eh complex with the eh car fo Strike. We leaving.”

We drained the whiskeys in silence. Neither smiled when they left.

Because I was so fond of him, I had been concerned that Sutenbastud would try inveigle himself into Clarence’s genuinely good nature and confidence. But the evening’s events had defenestrated that. They were sickened. Outside of that, however, the horror was useless as we didn’t have any footage, so in the weeks ahead we designed another strategy.

When his interviews were completed, Sutenbastud turned his attention to me and my department. I anticipated this, so I played enthusiastic but endlessly dumb and Clarence, for his part, played the hopeless peasant. Together we aimed to frustrate him enough into thinking the company a useless bait-and-switch, that enough doubt would lead to despair and eventually - hopefully - surrender. One evening an email arrived in my inbox from a founder partner. It was a forwarded message, originally from Sutenbastud concerning me - and one line leapt out: "He doesn't know how to sell the business property." That was a mistake, but I responded in kind and some days later I booked the boardroom as it housed the only television we had. It annoyed him to have to work elsewhere for the day, and it was about to get worse.

When he returned that afternoon, I showed him the cassette cover of the VHS I had been watching (I hadn't actually been watching anything):

"Masterclasses in real estate. By South Africa's most well-known and loved estate agents." He looked at the cover and then at me, puzzled.

"This is for selling houses?"

“Funnily enough, happens to be my one of my other passions.”

“Your what?”

“My other passions? Oh, houses and cars. When I eventually leave I’m going to open a business selling both cars and houses. One office, two passions.”

“You sold before?”

“Not houses, only car. My last one. Unfortunately didn’t sell it for quite what I wanted to, 5 grand short or so, but the dude was really happy with my performance and said he’d write a letter of reference for me.”

The contorting started at the edges of his mouth before three different expressions appeared on his face in rapid succession - confusion, then annoyance, then deflation. He shook his head and spoke softly with his eyes closed.

“Just so I have this right: you’ve spent the day watching videos...about selling houses?”

“Exactly.”

I had printed off the forwarded email I had received. It was ready next to my laptop. He studied it.

“Properly! PROPERLY. Oh for fuc...” He was growling, but I cut him off.

“I’ve learned a lot, totally psyched up.”

I didn’t wait for his response. In the passage outside I heard a loud crack followed by the sound of something crashing to the ground. He’d kicked the table and one its legs had snapped.

There was an obvious risk to the strategy. Technically I could be fired or made redundant at any moment, so I needed Clarence in a pincer movement - incidents of extreme incompetence to take Sutenbastud’s attention off me until I thought of something else to attract it back. And Clarence delivered.

Like me he played keen and eager to improve, but added to his part ways I couldn’t. He started arriving late, but would emphatically excuse himself by appearing panicked and blaming the traffic or taxi drivers who he claimed had threatened him with traditional weapons. He deliberately forgot to include certain props for some productions, prompting complaints from actors. He would get angry with



himself until Sutenbastud resigned his own fury with appeals for him to calm down. That took doing.

He and his team faked illness. One morning neither Strike nor Mafika turned up to work, sending Sutenbastud hopping mad and onto the war path. Clarence approached him cautiously.

“Seh, jus eh listen...pliz...the ploblem is eh with eh...the...eh...the pen-uces. The pen-uces es heting (hurting).”

“They have a problem with their...what...penises?”

“Yiz seh. Es sore.”

“How do they have this same problem on the same day?”

“Seh, the gelfrend fo them is eh sistahs.” Clarence threw his arms into the air and smiled. “Maybe sistahs give fo them the ploblem. I’m not know.”

“That,” I told Clarence later that same day, “is exactly how you do it.” He shot me a look that told me what I already knew: he didn’t need my encouragement. As much as we were allied to a cause, I sensed he was doing this for reasons deeper than friendship. He had seen something.

Unfortunately Sutenbastud was energised by a feature of the company we'd once all loved. When he had stopped people smoking indoors, he also limited after-work drinks to one night a week - Thursdays. On those evenings he held court to staff who were too scared not to attend with outrageous stories, all of which were almost certainly lies, and never without a quote from Nelson Mandela's biography, *The Long Walk to Freedom*, a copy of which had appeared in recent weeks and now lay choreographed in the boardroom next to his computer. One Thursday evening he almost out Sutenbastud-ed himself:

“And that's why I always say accountability - accountability - watch the way you speak, your...characterisations. Did I ever tell you lot about my work with Richard Branson? Bloody hell, that was something. Became good mates he and I did. Asked me to head up his new banking strategy. But never mix mates with work - I said to him, 'Richard, we're good mates, we've both learned a lot from each other' and then I left him. Poor guy was phoning me for weeks. Never mix mates with work. That's my advise for all of you, from... experience.”

The more I studied him, the more I began to grasp how powerless we were. There was the official angle for which we had no recourse but to resign. Then there was something else: his menacing and corrupt approach was layered by platitudes complementing the “social justice” threshold we, in the early 2000s, were expected to observe. That made him artificially powerful but powerful non-the-less, and worse, it built within him the defiant conviction that everyone he encountered would buy his talk. Here was his great strength: he was impervious to accusations of hypocrisy.

So collective helplessness seized the office. More and more people were opting to resign, more and more were people were psychologically impacted by his behaviour. Two piecemeal employees were impoverished whites from the shantytown of Munzieville on Johannesburg’s west rand. They didn’t possess the support at home to insulate them from his kind of bullying, so they just didn’t turn up to work. When Sutenbastud learned that they had stopped coming, he summoned the staff to the sofas: “Does it surprise anyone to learn that the people who’ve just decided they’re not working anymore are white Afrikaans? (‘Ufree-kaanz’)”

We had all passed the point of being shocked, but there was something in the way he spoke about those two young, hopeless men - born into a world they would in all likelihood never understand - that pointed toward some macabre vindication, as if he was congratulating himself, checking the boxes of a list he'd compiled. One of the secretaries lit a cigarette and start exhaling clouds of smoke but he was too busy basking in that unnerving pleasure to notice. We seemed to be trapped in a doom loop.

I realised then that our only hope lay in the kind of resistance Clarence was fronting, a last line of defence akin to hand-to-hand street combat against a vastly more powerful adversary. After the 6 or so weeks he spent watching my department, Sutenbastud was now ignoring me, which suggested my dismissal was imminent. But Clarence hadn't given up: he was perfecting his trolling with patience and timing. Sometimes I would hear Sutenbastud talking to him in his boardroom after work. After having listened to 30m plus of Sutenbastud's boasting, Clarence would use his allotted 5 second response time to suck up: "yoo, seh, is the a besta biznizmun am eva seeing. I am len sooo so much yohhh," he whistled, "so, so much." I didn't see it at the time but when I thought about it

later, and my initial fears that Sutenbastud would attempt to lure Clarence in, I realised that the opposite had happened: Clarence was shoehorning himself into Sutenbastud.

The rumours started exactly 3 months to the day of Sutenbastud's arrival. They came from the desks of the secretaries; in two weeks time, the company was to be officially absorbed following a presentation from the founders. The Big Company had purchased the house where Sutenbastud paid other men to have sex with his wife in, and the word was that 50% of the staff were getting the old fuck-off. The offices would be shuttered. As one of the final moves on our short-ish walk to unemployment, a group of executives from the Big Company in London came to the offices to meet the founders, to check how well lubed up our company was for its pending insertion.

Timing. That day Clarence, Quincy, Strike and Mafika arranged an almighty barbecue at the hut canteen, sending the smell of piles of street meat blowing through the offices. Sutenbastud - a vegetarian cyclist - was incandescent with rage, grinding his teeth with one of his scowls as he showed the party around, then slamming the windows of the boardroom. After the

party had left the offices he summoned Clarence, Quincy, Strike and Mafika to the sofa area.

“You fucking lazy assholes destroyed the most important day of the year!”

He singled Mafika out and pointed at him, his finger trembling.

“And you! What the fuck were you running around with a dead sheep’s head like that around for?! With its tongue hanging out?! Are you fucking stupid or something?!”

We watched as the fire in Sutenbastud’s head detonated in hurricane fury - spittle-flecked, he turned around, swung his arms and jumped into the air on both feet. Saliva could be seen landing on Clarence’s shirt a meter away.

“In front of my company! Your new owners! They’re going to be sick because of that!”

He stopped jumping and placed his hands on his head, panting.

“No...no....you lot, you’re all fired! No excuses! Now get your fucking lazy asses out of my sight! GET THE FUCK OUT!”

There was a scramble at the bottom of the stairs. Some of the founders emerged from the stairwell, their faces white with shock.

“Can we all just calm down please,” one whimpered.

Someone else watching too, from a seat across from one of the accountants, partially concealed from view by a metal shelf cabinet.

Freddy Ramvula was the black affirmative action partner, owning 24% of our little company. He was a former operative for the military wing of the ANC - Mkhonto we Sizwe, or Spear of the Nation, and during the years the ANC was banned he'd struck up deals with Chinese heroin merchants as one of the wing's revenue streams. A big man who wore crocodile skin boots and drove a series of big black German automobiles, Freddy wasn't interested in diversity or feelings or Mandela talk: he wanted money, everywhere, all the time, and ours was just one of many companies he had a stake in. Gossip from the desks of the accountants indicated he was far from happy with the Big Company's overtures and subsequent arrangements. There wasn't enough for him.

I liked him a great deal, but he was unpredictable. At the time he was being investigated for an incident at a prestigious golf course that occurred the previous month when a black caddy had laughed at him for hitting his ball into a lake. He'd smacked the caddy in the face with the 7 iron and stormed off. Now there to get money, he'd watched Sutenbastud humiliate the most vulnerable group in the company and seized a way to shrug off some of the pressure around him in the wake of the golf club incident.

As Sutenbastud was storming down the stairs to the boardroom, past the ashen, mumbling founders, Freddy stood up and addressed Clarence: "Wait. Nobody is going anywhere. Just wait." He then asked the secretary to find him the telephone number of the CEO of the Big Company in London; when the person on the other end of the line told him that the CEO was unavailable, he threatened to report Sutenbastud - and by extension the Big Company - to the police, to the government and to the media.

Later that afternoon the CEO got wind of Freddy's threat and scrambled. Sutenbastud had been holed up in the boardroom since his wobbly earlier, hissing and slamming his fingers against the keyboard. One of the



secretaries listened in on the call as he was told to catch the 9:30pm British Airways flight to London Heathrow that night. As we were led to understand, he was called into the CEO's office the following morning where he was given his marching orders. The deal was suspended until further notice.

The bang of Sutenbastud's departure came with a meek squeal. The damage had been done. We were spent, anxious and resentful. A demon had come from elsewhere, and made us all a bit mad.

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The story of how Sutenbastud came and what he did doesn't explain what he meant. Yes, he was a demented chancer whose ability to manipulate was seized then put to use by a greedy behemoth - but he was also much more. He was a messenger, a probe from a past seeking ways to re-invent itself. He was both the problem and the consequence. When I eventually grasped that he wasn't so much an individual as he was an avatar belonging to a parasitic order, I chose to dedicate some of my adult curiosity to try and understand it.

What is Sutenbastud? It is ruin by intent. It is the attempt to profit morally or commercially from divides, notably race - which in the last three years has become especially ubiquitous. It is the claim to abide fashionable rights, such as “anti-racism” or “gender equality”, and simultaneously, it is the oil slick of confected pandering and fake guilt that sees mostly affluent, white elite profiles shrieking about being “ashamed” of “racism” or “transphobia” - which like Islamophobia, isn't really a word or a thing. It is brutal, dishonest, deceptive and completely unaccountable; it lives in the shadows of charities and international NGOs, fronts academia and recently, business too. Sutenbastud is almost every single western legacy media journalist, reality television star, sporting body bureaucrat, civil servant and self-appointed activist. Emboldened by the last three years of meek submission, it has broken more cover than ever before to intrude upon your future prospects through radioactive abbreviations - from ULEZ to ESG to DEI and CRT. It is the enemy you may not have known you had, but will in all likelihood have to fight - lest you desire to spend the rest of your time enslaved to unfamiliar routines courtesy of its latest obsessions (current things). Sutenbastud is the ultimate dopamine

flex, the architect of much of the simulation you sometimes worry your life has become and the thread which luxury beliefs - climate, race, gender - are now sewn into western society with. It did not come from South Africa.

This - the origin question - is answered in part by examining the strange European exiles who entered American academia in the 1930s and 1940s, who scattered seeds of destructive ideas and despair into a country they privately saw as an anathema to all they knew of the world - the very definition of Antonio Gramsci's "long march through the institutions". Furthermore, you can study the hippy movement, and arrive at your own conclusions as to whether that age was a genuine shift in human consciousness or just an engineered scam made to appear as such. And you can draw upon the present - the circumstances determined by western society's prosperity, then decadence and excess - the result of once poor men and women who suddenly made money, then splurged it on their offspring with the best intentions leading to the worst possible results. The "I-was-poor-so-you-don't-have-to-be" parental management module is now being eyed as one explanation as to why the children of the wealthy - or even just comfortable - choose to lie down

in front of 18-wheelers in the name of “environmental justice”, or desecrate war memorials, or protest on behalf of people in countries who almost certainly want to kill them.

That I’ll leave you to determine if you haven’t already; for the time being, I’ve documented experiences that speak to Sutenbastud’s role in the world, how it creates panic then changes subject, shape-shifts, brazenly breaks rules it was responsible for drafting then ignites distractions as it slimes its way onward through every inch of western society. You could argue: “Well, that’s just wokeness,” but Sutenbastud was here long before the incels at the Miriam Webster dictionary decided to print that abhorrent word, then shove their arms up its bottom.

As the results indicate, western society is not nearly as robust as we may have hoped.

To ruin relationships, all you needed to do was make men the object of hatred, diminish the importance of masculinity - then compensate by making pornography widely accessible. In 2015 I listened to a man called the owner of a hedge fund called Michael Farmer (now the father-in-law of the American Conservative commentator Candace Owens) describe

how a Home Counties GP had approached him having noted a worrying trend in teenage girl patients, most below the age of 13. They were having frequent anal sex, and were suffering internal injuries. Nobody paid attention, and when coof made landfall in Italy and the degenerate scumtard pedos running PornHub in Canada gave Italians free access to “exclusive” website content, quarters of society cheered - as though this was some great, generous thing.

To ruin order, all you needed to do was mock God, and those who believe in Him - especially if the former do not buy into the progressive reimagining, witnessed through the hundreds of clergymen you’ll encounter in spastic fits during Pride parades every June, dancing shirtless, covered in glitter, wearing white gloves and high heels.

To ruin the creativity process, all you needed to do was shit in a bed in 1999, then throw some vodka bottles and spent condoms across it, lobby your friends to get you a Turner Prize nomination - then trouser £2.5m in 2014 when the carbuncle was eventually sold (Tracey Emin). You could also build monstrosities - as the architect and Palestine enthusiast Richard Rogers spent his career doing -

with the objective probably being to house all those girl-boss, man-hating single mother families, or Italians addicted to their computers.

To ruin value, all you needed to do was appoint incompetent men in schemes called “central banks” whose responsibility - other than to ensure they never left home without their Pride lanyards - was to push the green button on the money printer.

And to ruin the treasure of real progress, understanding, tolerance and decency, all you needed to do was rubbish a century’s worth of considerable gains in race relations, augment victimhood and continue furnishing the grievance pyramid with additional triangles, establishing senses of entitlement as sets of unwavering perspectives. Whilst all of those ways to ruin society can - and have been - fleshed out into a litany of studies, it is mostly Sutenbastud’s idea of race that I’ve explored here.

But Sutenbastud isn’t a black idea. There are indeed black people today - activists, authors, academics (and YouTubers) - who’ve benefited from its insidious concept, but they were not its originators.

Sutenbastud came from white people - irredeemably unhappy, damaged, jealous, deranged lunatics

arrogant and/or evil enough to believe they had the right to enact their revenge on the world, or at best, knew the answers to its problems.

My original Sutenbastud, Anthony Tice, was English, white, from North London, and because North London is filled with self-righteous wanker-ism, and has been for decades, he proved - for me - a valuable study of the condition, exposing me to things I could later identify in others. For the longest time this area of the capital has been a metaphor for particularly affected, unnecessarily dramatic profiles complaining about things called the “right wing” and more recently, “the far right”. Recent events have completely destroyed the theory that criticism of North London is “anti-semitic”; today, the majority of residents of North London - the BBC, Guardian and other corporate executive types - shriek their support for terrorists, Hamas being the present darling. I know this because I live in North London: every single time I encounter some overeducated, noodle-armed gimp on Parliament Hill wearing a tight jean-short mouthing off about some or other “injustice” between mouthfuls of vegan falafel from plastic cartons, I remember Johannesburg.

And how it spread. Thanks to Sutenbastuds like Harriet Harman, a posh British politician who was once the deputy leader of the Labour Party, we never stopped doing something we should have a long time ago. That is, to keep referring to “left” and “right” as though these remain just, logical explanations for political positions. Harriet was keen on old Fidel Castro in Cuba, just as Sutenbastud Justin Trudeau’s mother was, and although she never managed a private audience in the way Justin’s mother did, she continued to project Fidel as a “left” wing hero - this, despite him being a billionaire in an impoverished country, who persecuted gays and ensured his brother Raoul eventually succeeded him. That we remain daft enough to still consider people like former British Prime Ministers David Cameron and Boris Johnson “right” reveals a lack of motivation to emerge from a lazy slumber, and tragically, an inability to extract ourselves from Sutenbastud’s instant gratification spiral.

Sutenbastud is “left” and “right”. Black, brown and white. When it suits it, yellow too. Sure, you could partially describe its political application as the uni-party expression, but it extends way beyond: in the United Kingdom today there is not a school or



university that hasn't been infected. With its effete, submissive leadership, the Church of England has become a victim and Britain's civil service, long suspected of employing people who actually hate their own country, is beyond rescue.

As an outsider I discovered just how Sutenbastud the United Kingdom's so-called "deep state" was in June 2020, when the permanent secretaries from 3 of the most important departments, namely DEFRA (environment, food and rural affairs), Defence and Education, composed emails and social media posts claiming that racism was alive in their departments. To self-own in that way you need to be either incredibly thick, terrified, or something else. To include "something else" is to invite the accusation of conspiracy theorist, but fortunately, like "racist", that smear has lost all credibility. What is the conspiracy here? In the case of these three civil servants, it would be the suspicion that they submit to an order beyond the United Kingdom's constitutional monarchy. Were you to feel charitable, you could dismiss them as overqualified, overpaid, supremely arrogant scaredy-cat surrender monkeys - and not be wrong - but that wouldn't address the presence of form.

This is a book of experience. That South Africa forms its basis is important as much of what South Africa did - and failed at doing - is now being aped through western society, chiefly via legislated injustice (aka affirmative action), the emphasis upon “lived experience” as a qualification for authority then in other blatantly destructive exercises, such as the mendacious bloating of the state. As as the Petri dish that used imported templates from English and American academics, we are well positioned to examine the evil effects of an incident that I mark as the nuclear renewal of Sutenbastud.

It occurred in May 2020. The death of George Floyd resulted in my first scrape with censorship, and for a while I expected that my company would warn me for the deliberate choice of answering honestly whenever someone asked me what I thought of the carnage unfolding in America’s cities. It was a time fraught with dishonesty - to paraphrase: you knew people were lying, they knew you knew they were lying - yet they continued lying. Western leaders, their advisers, lobbyists and dark-money funders told you that it was no longer acceptable to be the decent, fair-minded individual you were and are: according to them, you had to extend beyond, to conform to a corrupted

fantasy called “anti-racist”. Were you to state the obvious, as some brave souls did, and dismiss Black Lives Matter (BLM) as the obvious scam it was, you were suspended, scolded or fired.

The cliff we fell off wasn't sheer. It was a graded decent, which makes it especially cruel as we continue to smash into boulders, still alive, knowing there are more sharp edges and more pain to come. In the initial fall we lost the hard-won cohesion made since the abolition of slavery - and we chased this with the hurried erection of double-standards policing and two-tiered justice. Today Ivy League universities are outed for offering paint-by-numbers entrance exams to “minority’ students” - that is, when they were not practising blatant discrimination against Asian ones. Companies, including those in the S&P 500, have embraced the concept of positive discrimination: pressured by groups to increase recruitment of minorities in the USA and the UK, these companies are today meeting these self-imposed racial quotas but paying their new staff less, which means they look good, and save money. All the while this madness prevails, the most awesome excuse for racism has graduated from crawling to walking: “black people cannot be racist”.

I first encountered this position back in April 2015, when a chubby Arab girl at Goldsmiths University was criticised for hosting an event called “decolonizing the curriculum” in which she forbid the presence of white men. Rounding on her critics, Bahar Mustafa rolled into the university’s gymnasium - followed by a militia of non-binary, queer and BAME students - and proceeded to stomp around in unhinged vexation. This was only 8 years ago, and the conclusions of “left” newspapers like the Independent, and “right” newspapers like the Daily Express, was more or less aligned: this woman is bat-shitted mental, not worth listening to. 8 years later and the theory “black people cannot be racist” has found the mainstream, thanks in part to the unfailingly appalling New York Times, and its appointment to its board of a creature called Sarah Jeong (another feature of Sutenbastud is the phenomenon of upward failure - more about that later).

In this time it was concluded for us that only a particular profile within white people can be - and are - the world’s racists. These people - prejudice exclusives - believe in the sanctity of family, in the role of the Church, in good neighbourliness. They subscribe to idea that small businesses are the

foundations of any economy and that good manners are the foundations of any community. But the idea that good people must - and will - help good people has been disabused by Sutenbustad's retarded scope, which suggest that these kinds of people are responsible for climate machinations they cannot possibly control and the machete festivals between urban Somali youths they almost certainly do not know. So whilst not new, the enemy of the world was re-introduced in 2020 with incomprehensible language ("cisgender") and an updated rap sheet of offences - going to gym, drinking milk, choosing sobriety - even reading.

In the United Kingdom the effect of the last three years is beyond doubt. White, working-class children are now the worst performers in school, and are not being afforded the same prospects as their "BAME" counterparts insofar as work experience and apprenticeships are concerned. This explains why the once-boring, technical function of a business - Human Resources - now exerts disproportionate influence over a company's public appearance (when you give landwhale cat-obsessives power, don't expect them to hand it back). This is not limited to business - in a country where "BAME" people make up around only

13% of the population, Sutenbastud-controlled casting and production in the arts is attempting to mislead people into believing the number higher by enforcing diversity appearance quotas. In the event you're a white, conservative actor who rejects the prevailing sentiment, the only work you're going to find is playing a burglar in a remote camera app advert - caught on a smartphone by a "BAME" family who left town for the day to participate in the Brighton Pride parade. Or a gambling addict, who is told to wisen up during an intervention by his 5 year old "BAME" son.

Where does this all go? The convergence of intended fate: addiction and suicide.

Today the carnage of the American Rust Belt opioid crisis, and exactly who helped it on its way, isn't as much a real public health crime as it is an entertainment feature - see Netflix. In the United Kingdom the rates of suicide for young and middle-aged white men are among the highest in Europe - and climbing. Sutenbastud's clowns like the zoomer gender studies graduates writing about anal sex for Teen Vogue or Huff Post, or male "feminists" railing against JK Rowling for her gender-critical positions, consider these facts hysterical, or things to be jeered

at. These people are not - nor were they ever - seeking equality. It's absence they desire.

I make no apologies for the lack of reasonable solutions. To exorcise the world of Sutenbastud appears almost impossible. Although I've documented the case of how one of Sutenbastud's extensions - avatars - was undone by the ingenuity of a humble Zulu man courageous enough to fight an enemy through the enemy's own game, the rest of us are too fragmented, dispirited and weakened to mount a defence worthy of western society saving standards. Most of all, we're just not certain enough.

In my own little way, I discovered this at the end of 2020 when I spent two months in the Pacific calculating whether I'd diagnosed Sutenbastud correctly. I wasn't sure people would understand, or worse, dismiss my view as an unnecessarily pedantic or cynical portrayal of human frailties. But shortly after I returned to London, a story broke in March 2021 that convinced me I was correct - at the very least, on Sutenbastud's damage to race relations. In hindsight, this could have been any story - because everyday the latest story is actually just the same story.



After 2020's dreadful summer, former UK Prime Minister Boris Johnson's government - out of panic - established the Commission on Race and Ethnic Disparities and tasked it to produce a report on prejudice and racism (yet another one of these "established-in-the-wake-of-the-black-lives-matter-protests" reports or investigations). The Commission's chair, Tony Sewell, is an impressive man, considered to be Britain's finest black educator. His successes, though many, are not well documented - because he doesn't conform to Sutenbastud's parametrical perma-bleating victim. The commission assembled (9 of the 10 were black or non-white) and spent 9 months investigating before publishing their findings in March 2021. The report concluded that the "claim the country is still institutionally racist is not borne out by the evidence." This prompted the expected indignation from the now entrenched race hustler quarter, the Guardian newspaper's male tampon vending machine - but also from some obscure others.

One of these was a flabby white man called Chris Hopson, at the time the chief executive of NHS (National Health Service) Providers. "We reject this report," Chris whined, citing anonymous opinion - or "people I've spoken to." An accomplished black



educator had painstakingly squeezed the undeniable truth out - only to be attacked by a white, lecherous automaton with zero experience in the report's most critical architecture, namely the education system, which Tony had dedicated his life to and found extraordinary success within. When Chris was being paid hundreds of thousands of pounds plus bonuses for his part in a decrepit system that cannot function properly, Tony was teaching at inner city ghetto schools in Hackney and improving the lives of then zero-prospect candidates.

Chris - white - needed, demanded racism; Tony - black - did not. To me that revealed the most inalienable feature of Sutenbastud's retarded concept of race: racism might be a crime for the sensible, but for the stupid, evil or deluded, it's now *raison d'être*.

I anticipate there will be times in the book when you conclude you're actually okay - either as state-proofed as possible, or just plain unbothered as you have something of a plan, or because you don't really see a problem. And that's fine. If what has happened to South Africa under the ANC thrills you, then you'll be delighted to hear about the future, the now-near certainty of a Labour government in the UK and the

influence it will cast. This incoming administration is threatening to do something unprecedented - and this should totally get you off: unlike American “republicans” or British ‘conservatives’, these Sutenbastuds mean business and they want to “augment” the Racial Equality Act. Doing so will send a message out to the world that goes “we know that the policies introduced into post-1994 South Africa failed. We know that they have failed to improve the lives of the most impoverished, that they have made most people unhappy and probably mad. But guess what fucker - we’re going to enact them here.” Perhaps you’ll change your mind when cities in the United Kingdom and France and Germany start resembling the wastelands of Eben Venter’s “Trencherman”.

Forming conclusions to experiences is an exercise that relies heavily on the reflections of brave, talented people of superior intellect. Amongst others, Thomas Sowell, Andrew Breitbart, Douglas Murray, Andrew Kenny, Mark Steyn, Victor Davis Hanson and Professors Frank Furedi and Matthew Goodwin and have all documented specific features of our past and present as they relate to identity, the media, the business of government, immigration and climate activism in meticulous, if not forensic detail.

Conclusions, however, are incomplete without venturing into the darkness - so I plunged into the lives and works of people as offensive as David Ayers, the former US domestic terrorist; Robin D'Angelo, one of the sugar mommies of the racial Ponzi scheme; Kehinde Andrews, a shyster who teaches at a Birmingham Polytechnic and Michel Foucault; the French creep who buggered young Tunisian boys in cemeteries. And those apparently less offensive, such as the former UK Prime Minister Theresa May who today declares herself - in accordance with the Miriam Webster Dictionary fisted definition - "woke".

Contrary to what you may think, I do not hate George Floyd, but I believe some questions are warranted: did you, George, have to take so much fucking fentanyl that day? Couldn't you have taken a little bit?

\*

Anthony Tice returned to South Africa for a brief period following his dismissal, and moved to Pretoria. In 2007 his wife summoned the courage to leave him and the same year he got engaged to a man, a young budget music video dancer called Shufdi who he'd apparently befriended - and taken on holiday - whilst he was still married. But if you're tempted to excuse

his behaviour on the basis of sexual identity torment or suppressed urges, then you'll be disappointed to learn that he was questioned by police during a safari at one of those nice Muldersdrift suburban game lodges for beating Shufdi on (what appears to be) their honeymoon in 2009. Possibly smashed a bottle of JC Le Roux on his head or something. Thereafter it appears he returned to the United Kingdom. His Facebook page was last edited in 2011.

***London, November, 2023.***

## Chapter 1: Charlie Foxtrot Fancourt

*“Well I tell you what, if you have a problem figuring out whether you’re for me or Trump, then you ain’t black.”*

**Joe Biden to (black) radio host Charlamagne Tha God, 2020**

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**IF YOU GET** upset or confused every time another travesty of common sense detonates, be it a charity stripping its board for being too white or cricket in South Africa confirming that George Floyd will coach and manage the team from his grave in perpetuity, it might be helpful to understand of the theory of intersectionality. Doing so could establish accountability, open your eyes, and ultimately set you free.

It is the idea that all grievance is interconnected and more, it is the soldering of victims together - so that suddenly black Swazis are allied with Pakistani queer studies graduates, and must therefore together resist the white patriarchy.

But intersectionality’s main problem is that the groups lumped together in its matrix often loathe each other.

In May 2019, Muslim parents of children attending Anderson Park primary in Birmingham caused a stink when they were told that their young were learning about same-sex marriages. Muslims get very jumpy about this kind of thing, so Labour dispatched Jess Phillips MP to calm things down. Jess, a self-confessed feminist (also in the matrix) who has boasted about walking around her house naked in front of the friends of her children, was unable to disguise her disappointment in the protesting Muslims. She tried to speak to the group's leader outside the school, reverting to the idea of human rights in the United Kingdom, fermented in the 1990s and early 2000s, and stating that "you can't pick and choose which equality you want or don't." The Muslim chap leading the protests wasn't buying it: "Actually, Allah created woman for man's pleasure," he replied. Before climbing back into her car, she shot him a look that said: "How could you?" In Phillips' eyes, that Muslim leader was part of something much bigger than religion, or so she thought. She had stuck up for them in the past, marched with them and frequently screeched "Islamophobia!" across the aisle in the Houses of Parliament. And this is how she gets repaid?

The story of how intersectionality first made landfall in Southern Africa involves 3 men. The first man used race to disguise his corruption, the second attempted to exploit human rights to extend his popularity across the west and the third, poor bastard, was torn between the two until he became so confused that he disappeared into judgement rehab and has appeared only sporadically since.

The first man was Robert Gabriel Mugabe.

\*

By 1999, it was easy to see that most of Robert's life had been spent in reverence of the English gentleman. He dressed, spoke, walked, and even collected some of the trappings of the landed aristocrat - portraits of mounted Dukes on the English hunt, hand-stitched pocket squares from Henry Poole & Co, Sheffield silver salt and pepper shakers. Then an ultimatum exploded from within: the pesky war veterans, with whom he simply could not identify - because he himself was never a guerrilla and reportedly found them dirty and unsophisticated - warned him that unless land was redistributed from white farmers, mayhem would prevail. This panicked him enough to surrender the very thing he craved the most.

The circumstances prompted fury he'd never felt before. Photographs taken that year of the man raised by white Jesuit missionaries having to address peasants crammed into a stadium capture his mood: he's been told to ditch the tailored suits for oversized shirts with his face and the Zimbabwean flag emblazoned on them, leaving him sitting uncomfortably with a menacing scowl as a soldier holds an umbrella shading him against the merciless sun. He is pissed. Pissed with his wife, his ex-wife, his advisors, the people he looked up to (including the late Lord Peter Carrington - at whose funeral he cried), white farmers, Hitler Hunsvi - the maniac leading the war veterans who would die of HIV/Aids in a Harare Hospital in 2001 - and probably most of all, he's pissed with a way of seeing the world just as menacing and destructive as his own corruption and brutality. But on that day, under that umbrella, if you had to predict exactly who it was making him especially pissed, you could do a whole lot worse than arrive at the name Claire Short, the United Kingdom's Secretary of State for International Development.

The piss had started spraying two years earlier, in 1997, when the second man in the story, Anthony Charles Lynton Blair, was elected Prime Minister of



the United Kingdom. Tony had succeeded a man who disappointed Robert tremendously. John Major had the appearance Robert aspired to - a love of cricket, a frequent diner at Wilton's in Jermyn Street and more importantly, memberships of Whites and Brooks gentlemen's clubs in adjacent St. James - but turned out a weakling, terrified of shaking the liberal equilibrium by doing something actually conservative. When it came to interacting with British politicians, Robert appeared to understand John O'Sullivan's First Law of Politics - before O'Sullivan officially documented it: "all organizations that are not explicitly right-wing will over time become left-wing." This summed up John Major to Robert, and he knew he had to be agile and crafty. No better would his approach be illustrated than his snookering of (then Prince) Charles into a handshake at the funeral of Pope John II at the Vatican 2005. British subjects were horrified by images of the wily operator shaking the hand of the son of the sovereign, but even more so with what happened afterward: as Charles was being escorted away, the cameras captured Robert cackling with an aide, slapping his own leg. On that basis, it is reasonable to suggest that Robert was already skeptical about Tony.

But then the ceremonial piss ran out and there was no longer anything to prevent the dropping of the contents of the stomach. Land, peasants, landless war peasants and the United Kingdom projected as a feature of evil appeared in a steaming coil; split between his deep, personal bond with English sophistication and the fact that the peasants were revolting, or beginning to, Robert then realised that he had to - at the very least - feign concern, so he got his Minister of Land and Agriculture, Kumbirai Kangai, to hop across the continent an undoubtedly delightful Air Zimbabwe flight to London to meet aides belonging to Claire Short - if only to appear *not* to be deferring difficult decisions. What he would have been hoping for, as a guess, would have been a “thank-you-for-our-meeting-of-course-we-will-give-you-cash-just-give-us-a-few-moments” response. He did not get it.

Instead Claire Short took a new way of seeing the world into an old problem, one where the wardens are themselves the tortured. In a letter composed to Kumbirai on the 5th November 1997, she wrote:

***Dear Minister, George Foulkes has reported to me on the meeting which you and Hon John Nkomo had with Tony Lloyd and him[self] during your recent visit. I know that***

*President Mugabe also discussed the land issue with the prime minister briefly during their meeting. It may be helpful if I record where matters now rest on the issue. At the Commonwealth Heads of Government meeting [in Edinburgh], Tony Blair said that he looked forward to developing a new basis for relations with Commonwealth countries founded upon our new government's policies, not on the past. We will set out our agenda for international development in a White Paper to be published this week. The central thrust of this will be the development of partnerships with developing countries which are committed to eradicate poverty, and have their own proposals for achieving that, which we and other donors can support. I very much hope that we will be able to develop such a relationship with Zimbabwe. I understand that you aim shortly to publish your own policies on economic management and poverty reduction. I hope that we can discuss them with you and identify areas where we are best able to help. I mentioned this in my letter of 31 August to Hon Herbert Murarwa. I should make it clear that we do not accept that Britain has a special responsibility to meet the costs of land purchase in Zimbabwe. We are a new government from diverse backgrounds without links to former colonial interests.*

*My own origins are Irish, and as you know, we were colonised, not colonisers. We do, however, recognise the very real issues you face over land reform. We believe that land reform could be an important component of a Zimbabwean programme designed to eliminate poverty. We would be prepared to support a programme of land reform that was part of a poverty eradication strategy but not on any other basis. I am told Britain provided a package of assistance for resettlement in the period immediately following independence. This was, I gather, carefully planned and implemented, and met most of its targets. Again, I am told there were discussions in 1989 and 1996 to explore the possibility of further assistance. However, that is all in the past. If we look to the present, a number of specific issues are unresolved, including the way in which land would be acquired and compensation paid. Clearly it would not help the poor of Zimbabwe if it was done in a way which undermined investor confidence. Other questions that would need to be settled would be to ensure that the process was completely open and transparent, including the establishment of a proper land register. Individual schemes would have to be economically justified to ensure that the process helped the poor and for me the most important issue is that any programme must be*

*planned as part of a programme to contribute to the goal of eliminating poverty. I would need to consider detailed proposals on these issues before confirming further British support for resettlement. I am sure that a carefully worked out programme of land reform that was part of a programme of poverty eradication which we could support would also bring in other donors whose support would help ensure that a substantial land resettlement programme such as you clearly desire could be undertaken successfully. If is [sic] to do so, they too will need to be involved from the start. It follows from this that a programme of rapid land acquisition as you now seem to envisage would be impossible for us to support. I know that many of Zimbabwe's friends share our concern about the damage which this might do to Zimbabwe's agricultural output and its prospects of attracting investment. Yours sincerely, Claire*

This prompted a sequence of events that involved Kumbirai reportedly squealing “fuck me” and suffering a fit akin to the theatrics of a beggar in a Johannesburg traffic queue. He is said to have grabbed the letter and sprinted to Robert's office, waving it in the air as he hopped. In Robert's office the pandemonium continued, with a typewriter being thrown through the glass window. But not even the

sound of a woman's howl of - I don't know, I'm guessing here - "H-U-R-O-D-Z!" or "H-U-V-E-N-E-E-C-O-L" (Harvey Nichols) could drown out the sound of one particular growl.

Two years later, this desperate situation spiraled out of control.

\*

The manicured golf courses of Fancourt are a jewel of South Africa's treasured Garden Route. Situated in George, Fancourt is equally popular with both golfers and non-golfers, and for a while home to two of South Africa's sporting greats - the South African golfer Ernie Els, who could with ease demolish multiple brandy and cokes at the clubhouse bar before promptly turning up the following morning to his first round of the day, and Hansie Cronje, the disgraced former South African cricket captain. Cronje who sought refuge there after admitting to cheating, fell into a boozy depression, but found his redemption via baptism, and was turning his life around before an untimely death in an airplane crash in a neighbouring mountain range (an unpleasant, 9/11-esque joke doing the rounds at the time involved a meeting between Osama bin Laden and Hansie, in which the former

chastised the cricketing legend: “Fuck sakes Cronje, George Bush - I SAID GEORGE BUSH - not the fucking bush in George”)

It was at Fancourt in 1999, two years after Claire’s letter and shortly after Robert’s appearance in the stadium, that the leaders of the 47 Commonwealth Member States gathered following a conference in Durban on South Africa’s east coast - among them Tony and Robert. It has long been suspected that the animosity between these two men poisoned the well for Durban as the destination of international conferencing: two years later, in 2001, a ridiculous conference entitled, “World Conference against Racism, Racial Discrimination, Xenophobia and Related Intolerance”, organised by the United Nations, turned out to be just another blood libel - the Israelis and some of their allies were so disgusted they walked out (Robert put in one of his vintage performances there too, getting so worked up he nearly goose-stepped his way off the stage).

From Durban there was concern that Commonwealth event organisers were not au fait with the handbags of the once-conquerors and the once-conquered, so the two countries dispatched respective emissaries to



Fancourt to ensure that Robert and Tony were placed in chalets as far away from each other as possible. Robert was the first to announce he would refuse to attend any event that included Tony. A few hours before one of the set dinners, Tony became otherwise preoccupied and canceled his appearance, so Robert decided he would go.

From this night onward, Robert Mugabe started openly jeering Tony Blair as gay, “a gay homo”, “a gay gangster” and even just plain old “poofter” (“poof-tahh”, Robert would express in his rich elocution). On the 5th of March 2001, Robert was exiting the Hilton in Brussels when the homosexual campaigner Peter Tatchell attempted to make a citizen’s arrest. Peter was easily swatted by Robert’s heavies but to this day maintains that Robert said, “bluddy stew-pit poof-tahh” to him as he got close. But on this night in question, in between Robert’s arrival and his going to bed, something had happened.

I don’t know if you’ll agree with my theory, but I do know that high-ranking Zimbabwean intelligence officials were seen consulting Robert during the dinner. It goes like this:



*Robert is busy dining alone. Two fellow leaders of African states he can't remember the names of are conversing in muted tones at a table nearby in a language he doesn't understand. The chef has prepared Karoo lamb cutlets and a bottle of Meerlust 1989 Cabernet Sauvignon sits on the table. A Zimbabwean spook walks into the banquet hall and heads straight to Robert's table, leans down, then whispers in his ear: "Sir, I think we have found something." Robert folds his napkin gingerly and brings it to his mouth, chewing slowly, not looking at the spook. "We have located a file in the British courts from 1983. It appears one 'Charles Lynton' was arrested for public importunity, for attempting to solicit sex from other men in a public toilet." Robert, now finished chewing delicately puts his hands together, crosses his fingers and pursues his lips, so that his top lip squeezes his little moustache right up against his nostrils and his spectacles lift off his cheeks. "Thing is, Sir, at the trial at Bow Street Magistrates Court, police testimony included a statement of previous warnings. When he was at university, this 'Charles Lynton' was also known as a promiscuous cross-dresser called 'Miranda'". Robert rubs his fingers against his palms as the intelligence official reaches into his breast pocket. "Here is the picture." Mugabe stares at a mugshot of a young Tony Blair, his bottom row of crooked teeth aiming*

*in all directions, every man for himself. Then he nods and the intelligence official departs.*

I anticipate accusations of fake news and yes, this is what you find when type “Charles Lynton” into X (formerly Twitter) - so here’s another theory that warrants exploration.

At the time Robert wasn’t exactly enjoying the mental health shape of his life. Many thought he’d caught the clap (syphilis) too many times or been listening to too much BBC World Service - but the real issue looked rooted in his personal life. His first wife, Sally, was Ghanian and during that marriage, he thought it would be wise to stash all the cash he had stolen there, in Accra. By the time she died of cancer he was already seeing his sociopathic typist Grace; after Sally’s funeral he called his late ex-wife’s brothers: “yes, yes, awful news, sorry and so on and so forth...but now I politely request that those hundreds of millions of dollars be made available to me at the earliest convenience.” I suspect there may have been a pause on the other end of the line before”:

“yeah...erm....about that one Robert...um, no, I think no, no, actually, we’re going to...just like...keep this one for ourselves.” Whatever happened, Robert was

unable to retrieve his ill-gotten gains sending Grace into a rage from which not even horse tranquillisers could extract her. Not only had that happened, but Tony ruined had Robert's obsession with Empire, and formed a government that featured homosexuals, a man who looked suspiciously like an albino (Alistair Darling), another man who used to work on a boat (John Prescott) and of course, Claire Short, who had appointed herself a member of an oppressed minority - then shoved her fat foot up the bottom of the things oppressed minorities were supposed to do. Isolated, he couldn't make up his losses to Ghana without power, and for that he needed a little fellow from the south - the third and final man in the story: Thabo Mvuyelwa Mbeki.

If Zimbabwe's relationship with Britain had all but collapsed at Fancourt, South Africa was enjoying a certain intrigue. What began to filter down from Tony's "Cool Britannia" and "New Labour" reestablished influence that had diminished at birth of the Republic in 1961. This influence affected moderate ANC profiles, many of whom were closest Marxism or South African Communist Party admirers, NGOs and charities, South African corporations, universities and large sections of young, white urban voters. Tony had

dispensed with the gentlemen's club premiership and ushered in what he described as a "third way", which has, predictably and with good reason, never been understood. Because the "third way" is just Sutenbastud - talking peace but throwing Molotovs - a way of doing politics that steals ideas from the worst of both camps, amplifies expedience then white-labels the resultant as something groundbreaking.

Back to Tony. Unlike nepo-babies like Justin Trudeau, or leaders groomed from a young age, like New Zealand's former Prime Minister Jacinda Ardern and Ireland's polyamorous Leo Varadkar, he had to learn on the fly, which led him to establish an interesting relationship with one William Jefferson Clinton. But unlike Justin, Jacinda and Leo, Tony was smart. He performed magnificently.

Margaret Thatcher's vision had established a generation of entrepreneurs, from plumbers to double glazing salesmen to city boy traders, whose upward mobility during those years was firstly, too compelling for political consideration elsewhere and secondly, laid the platform for the prosperity enjoyed - until recently - by middle England. The Conservatives, thanks to Thatcher, had won the economy, but Tony

noted that Clinton was a new breed of political animal, someone who combined charm with apparent sensibility and had mastered all manner of political scheming, including polling and lobbying. Insofar as traditional divides were concerned, Clinton introduced new, dark arts messaging and presentation methodology developed by highly-paid coastal strategists - energetic, platitudinal and at the same time, accessible. To the Chardonnay and SSRI housewives of suburban Charlotte, North Carolina and Atherton, California, Clinton was irresistible - ferociously bright, young, confident and good-looking, so Tony booked a meeting with Clinton's campaign squad, jumped on a plane, and watched in amazement as the team revealed just how they built (what they described as) a political "superstar". Sold. With this kind of plastery, Tony's team calculated, you could make cool (or just acceptable) the privilege of being educated at Scotland's most expensive private school, Fettes, as Tony was, then the privilege of qualifying as a lawyer. You could play man-of-the-people against political opposites drowning with outdated vision, as the Conservatives were, and preach newness and unity against a party whose members were steadily losing voters because they

couldn't forgive each other for either supporting Margaret Thatcher or forcing her resignation.

So this obscure "third way" slimed its way into Downing Street - and many South Africans both in the UK and SA were enamoured. It's a question I sometimes ask Sutenbastud here when I encounter it in a familiar accent: "what drove you expats to vote for him in 1997?" The usual answer is "he wasn't a Conservative" - but those predisposed to "social justice" and other scams genuinely believed that Tony represented progress for Britain's human rights, insofar as minorities were concerned, and the strengthening of allied relationships - useful to threaten to people like Slobodan Milosevic. It escapes these people that the United Kingdom was progressive enough to abolish the slave trade; clearly they were convinced that something had gone off course, and needed correcting.

Yet whilst luvvies (North London) and pop stars and writers couldn't stay away from Tony, and Rupert Murdoch was pleased (at the time that is - Murdoch would later dispense with the services of his in-house tiger mom whose diaries revealed something of an

obsession with Blair), there were other problems for Tony.

The most obvious one was that the people who accompanied him to power - Alistair Campbell, Peter Mandelson and Philip Gould to name a few - were completely unacceptable to the traditional voters belonging to both Labour and the Conservatives. Here is Rod Liddle (a man of the “left”), explaining this in *The Spectator*, on the 28th September 2013:

*“There is a little vignette in the first volume of Alastair Campbell’s diaries that makes it abundantly clear that, at the time, we were being governed by people who were mentally ill. It is yet another furious, bitter, gut-churning row involving Campbell, Tony Blair and Peter Mandelson and concludes with Mandelson stamping his little feet and screaming: ‘I am sick of being rubbished and undermined! I hate it! And I want out.’ The cause of this dispute was not whether or not Labour should nationalise the top 200 companies and secure for the workers by hand or by brain the full fruits of their industry. Don’t be silly. It was about whether Blair should wear a suit and tie to deliver a speech or if, instead, he should put on a nice pair of cords. Mandelson was in favour of the cords, by the way.....*



***...it is impossible to read this sort of thing without coming to the conclusion that the most senior elements of New Labour were mad as hatters.”***

On the subject of Peter Mandelson, Blair’s closest confidant, here’s Jeremy Clarkson (a man of the “right”) in The Times on the 8th of November 2009:

***“I’ve given the matter a great deal of thought all week, and I’m afraid I’ve decided that it’s no good putting Peter Mandelson in a prison. I’m afraid he will have to be tied to the front of a van and driven round the country until he isn’t alive any more. I hate Peter Mandelson. I hate his fondness for extremely pale blue jeans and I hate that preposterous moustache he used to sport in the days when he didn’t bother trying to cover up his left-wing fanaticism. I hate the way he quite literally lords it over us even though he’s resigned in disgrace twice, and now holds an important decision-making job for which he was not elected. Mostly, though, I hate him because his one-man war on the bright and the witty and the successful means that half my friends now seem to be taking leave of their senses.”***

Both views are legitimate: these people were off their rockers, and not in the Joe Biden way of mumbling about how he pinched the thigh of Fletcher Christian



the day the mutineers spotted Pitcairn Island in 1790, literally off the reservation - angry, vain and aloof. But as South Africa went, these “third-way” chancers and schemers were that era’s TikTok-ers.

\*

In the early 2000s a South African advertising executive called Angel Jones founded an initiative called “The Homecoming Revolution”. The objective was to encourage expats permanently or indecisively habituated in cities like London and New York to return home and help ferment the idea of a truly integrated, diverse, compassionate and free country. Many of these South Africans had gapped it before the 1995 elections, terrified by the events of Boipatong and the St. James Church massacre and the Heidelberg Tavern massacre and the Shell House massacre and the Bisho massacre. Out-massacred, they had decided that the grim climates of Europe, or indeed the agreeable ones of Australia, offered succour to the battle-weariness. So Angel, adorned with a pair of wings and with the support of Primedia radio personalities such as Jeremy Mansfield and John Robbie (at this point, 94.7 Highveld Stereo was the 10th most commercially successful domestic radio

station in the world), began calling the country's departed home - with success. The campaign was beautifully marketed and thus appealing to upwardly mobile entrepreneurs who calculated that they could establish businesses at a fraction of the cost of doing the same in foreign financial capitals. Johannesburg, in particular, was made to look like it was on the turn: glitzy new properties like Melrose Arch in the Northern suburbs began selling, and developers were bullish. Angel's most telling strength, however, wasn't portraying commercial opportunities, but tugging at the sensitivities of people who were liberal-inclined but hadn't given the ANC a chance. 99.9% of these people were white; the country, contrary to their worst fears, hadn't shat the bed, so to home it was.

Far from entertaining white supremacy, many of these people in the United Kingdom had watched the rise of Tony Blair and listened to the carefully scripted narrative, which incorporated features of race and inheritance in its attempt to distinguish itself from the banality of traditional Labour's blue-collar proclivities. It also distinguished itself from the Conservative's economy speak, which rarely addressed race. Labour, Blair argued, was always - but especially then - the home for non-white English

citizens, particularly those descended from the Windrush generation of Jamaican expats and Pakistani immigrants. In front of those white South Africans a workable unity - or the appearance of one - was unfolding, and it was all due to the smooth, choreographed articulation of Tony and his friends, allowing them to return home with two features: invaluable corporate experience and the conclusion that co-habitation was possible. What they didn't know was that exposure to Blair and his chums had inculcated into them a sense of submission - and this was to be a critical feature of their new lives in an old home: the ANC was, politically, the only owner of the country, and everything they had once thought needed to be adjusted. Many would subsequently join the ANC as R10 card-carrying members, then go back to creaming the market.

It was about this time that Sutenbastud businesses began popping up in Johannesburg, courtesy of the home-comers. Many of these were advertising and design agencies. Many were boutique investment managers. Most were successful. But no other business captured the oiliness than a consultancy founded in 2003 by a returned husband and wife, whose business model was incomprehensible. Its logo was

contemporary London, akin to that of a Shoreditch production or app development studio, but it might as well have been a high-visibility yellow jacket. It claimed to do exactly the things a company like McKinsey does (“efficiency” - translated, as you know it means “mass redundancy and a pricing model that requests a split of revenue saved from all the sackings”) but it included meditation sessions, “discourses of empowerment”, accompanied by masses of project management spreadsheets and something called “principle-driven” leadership assessment. For the latter it would go into organisations, for example a glass manufacturing business in the Johannesburg suburb of Ruimsig, spend time with bosses, then conclude that all management personalities were down with “principles” - so please settle this 6 figure bill for our expertise, or, actually, no - Marco Vermeulen there in logistics is a bit rough and carries a gun in his car, so we’ll spend a few more weeks ironing him out - before sending a slightly-more-than-6 figure bill for our expertise. The company’s qualifications were not clear but it flourished in a regulatory lax environment, away from the prohibitive, expensive, checks-and-balances overreach of London. Its owners, not even 50, were

able to retire to the Eastern Transvaal, to a fly fishing estate five years later. The company was bought by a batch of new homecomers from London.

Then there was Thabo.

Who knows what he was expecting of the United Kingdom before his own Presidency, but he was technically - or should have been - better positioned than most of his contemporaries thanks to his studies at The University of Sussex, where in 1964 he'd led a march from Brighton to London in honour of the Rivonia trialists. He befriended other exiles whilst in the UK, notably the Pahad brothers (Essop, Aziz) and Ronnie Kasrils. He invited the white South African communist, Michael Harmel, to attend his graduation in 1965.

By 1997, Britain had exited its sick-man-of-Europe syndrome. Thabo would have taken profound exception to Margaret Thatcher's medicine, as it involved privatisation, which is as offensive a word it gets to any sneering economics graduate. In the historian Dominic Sandbrook's "Who Dares Wins", the vast majority of beneficiaries of this era are documented as white - even if many did originate on council housing estates. It would have been difficult

for Thabo to see the United Kingdom - under anyone - shake off its historical burden whilst maintaining its often annoying claim of exceptionalism. But if Thabo was tempted into Tony's view of a new elitist world, tweaked to now include colour-blindness, there was the terribly cross fellow to the north waiting with a stick.

In 2002 Robert Mugabe was slapped with a European Union travel ban. In light of the aforementioned, it was the worst punishment conceivable. Eager to avenge those he considered responsible for this outrageous sanction, in 2005 he initiated something called Operation \*Murambatsvina\* ("clean out the rubbish") - essentially the second coming of the 1980s \*Gukurahundi\* ("the rain that washes away the chaff") massacres. \*Murambatsvina\* witnessed over 700000 people, mostly all Movement for Democratic Change (MDC) supporters, lose all their earthly possessions courtesy of Robert's bulldozers, and Fleet Street's board sheets exploded with news of renewed human rights travesties. But when the UK government criticised the operation, Robert was ready: "Arrggghhh the Englishman! He is the worst! You can never beat the Englishman, no matter how good you are. And you can never be his equal!" As prepared as the response

was, Robert appeared genuinely hurt, disappointed. The people he once loved had turned beastly.

Thereafter he watched the South Africans and the British from his increasingly dysfunctional state. Blind racial solidarity ensured that South Africa would remain spiritually loyal to him; in 2003, the then Minister of Foreign Affairs, Dr. Nkososana Dlamini-Zuma, stood up to a room full of reporters puzzled by South Africa's odd stance on Zimbabwe: "I know you, you reporters," she said, "all you want to hear is two words - condemnation of Zimbabwe. That will NEVER happen." A handful of white Zimbabwean farmers had been killed - this of course thrilled North London. Privately, would Robert have warned Thabo about Tony? Possibly, but even Mbeki, the dynastic scholar of the ANC - the intellectual - was underneath Mugabe. At that point it was all about class, and smoking a pipe was no longer considered fashionable - more the stuff of chattering Marxist types Robert had long since graduated from.

The gay slur foiled Tony. Robert had turned what Tony considered a powerful weapon in his boutique of rights against him. On one hand, he was frequently the recipient of angry letters from UK civil groups



condemning Robert for the insult, claiming they too were offended, demanding the Prime Minister do something about it. On the other, Tony knew that any condemnation would result in Mugabe counter-accusing him of being a racist, and considering how hot things were on the ground, it would be unwise to lecture the cranky old bigot on progressive values:" "Now listen here Mr. Mugabe, neither I nor the British people, who adore the gay and lesbian communities (for that is just what it was before the LGBTQIQWERTY stampede) will stand for your abhorrent homophobia!" "See! See! The little gay homo bastard is being racist again!"

Caught in intersectionality's intersection was Thabo, who could do nothing but smile nervously as Tony heaped praise on his wisdom. In 2007, Tony's successor Gordon Brown described the ANC and Labour as "soul mates"; even the more learned of the ANC hierarchy, such as the party's longtime strategist Joel Netshitenzhe was reportedly stumped by the sheer charm of a group of men who dressed like the old guard but spoke like shop stewards, then disappeared into some sweaty basement club to grind off each other to the beat of 1990s Britpop. In the same way today that only the disobedient survive,



only the deeply cynical understood what was really happening: when Tony and Gordon retreated back to their inner circles - those festering huddles of paranoia and self-loathing - they were just as greedy and uncompromising as their predecessors. And more ambitious. At least with the old bunch, I imagine a berserker like the ANC profile like Christine Qunta would say, you knew where you stood.

The Charlie Foxtrot at Fancourt between the United Kingdom and Zimbabwe endured, beyond Tony, to David Cameron, the PR consultant who admitted that he plotted his greasy path to number 10 as “the heir to Blair”. In 2011, one year after his election, London was gripped by anarchy after armed police had shot a suspected drug dealer of mixed race, Mark Duggan. Flames scorched the capital and sneaker stores were looted. As the small businesses burned, Robert couldn't resist a dig David, reluctantly hauled from his Tuscan holiday to address the chaos, who he thought (quite rightly) was moneyed old guard trying to be right-on - just like Tony. “Mr. Cameron,” Robert said, “your people have spoken, they don't like you, you must resign.” You can imagine Robert then - the continent's most pompous Englishman ever - allowing himself the briefest of cackles before rerouting yet

another Air Zimbabwe flight to Malaysia, to give his wretched body an oil change.

\*

What happened between the three men saw hundreds of thousands of Zimbabweans fleeing into South Africa and initiated the collapse of the agricultural industry in that country. Robert and Tony had fronted new orders to the world - one was strategically absent of whites, the other strategically - supposedly - filled with “rights” (except, of course, when it came to people like the white farmer Martin Olds, butchered by drunken Shona thugs). Way before intersectionality was made fashionable by academics in the late 2010s, and its formulas distributed to HR departments and editorial policy, Robert and Tony had shown the world what a vomit wormhole it really was, something made explicitly clear by Thabo Mbeki, whose participation ridiculed his “African renaissance” bravado. He didn’t do anything, and in not doing anything, he ushered in the worst of Tony, and the worst of Robert. These things stay.

We never cared about Robert Mugabe’s “black” in the same way we never cared about Tony Blair’s “gay”. If Tony Blair really is gay - so? We don’t care. We don’t

care if Barack Obama is gay, and one day says, looking at the photo accompanying a flattering interview in one of Sutenbastud's magazines, possibly Tatler: "Hmm, Tony's teeth are really getting me all hot here in my tight white jeans." We wouldn't care if Barack decided to follow through on the impulse - board the next Virgin Atlantic from New York to London, sext the shit out of Tony using Upper Class's crappy Wi-Fi, then meet him in an overpriced Covent Garden hotel and roger him so hard that the earth shifted 17cm on its axis.

We know that intersectionality fails - because we saw it fail. We learned then that it is just gaslighting, the pathological desire to ruin society based on self-interest. We know that it is *gavage* - the continued contamination of our minds with demonstrably useless or dishonest ideas. When we get upset or confused or depressed about it, it's because it happened right in front of us, and we never possessed the courage to call it out.

## **Chapter 2: Kakocracy**

*I froze your tears and made a dagger  
and stabbed it in my cock forever.*

*It stays there like Excalibur.*

*Are you my Arthur? Say you are.*

*Take this cool dark steeled blade,  
steal it, sheathe it in your lake.*

*I'd drown with you to be together.*

*Must you breathe? 'Cause I need heaven*

***David Brent, played by Ricky Gervais, The Office (UK),  
2001***

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Stunning revelation at opening @FT Africa summit:  
President Cyril Ramaphosa tells me “as much as R 1  
trillion” could have been stolen as a result of state  
capture and corruption in Zuma years. R500bn almost  
certainly too low. Wow\*

***Lionel Barber, former editor of the Financial Times,  
October 14, 2019***

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**THE STORY OF** state capture, as it occurred between the years 2009 to 2017, is one of lust, dreams, bitterness and hysterical disaster. It is a story of dynasties and peasants, of how one or two peasants dreamed of creating a dynasty. It is a story of a past that looked to a future, the old world of Kwa-Zulu Natal's rolling green hills and valleys juxtaposed with new world of Dubai, all steel and glass and Arab influencers showing off obscene wristwatches whilst climbing into Lamborghinis to music last heard during ISIS beheading videos. It is a story of few heroes but many cowards - but if you think that state capture was responsible for sucking all the hope and goodwill from the land, you have not paid close enough attention.

\*

I met Peter Hain in 2018, in a grand old mariner's building on The Strand where he shared a stage with Tony Leon, the former leader of South Africa's Democratic Alliance, and a man called Baron Risby. Baron Risby is a Conservative peer but before he was Baron Risby, he was Richard Spring who had attended Rondebosch Boys High School. Back in 1995, Richard Spring was caught in threesome with a teacher and

her pensions manager boyfriend. A threesome was - is - a very Conservative-y thing to be caught doing - with the one exception here being that a woman was involved. It transpired that poor old Richard was thrown under a bus by The News of the World - edited at the time by Piers Morgan - who paid the woman £61,000 in today's money for the story.

Peter was there to discuss South Africa, Jacob Zuma, the Guptas and the country's future. He spoke fondly of the late Jackson Mthembu, felled by coof two years later in 2020, and threw his support behind Cyril Ramaphosa, confident that prosecutions would be pummelled against parties convicted of bribing or cajoling - or just plain stealing from - the state. He was also hawking his book - "Mandela: His Essential Life" - which was exactly like his previous book: "Mandela", just shorter, and with one new sentence added at the end: "I wish he was still here to help us with climate change". By the way Peter spoke in Parliament on the day Madiba died in December 2013, I was surprised not to see "Mandela: Nobody Else Was as Greater Friend to Him than I" and "Mandela: The Night I Thought About Helping my Best Friend Swim From Robben Island to Cape Town" being sold there too. Anyways, the newest one was already four or five years old and

composed ostensibly to suit the diminishing attention scope of the TikTok zoomer. It was still 232 pages.

Two strange things happened after Peter had spoken. Another Peter got up to ask a question: this one was called Peter-Paul Ngewnya, and Peter-Paul had been in trouble earlier in the year for calling the Chairman of the South African bank Investec, Fana Titi, a “QwaQwa...(k-word)”. Peter-Paul is black, Fana is black, but it was a court presided over by a white judge that tried to determine whether Peter-Paul’s use of the k-word amounted to hate speech. Basically it was a patent infringement issue, a South African intertribal one. Had Peter-Paul been white, he would have probably been paroled just before coof.

As Peter Hain was answering Peter-Paul, I suddenly remembered something else: Peter Hain was not just a Lord with an enduring interest in South Africa. He had also been drawn into the employ of one Zunaid Moti.

Zunaid isn’t a Gupta but he is controversial, frequently in the news for a string of incidents ranging from the alleged illegal transfer of city-owned land in Johannesburg, to failing to honor a deposit on a development (hardly criminal or newsworthy by Johannesburg’s standards), to an alleged bust-up with

a Russian gangster over a pink diamond (that's more like it). He was not the greatest landlord: a story doing the rounds involved a property he owned that was falling apart. The tenant, increasingly frustrated by Zunaid's lack of interest in leaking pipes, eventually got hold of him and addressed him assertively over the phone - which, after renting the house in the first place, was his second mistake. The next thing Zunaid arrived, rolling five deep as the tale goes, and proceeded inside whilst four heavies in sunglasses cased out the joint. In the dining room, before he sat down, Zunaid took out a handgun and placed it on the table: "Now," he was reported to have said cheerfully, "what exactly is the problem again?"

If Zunaid was flamboyant in South Africa by way of cars and shirts encrusted with jewels - and he was - he was allegedly more so on his holidays in Europe, where he once took a particularly thick ex-Miss South Africa skiing before tiring of her. Disembarking off his private jet (which he used to park at Stansted in London), he is said to have dismissed the woman with a fur coat and a Rolex. Personally, I think that's something to be admired, but anyway.



In 2018, Robert Mugabe was toppled from within by his deputy Emmerson Mnangagwa in collaboration with the then army chief Constantino Chiwenga. For a fleeting moment Mnangagwa made all the right noises - including welcoming white farmers to return, but things turned vintage ZANU-PF real quick, justifying suspicions that the “Crocodile” - worth a reported \$500m in 2021 - was just as diseased as his predecessor. Zunaid had managed to ingratiate himself with the “new” administration through a company called African Chrome Fields (he claims to have started investing in Zimbabwe in 2014) and now, seeking to launder his controversial past, Zunaid sought to bring Peter Hain into the fold, to try soak up some unfortunate stains upon his reputation. Into this scheme he had also seconded one of South Africa’s most illustrious corruption critics, a dual citizen called Paul O’Sullivan, who had reportedly given Zunaid’s companies a clean bill of health.

As Peter spoke that evening, and as I started remembering more, a potentially ridiculous situation emerged: Peter was - apparently - now willing to game a model he claimed to despise, for which he had earned a reputation as being a corruption buster against the Guptas and all their extensions, both in SA

and the UK. Here was a man who had earned much admiration for bringing the Guptas to prominence in the UK chiefly by South African media who frequently applauded his statements in the House of Lords. He had also narrowed in on some of the financial institutions in the UK whom he accused of involvement, sometimes complicity. In particular, he went hard against the company Bell Pottinger.

What ultimately undid the Guptas state capture project wasn't anything we did, or the fact they were finally understood (even today, many South Africans are convinced on one of two points: one suggests they were industrialists, whose methods were identical to those of the Oppenheimer or Rupert empires, and it was blatant racism that led to their demise. The other suggests they were just crooks. The latter is more accurate but it still doesn't acknowledge the methodology accurately: the Guptas were professional money-launderers, working in the top-ish half of a chain belonging to some very bad people, whose names we will likely never know - many of whom based on the sub-continent or in UAE. But more importantly, the Guptas were never the "bosses"). Through a profile involved in South Africa's infamous arms deal, Fana Hlongwane, the Guptas were

introduced to a man called Chris Geoghegan, formerly a board member of BAE Systems reported to be central to that arms deal, but whose participation was never fully scrutinised as Jacob Zuma nixed any investigation into it (and was subsequently afforded a State Visit to the UK as a gesture of appreciation in 2010). Geoghegan then introduced to the Guptas to the scumbag London PR firm via his daughter Victoria, employed as an account manager at Bell Pottinger and together - the Guptas, Victoria and the senior strategy team at Bell Pottinger - came up with what they considered a cunning plan to wash the reputation of Guptas so they could continue laundering cash for their bosses unimpeded by scrutiny: a race war.

The bet went roughly: pay idiots like Jimmy Manyi to create distractions, then pursue those distractions with a series of partial truths or complete falsehoods, then mainstream them - and sit back and watch. That only a handful of people - literally - got riled up enough to support the Guptas must have been disappointing and it was this ludicrous ambition that saw them flee to Dubai at midnight via private jet, cash 'n carry bags bursting with South African rands.

Likewise Bell Pottinger didn't fold because of Peter Hain. In trying to ignite their race war, Victoria and her fellow degenerates picked a fight with someone they assumed would surrender, or disappear - because he was white and wealthy and because the campaign of "white monopoly capital" specifically targeted wealthy whites. How they thought this possible I do not know, but I had known even before that Bell Pottinger was actually a pretty mad company, whose puzzling spectrum of clients - ranging from a little orchestra to a man who had allegedly killed 5 people on a mountain in Russia - indicated frenzied corporate grasping that would have flown a plane into an orphanage if the price was right. Of all the wild things Bell Pottinger ever did, provoking a man called Johann Rupert was easily the stupidest.

Rupert, at once terrifying and highly entertaining, is regarded by most sensible people as one of the greatest South Africans ever. Few men have doubled the empires they inherited; hardly anyone has tripled, quadrupled them. There is not an inch of South Africa he has not touched through his support of arts, fashion, conservation and sport. At one point he was South Africa's largest tax payer, footing an annual bill of R7b - and at another point, one of his many

companies was a Bell Pottinger account. At exactly the same time the Guptas became their client. When this mad idea started springing a few leaks, Lord Tim Bell, whom Rupert knew, claimed ignorance (despite him traveling on a private jet with the Guptas), left the scene of the crime and heaped the blame upon James Henderson, Bell Pottinger's slippery former CEO. Rupert has had documented experiences with British wide boys before, but even he must have been flabberghast at the nerve of Bell Pottinger's war room. As we are led to understand, Rupert entered the fray, spoke to his friends - some of whom were also clients of Bell Pottinger - and the next thing creditors lined the bloody streets of Holborn trying to identify the disgraced PR agency by its dental records.

\*

Peter Hain was born in Pretoria; second only to his friendship with Madiba, the thing Peter likes most about himself is his opposition to apartheid. He was famously captured being hauled off rugby pitches hosting the South African national team, the Springboks and was instrumental in the aerial flower-bombing the team was subjected to in New Zealand in 1981. A distant third thing he boasts about is how he

antagonised Afrikaners - and here he has a point: he wanted to be hated by white South Africans, the majority of whom he considered racist - and it worked. They hated him. They hated him because he interrupted their national sport, which they considered a feature of identity, and they hated him because his behaviour boasted the potential to result in existential chaos. Now, someone of such virtue would never be mired in scandal...right?

\*

In 2008 Peter resigned from his cabinet position as Work and Pensions Secretary due to an investigation launched by police into undeclared campaign funds, which is a criminal offence. Here's how the Guardian covered the incident on the 24th of January 2008:

***Hain spent more than £180,000 on his unsuccessful campaign for Labour's deputy leadership. This was more than any of the other candidates, although the spending - which included a full-page newspaper advert - did not prevent him coming fifth out of the six candidates. Candidates have to declare donations to the Electoral Commission and the register of members' interests. Hain declared around £80,000 at the time of the contest but the rest of the money - which was raised***

***to pay off his debts at the end of the contest - was not declared***

So what, you say, what's the big issue? That he didn't declare £100,000 - half of which came from a mysterious "Progressive Policies Fund"? Well in England they are supposed to take this kind of thing seriously, and indeed, the Parliamentary Privileges and Standards Committee articulated as much: "We agree with the Commissioner that Mr Hain's failure to register donations on this scale is both serious and substantial" it concluded in a report.

Guido Fawkes (real name: Paul Staines), the parliamentary blogger, broke the story - and described the "Progressive Policies Fund" as a slush fund. "It had done nothing, had undertaken no known political activity, had no employees, no policies and there was no forum or indeed any meeting ever," Guido remarked. At his departure, Peter did two extremely Sutenbastud things: firstly, he blamed one of his campaign staffers for the troubles, and secondly, he claimed to be the victim of a campaign orchestrated by "right-wingers".

The question I had that evening for Peter was: why? Why Zunaid Moti? Why on earth would you now



attempt the very thing you have spoken and acted against? For that, in theory, is exactly what it was. Sally Evans, one of South Africa's finest investigative journalists, documented this for amaBhungane:

***Peter Hain, a British peer, made headlines in South Africa when he campaigned against state capture. But Lord Hain does not appear to be applying the same high standards to his own commercial dealings in Zimbabwe, as an examination of his business partners reveals.***

Piers Pigou, Southern Africa director for the International Crisis Group weighed in:

***Given Lord Hain's strident promotion of accountability and transparency in relation to the behaviour of British businesses with the controversial Gupta family in South Africa, one would hope to see a similar standard applied to his business associates' engagement with Zimbabwe's military and political leadership.***

Perhaps he was concerned about money, which is reasonable, considering he only earned £300 a day as a Lord. Perhaps he was kept awake by the prospect of not selling another book on Madiba - or indeed the 8 or 9 new ones he had planned. Whatever his reasoning, he made a quiet exit from the arrangement



the early following year. Most people would have done the same had they left a scent for Sally Evans to pursue. And he was smart to have done so - because Zunaid is back in the news again.

In addition to some other things, Zunaid has earned himself a formidable adversary by the name of Frederick “Frikkie” Lutzkie, whom he was busy fighting in court in 2023. Word on the streets of Johannesburg has always warned that former cage fighter Frikkie was someone you shouldn’t trifle with - as the disappearance of a truly astonishing piece of work called Ralph Haynes refers.

Ralph Haynes was known as “The Godfather of the West Rand”, the title of an eponymous book by Izak du Plessis. Known to associate with criminal biker gangs and drug smugglers, he lost his left leg in a motorbike accident and wore a mullet. With his bottle-blond wife Jacky, he reportedly threw cocaine parties at his pseudo-Tuscan mansion near Krugersdorp, seeking vulnerable parties to honeytrap with Jacky inevitably leading to some blackmail or extortion caper. In 2011, Ralph got into Frikkie’s helicopter, flew away and was never seen again. Frikkie claims he took Ralph to a small town in the South African province of

Mpumalunga, where he had arranged for a truck for Ralph. The one-legged Ralph, according to Frikkie, then got into the truck and drove off (the same helicopter was then found crashed in Botswana. Frikkie didn't report the incident - he just covered the thing with mud). Zunaïd made an appearance in this story too: it was he who, on Jacky's urging, traced Ralph's mobile to the area Frikkie claimed they landed in, which indicates some kind of relationship prior to the one currently airing in a court. Again the question: what the hell did Peter think he was doing?

As for Peter's work in South Africa toward the end of Jacob Zuma's reign, another question: what did he actually accomplish? Bell Pottinger's demise? No, that must be credited to Johann Rupert. Forming the Judicial Commission of Inquiry chaired by Raymond Zondo? Very unlikely, but even if he did prod tangentially, what good has come from it? As of writing, there has been no discernible compensation to South Africans who could benefited from those stolen billions - all the faces implicated are free, further endangering the voluminous reports (which themselves cost R1b to the status of the standard UK Inquiry, where another report is published after the report, followed by another (after seven reports, a

decision is finally made: a Commission of Inquiry will be held, following which a report will be published).

Did Peter's influence result in a complete overhaul of the complex banking industry - some of whose members had housed Gupta-linked accounts? For its grotesque cameo McKinsey got wrapped on the knuckles; in 2021, the management consultancy, who now claims to specialise in DEI coaching too, was fined. Naughty little management consultants, charging so much to fire people. Perhaps Peter's only real triumph was to secure Bain-whistleblower Athol Williams a meet with the Conservative MP, then Secretary of State for Business, Energy and Industrial Strategy, Jacob Rees Mogg, who subsequently banned Bain (the Steve Ballmer version of McKinsey) from government business for 3 years. Jacob Rees Mogg is not Sutenbastud, but Bain have challenged the decision - and appeals like these are heard in rooms filled with it. Any excitement would be premature.

I'm not sure its fair to accuse Peter of intentionally seeking opportunity, but I do believe he couldn't resist it when it appeared. In hindsight, if we are to profile the type of international irritant that would have been more useful in the fight against state capture, then I

imagine we'd been looking for someone who tweeted with the venom of Donald Trump, who spoke about broken prospects with the Calvinistic fatality of the Scottish tearaway politician George Gallaway, who was impermeable to shrieks of "racist", and whose record - as it relates to expenses and campaign expenditure - was as unimpeachable as Sian Thomas, Peter's fellow former Welsh Labour MP. There was a space for rectitude, one that didn't seek interviews to flog merch, and here, we could have accommodated someone like Nicholas Winton, the former English stockbroker who rescued hundreds of Jewish children from Nazi Germany, to be working thanklessly behind the scenes, governed by a sense of justice that evades the constitution of contemporary politicians.

But how quickly we forget. Hanging over state capture all along were the words of one Smuts Ngonyama, a former Thabo Mbeki apostle, who, when questioned about his involvement in the Elephant consortium that was to purchase South Africa's nationalised telecommunications service Telkom in 2006, answered glibly: 'I didn't get into politics to be poor'. That - the self-righteous entitlement that believes democracy a legitimate, justifiable commercial opportunity for the

well-connected - is the powder formula Sutenbastud weaned the ANC off its Marxist breast milk with.

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The story of South African state capture is incomplete without mentioning Britain's stories of state capture. The routine of former civil servants joining "consultancies" who represent global behemoths is one example. At the end of 2019 - one year after Peter, Tony and Richard's talk - I sat on a sofa next to a man, also called Simon, who was once the cream of Britain's diplomats.

Between 2008 and 2015, Sir Simon Fraser was the Permanent Under Secretary for Foreign and Commonwealth Affairs. After the civil service, Simon co-founded a consultancy called Flint Global, and before long, Flint Global had an interesting and deep-pocketed client: the Chinese technology giant Huawei. Huawei has long been suspected of links to the Chinese government, so as in the United States, the threat it posed to Britain was eventually declared Redcon 1, or national security level. Can't have that. In May 2020, Donald Trump slapped Huawei with another sanction, and the ripple extended to the United Kingdom. On the 13th of October 2022, the

Department for Culture, Media and Sport issued Huawei an ultimatum: pack up your wires and get out by 2027.

Simon's boasting of Huawei as a client led certain "right" wing media profiles to sneer that yet another former Mandarin was selling off the country to the highest bidder - in his case, cell phone tower by cell phone tower. Huawei's plans for Britain - the installation of the 5G network - were breathtaking, leading anyone with entry knowledge of cause and effect that the company was essentially registering citizens for TikTok accounts without bothering to circulate the terms and conditions.

It wasn't all that surprising: Simon went to Cambridge and claims to be a "left" wing guy (his wife or partner, Shireen, was also at the party, and she was once affiliated with only the Palestinian Liberation Organization), so working for a highly secretive, hugely ambitious organisation with murky connections and endless resources would have been something of an ideological graduation. Simon's one partner in Flint, also a co-founder, is a man called Ed Richards. What did Ed do before Flint? He was only appointed by Tony Blair to be the broadcasting

regulator Ofcom's CEO in 2006. Ofcom has become exactly what Tony intended it to be: Orwell's Ministry of Truth, specialising in censoring and punishing any criticism of the Sutenbastud order. Simon's other partner is Nigel Gardner. Nigel was BBC journalist and a lobbyist. For Russia's Gazprom.

These arrangements don't prompt the aggressive defence you'd assume. You could find equivalence in South Africa in the "work" the former (late) Health Minister Manto Tshabalala-Msimang's son-in-law, Martin Kingston, does with the ANC (Martin's got heat for the daughters of ANC "freedom fighters" - before Manto's daughter, it was Oliver Tambo's). But South Africans were always cautious of Martin, suspecting that he'd played a role in the collapse of the Rand at the end of 2001 - accusations his friend the former Reserve Bank Governor Tito Mboweni aggressively defended him for). In Britain, the crossover of former Diplomats or civil servants and BBC guys and quango jobsworths doesn't so much as bat an eyelid, which proves that the theory of a revolving door between the private sector and government isn't so much a door as it is a passage concealed from view, and in that passage you will locate a series of buckets - all marked clearly with a Sharpie - "lube".



The difference is obvious. Simon Fraser and co, and many others like them, do not arrive at parties in dust-bowl villages in the North West province of South Africa driving white Lamborghinis, filled with young girls wearing skimpy outfits featuring the name of an energy drink on them. Simon and co are not - unlike (South Africa's most hopeless finance minister ever) Des van Rooyen - "sugar daddies". There is discretion, manicured language and teams of lawyers from white shoe or magical circle firms endlessly poring over interpretations. And it is incredibly rare to encounter someone in these Tammany Hall arrangements, suspended between commercial opportunity and democratic infraction, that isn't completely Sutenbastud. That's the condition for participation.

Which explains why the United Kingdom has ventured beyond. Bored with the idea of shitting so much cash, some of Sutenbastud's forces in the United Kingdom today specialize in culture capture: leading this campaign is the rights and equality "charity" Stonewall.

As is so often the case, Stonewall was founded on sound principles of equality and justice, back in 1989 - named after New York's Stonewall riots two decades



previously. Among its list of founding members and trustees, you can locate the name Sir Ian McKellen, the famous stage actor who we could say with some degree of certainty probably wasn't Robert Gabriel Mugabe's favourite thespian.

For the longest time the "charity" campaigned successfully for equal rights, pay and recognition in the workplace. Fine. I can't say with absolute conviction, but I'd hazard a guess that most of the citizens of United Kingdom in the 1990s, with the exception of one or two football hooligan firms, had arrived at their senses and accepted the concept - no worries china, be as you are, knock yourselves out - whatever. But its own success, and the fact that evolving acceptance was apparent, wasn't enough. They felt they needed to do more.

So in 2001, Stonewall introduced a new scheme. It was called "Diversity Champions". Stonewall would get a body - any kind of body - to pay it a not-exactly-cheap fee, and once the body had paid, Stonewall would penetrate it. And for the privilege of being penetrated, the body could use the Stonewall logo on any of its marketing paraphernalia: "look here, we have been penetrated."

2001 turned rapidly into 2010. In that year Stonewall was penetrating 600 bodies - ranging from the NHS to the BBC and other media corporations, banks, hardware franchises, pharmacy chains, sporting clubs, the police, supermarkets, trade unions, hotels, movie production houses and a variety of trusts and endowment funds. It's probably more difficult to find exactly who Stonewall wasn't inside; perhaps only Jimmy Savile could match the "charity" for endurance.

But things have started falling apart for Stonewall; not only has it prioritised the relatively recent obsession of trans, but its scope has shifted to include climate change, compelled language (pronouns), rainbow laces, freedom of speech - and support for LGBTQ+ Afghans. And as its growth started to plateau in the 2020s (it was still penetrating between 850-900 bodies), it also started picking fights with one group of people you shouldn't: lesbians.

Thanks in part to criticism from the likes of Allison Bailey, a black lesbian barrister, and Kathleen Stock, a white lesbian philosopher, Stonewall has been ejected from some of the bodies - organisations - who signed up. Of course, these organisations are terrified of the "charity", but they, fortunately, have the excuse of

“well, thanks to Vladimir Putin, prices are up everywhere, damn and blast him, so we’re terribly sorry we just can’t afford” - which Stonewall can’t really dismantle. But for those who remain impaled, life in these organisations who pay thousands of pounds a year in membership fees is getting scarier.

A friend of mine, call him Norbert, is feeling this. A born and bred Londoner in his late 50s, he’s worked for an international bank for over 30 years. He’s done well, not as well as he would have had he stopped drinking and eating so much, all the same - he’s a lovely chap with a shiny red face. But Norbert’s now shitting himself: when the company introduced Stonewall’s schemes he attended and participated because he’s a nice man who wants people to be happy - but now he attends, like so many other professionals in London, because he’s too scared not to. Furthermore, he suspects that Stonewall maneuvered behind the scenes to get the old HR team in the bank sacked, and influenced the appointment of the new one whose Kommissar is - predictably - a landwhale, and cannot sit through a briefing without acknowledging her Irish heritage via some chippy remark. Norbert says he catches the landwhale staring at him sometimes as she’s filling up her recyclable

bottle made of old car tyres at the canteen's soda fountain. She's watching him, he says, and he's shitting himself.

Not only is participation in his company's Stonewall schemes edging toward mandatory, but Stonewall itself appears to be relaxed about losing its origins to cruise down this new path of cancelation and authoritarianism. From being a "charity" campaigning for comfort, recognition and equality, it progressed into a compiler of lists it isn't shy to share - stuff like, "who attended the talk given by the George Soros employee who is HIV+ and had sex with multiple partners during Pride then discovered he had Monkeypox...but more important...who didn't?" The sinister creep continues: Norbert has, on three occasions this year been requested to fill out forms that appear to be probing his own views. He is convinced that despite his frequent attendance at things like "ally" workshops and his feigned enthusiasm, he's soon going to be sent a form asking him whether he'd consider dating a transgender woman. When he says no - he's married to an adult human female with teenage children - he suspects the landwhale is going to breach his corner office, give him 6 weeks redundancy pay, mention something

about the potato famine then tell him to fuck off:  
“we’re building an inclusive organisation here  
Norbert.”

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The closest you could probably get to the truth when it came to Peter’s role would be to look at the type of ANC people Peter likes - Cyril Ramaphosa, Thabo Mbeki, et - and the type he doesn’t - Jacob Zuma and Des van Rooyen. Some are princes, the others are peasants, and if the peasants can’t capture like princes do, if they can’t at least front values of inclusivity and ally-ship, or profess a deep love supranational arrangements that only they are entitled to feed at the trough of, well then, indeed - fuck off Norbert, and fuck the rest of us.

### **Chapter 3: The Brothers Miliband**

*“I had the feeling they were quite in danger. One was hit by the car, the car ran over him and the same little guy caught fire when we watered the flower pots with gasoline and set them afire. He caught fire and I extinguished him with my body. I threw myself on him. And when he was extinguished I told him ‘I’m gonna jump into a cactus if you all survive’”*

***Werner Herzog, on what happened to the dwarf actors on the set of ‘Even Dwarves Start Small’ (1970)***

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**SAY YOU’RE A** teenage boy, and one morning you walk into the family kitchen only to discover Mullah Omar of the Taliban making himself a cup of tea. The normal response would be to panic, seize up, but if you had good fortune not to, you would search for a Stanley knife and if one isn’t to be found, you’d run to the study, lock the door and call the filth. What you wouldn’t do is blush, go up to the psycho and wander suggestively around him, like a vulnerable choirboy. You wouldn’t compliment him on his appearance - you wouldn’t say: “I’m really, seriously - honestly - a massive fan.”

But that's roughly what an oddball called David Miliband did - as a teenager - one morning when he came downstairs to find Joe Slovo in the kitchen, helping himself to some English Breakfast. Slovo, the white South African communist, and David Miliband's father, Ralph, the English "socialist", were - obviously - big friends, and this incident with the tea was occasioned at the Miliband home in North London.

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Ralph was born Adolphe Miliband, in Brussels, the son of Polish immigrant Jews. He fled Europe for Britain in 1940 and quickly changed his name on account of its similarity to someone else. He didn't like Britain much. A much-criticised diary entry from the same year reveals this in no uncertain terms:

*The Englishman is a rabid nationalist. They are perhaps the most nationalist people in the world ... When you hear the English talk of this war you sometimes almost want them to lose it to show them how things are. They have the greatest contempt for the continent in general and for the French in particular. They didn't like the French before the defeat: (1) because they don't have order, (2) because they talk too much, (3) because they change their ministers every month, etc. Since the defeat, they have the greatest contempt for the*

*French Army ... England first. This slogan is taken for granted by the English people as a whole. To lose their empire would be the worst possible humiliation*

Ralph was no doubt academic, and as you can guess from reading this, there are few places someone like this could go...other than to academia. So he went, first to the London School of Economics, then Roosevelt University in Chicago, then back to the LSE. He joined the Labour Party and some of Sutenbastud's extended foundations in the New Left, a movement seeking to incorporate environmentalism and feminism alongside the nationalisation of all industry. With his Polish-born wife, he had two sons: the aforementioned David, then Edward.

The boys grew up in the shanty town of Primrose Hill, then the favelas of Boland Gardens in South Kensington where the average house now sells for around £2.1m. David was educated privately (Ed not so lucky), before both were shipped off to Corpus Christi College at the University of Oxford, where they both received the Sutenbastud degree in Politics, Philosophy and Economics, or PPE - the destroyer of the Western mind. David would become a Kennedy Scholar in 1989 and Ed would go back to his father's



stomping ground, the LSE, to get another unnecessary degree.

Alongside Joe Slovo, another of Ralph's biggest friends was a piece of work called Eric Hobsbawm. Eric was a lifelong Marxist who lived until the age of 95. Exactly what did Eric and Ralph shoot the breeze with? Well, hear that from Eric directly - from an interview with the author Michael Ignatieff on the 24th of October 1994 on BBC Four, about the fall of the Berlin Wall five years earlier:

***Ignatieff:** If Communism had achieved its aims, but at the cost of, say, 15 to 20 million people - as opposed to the 100 million it actually killed in Russia and China - would you have supported it?*

***Hobsbawm:** Yes*

Say what you like - you have to credit the psychopath with no mealie-mouthing "oh-well-Michael-hahaha-you-mischievous-rascal-oh-well-now-I-say" - it was a YES!, straight up - I commend the murder, the genocide, the infanticide, there are just too many annoying peasants - I LIKE IT. As he would today, he got away with it, but can you imagine how the BBC would have shat itself had someone like Donald

Rumsfeld, at around the same time, said something like: “Well I think the bodies of Muslims across the Middle East is an entirely justifiable price to pay to sustain America’s various industrial complexes.” But getting away with that statement was only one part: Tony Blair awarded him the most prestigious gong that is possible to bestow onto “an intellectual” - The Companion of Honour. The day he died, BBC staffers reportedly petitioned their employer to hold a minute’s silence, and, judging by the responses of its personalities to the piece of work’s death, it most probably acquiesced - I don’t know - possibly allowed those degenerates to hold a vigil right underneath the Prospero and Ariel statue at BBC HQ sculpted by Eric Gill (who was, haha, a pedo).

In 2007, David Miliband was appointed Foreign Secretary a day after Gordon Brown’s long-awaited turn eventually arrived. Ed Miliband also was appointed to the prestigious cabinet position of Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. It was commented at the time that, unlike the red hot iron poker of their father’s radicalism, both had sought pragmatic journeys into politics - I think this means that what appeared a “path” was actually a circle - of loathing and confusion, beset by the contradictions of

New Labour and New Left, the emerging “third way”, the brother’s minds poisoned by PPE and hentai-ish communism. Just how acute these contradictions were was revealed by David in a BBC interview on the 16th of August 2009 on an occasion lamenting the life of Joe Slovo.

I have tried to imagine exactly how the young boy and the old communist would have corresponded in the former’s family kitchen. Did Joe ask: “Do you like cricket?” No, I wouldn’t have thought so either - if I were to guess, I’d imagine the man who cheered when the USSR invaded Hungary in 1956 would have leaned down and shoved a finger in young David’s face: “Now listen here, I don’t care what they’ll tell you, how much biological or scientific evidence exists to the contrary, remember this NOW: there is NO such thing as a woman.”

Needless to say, the interview was a disaster. The subject moved to terrorism in South Africa. David Miliband was asked by the homosexual reporter Matthew Parris: “Are there circumstances in which violent reaction, terrorism, is the right response?” David stumbled: “Um...I...erm...I think...the answer has to be...um...yes...um there are circumstances...in which

it is justifiable.” He then mumbled something about Umkhonto we Sizwe’s attack on the Sasol refinery.

Now. Imagine if you were the squad captain of a bunch of FARC guerrillas deep in the jungle and you’d heard this on the BBC World Service. Your boys would be lively - you’d have to give them the day off and maybe a few grams of cocaine each. In Somalia, you’d have to slaughter a goat and permit your Al-Shaabab guys to inject themselves with gunpowder (“we’re totally gonna blow up the FIFA World Cup in Johannesburg next year innit habibi”). In the Hindu Kush it would be young dancing boys all night.

It was a bizarre situation. Sutenbastud had asked Sutenbastud whether indiscriminate brutality and mayhem was permissible. Sutenbastud had stammered a “yes” - and was attacked by Sutenbastud. For it was Menzies Campbell, the former leader of the Liberal Democrats, who led the condemnation of David’s remarks, followed by Alastair Campbell, who complained that the statement put at risk the lives of soldiers in Afghanistan. No mention of Iraq.

But David knew exactly what he was saying, and he meant it, only regretting he didn’t have the icy, direct conviction of his father’s friend Eric. All the learning in

his life had brought him and his brother to a point of pathological loathing for white, English-speaking and Afrikaans South Africans. He was uncompromising: the ANC always owned the land - they owned everything - and whatever they did in pursuit of this, whatever the collateral damage, was irrelevant. His father and his father's friends - Joe, Eric and co - had quite literally shat in the brothers' heads and statements that day were merely indicative of the skid marks.

In 2010 the brothers mounted challenges for the leadership of the Labour Party and made it to the final two. The arithmetic suggested David, but the smart money was on Ed, for it was he who was seen courting the exhausted or confused trade unions, who were now led by fat barons more often spotted at all-inclusive resorts in Benidorm and Lanzarote than they were on the grubby picket lines. David couldn't bear to associate with these antiquated people: unless they started concerning themselves with gender identity - unless girl bosses became a thing on the factory floor - he was done with them. At the 11th hour, Ed thrust the knife into the back of his brother the favourite - it was he who would be crowned leader - who would bring

Ralph and his comrades' legacy into the 2010 mainstream. Or try to.

In 2013, just shy of 3 years since Ed's election victory, the "right" wing press, namely the Daily Mail, declared that "his father Ralph hated Britain". Not only was this correct, but it was also unusually perspicacious; instead of obsessing over the current things of the "right" during that time (e.g the white flight from south east London to neighbouring counties, "diversity is our strength", etc), the press had researched some important history, and discovered an uncomfortable truth in the past that could be considered an impediment to any political leader's future judgement: Ralph Miliband did hate Britain. He hated its people, traditions, systems, identity and individual ambitions. None of these were consistent with his idea of society - to him the peaceful image of middle England, the family standing at dusk looking into rolling green hills of their land content that they were steeped in values and manners and cushioned by prosperity, was repulsive. That the young were fed a diet of Biblical order and meritocracy was equivocal internment, a society unacceptably bent toward Randian enlightened self-interest. He hated Britain with such

intensity that he froze in the mud then sank, and from its bubbles emerged his sons.

As the leader of the opposition, Ed was miserable. He lacked the urgency possessed by Blair (incidentally: the message of New Labour during Blair's Clinton-esque framing was orchestrated by two PR girls - Sarah, the wife of Gordon Brown and one Julia Hobsbawm, haha, Eric's daughter). Eager to democratize his own Jewishness, he would be photographed eating bacon sandwiches - the idea being that truckers and fitters and joiners would see this splashed across The Sun or The Express or The Mirror in greasy spoons and shrug, "heeeee's awwroight inheeee?" But there was a more brutal strategy designed to shield Ed, and it started the day the "right" wing press accused his father of hating Britain.

Those who were doing the accusing had overlooked a potent weapon of deflection that Ralph, Eric and other devotees of the Frankfurt School, particularly those who had infiltrated California, had used against their enemies. If their misanthropic views were subject to even elementary scrutiny, the most effective response would be to accuse those doing the

scrutinizing of anti-semitism. With Hitler's treatment of Jews still so fresh in memory, it was an impossible position to claw back from. So attacking Ed, his supporters and the agitprop media argued - despite Ralph having shuffled off way back in 1994, was actually just anti-semitic. Publishing extracts from Ralph's diary, or his conversations with others about the very country that had saved him from torture and persecution, was anti-semitic. Commenting on the suspiciously short distance from Ralph's gravestone at Highgate cemetery, North London, to that of Karl Marx's, was anti-semitic. Everything Ralph had done seemed to rail against Britain - but to acknowledge such was anti-semitic.

Does any of this sound vaguely familiar?

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The ubiquitous defence strategy of countering any criticism with the claim of racism in South Africa was occasioned in the late 1990s and early 2000s - beta testing if you like - before rapid market uptake. There were three telling incidents here.

For the first incident, we return to the 5th of September 2000, to the studios of Radio 702 in



Johannesburg, where the host John Robbie interviewed then Minister of Health Manto-Tshabalala Msimang. The interview started pleasantly enough before John accused the minister of circulating a document that clearly sought to enhance the scepticism prevailing through the ANC about HIV / Aids. Clearly, of both her own volition and encouragement from above, she was seeking to question the “settled science”, and provide some alternative commentary.

The document was a theory extracted from “Behold, a Pale Horse” by the American William Cooper, which posits that HIV/Aids was introduced to Africa via the smallpox vaccine in 1978, that a cure was known but would only be released when the body count was sufficient to the originators of the scheme - The Illuminati. Manto, whose alcoholism and loyalty to President Thabo Mbeki were well known (her husband Mendi was the party’s treasurer), distributed the document to all 9 provisional health administrators. Of its time it was the WhatsApp message sent by your mad uncle Victor claiming that the moon landings were faked or that Nancy Pelosi sacrificed a child in a satanic ritual that also involved her husband Paul bumming a tramp in a parking lot - essentially

something wild-ish you may have once privately, quietly questioned, then blown to pieces beyond any logical parameters by too many ultra wild correspondents.

Things started kicking off. John accused Manto of entertaining “looney tunes” which didn’t please the old girl. The bickering started and voices were raised, each speaking over the other. John, a man of the ‘left’ who had once played professional rugby, then committed the error of calling the Minister “Manto” and Manto took exception: “Who is Manto to you?” John ended the interview abruptly: “Oh go away. I can’t, I just can’t.” The following day, the ANC’s grievance armed response unit rocked up and accused John and his station of insulting a black woman. We feel, they claimed, that John’s hostile attitude to Manto was because of her skin color. A few days later, John apologised for his conduct and offered the Minister an opportunity to return for another interview.

So what was happening with HIV/Aids in South Africa - how many of its people were infected, what was being done about it, Manto’s refusal to supply zidovudine to all pregnant women with HIV, or victims

of rape, Thabo Mbeki's own spurious grounds for scepticism - lost. That a significant number of the South African National Defence Force were suspected to be HIV positive, and thus a threat to national security - lost. The country was made to look like a joke amongst the donor/aid complex - as if these people needed any more currency to be annoying. What was found was all-important: John was racist, and his patronising manner of scrutiny - an expression of supremacy - was all people needed to know.

The second incident involved a very naughty man called David Malatsi. In 2002, David was the MEC for Environment in the Western Cape under the command authority of its Premier, Peter Marais. A wealthy Italian Count and property developer, Riccardo Augusta, was seeking to build a prestigious golf course on the fringes of Plettenberg Bay, which required planning and permission approvals, so made overtures to David. At what David described as a "pasta evening" with the Count, he accepted an amount of R400,000 (£16,775) to ensure the project went smoothly. David then went back to his staffers and instructed that conditional permission be approved via document record of decision (ROD).

One of the staffers was a white woman, Ingrid Coetzee. Sensing something fishy, she declined the ROD and requested he withdraw her delegated authority to issue it. David lost his cool and stomped around the office waving his hands in air: “Racist! Racist!”

Then the filth got wind of the caper, and South Africa’s elite financial police, the since disbanded Scorpions, went and house-called the Count, who immediately fessed up and paid an admission of guilt fee. Hauled to court, David needed to do the same but instead, he opted for his own strategy of not guilty plus: “Racist!” He portrayed his department as being filled with racist obstructionists and complimented his testimony with another incident in which the department’s legal advisor accused him of playing Tetris on his Nokia 9210 during a meeting. “What was racist about that?” he was asked. “It was racist because it implied that blacks are easily distracted, and like playing games.”

The game he was playing, however, succeeded because on balance more talk about racism emerged than about the corruption charges. It would create channels of confirmation bias but more importantly,

provide invaluable insights into the beta testing. In October 2006, David was found guilty, but awarded leave to appeal. Only in 2012 was he jailed. So for a decade, he was free to speak, to entrench into collective consciousness the idea his activities paled in significance to his perceived treatment.

The third is not well known, but it aided the testing. It involved an incident that occurred at the Mount Nelson Hotel in 2004 - and the spawn of Joe Slovo. His daughter, ahem, "Shawn" (remember what I said earlier? Men and women?) was there and noticed the lack of "diversity" among the waiting staff in the restaurant. So she confronted a manager and the manager, some based edgelord ahead of his or her time, dared to declare: "I'm sorry Madam, we do not discriminate based on complexion. We hire according to merit." Now you can imagine the shrieking fit the harridan flew into: she called up her friend, then Minister of Defence Mosua Lekota, and Mosua, a good man whom I knew a little, felt obliged to moan about the incident in Parliament.

In October 2004, South Africans were able to gauge the success of the stratagem. A white rape survivor and women's advocate, Charlene Smith, wrote for the

Sunday Independent an article entitled “Rape is becoming a way of life.” “The President,” the article said, “clearly has a problem with... sex and sexuality and that is delaying South Africa’s capacity to effectively deal with sexual violence and HIV/Aids.” At the time crime figures had been released, showing a marginal reduction in violent crimes - the problem, however, is that these were police statistics, in all likelihood misleading, at worst, dreadfully inaccurate. Nevertheless Thabo Mbeki was shown the article and lost his rag immediately.

It is claimed that prior to this article, Thabo and Smith were on friendly terms - but this was the end. Without referring to her by name, Thabo took to an ANC newsletter on the 1st of October 2004 to detonate with words to the effect of: “A so-called ‘sexual expert on sexual violence’ has been going around mouthing off that our cultures, traditions and religions as Africans make every African man a potential rapist which defines the African people as nothing more than barbaric savages”.

A few days later the opposition party, the Democratic Alliance, stormed to the defence of Smith in Parliament, only to be met with doubling-down

douchebaggery: “I”, sneered Thabo, “for my part will not keep quiet while others whose minds have been corrupted by the disease of racism, accuse us, the black people of South Africa, Africa, and the world, as being by virtue of our Africaness and skin colour — lazy, liars, foul-smelling, diseased, corrupt, violent, amorally sexually depraved, animalistic, savage, and racist”.

Smith had said none of those things. She was even careful not to allude to the obvious: in a country where the vast majority of the population is a certain demographic, Occam’s Razor would suggest that the majority of rapes in that country will be committed by members of that certain demographic - to say nothing of the documented fact that rape was much less underreported in poor, black communities. She was an activist - but more: she didn’t need to be accompanied by loud claims of Robin de Angelo’s “anti-racism” and other frauds of the kind we see today. To most good people - including the majority of white South Africans - antipathy toward racism was something you had within you, one of the things that made you good in the first place and gave you the confidence to exercise your freedom of expression knowing that it was based in sound judgement and decency.



(Barely one year after these remarks Jacob Gedleyihlekisa Zuma (Thabo's deputy at the time), was arrested on the charge of raping the daughter of a good friend and fellow Robben Islander, Judson Kuzwayo. "Kewzi" ("star") as she became known, was HIV+. She appeared to be depressed and vulnerable when she went to visit Gedleyihlekisa at his Johannesburg home in Forest Town. She had worn something akin to a kanga, and her behaviour, according to Gedleyihlekisa, had illustrated a woman in need. "You can't just leave a woman like that," Gedleyihlekisa said in court. When quizzed about Kwezi's HIV+ status and whether he knew of the potential danger, Gedleyihlekisa just shrugged. He'd had a shower afterwards, so all perfect).

But Thabo Mbeki wasn't Manto or David. He was the President, and the President, with all testing complete - was effectively saying: "Right: all criticism of ANC, if it comes out of the mouth of a white person, is racist." Black people were not spared either; if you were a sensible black person, who took exception to the party's nervous twitch of positioning village idiots in security-related or health ministerial portfolios, you were reluctant to speak out. Because were you to do so, you would be given the Christine Qunta treatment



and be called an “Askari” - outside of Sutenbastud, possibly the most brutal insult in black South African identity politics.

So in London, to criticise Sutenbastud was anti-semitic and in Pretoria, it was racist.

Only in London, you weren't criticising Jewishness: you were criticising collectivist, socially-engineered, factually-vacant, savings-destroying, control-at-all-cost, academia-bukkake nonsense. You were criticising the blend of creepy internationalism and “progress” that had drifted westward since the end of the Second World War. In Pretoria, you were criticising the shameless gluttony of public officials, the staggering incompetence of administrators and the defiant attitude of the ruling party when fingered in malfeasance. You were criticizing the wasted resources and applied logic that emasculated the police force into a “service”, led by a procession of helpless fools who couldn't service anything, least of all victims of violent crime, most of whom were poor black people. This was apparent in the footage of the Marikana massacre in 2012 where the sum total of democratic dispensation policing attitudes and effectiveness was laid bare. You saw them. Those

undertrained, out-of-shape people lost their nerve, scattered, then blew holes in the condemned strikers as they ran away.

\*

There will never be any justification for the way critics of Sutenbastud were treated in either country's capitals. But with the greatest of respect to Jews, I've come to learn that dismissing people like Jeremy Corbyn, the cartoonist Zapiro, Ronnie Kasrils and Andrew Feinstein as anti-semites is neither particularly helpful nor accurate - and serves only the corrupt and dishonest grievance vortex the custodians of which today include David and Edward.

First and foremost, these unprepossessing crisis actors are actually just pro-Hamas fanatics - and Palestine being "free" is only ever a by-product of base fanaticism. Just to exist they need to project onto the world the image of suffering and oppression, irrespective of whether its true or not, because from that comes the prospect of an earner from professional protesting, or endlessly punching down.

Accusing the foursome of anti-semitism affords the accuser an outdated and thus blunt sense of

conviction as it presupposes these people possess the faculty to feel shame or shame's adjacents. However, emphasising the habits of the "freedom fighters" they consider legitimate ( Hamas is a terrorist-designated organisation) is more objective. Some of these four men have sipped tea with gang rapists, who are unapologetically homophobic (racist and transphobic too - sorry to all the black guys and gals and them / theys who waste their time making videos) and delight in violent depravity. This leads to the position of hypocrisy - which none of the men enjoy being accused of. But they are: they moan about alleged human rights abuses of Israel, but when it comes to countries like China, or legislated injustice - not so much. They'll all do the pussy hat thing or the BLM thing or the "Times Up" thing - but they're the last to condemn sex attacks and assaults on Jewish and Israeli women. And besides, the claim of anti-semitism has benefited Andrew before: at some point during his time as MP, he got up to speak but was heckled by a National Party (NP) member who shouted "Kommunis!" Gill Marcus, the Jewish former South African Reserve Bank governor was also present, and she called point-of-order on that heckle, claiming it was anti-semitic. The MP got booted out.

As it happens, I learned from a Jewish man that addressing your enemies accurately is more effective way of forcing them to retreat.

He owned a well-known restaurant in Johannesburg's northern suburbs, and on Friday nights a convoy of SUVs belonging to a then-premier of Limpopo Province would arrive in the parking lot. The owner would then be intimidated by the premier's 10 or so security heavies into finding him a table - on the busiest night of the week. The premier obviously never bothered booking and the owner, unwilling to disturb regular patrons, was forced into blocking out the private dining room for the party.

Some strange things happened. One Friday night, the premier insisted on buying a bottle of Chateau Rothschild, at the time selling for R27 000 (£1,137). The premier made the black Zimbabwean waiter wear a pair of white gloves to pour the wine but he wasn't pouring wine, he was actually pouring ink - because the owner had forgotten that the bottle purchased was a dummy for window dressing only. Anyway, the premier and his group happily drank the ink and the owner only realised what had happened when they smiled their goodbyes and all their lips were

noticeably blue. The owner also noticed that the eye-watering bills were paid with a provincial government credit card; it's unlikely that residents of Limpopo, with 42.6% poverty intensity at the time, were aware of their leader's profligacy.

But the owner formed a rapport with the premier. Having grown up in the trade, he was no-nonsense, and would occasionally rib the premier about the expense, and who was paying, describing him - to his face - as a "champagne socialist". But if the owner was hoping for offence, something that could lead to the premier never returning, he didn't initially get it. Instead the premier laughed when the owner called him "a left-wing fanatic" (in that same year, the premier had made a series of speeches praising people like Tanzania's former President Julius Nyerere and Robert Mugabe).

Then one night after dinner the owner sat down next to premier and looked at him directly in the eye. "I've finally realized what you really are," the owner said, "you're a fucking warlord."

After that, the premier never returned.

\*

Ed Miliband's time as Labour leader was painful. In January 2012, the black MP Diane Abbott - a subject of one of many of Anthony Tice's fantasies - tweeted an opinion in respect of the British Empire's habits - that it enjoyed the tactic of "divide and rule". There is truth to this, just as there is much truth to how the richest man in the history of the world, the black King Musa Mansa of what is today Mali treated his own black slaves. But at the time, control of the race narrative was not in Abbott's purview: despite being black, despite being a woman, despite being a Labour MP, the matter belonged to a different division of the party and you could argue that hasn't changed. So as the condemnation sounded against the old girl who occasionally mix-and-matches her shoes (brown with laces on left foot, black with buckle on right), the slippery Sky News confronted her. Dianne is not a classic, spontaneous interviewee at the best of times, so you couldn't help feel sorry for her being put on the spot. "Explain yourself," scold-whined Kay Burley and at that, Diane's phone rang in her pocket. It was Ed himself, and the camera kept rolling as Ed rebuked her for the tweet - possibly: "how many times do I have to tell you woman, race is not your issue, are you stupid or something?" Or something.

As they do, the polling firms got the 2015 elections as about face. Four days before what pollsters were predicting as a photo finish, Ed rolled out what was described as the “EdStone” - an 8’6” tablet unveiled in a car park on the 15th May 2015. Six pledges were carved into “EdStone”:

*1 A strong economic foundation*

*2 Higher living standards for working families*

*3 An NHS with time to care*

*4 Controls on immigration*

*5 A country where the next generation can do better than the last[[*

*6 Homes to buy and action on rents*

Bacon sandwich-eating Moses had laid down his commandments in Hastings & Rye - where the Sutenbastud and former Home Secretary Amber Rudd held a seat for the Conservatives (“the people move to my constituency,” she once said airily, “to take drugs and chill out by the sea”). The stone caused consternation within Sutenbastud’s ranks - John Rentoul, Tony Blair’s biographer, called it the “most absurd, ugly, embarrassing, childish, silly, patronising,

idiotic, insane, ridiculous gimmick I have ever seen” - that the sneering and deeply compromised Amber Rudd managed to increase her vote by 5.4% is a testament to how well it went down. Labour was crushed, with the equally Sutenbastud Liberal Democrats exiting the coalition in a much weaker state than they had entered. With David Cameron’s Conservatives exceeding all expectations, Ed resigned.

Then he returned. On the 29th of November 2021, Ed was appointed Shadow Secretary of Climate Change and Net Zero - of Sutenbastud’s current things, this is the most current, current thing. Two years before his resurfacing into the role, when he was back to being a normal MP, a young Swedish catastrophe goblin with a documented history of mental impairment called Greta Thunberg (documented in the sense that her own mother wrote a book about it) came to London to meet with a cross parliamentary section of MPs.

There’s a photograph which records the meeting in gory detail. On the gov.uk website, in the “news from DEFRA” section, there’s an account of what happened, led by a photo of MPs fawning over her. There’s Michael Gove, the man from whose urine so



much cocaine has seeped into the gills of the eels who made that section of the River Thames their home that these poor creatures are all cross-dressing now. Next to Michael, there's Layla Moran, the unhinged Liberal Democrat MP who once smashed her boyfriend's face with a laptop before turning pansexual. Then there's Caroline Lucas, the vegan insurgent from Brighton, and finally, there's Ed.

And Ed is sitting watching Greta address the room. But he isn't just sitting. He is cradling his chin in his hand. Now, say you and your wife invited a friend away for a weekend, then your friend asked if he could bring a friend, to which you agreed, only to discover that your friend's friend was Lionel Richie - and your wife is a lifelong groupie. After dinner Lionel agrees to play the piano, and then you notice your wife, and she's sitting with her hand cradling her chin, and there's the look - the look you'll never, ever get, the one she's kept for Lionel. That's Ed right there. But don't feel sorry for Mrs. Miliband - she's Sutenbastud to her fingertips, and these people don't feel, think in the way we know ourselves to.

\*

Today David makes a fortune in the Sutenbastud charity industrial complex as the CEO of an NGO. The sector is rife with sexual abuse - see Oxfam, and more recently, Care for Calais. Its founder, a white woman in her mid-50s, basically reversed the classic Gambian sex holiday for middle-to-late-aged European women and parked it on her own doorstep. Presumably armed with a torch, she located a Tunisian hunk of fighting age in the jungle at Calais and after doing what they did, she dumped him. He got the hump, then set the headquarters of the “charity” on fire.

So David and his friends have come up with a novel solution to stop the chatter and terminate the “conspiracy theory” of “the great replacement” once and for all. Refugees, they claim, are all just LGBT+ fleeing whitey and whitey’s greatest weapon - climate change. So damaged are these LGBT+ by whitey’s climate change constantly brushing up against them that they flee across countries like France and Spain to Britain. So shut up.

If demography is destiny, it is firmly in the grip of these people.

And there’s nothing to distinguish David from the other David - Cameron - or even his brother Ed

anymore. All three have graduated beyond superannuated, nuanced liberal profiles to merge into an executive form of covid marshal, who doesn't see people, just measurements of economic value.

As of writing Ed's jumped the shark again, in the manner of shit Moses and EdStone again, in the manner of bacon sandwiches and calling people anti-semites - again. Recently he took his guitar and his phone to one of Britain's subsidised wind turbines. There he produced a rendition of Bob Dylan's 'Blowing in the Wind' - "the answer, my friend, is blowing in the wind" - he nasal whined, trying to convince us that this was something worth flipping cars over in the street for.

But it wasn't the only thing that blows. The defence of tragic, deceitful thinking with counterclaims designed to be impossible to defend, built by a group of damaged white men, then fostered by the brothers Miliband and others, covers the entire west in a thin film of sick, ruining relationships, igniting cancelations and providing cover for real racists, like Joe Biden.

"The answer is blowing in the wind," Ed repeated one last time, before smiling and waving the guitar around. Because we all know you can run a grid off cringe.

## Chapter 4: SABC>BBC

*“If you’re hanging on to a rising balloon, you’re presented with a difficult decision — let go before it’s too late or hang on and keep getting higher, posing the question: how long can you keep a grip on the rope? They’re selling hippie wigs in Woolworths, man. The greatest decade in the history of mankind is over. And as Presuming Ed here has so consistently pointed out, we have failed to paint it black”*

***Ralph Brown as Danny, in “Withnail & I” (1987)***

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**MOST SOUTH AFRICANS** delighted in former chief operating officer Hlaudi Motsoneng’s destructive reign at the SABC. They loathed Auckland Park, and the episode was as macabre as it was vicious - the sight of a strange, rural creature, ever so slightly black magic-ish, who sometimes, when feeling especially cruel, swaggered into press briefings wearing a fedora that barely covered his little darting eyes. Sometimes he would speak of himself in the third person. This was entertaining as clearly, he had just learned how to do it. “Hlaudi is more cleverer than academics” or statements to that effect would have broadsided retired white professors and the media elites living

within sight of Auckland Park. On one hand they should have been delighted with a central committee profile throwing his weight around the national broadcaster - on the other, it was just a bit too...voodoo - too much Dr. Kananga from “Live and Let Die”, in the days James Bond wasn’t on puberty blockers and working as a pre-Musk Twitter content moderator.

The trouble at the SABC went true to Hemingway’s gradually-then-suddenly form. The post-liberation “intellectual” ANC, filled with icy sparkling wine, hubris and complacency preferred Sutenbastud BBC, a template for which to perpetuate bias the direct opposite its predecessor pumped the airwaves full of - be supportive of a “left” government, don’t screwball its ministers, etc. Jacob Zuma and Hlaudi Motsoneng’s provincial SABC, on the other hand, were puzzled then impatient as to why the bloody thing couldn’t just go full Hugo Chavez ‘Alo Presidente or China-state run television overnight. The transition that was occasioned between 2005 and 2009 was revealing.

\*

In February 2008, the political editor of the SABC, Abbey Mokoe, did something that betrayed the idea

South Africa is backward. Here things went well ahead of the curve.

Abbey was also the head of the Forum of Black Journalists and decided that a briefing by the head of the ANC Jacob Zuma (Thabo Mbeki had, since the ANC elective conference in Polokwane the previous year, assumed dead man walking status) was to be attended by black journalists only. The incident prompted a backlash from white and coloured journalists, notably Kieno Kammies, employed by Primedia at the time, who stormed out of the building in front of cameras. The South African Human Rights Commission commented that Abbey's behavior was mischievous, and he resigned from the SABC the following week.

Abbey's smart little move, were it to occur in Portman Place in 2023, would today receive more support than in Auckland Park in 2008. Thanks to postmodernism and grievance studies, there is a renewed appetite for campus-like exclusion based on immutable characteristics. Today, the BBC is long on Abbey's strategy - because no organization captures the absurdity, depravity and contradiction of Sutenbastud as perfectly as the BBC. Neither the UN nor the EU

come close. Whilst you could argue that the regulator Ofcom is an attempt to out-BBC the worst excesses of the BBC, the broadcaster is to Western society the essence of pigheaded obstinance, of trying to be all things to all men - then just some, of consciously and unconsciously retreating from the things it's supposed to do in a spell of conviction that it serves a higher or greater importance than the vast majority of people who pay for its existence expect it to.

The idea that it is doomed either way absorbs the majority of the prevailing sentiment. On the "left", supporters of Jeremy Corbyn - those beautiful, short, salt and peppered women with wild teeth carrying Socialist Worker "anti-racism" placards and shrieking about refugees - are convinced the BBC is "right" wing, that it deliberately engineered Brexit propaganda, that its reporters - for the last decade - have been too soft on the revolving door of Conservative Prime Ministers and that it repeatedly affirms bias against Labour, or the green agenda. On the "right", Conservatives will produce glossy catalogues and rap sheets of all the times a lefty mole, ordinarily a heavy-set woman speaking out of her bottom about the NHS, or a grubby student speaking whipping up a fantasy about an encounter with Neo Nazis (usually no. 2 or 3



on the list of Things That Never Happened), was planted in the live audience of the BBC's flagship "Question Time". It will detail the Twitter accounts of BBC personalities - and accompany these with the supposedly enforceable impartiality contractual clause the presenters are subjected to, along with a Google Sheet indicating how many times said clauses have been breached.

Although the "right" is closer to the truth, it is anything but a victory. It just how far "left" the Overton window has shifted, and how much the "right" has been willing to concede, so that it now accepts pronouns and the climate change agenda - compiled, in the case of the BBC, by environmental activist groups and renewable energy corporations. The "right" itself is compromised, and possibly complicit, evidenced by the ridiculous theory of "one nation conservatism" (a group within the Conservative party numbering between 110 and 130 who largely support the BBC). With the closest thing to an opposition confined to the margins, the BBC may soon just fag the whole impartiality thing - not even talk about it - and surrender to its "left" impulses.



Examining the BBC and the role it fills today leaves no doubt: just as neo-liberal globalism condemns cities with a specific variant of gentrification, a similar condition has ruined entertainment, leaving it oversanitised, platitudinal, not fit for purpose. As a result we're bored. We're bored of music that sounds the same or worse, copied, of drama that has been subjected to diversity casting and seeks to amplify Sutenbastud's messages as they relate to trans, climate, race and immigration. The crisis of entertainment extends and we're in danger of boredom of the timeless - the great cultures of opera and ballets have slipped from interest and have to rely upon the impressive concentration faculties of the truly discerning only.

As state broadcaster the BBC effectively controls music in the United Kingdom. Think back to the early 90s - when electronic music, coupled to the recent arrival of MDMA, blazed a trail through Britain, but nowhere with more intensity than in the northern industrial heartlands where an entire culture shifted. Men who would ordinarily drink beer with each other before attending football matches to throw darts at opposition fans were now shirtless in a club at 4am rubbing Tiger Balm into the pressure points of those

same opposition fans, all in various states of stimulated euphoria. Amongst England's black communities, the same could be argued for drill, described somewhat unflatteringly as a combination of American West Coast rap and cutlery being shuffled around the kitchen, or the music of postcode gang warfare. That too has stilled and now, for the better part of a decade, English music - and the BBC by extension - just grasps.

It grasps at comedy, a lightning rod for UK culture. Take the case of Frankie Boyle, the Scottish comedian who has previously remarked, during live performances, that the Olympics swimmer Rebecca Adlington's face "looks like she is staring into the back of a spoon" and that "Katie Price (formerly known as the porn star Jordan) is scared of her severely disabled child Harvey as he might rape her". Boyle has since taken a route expedient to his own interests as means to deal with criticism of these comments: he went hard Sutenbastud, described himself as mainstream, earned himself various slots on the BBC program calendar - and hacked his own routine to attack Brexiteers and "transphobes". He is joined by an insufferable "comedian" who couldn't help but thrust his south East Asian heritage into every skit. Nish Kumar is

untalented, but realised that the BBC audiences were not particularly talented either - years of brainwashing had reduced them to nodding wojaks, so instead of actually saying anything funny, he went the Sutenbastud politics way, and incorporated into his shows statements that didn't prompt laughter, only applause. That is telling in the analysis of the decline of comedy as it relates to the BBC: laughter is an instinct, applause, in this case - a political tool of consensus. Eventually, in March 2021, Nish's "Mash Report" was canceled by the BBC; exactly how many people were tuning in as the show tanked is not clear, but I suspect you could probably squeeze them into a strip mall's parking lot, and still have room for deliveries.

It grasps at drama - and here it really, really grasps. One of the most popular series over the past years aired by the BBC is called "Line of Duty", written and directed by Jed Mercurio. I didn't last half of the first episode of the first series (there have been 6 series to date) because it was basically like putting a camera in the offices of the most boring compliance company in the world, where rows of desks of silent desk suckers with yellow hi-viz jackets on the backs of their chairs produce spreadsheets for other spreadsheet

producers. Apparently it has gotten much, much worse, but Mercurio has furiously defended his work, including snapping at my friend James Delingpole, the TV critic, declaring: “turns out people actually are interested in a police bureaucracy!” Perhaps their interest was because of their own lives were enduring the same cycle of different things, perhaps it is perceived as interesting because it explores - badly - the least interesting things about the police, as everything else has already been done, and however uninteresting, a perception may exist that its somehow “new-ish”. “Line of Duty” also committed to journeying the unforgivable new Hollywood way: into positions of fictional authority in the drama (heads of police), or positions of skill (snipers) it shoehorned diversity casting, as though its script was written by the parties responsible for BBC climate editorial policy. So the result is a police bureaucracy whose characters refer to double digits alongside double letters more than they speak real words, spiked with a social justice dimension - so, honestly, what’s not to like?

For a time, the United Kingdom’s capacity for entertainment was nearly unrivaled. But something happened to it, and you could find a small example of that change in South Africa’s Trevor Noah. Trevor

went from good comedy (e.g. routines about gay beggars at traffic lights in Johannesburg and Jacob Zuma's pronunciation) to The Daily Show in the United States - where he was pathetic. Hauled into a culture war primarily targeting Donald Trump, he lost his presence and became yet another partially outraged legacy personality prompting applause. Artistic innovation was no longer worth investing in: it was the "message".

\*

The BBC is underwritten by something called The Royal Charter, which sets the permissions and conditions for the BBC to effectively mandate every single citizen in possession of a TV to fork out. In the United Kingdom, if you do not fork out £159 per year, Trev from the Enforcement Division - sometimes based in a different county to the one you're in - will doorstep you, at home, and issue you a summons (this current Royal Charter only expires in 2027). Thus the BBC can finance the mountains of boring, jerkish, unimaginative and unnecessarily provocative content it currently does. Like its competitor Sky it throws itself into non-events like Black History Month or PRIDE - the difference being, one you can escape from

by not owning a subscription, and the other you're forced into "licensing". What makes it even more painful are the extravagantly remunerated people who present its programs and read its news - who occasionally turn around and slap it across the face in public.

The worst example of this is a former English footballer and sometimes potato crisp salesman called Gary Lineker, the highest-paid profile at the corporation.

Lineker was raised in Leicester. He claims to have been called a "Paki" at school. This is contentious; unless every single sports website in the world (and the BBC) is using the virtual equivalent of the Krok brothers' Ambi Extra skin-lightening cream, he is very much white, as is his brother Wayne, a former Ibiza nightclub owner whose behavior toward women younger than his nephews has crept out much of a nation that punches well above its weight when it comes to inappropriate intergenerational relationships. Wayne is obscenely tanned - the prize for a life suspended between avoiding sunblock and the beams of sunbed. But even then there is no doubt: he is white.

After playing football, Gary's next game was social justice - and it remains, for him, very much a game. He is a passionate advocate for mass immigration and a fierce critic of the Conservative party, whom he has compared to Nazi Germany. His urge for unfettered immigration stems from his circumstances: Gary owns houses in prosperous postcodes, alongside neighbors with high retail standards - and that sort of coffee is not exactly going to make itself. And that is the sum of his hysterical shrieking on Twitter: he wants people called Ahmed and Bilal to make stuff for him, to provide garden and cleaning services, to observe the self-checkout counters at the local Waitrose. And failing that, to pick the vegetables Waitrose sells. He doesn't care where they live, what impact the environment from where they have originated will have on their new surroundings, and what conflicts could emerge - it's literally: "Bilal, get into that field, pick that broccoli."

In 2023, Gary accused the Conservatives of being Nazis in respect of the latter's supposed position on "refugees". But Gary and his supporters don't appear to have noticed: the UK's treatment of "refugees" has been the most luxurious in the history of the world. Far from keeping the arrivals in camps like Lindela,



they've taken over hotels and guest houses (minimum three stars). They've tendered catering contracts and dished out smartphones and free transport passes. For Gary and Britain's oversupply of sneering Sutenbastud "human rights" lawyers this isn't enough: they must stay here and pick strawberries (or traffic women). To object is Nazi - and he doesn't mind saying so, even if the Home Secretary, Suella Braverman, is of Goan and Hindu Tamil Mauritian descent (Braverman's husband is Jewish - his confidence in a corporation that permits his wife to be racially harassed must be epic - imagine how he feels when Trev arrives to collect the "license fee").

This latest time however the BBC did act (contractual clause: "breach of impartiality") and removed Gary from another of its flagship programs, "Match of the Day". Commercially it was genius: 50000 more viewers tuned into a Gary-less broadcast. But Sutenbastud, via other journalists and Twitter, soon intervened and forced the corporation's incumbent wet-fish-handshake Director General Tim Davie into an embarrassing reverse ferret. Gary went back onto Twitter after Tim caved: "We remain a tolerant nation". He claims to have struck a deal with Tim that



permits him to continue ranting about climate change and refugees - and you get to swallow it all.

This asshat-ery, the hat swapping between the asses of Tim and Gary, a kind of *panem et circenses* (bread and circuses) designed to first confuse then appease. It's meant to hint at the existence of a forum for dialogue and resolution, but the BBC occupies a much more sinister sphere in public influence - and no better example in its history exists than Covid facts and fact-checking exercise.

Before we explore this feature of recent history, I'd like to present a proposal to you in respect to the profession, or more accurately - phenomenon - of "fact checking" and "disinformation" reporting. Now, remember that Mengistu character? Ethiopian, couple of million dead, lives, erm, "quietly" in Borrowdale, Harare? He's still around and by all accounts - in the manner of an aging analog pornographer brooding the accessibility of internet smut - he's pissed off. So I propose that we bring him out of retirement and ask him to customize a multi-faceted, vertically-integrated, enhanced interrogation and torture program for "fact-checkers" and reporters who frequently quote "fact checkers". I don't think we

impose a budget as it may intrude upon his creativity - literally, give him a skeletal RFP and let him populate. Inspire the dude with offal - preferably leopard - give him as much baboon spinal fluid to drink as he wants, a mobile with international minutes to call Teodoro Obiang Nguema Mbasogo in Equatorial Guinea whenever he needs to blue-sky a few ideas. Trust me: two weeks into the program you'll feel as though a part of a broken world was cured as you slept.

Back in March 2020, an absurd and mendacious missive was circulated by Ofcom to all media organizations coinciding with the first of the UK's lockdowns. "We have decided," the body announced, "that no content outside that of WHO information will be permitted for broadcasting or publication." You may have been confused here. Which WHO? The UN-ey one? Funded by Bill Gates, who insisted that the Ethiopian communist Tedros becomes its boss? People didn't get a say in that one, but this irritated them more because the British government misled then cuckolded by Sutenbastud Scientists was about to do something unprecedented - and all WHO's errors and past controversies be damned.

The BBC's competitor ITV was out the blocks first and screeched Ofcom's nannied instruction into every home with ITV's jowly and never, ever acceptable Piers Morgan leading the charge. Almost immediately every single question outside of boundaries established by the blatant democratic violation was classified as conspiratorial, or fake news, or "disinformation" - and the party asking the question was attacked. On every episode of the show ("Good Morning Britain") he presented alongside Sutenbastud Susanna Reid and a muttering shrew of a meteorologist called Lucy, Morgan was accompanied by one Dr. Hillary Jones and Hillary (lol) - or Shillary - would drive the fear into every home, like he was a shit Siener van Rensburg, predicting zombies on the Surrey / Hampshire border, a vulture lurking uncomfortably close to Kev the local publican as he crawled to the nearest remdesivir / ventilator station.

The coronaporn of the BBC was, at the start, oddly less confrontational and menacing than ITVs. Then it quickly changed, and suddenly you had the sight of the diamond-faced, BLM enthusiast Ros Atkins speaking to "experts" with the same degree of self-importance Piers Morgan shouted at skeptics with.

Then it got even worse. At this point, the BBC did something especially cruel.

\*

Her name is Marianna Spring and she is a BBC “disinformation” reporter. She is young, privileged (private school plus Oxford) and just girl-boss butch enough to prompt nauseating Zoomer idolatry; whenever she posts a selfie on her various social media profiles - usually two to three times a day - the majority of flattering correspondence comes from equally butch looking women, many with pronouns and flags in their bios. Some with bikes. Her feature analysis was coof and questions remain as to whether she was groomed into the role; since 2021, one of her eyes appears to have dropped below the other. No explanation has been issued for the impairment.

A coof disinformation reporter working for the BBC during extraordinary circumstances has one job: to go after people. Humiliate them, shame them - eliminate any threat to Sutenbastud’s information monopoly, to the regime-approved narrative - the “message”. Skin the lockdown skeptics and compare them to American high school massacre deniers. Skin those questioning the “virus” escaping the Wuhan Institute of Virology

and accuse the inquisitive of being anti-semites. Skin the doctors and nurses asking questions - the former pharmaceutical bosses, scientists who disagree with their right-on, social justice-y colleagues - and then skin and make dogpiles of the weak and the powerless with the help of useful idiots and their bikes and flags on Twitter. Make the recently redundant look gullible, damaged, drug and David Ike-addled. Skin them until they are not only are they science deniers, but white supremacists too - and when they are so disfigured by all the skinning - when all that is left are exposed festering sinews and broken families and irreparable relationships - others who may have sympathized once will know never to fuck with the “message” might of the BBC.

Marianna began by projecting the image of a country torn by “conspiracy”. It started in podcasts and columns, until she appeared at anti-lockdown marches accompanied by a camera crew. “Why are you doing this? Is it worth it?” Fortunately many of those marching were wise to what she was doing and were unwilling to concede an inch. At one specific march, someone got into her face: “Well I dunno Marianna,” one protestor fronted, “maybe you and your bosses at the BBC have a point - maybe I shouldn’t protest these

completely unnatural, illogical interventions that have destroyed my marriage and ruined the prospects and mental health of my children. Maybe I should just kneel, bang my crockery on Thursday evenings and be grateful that the most brilliant academics ever are gonna figure this one out.” This encounter was never covered.

By October 2021 the wisdom of lockdowns began mainstream interrogation. Slippery chancers in medicine and politics, who had championed the case for lockdowns with “two weeks to flatten the curve”, began retreating in smug denial: “Well, you know, I was always something of a lockdown skeptic myself.” Marianna chose a different form of escape. She didn’t admit to being wrong or cruel - of course not. Instead, on the 18th October 2021, Marianna composed a column for BBC online entitled “I get abuse and threats online - why can’t it be stopped?” This, after she had appeared in documentaries (Panorama) and podcasts attacking “conspiracy theorists”.

It’s impossible not to look at the mess surrounding the young woman and not blame the BBC for pushing her in front of the oncoming train. Here was an enthusiastic 20-something woman, eager to please -

the BBC saw the talent, and decided to scatter it in the least constructive around the most controversial subject - a finger shoved in the mouth of a right the British were exercising.

That wasn't just freedom of speech. It was something that people had acquired from Tony Blair's government in 2003 - as compensation. For when it became clear that the decision to invade Iraq alongside Dick Cheney and America's military-industrial complex was based on wholly dishonest intelligence, a begrudged arrangement was forcefully extracted from Iraq's embers - one that allowed the British to question or comment on any major decision their government had taken, regardless of whether the government liked it or not. In return for disastrous decisions that ended the lives of millions of Iraqis, the British took a sense of agency without expiry, and 17 years later quarters within the electorate chose to use it. When the United Kingdom poodled up to shock and awe, Marianna had just turned 7; even if her political awareness was unusually pronounced at that young age, its unlikely she would have appreciated the effect that the Blair axis sexxed-up dossiers and WMD fantasies had on ordinary people. Sensing intense scrutiny upon the information they were processing to



the “licence” payers, the BBC decided to use Marianna in the way Big Climate forces used and continue to use the catastrophe goblin Greta Thunberg.

The escape Marianna chose on the 18th October 2021 was desperate and revealing. She went turbo victim, claiming that she was being abused, that Twitter pre-Elon Musk was making no effort to reign in the trolling, that she - and many others were targeted for nothing other than being women. In appealing to such entrenched sensitivities, Marianna was hoping that people would ignore what she and the BBC had done to prompt the response.

They had deliberately hurt people. In the course of her reporting, through the podcasts and documentaries, she had gaslit guilt by association and tried to wrestle from them that which they were entitled to. And when they got tired of being called stupid, or impressionable, or chided for not expressing unhinged enthusiasm for another lockdown, or insulted for their experience of an adverse reaction to an experimental therapeutic, they responded to the bully - and they made her cry.

In 2023 the crying continues. Marianna remains the disinformation reporter - but her scope has extended



into a farcical “new” arrangement entitled “BBC Verify” - which employs 60 - that’s right, 60 - other journalists. Not that they’ll announce it, but many of the conspiracies that she seized then mocked in the early hysteria can no longer be dismissed the way they were. This is especially true for the lab origins and wild, reckless claims about the effectiveness of the vaccine, or its supposed safety. So with the BBC comprehensively discredited on the issue of coof “conspiracies”, she sorted by seizing Elon Musk’s acquisition of Twitter, framing it identical to the response of the worst journalist in the United States, Taylor Lorenz of The Washington Post: “Feels like the gates of hell just opened.”

Marianna and the BBC are more insulated here than they were from the trouble they started about anti-lockdown marches and supposed conspiracies, as she can play the single, over-trolled woman with more credibility; Musk’s commitment to free speech, perhaps the clearest of his all political positions, included offering previously banned profiles the opportunity to make representations for account restoration. Things that would get you booted under Twitter’s previous regime were no longer applicable - the idea being to promote open discourse of all

subjects assuming they didn't contain threats of death. This wasn't just not good enough; what Marianna and by default the BBC consider open discourse is demonstrably closed.

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For the recently initiated, the shift toward identity broadcasting - one in which an editorial policy is determined by crafting villains - became apparent in 2016. On balance if you consider the reporting leading up to Brexit, a slant influencing the position of remaining in the European Union is visible - not overtly so, but it's there. However, the slant influencing the position against Donald Trump was clearly visible; for people who hadn't been paying attention to the creep of Sutenbastud within the corporation, the finger was on the scale - and the initial excuses were laughable.

The main excuse was that much of the BBC's reporting was simply an aggregation of US media sentiment - they were simply taking the temperature of their colleagues. As an exercise this was reckless; legacy media in the US exists to make people hate each other, and the BBC knew this. That it failed to acknowledge that the likes of CNN, MSNBC, The New

York Times, The Washington Post and co had built aggressive commercial modeling on people hating each other betrays the fact that its own reporting benefited from this. The best example of how the BBC was content to express the confected mania of its US journeymen involved Donald Trump's so-called "muslim ban".

In December 2015, less than a year before he was elected President, Trump suggested a total ban on Muslims entering the United States - in response to the terror attacks of Paris, France the previous month and the San Bernardino attack in California on the 2nd December. The suggestion was skewered, by David Cameron and the incumbent Republican House Speaker Paul Ryan, who claimed: "What was proposed yesterday is not what this party stands for, and more importantly it's not what this country stands for."

But the problem with electing outsiders is that sometimes - unlike those groomed to power - they make good on their promises. On the 27th January 2017, Trump effected Executive Order 13769 - Protecting the Nation from Foreign Terrorist Entry into the United States. The countries subjected to the ban were Iran, Iraq, Somalia, Sudan, Syria and Yemen.

It was not a “muslim ban”. Indonesia, the most populous Muslim nation in the world, wasn’t on the list. Neither was Tunisia nor Algeria nor Saudi Arabia nor Jordan. Irrespective of the order’s merits, calling it a “muslim ban” was lazy at best, profoundly disingenuous at worst. For a corporation with considerable resources, the BBC could afford to report responsibly in the manner expected of it, but it willingly embraced the rotten Associated Press model (the South African radio station 702 is a good example of taking anti-Trump reporting and publishing it without applying even elementary critical analysis). This is also true for coverage of the Unite the Right rally in Charlottesville, Virginia in August 2017, when a young white activist was run over and killed. It was the event that Joe Biden claims inspired him to “run for office” (again), and its deliberate misrepresentation the reason why so many BBC viewers remain convinced that Donald Trump is a white supremacist.

In that event’s immediate aftermath, American anti-Trump legacy media had deliberately taken some of Trump’s words out of context. The infamous comment “there were very fine people on both sides” was cast as Trump defending white supremacists, and trying to diminish the stature of what had happened.

But the people Trump was referring when he said “very fine people on both sides” were not Neo-Nazis, but a group of activists objecting to the removal of the Robert E Lee bust. For these people, the removal of the statue was a clear attempt to rewrite history they cherished; they were not knuckle-dragging skinheads - they were grannies, bird-watching enthusiasts, retired postal workers, and now, courtesy of the repulsive commercial modeling of the legacy media, and how it had captured editorial policies, their lives were disgracefully smeared - both in America and abroad. The BBC sniffed its chance to correct an injustice here - just another example of how stupid and cowardly these people really are.

Before Trump, the BBC’s perfect white villains of the world were two profiles - the Afrikaner Boer, and the white Zimbabwean. These people were acutely identifiable by their masculinity: they played rugby, they drank, they knew how to shoot, they were some of the best farmers and soldiers the earth has ever known. But for Sutenbastud, the enhanced masculinity was a bit much; whilst there was a whole lot of hunting and fishing and surviving going on down south, there was just pedo, pedo and pedo in Portland Place, the BBC HQ in London. The very worst of these is the

subject of a chilling Netflix documentary broadcast in 2022. Jimmy Savile.

What the documentary fails to pursue is a long-held suspicion that the sicko Jimmy was not operating in a hermetically sealed dome: if nobody else was abusing, then almost certainly others knew he was. Multiple reports published to date reveal a psychopath - someone who chose to buddy up to charities and children's hospitals because of access. He didn't see children or the vulnerable as a byproduct of his work - he took the line of work to abuse, a means to an end. One hospital even gave him a set of keys.

The former professional hunter and best-selling author Hannes Wessels has studied the phenomenon of BBC propaganda in the context of its hatred toward white South African farmers and white Zimbabwean soldiers. On the 11th September 2014, Wessels documented the BBC's loathing, highlighting the moral chasm within the corporation:

*Throughout the 60's, 70's and 80's when we 'white racists' were being vilified we had no idea our most vocal and effective critics were also fully involved in running a massive pedophile operation and the BBC was providing a safe and comfortable haven for a legion of perverts and sexual*

*predators of varying proclivities. The Savile story is too ghastly and detailed to delve into here but this corporate poster-boy attacked nearly 1000 mostly defenseless victims aged 5 to 75 in a criminal career that lasted over 50 years. His depravity extended to the morgue where he bragged of having engaged in sexual activity with cadavers and stealing glass eyes from the dead to fashion jewellery. The incidents ranged from inappropriate touching to rape and involved victims from children to pensioners, the mentally retarded, hospital patients and female staff alike. He was never prosecuted.*

Clearly it was a case of white “settler” equals bad - but pedo equals fine. In the same article Wessels mentioned some sinister events, listing the names of BBC profiles who have all died in mysterious circumstances. The most well-known was the presenter Jill Dando, who was murdered on her Fulham doorstep in 1999. A loner suffering from Asperger’s syndrome called Barry George was arrested, charged and subsequently sentenced, only to be acquitted on appeal. Attention has since turned to the possibility of a Serbian assassin: Dando had presented the corporation’s “Crimewatch” and fronted an appeal for Kosovan refugees. However, former insiders allege that Dando had come into



possession of a raft of information detailing pervasive sexual misconduct and abuse rife within the corporation - and, when coupled with information released in the year of Wessels' article, it make for intriguing analysis. Here's Wessels again:

*According to figures released under Freedom of Information, 539 staff have signed gagging orders at a total cost of £28million. The scale of the pay-outs led to accusations that the BBC was using the agreements to silence potential whistle-blowers and victims of bullying or sexual harassment. The biggest pay-offs were made to BBC managers, with 77 executives receiving more than £100,000 and 14 over £300,000. They include George Entwistle, the former director-general who received a £450,000 pay-off, double the amount he was contractually entitled to. He resigned in the wake of the Jimmy Savile scandal after spending just 54 days in the job*

Scandals in western television networks are not new, but they appear to have exploded in recent years thanks to the deliberate penetration of cynical commercial strategy into editorial policy. This is true of the United States in particular, the controversies discovered in the wake of Fox News' Roger Ailes death, in the ethical violations of Chris Cuomo and



Jeffrey Zucker at CNN. And yet, despite its oversupply of in-house pedos, despite its often pathetic standards of reporting, the fact that it weaponises its “fact checkers” and “disinformation” reporters to instigate hatred against ordinary people and no longer forms a part of creative innovation, it endures. The BBC - tragically - wins.

It wins because the alternatives - for example the upstart GB News - are completely inferior, because they exist only in the margins to which they've been shoved, and from there can only react. Take the case of Shamima Begum, the ISIS bride. Shamima was schooled in London's east, and found the idea of an Islamic Caliphate alluring, so she gapped it to Turkey, then crossed the border to Syria where she “married” a Dutch-born ISIS fighter (“married” in the sense that she was 15, meaning it is not recognized by Dutch law - not that it mattered to the ISIS judge). Unlike other ISIS recruits, Shamima wasn't blown to pieces by a hellfire, and today inhabits a half-life in a settlement. Five years after absconding she was located in Syria, and so began a series of pleas to return to England. She's lost all three children and the husband is incarcerated in Northern Syria, unlikely ever to be paroled.

In contrast to the former Deutsche Bank passage boy Sajid Javed, the Home Secretary at the time, the BBC pursued the line that Shamima was groomed, and that she should be allowed to return to a court of English law. Sajid had revoked her citizenship, which was overwhelmingly welcomed by a public still haunted by Jihadi John's decapitations of British and American citizens. But the BBC persisted, and in 2023, a sympathetic documentary was aired: "The Shamima Begum Story".

Cue indignation and condemnation from "right" wing media. "I am not buying her story!" Dan Wootton, host of the Dan Wootton show on GB News thundered, accusing the corporation of softening the ground for her return.

What Wootton and his bosses didn't do was travel to America to visit and interview the prisoners arrested for trespassing in Capitol Hill in Washington on January 6th 2021, an event sold to the cult of Sutenbastud by American legacy networks and the BBC as an "insurrection". They didn't look at Mark Zuckerberg's donation for the "fortification" of US elections. They didn't interview the small business owners whose livelihoods were destroyed by the

“mostly peaceful” BLM riots of 2020. Because when you’ve accepted life in the margins, you’ve already lost, and all you can be is reactively indignant, outraged, and whilst you’re being outraged in the comments section hours then days after the event, the BBC is moving on, collecting cash, shitting it upon the least talented but most righteously opinionated, and as these broken people snort and vomit their way through it, they are going madder.

Say Megan Markle comes out soon and says, “well, fuck it, I think I’ll just convert to Islam.” What do you think the BBC’s response will be? Not: “Heavens, this is not good.” No. “I think,” a correspondent will tell a panel - all who agree with him or her by the way - “that being the head of the Church of England, the King could do with some religious diversity, so, yes, altogether a wonderful day for minorities.”

Admittedly its not something I would expect fellow South Africans to consider; how grateful we should be for the absence of a BBC in full social justice flight. In that transition between 2005 and 2009 one incident illustrated that in the place of sneering judgment with the express purpose of social engineering leading to destruction, uselessness and calamity would prevail in

South Africa - and in hindsight, it was glorious reassurance. Prescient too. In October 2008, the then Chairman of Finance Portfolio Committee in Parliament was being interviewed on SABC 2 but the chair upon which sat Nhlanhla Nene wasn't having any of it. The thing cracked, and Nhlanhla tried to retain composure but it was too late. It collapsed beneath him, and the last thing viewers saw were his little arms hitting the desk on their way down, followed by an expression of horror on the interviewer's face.

## **Chapter 5: Valkenburg**

*Simon Kwagga Njala (interviewer): “Why are you gay?”*

*Pepe Julian Onziema (guest): “Who says I am gay?”*

*Simon Kwagga Njala: “You are gay...you are a transgender.”*

***Morning Breeze, Ugandan television show, 2021***

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*“They want us to be holidaying in campsites manned by naked hippies with pubic weaves speaking in Esperanto. Not a fuck!”*

***@alfredtoshlines, Twitter, 2019***

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**ON A FRIDAY** morning in April 2017 I sat a table seat on the bottom level of a Euro train awaiting departure from Amsterdam Centraal. I was in The Netherlands for a currency conference and I'd crawled into bed at 3am that morning and was suffering a vicious hangover courtesy of a party hosted by a Russian bank the night before. I'd arrived on the Wednesday; on the Thursday, I'd taken a map of the city and decided to go for a run - as it was a smart hotel, the red light district wasn't featured, but I followed a

route that took me smack bang into the middle of it. I'd stopped running to notice one of the display boxes where hookers lure their punters; an elderly man was standing with a heavy-set woman wearing suspenders and a g-string. He was pointing at the floor, she was holding a mop in a bucket.

I'd buddied up to one of the Russian bank's founders who invited me to the party. Just after midnight the party swelled - it appeared as though every single hooker in Amsterdam had clocked out of her display booth to join it. The Russian had caught me trying to leave twice - on the Sunday I was going to meet the woman who would later become my wife in Paris - and each time he'd made me drink a tumbler of Stolichnaya with him.

For some reason, the conference had been split between Amsterdam and a southwestern town called Valkenburg. The only Valkenburg I'd ever known before was Valkenberg, the mental asylum in Mowbray, Cape Town, where some of my teachers warned me I'd one day end up. But the locations made sense in the general weirdness; with the exception of a Dutch girl I'd dated in Cape Town, I wasn't certain about swamp Germans - the Dutch - too close to

Belgium, too much hoarse throat-grinding, general lacking of the refinement of Afrikaners. Couple that to the weirdness of independent currency traders, and you have one of the most curious spectacles imaginable.

I was leaning my head back against the seat trying to close my eyes when someone I knew boarded. He was known as Fat Gianni, a trader from Luxembourg (which, like Belgium, isn't actually a country) I knew and worked a bit with in London, who hadn't been invited to the party but could immediately see I was struggling, and proceeded to explain that he'd eaten two breakfasts already. "Hey," he said, "good mind thinks alike hey?" I noticed what he meant; he and I had identical brown leather briefcases. He placed his on the table next to mine then sat down opposite me, staring at the two side by side, almost proud of his work. I checked out immediately: "At the risk of sounding anti-social, I'm going to try and sleep." The Valkenburg conference began at midday. "No worry," Fat Gianni replied, "I'm getting away few stops before to seeing some cuzinz (cousins)."

Unfortunately because of a visa issue (I'd paid an Indian travel agent based in Hackney £200 to secure a

fast visa from the Indian-owned VFS visa intermediary scam), I'd booked late. There were a limited number of hotels in Valkenburg and all were booked for the conference, leaving me with only a room in a guest house owned by one Alfie Vlaadering and his wife Maritjie.

I woke up sweating and nauseous about 10 minutes outside of Valkenburg. Fat Gianni and his briefcase weren't there anymore. I decided to send a message to my future wife telling her I was about to arrive, so I opened the briefcase and in doing so immediately felt a little wave of sick. It wasn't my bag. "Fucking fat doos (c\*\*\*)," I swore as the train began to slow. My wallet, phone and passport were all in the briefcase.

Fortunately there was a tourism office at the train station that hadn't closed. The lady behind the counter handed me a local directory of all bread and breakfasts; on the second page I found Alfie and Maritjie's address. I asked if there were any taxis and she shrugged: "Only cycling in here". She gave me a little map of the town and marked out the route: "About 20 minutes."

About 5 minutes into the walk a riptide of nausea overcame me. I found a patch of grass near the road,



put my bag down, sat cross-legged and attempted the Wim Hof hangover breathing routine. When I opened my eyes 20 minutes later a Muslim woman dressed in full gear pushing a pram was standing watching me. Feeling better, I said hello to her, (she didn't respond), picked up the bag and carried on walking. Soon I was at the top of the cul-de-sac in which the house was located. I reached the front door and pressed the bell.

I heard some shuffling inside and after a few moments, a man opened. He was probably in his late 50s, short and portly - in his left arm he held a brown cat - but then I noticed something unusual: there was a thin, transparent plastic packet filled with what looked like smoked sausages tied around his belt, near to the buckle. I didn't want to look as though I was calculating something, but it occurred to me - staring not at his face but at his waist - that he was probably carrying the cat and the packet, or eating out of it, when I'd pressed the doorbell; realizing that he couldn't hold the packet of sausages near to the cat and open the door at the same time, he had looped the top of the packet around his belt in a knot. "Yez? Yous are British yez?" With his now completely free hand he made a playful fist, like a boxer. "Erm...no, um, I'm sorry...Alfie right?" "Yez...where's you from?" "I

live in...listen I'm sorry but I have to email someone urgently...would it be possible to use your computer please?" "Komputa cos exsh-tra," he said with a wink before waving me in. "Koem," he said. "Thanksfulls yous not British." His sausage packet was still on his belt.

I walked into the house. "Your room left, Maritjie and me right," he said from behind me, "komputa also right." I walked into an open room. A blonde woman, just a bit chubbier than Alfie and possibly also in her late 50s, was sitting back on what appeared to be a tan-colored leather remote recliner, the control dangling on the side, watching television. Another cat appeared at her feet. "Hello," I greeted her. "Oooh hullo," she replied, before going back to a live audience show. "Komputa," Alfie said, pointing to a table with a screen and a keyboard.

It was clear Alfie and his wife were hoarders. The room was packed to the rafters with dolls, plastic windmills, flags of the EU, puzzles, footballs, musical instruments, clothes, cat boxes and cat food, magazines. Had I not been so poorly on the way I probably would have collapsed in spasms.

I sat at the computer. There was a screensaver of the flag of the EU, and pictures of flowers and canals that moved around the screen. My finger touched the mouse, and suddenly the screen exploded with two black men having sex with a white woman. The speakers then took over, and on full volume the sound of grunting and moaning flooded the room. "Sssshhh," Maritjie giggled as I tried urgently to correct the situation. "Pawshj," Alfie muttered across from his chair. I looked back at the carnage unfolding in front of me, where the participants occasionally shouted in a foreign language, (Flemish, if I were to guess) looking for the volume on the player or the screen, feeling blood that I'd lost on the walk came rushing back to my cheeks, "Pawshj," Alfie shouted again, "PRESH PAWSHJ!" He was now irritated: "Godverdomme," I heard him say as I desperately searched for the volume button on the video's perimeter. "Oh...pause," I said out loud, my hands shaking. I found the button and quickly minimized the depravity, before logging into Gmail to send a message to Fat Gianni. As I typed I couldn't help but review what had just happened. Alfie wasn't embarrassed; he was annoyed. I caught a glimpse of him sitting staring at the ceiling rocking back and

forth, the plastic packet still there. He mentioned something to Maritijie and shook his head. She clicked her tongue in disapproval of whatever was just said: “Jis relax Alfred,” she said in English, “don’t put a shit on me.”

Fat Gianni had obviously been on his phone just as I mailed him, so his reply was near instant: “Come 2 venue”. I then calculated that it was a 10 minute walk from the house and explained to Alfie what I was going to do, and requested keys. He looked both dejected and annoyed as he handed me a set: a stranger had invaded his space and cost him 10 or so seconds of porno time. Maritjie was still watching the television; I noticed on my way past her that she was eating something that looked like a calzone, and, captivated by swamp German television, was oblivious to the fact that as she ate and watched, another cat was licking her bare toes.

Walking to the venue, the adrenaline shock of what had just happened appeared to have expelled the squatting Russian from me. I was now tired only, looking forward to making it through evening, wrapping the weirdo thing up the following day then making it to France for Sunday.

At the close of the conference at 5pm, Fat Gianni and his coin-collecting friends announced they had organized a party in a small town called Bocholtz roughly twenty minutes away by car. He insisted I join. "I can leave when I want?" I asked him. "Yesh yesh, just come the sushi." I hadn't eaten anything the entire day. so I figured I'd go, stay 30 minutes for dinner, then take a taxi back. We piled into a bus he'd arranged and set out for the party.

At 11pm I was little more than a corpse. The group that had arrived before us had eaten all the sushi, and the sight of Fat Gianni and his friends lighting Champagne sparklers on bottles in a shit club - in a shit village - was depressing and annoying. Maybe you get away with that in August in the south of France if your father has just smuggled a nuclear weapon to the Pakistani army. Not in Holland in April.

I reached across the table to Gianni and shouted: "How do I leave?!" "Oh, bus only coming in 2 hours. 1am!" "What?! You told me I could leave when I wanted to?!" Swamp German techno was now blaring and people were dancing around the tables. "No man, you could leave early, earlier, but no taxis now." I felt a rush of blood to the head that could have resulted - if

I'd stayed near his person - in me ripping Fat Gianni a new one. "Hev drinks!" I found a waitress: "Please could you call a taxi?" "No taxi, no Uber" she said, "taxi finish 10pm." "So how do I get back to Valkenburg?" "Sometimes taxi coming back later from Akerweg side. Bus come too. Just walk left, then left again, then down road. Akerweg. Toward big wind machine."

I walked out, followed her directions and saw the wind turbine and walked toward it. The road decreased in size, and soon I became uncomfortable; it was now more a country road, and there were no cars let alone taxis and certainly no buses. I walked - further and further but still no cars - only a sign on the side of the road. Something looked odd about it, so I looked closer: "Eínbahnstraße" (one way street). I stopped and thought about what I was seeing. It wasn't swamp German. I felt a spike of nausea for the first time since the afternoon. Actual, real German. So I got out my phone and looked at the map. The waitress had told me to walk in the opposite direction of where I actually needed to be. I'd followed her instructions, and I'd wandered into fucking western Germany.

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Turnout for the Brexit referendum vote of the 23rd June 2016 was impressive with 77% of the population descending upon voting stations. In the lead-up, initially announced by former Prime Minister David Cameron in the plush new Bloomberg offices shortly after his own landslide victory in 2015's UK general election, the overwhelming consensus - and subsequent instruction - was: you should - must - vote against leaving. At times, so confident was this appeal that it lent itself to complacency: many considered the vote a spectacle only to appease Eurosceptic Conservative backbenchers increasingly disillusioned with the power Brussels was persistently trying to acquire for itself. David himself believed that remaining was the only option and caveated it with the word "reform". In February 2016, he had traveled to Brussels with a list of items - namely, an emergency brake, child benefits, stronger protection for non-eurozone countries (stalling of new regulations) and language that clearly articulated that the UK was not included in the EU's motto of "ever closer union". He managed to snatch the language bit out of them - but everything else was a failure. Critics dismissed his attempts as "half-hearted" - after all, he had once declared himself "the heir to Blair" - and one of Tony



Blair's most obvious feature was that he was deeply into the EU project.

The creep of complacency was unable to disguise itself in the media coverage. Analysts and commentators were all but convinced: it simply could not happen. There was some agitation when Nigel Farage, who had successfully led his party UKIP to victory in the UK's EU parliamentary elections of 2014, stood in front of a giant poster featuring a caravan of migrants (Romani Slovaks for the politically correct, or just Gypsies), warning the United Kingdom that remaining in the EU would bring it the prize of unfettered immigration - the kind seen in places like Germany, who had volunteered itself to the plight of Syrians in 2015. In 2006 David Cameron had accused UKIP of being "closet racists" and "fruitcakes"; in 2013, a year before the UK EU parliamentary elections, "conservative" Kenneth Clarke had described UKIP's supporters as "clowns". UKIP's triumph in 2014 resulted in Farage quoting Stephen Sondheim's 1973 hit: "Send in the clowns".

In the early hours of the 24th of June 2014, a stony-faced David Dimbleby, himself something of a knight of the liberal media realm, announced the



referendum's result on BBC 1: "The results are in, the country has spoken, and we're out." Roughly 51% of the country had voted to leave - 49% had opted to stay.

Complicating the atmosphere of despair was a question: where to? And this involved the profiles who had led the push to leave the EU from within the Conservatives. Chief amongst these were Boris Johnson and Michael Gove, two opportunists who had found their ways to the leave group. In Johnson's case, he had simply composed two articles: one in favour of remaining, and the other of leaving. The latter was published by the Sunday Times - the former was leaked to the Telegraph, Johnson had absentmindedly sent it to a friend. In it he claimed: "This is a market on our doorstep, ready for further exploitation by British firms. The membership fee seems rather small for all that access. Why are we so determined to turn our back on it?" When confronted later, his excuse was that he was trying to see the vote from both sides - wrestling, he claimed, with the same quandaries and complexities of the electorate.

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There was a compelling reason for South Africans to moan about the result. Ordinarily, after a period living and working and paying taxes in the UK you would be all but guaranteed of the Indefinite Leave to Remain status, which then led into citizenship and finally, a passport - a passport to avoid paying unscrupulous middlemen and consulate intermediaries to secure Schengen visas for traveling the continent. For some South Africans, the years of shitty people and shitty and lazy colleagues and crappy weather and endless queuing had been wasted, and they were furious. The only problem was: it wasn't their country to be furious with. Needless to say, many of these white, middle-class South Africans were already supporters of the Liberal Democrats - a fervently pro-EU party.

The same level of outrage was not present in South Africa when corruption at the Department of Home Affairs resulted in the country being exposed as a transit point for some of the world's most wanted Al-Qaeda terrorists. Between 2005 and 2009, under the watch of the current ANC Speaker, Nosiviwe Mapisa-Nqakula (then Minister of Home Affairs), the department turned into a cesspit of forgery: in 2011, the website Defencweb quoted the DA Shadow Minister of Home Affairs, Annette Lovemore,

discussing the previous examples of terrorists using South African passports: “In 2004, a Tunisian al-Qaeda suspect, Ihsan Garnaoui, told German investigators that he had a number of South African passports. British-born Haroon Rashid Aswat, supposed ringleader of the 2005 London bus bombings, lived in South Africa and travelled to the United Kingdom on a South African passport. In 2006, Mohammed Gulzar entered Britain with a fake South African passport under the name Altaf Ravat, allegedly with the intent of blowing up transatlantic airliners in mid-flight.”

The result of an incompetent Minister, and a subsequently inept department, forced all South Africans - a commonwealth member nation - into the process of visa application. Yet for some reason, the ANC escaped wholesale condemnation from where it could have mattered, like the UN, the EU and even the Liberal Democrats. Of course they did.

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In 2015 I was invited to a breakfast hosted by a think-tank to at which information about Brexit would be presented by Conservative politicians. Seated next to me was a glamorous blonde American divorcee in her

60s called Jennifer. Shortly after our first meeting, she would explain how her divorce settlement had included, amongst other things, a townhouse in Belgravia, other residences in Paris and New York, and cash that she lavished upon initiatives and think tanks (“good for my post-divorce confidence,” she explained). We were the only outsiders there, got along well and so decided to start an amateur Brexit interest group which saw us meeting for dinner once a week at her house, alongside any other interesting guests we’d agreed to invite. It was a fantastic idea; the problem was we all got so drunk on Jennifer’s seemingly endless supply of St. Julien that by the morning we’d forgotten anything remotely interesting.

Toward the end of fall 2015 Jennifer left to spend December, January and February with friends in Palm Beach. At her annual Thanksgiving dinner party, she handed me the names of two people she wanted me to meet. “One of them is a shit,” she said, “the other is very old”.

It was immediately clear at our first meeting that Roland Rudd was the former. He was a multimillionaire, Oxford educated founder of a financial public relations firm. He was brash and fast,

counting some of Tony Blair's proteges amongst his closest friends. He was also the sister of Amber Rudd, the "Conservative" MP formerly married to the late food critic AA Gill who would become Home Secretary under Theresa May before being forced to resign. In 1998 the sibling's father, Tony Rudd, was the subject of a report compiled by the Department of Trade and Industry (DTI) concerning his company, that concluded he was "unfit to run any company...either private or public." Amber would not only face questions about her commercial relationship with Tony after the DTI's declaration but also about being a director of two companies listed in the Bahamas tax haven.

Rudd got me invited to a party he was attending, and spent all of 15 seconds congratulating himself for coming up with the name of the organisation lobbying to remain in the following year's referendum: "Britain Stronger in Europe". Then he left and I never saw him again. Admittedly there were probably better, more important things to do, like watching his sister move their father's money around. Then I met the other recommendation. This man did look old. We sat down in a little pub in Kinnerton Street close to where I lived and for the next 3 hours, he spoke. I'm still convinced

today there was something magical about him. I didn't think a man could think so deeply but as I learned, the following year's referendum was something of a life's work.

He did not even vaguely hint at his own politics or involvement in any official campaign related to Brexit. Instead for those 3 hours, he spoke about identity, history and belonging, tariffs, fishing, human rights law and free movement. I can't remember him saying "um" once, or even stopping for breath. Facts, numbers, dates and the names of individuals rolled off his tongue; there were moments in those three hours where he even looked slightly awkward, as if he had spent years around people questioning, like I was, how such an unassuming, softly spoken man with kind eyes could possess such a wealth of information. At the close of those three hours, I asked him about his life starting with where he lived. He stopped me short: "I live alone," he said. Politely, he thanked me for his tea and left.

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After June 2016's vote I started again, and the quest to hear both sides became nothing short of an extra-curriculum degree, requiring time, planning and

patience. Jennifer had returned, and for August we were on the wagon together. What was happening deserved, at the very least, to be absorbed whilst sober - we had both underestimated the profound effect the vote had. Jennifer's dinner parties the previous year had plummeted into farce, so we decided to go back to the start and look at everything again.

We reverted to those compelling economic reasons to remain, then moved onto the equally compelling economic reasons to leave. In the former we located the view of farmers, who were beneficiaries of handsome EU subsidies. Divorce meant that the UK was free to develop its own schemes to support agriculture, but doing so would be fraught with delays, and leave the small farmer in limbo. For those who believed that remaining was only the preserve of metropolitan elite, this was an uncomfortable truth. In addition, there were other areas of benefits few spoke of: many salaries of blue-collar factory jobs, particularly in towns north and southwest of London, were said to be paid in part by the EU. In some cases these workers appeared unaware of this arrangement and had voted to leave.

The concept of free movement in the UK had brought with it an impressive tide of highly skilled Polish and other Eastern European artisans: for a lower-to-middle income family, the possibility of being able to refurb the room of a house, one that still required substantial savings for, had become more available. Comparatively, using UK tradesmen was prohibitively expensive. The absence of these people since Brexit is noticeable: then, no route home after work was complete without the sight of four or five of these men, all wearing backpacks standing on a curb, drinking cans of lager purchased from an off-licence, smoking vapes and muttering to each other. Many of them shared living quarters on the edges of London's M25 to ease rental costs: they worked exceptionally hard, were very good at their craft - and most sent money home each month.

Politically, the most sweeping of reasons to remain I encountered involved a claim about the EU's origins: "it was established to avert the possibility of another war on the continent", the managing director of US bank in the UK told us. Although this was nonsense - it was originally a trade bloc - I suspected it too was attractive a reason to resist, that just attempting to



unravel it would give the party attempting to unravel the air of belligerence, or xenophobia.

Tempering this, on the other side, were some worrying evaluations of the EU's behaviour in recent years, brought to light in an excellent documentary by Martin Durkin, entitled "Brexit: The Movie", where he traveled to Brussels to expose the subsidised decadence made available to EU Members of Parliament (MEPs). From champagne and nail bars, to school fees and house-moving services, it was clear that the job of MEPs was one of the most extravagant in the world. From this it was also clear why so many British MPs sought careers in Brussels, not because they believed in all of its objectives, or governing principles, but because a much higher standard of life could be obtained - so to hell with the idea of public service, or even ambition. Durkin's revelations prompted the same question asked of investment bankers following 2008's global financial crisis: what is it exactly that you do? This majority of responses to this question were "protecting shared values" and "enhancing democracy". But we were told that asking this question amounted to a fool's errand: most of the time, MEPs themselves didn't know what they were doing - the organization was so big, and so

encompassing, that it prompted a natural default to the pursuit of simplicity in its members; they knew when they were expected to vote, they turned up, then they left - and everything else was simply beyond their grasp or knowledge. So reverting to broad answers was all that could be done.

Then there was Peter Lilley's observations. Lilley was a formidable Conservative thinker; from 1997 to 2017 he was MP for Hitchin and Harpenden. At a debate at the University of Hertfordshire on the 22nd May 2016, Lilley swung an audience from being 75% pro remain at the start to 55% pro leave at the end. Many of the students and businesses attending were nearly overwhelmed by his grasp of economics, philosophy and law. Then there was the philosopher Roger Scruton, the professorial research fellow at The University of Buckinghamshire and author Simon Heffer and the Adam Smith Institute's Eamonn Butler - all whose arguments in favour of leaving were persuasive. There were also the predictions to consider retrospectively: the global forecaster David Murrin has made a small fortune from being right - his analysis in 2016 posed the result, likening Brexit to a "civil war" of the mind. "The right-brained thought process of the Brexiteers would inevitably win," he

claimed in summary of the result, “this included Boris Johnson becoming PM, as he was the only candidate demonstrating the energy that resonated with this profound change.”

Following the shock result, Sutenbastud got to work - in the media and in the groups appalled by what had happened. To them the idea that “nothing could be done, results are in” could not be further from the truth. Following the revelations of Boris Johnson’s odd post-Brexit behaviour, and some infighting between him and Michael Gove as to who would succeed the recently resigned David Cameron, Theresa May was elected. Having voted to remain, she was immediately treated with suspicion, and it never left - not even when she was forced into resigning. But it was clear: status quo forces splintered or bruised by the result were back and eager to drive what they considered a momentarily out-of-control vehicle.

May was hopeless, no match for an outraged Brussels and an outraged Sutenbastud - both of whom she obviously felt an affinity with. Brussels had appointed a suave French politician, Michel Barnier, as its chief negotiator. Barnier wore silk Hermes ties and effortlessly shifted between English and French.

Theresa's appointed equivalent, David Davis, was raised by a single mother in York, did not speak French and look shagged out most of the time. Worse for Davis, accompanying Barnier was the intimidating presence of a man called Martin Selmayr. Selmayr was known as the 'Monster of the Berlaymont', a nod to his term as Chief of Staff for European Commission's President, Jean-Claude Juncker. According the website Politico, diplomats referred to Selmayr as "Voldemort - he who cannot be spoken of".

Allegedly Selmayr managed Juncker's diary like an illegal mining operation. He was accused of of being over-controlling and denying access. But perhaps that's because Juncker was, for the period he served, drunk most of the time - cognac being his poison. He was also a fan of the techno saxophone and like, Joe Biden, enjoyed sniffing the hair of women, or playing with it - all of this leading to the appearance of parallels in the manner Selmayr managed Juncker, and the way Joe's handlers, or remote controllers, manage him.

By contrast, May had tasked a UK civil servant called Olly Robbins with the job of being Davis' Selmayr. But Olly was no match for the ruthless and cunning

Selmayr: shortly after founding the Brexit Party in November 2018 (which would land a devastating blow to May the UK's European Parliamentary elections the following year), Nigel Farage said of Selmayr: "I want Martin Selmayr to become the most famous person in the whole of Europe. I want every voter across all the member states to understand how this place operates." In 2019, a Belgian filmmaker produced the documentary "Brexit: Behind Closed Doors", which illustrated parts of the negotiation periods and was picked up for distribution by the BBC. In the course of it, it was revealed that Olly requested a Belgian passport "when this is all over". This statement shined on the role of the UK civil service, fiercely pro EU, and its avatar Olly, not wanting to go 12 rounds with Selmayr in the first place, accepting being beaten - then joining the opposition.

But of all the profiles Brussels appointed to the negotiations, none was more helpful in the impeding of them than the preposterous Guy Verhoefstadt, the curtain-haired Belgian maniac who can fit a human thumb in the chasm between his two front teeth. He was venomous, vindictive and hell bent on mission creep - to the point where he started lobbying for the one thing that the EU should, in theory and

consistency with its origins not have - an armed force. He was content to visit London, knowing full well Brexiteers who resided in the city would unlikely admit their allegiance publicly for fear of reprisals and would openly accuse them of bigotry and hatred. “An unwillingness to progress to initiatives like renewable energy” was one of his favourite taunts.

On one October night in 2016, Jennifer and I invited the old-looking man to a dry dinner. He hardly spoke as we gave an account of our research. Toward the end of the dinner, Jennifer spoke frankly - about her upbringing in a small town in California and the people she'd met in Washington during her marriage. “All of this stuff we're now seeing,” she said, “the allegations about Russia interfering, the accusations of racism in the media, people being spoken to as if they're stupid...is it not the reason why people voted to leave in the first place?” “Exactly,” the man replied, “ordinary people don't hate Brussels, and the fact that they don't understand what goes on there is actually irrelevant.” The man then shifted effortlessly into the precision gears I had seen the year before. He spoke about the things that had happened since - the efforts to portray economic calamity, job losses and continental isolation leading to global obscurity. “If

you ever want an example of interference,” he said, “look at what Barack Obama did when he came to London at the beginning of the year.”

Perhaps the referendum result was only important in that it revealed enduring fault lines, this time with real consequences. You could trawl the list of these, but perhaps the most depressing is the ordinary person’s hatred of what their capital city today represents. At no point in recent history was the broken mechanics of the logic, the “message” so exposed. And yes, it was indeed window dressing - you’re not meant to impart democratic instruments such as referendums and in the unlikely event you do, you need to ensure the result is in your favour. This speaks to the stupidity and the arrogance of David Cameron: he hated those less progressive, and in his hatred, he completely underestimated the response. He and his friends were hated back.

Still the sneering continues. Just last year, in the now South African-heavy village of Weybridge outside London, a particularly messy South African businessman addressed a group of Liberal Democrats. “I remain adamant,” he sniffed, “not all Brexiteers are racist - but all racists voted for Brexit”. Assuming you



base that statement from coverage, you could argue that, in the US, not all democrats are pedos, but all pedos vote democrat. The prevailing logic only accepts one version.

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In Valkenburg I arrived back at Alfie and Maritjie's after 1am. My room was just as cluttered as their lounge - with a trace of cat in the air, so I looked around the room and caught the fucker under the bed.

The following day the conference officially closed, and the organiser who I'd briefly shaken hands with in Amsterdam got up to speak to the hall. "Colleghes," he shouted, throwing his hands up in the air, "cash money traders of Europe, unite!" People clapped. "You know," he continued, "we were dealt a blow with this Brexit, and I know many of you are still wondering why these people did this. But I must tell you this conference will continue to hold the values of Europe. Look, this centre, all the roads here - all hotels - all EU. We must protect. Goodbye!"

I thought back to the old-looking man in London. Then I saw Alfie in the hall, looking around some of



the display stands. He was wearing shorts with black socks and sandals. He had a cat on a leash.

## Chapter 6: uSquidge

*“It’s not fair they want to send you back to Pakistan Tariq.  
It’s not fair because I love curry ‘n all.”*

*Emma Rydal as Stella Moorhouse, East is East (1999)*

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**SHORTLY AFTER SOUTH AFRICA’S** impressive victory over England in November 2019 at the Rugby World Cup in Japan, exhilarated Springbok fans began sharing a YouTube video that explained how the Springboks had triumphed. The video’s producer was called Squidge, who owned the YouTube account “Squidge Rugby”. Judging by the flattering tone of his commentary, it was apparent he loved the Springboks, so, all good.

In the UK general feeling about Squidge - outside of rugby - is that he’s lost in time. He’s scruffy and has the kind of English teeth that don’t appear to be sailors escaping a ship on fire as much as they are jostling to the front of the line. He supports Labour, and, judging by the comments he makes as it relates to class structures, he’s only a few decades away from joining Jeremy Corbyn’s cell of professional protestors.

His commentary uploads average roughly between 60,000 and 70,000 views on YouTube. His commentary on the Springbok final, however, went to 971,000, many of those shared by South Africans flattered with the review - which was positive, warm and interesting - especially his analysis of a particular set move that would later feature in (the South African television network) Supersport's "Chasing the Sun" where the Springboks' magnificent coach Johan "Rassie" Erasmus would describe the move as "the move" (Squidge himself made an appearance in the documentary).

On the 23rd of December 2019, less than two months after the World Cup final, a man called Courtney Lawes composed a tweet. "TRIGGER WARNING," the tweet started, "Britain is not a racist country. Just thought I'd clear that up." The tweet ended with the thumbs-up emoji. Lawes was a member of England's team that lost.

Unfortunately for Lawes, this wasn't good enough for two Irish social justice identities (is there a worse kind?) called Gav and Patricia who run the "Ruck n Roll" podcast. They retweeted Lawes' statement, and included with it some obscure information they didn't

reference - the kind of squealing that momentarily relieves the permanent suffering of Michel Foucault as he rots in hell for sodomizing those young boys in a graveyard - "BAME" people this, "BAME" people that - "there is just NO hope for BAME people".

Perhaps buoyed by his favorable spike in popularity, and possibly Patreon subscriptions, Squidge decided to jump in and replied to Lawes himself: "Courtney Lawes' dad earns over £600k a year as head of a successful company. I'll give him that it's certainly a less racist country if you're super rich." Now, when you've made an allegation like this - when you've essentially accused a country's sporting ambassador of being an aloof elitist - you've surely got your facts right? Surely. You can back this up with evidence - Companies House documentation, social media photographs of the elitist in question on an exclusive heli-ski trip with similarly well-heeled friends, making silly LA gangster-esque hand signs, or confirmed reports that the individual swore at a Bangladeshi slave at a prohibitively expensive Maldives resort when the stupid bastard put ice in his champagne. So, well done Squidge - for bodying a product of inherited privilege, for taking class and race wars to rugby. Right....?

But there was a problem with Squidge's claims: they were rubbish. Worse, Courtney - in our newly, classification-heavy society - qualifies as black, despite having a white mother.

He was born in the London Borough of Hackney, which is now - as it was then - one of its poorest. His father is a Jamaican who bounced nightclubs; his mother, a prison nurse who frequently returned from shifts sporting bruises. He never attended private school or enjoyed a network that would have afforded opportunities. The only thing he had, according to those who've watched his rise, was phenomenal talent, modesty, enthusiasm and an enviable work ethic.

Oopsy Squidge. How you going to get out of this one? From where did you get your information? Was it someone else? Surely you're not implying that all non-white people look the s....oopsy Squidge...how the hell are you going to get out of this one?

Courtney fired back at Squidge: "Lol maybe get your facts straight before you start chatting utter shit, my mum and dad combined wouldn't earn that in 10years. Standard lefties trying to discredit someone who doesn't fit the narrative. Pathetic." When there was nowhere left to turn, the standard apology bordering-

on-not-an-actual-apology appeared - here's Squidge's response: "Fair enough. I'd either misread something or read something that was clearly false. That's on me, and I apologise. I'm not trying to discredit you, but by your own admission, you don't fit the 'narrative'. You can't dismiss the issue because it isn't your experience." He accompanied the non-apology apology with two screenshots. The first, an article by - yes - the scumtard Guardian entitled, "Hate crimes double in England in 5 years". The second was a graph, produced by Britain's captured civil service, indicating the rise in "hate crimes" (an aside: "hate crimes" and "non-crime hate incidents", are exactly the reason policing in the UK finds itself in a state of suspended animation. The obsession with policing these things is partially due to political interference, and partially due to laziness - it is a lot easier for the police to investigate an alleged case of transphobia than a burglary. Also, the Royal College of Policing has since enhanced prioritising these pursuits - so when you go looking for something, and you apply considerable resources - chances are you'll find it, or some of it).

Courtney, being a decent man, accepted Squidge's not-really-an apology, cautious perhaps that since the

World Cup, the latter's following had expanded impressively. But the question must be asked: why did Squidge jump in with such conviction? Of course, people often err on Twitter, but there are degrees of such, and race isn't an area into which you leap feet first. Fine, he's sorry (supposedly), but what compelled him to what ostensibly appears to have been an attempt, instigated initially by weirdo duo Gav and Patricia, to dogpile a decent, respected man entitled to an opinion?

To answer this question you could present Tony Blair's Human Rights Act of 1998, and the ambiguous language employed to draft it - how it has emboldened generations of interpretation, and worse, sought to apply consensus to those interpretations.

But the following year, Courtney would find himself isolated and Squidge would be in the right place at the right time. That was because of one man: uGeorge Floyd.

Even today merely speculating about the curious speed at which this incident unfolded is grounds for cancellation and dismissal. The majority of corporations occupying the American media industrial complex immediately crafted the narrative: uGeorge

had died as a result of a police officer's knee on his neck. He had been suffocated. Murder. Any talk of contributing factors - fentanyl in his system - was immediately terminated. An initial autopsy revealing this was dismissed and replaced with one confirming the popularised version. Had - just had - to be.

What followed was grotesque: the media repurposed its objectives and hyped protests that resulted in other, unnecessary deaths. A CNN reporter stood straight-faced in front of a burning object - at the back of a crowd responsible for the arson - and stated words to the effect of "these are fiery but mostly peaceful." Small business owners across America, many of them owned by minorities, were targeted; in New York, two young lawyers - one of them of Pakistani heritage - threw a Molotov cocktail into a police car. In her defence, Urooj Rahman pleaded for leniency: she had, according to a letter to the judge, participated in "conflict resolution" initiatives across the Middle East and Northern Ireland. "Participated", apparently - not "learned from". In November 2022 and January 2023, Rahman and her co-accused Colinford Mattis were sentenced to 15 months and 12 months in prison respectively. The Judge declared that "Mattis was privileged" - and obviously today's liberal logic



was there in the courtroom to gasp at the temerity of a white Judge to make such a privileged statement.

At a stretch, you could examine the geography and conclude that, although these riots were unlawful and possibly choreographed, the fact that the incident occurred in America indicates that a response would occur in America - and there was no basis for a global response. That is as reasonable as the benefit of doubt you've already surrendered - if you accept the results of the second, revised autopsy indicating that George was murdered. But the one thing that you wouldn't expect is for the marches to spread to other countries.

They did.

They came to the country that had lost members of its navy attempting to abolish slavery - where it is illegal to discriminate against race - where racism is a criminal offence. From Shetland in the North Sea to the Channel islands of Jersey and Guernsey, people gathered, accompanied by flags and banners "no justice, no peace" and "the British police are NOT innocent." They erupted in Bristol, where - mainly white - students toppled the statue of Edward Colston and threw it into the harbour. They came to London

and goaded two uniformed Metropolitan policemen, scared out of their wits, to kneel in front of the baying picket line (more about this a little later).

The circumstances plea for examination, and, being charitable, we should afford them that. These protests were attended by people who had been locked down since March - the start of the many, many bad political responses to the pandemic. They were agitated by the lack of human interaction, and eager to find meaning in their artificially narrowed lives. But of all the wrong to lean upon this, the crutches of climate and race are always - by far - the worst. Yet the protests were encouraged, not least by the never, ever acceptable Piers Morgan, who, between mouthfuls of pork pie on morning television agreed that, said that although he'd been one of lockdown's most prominent enthusiasts, ordering people to stay the hell away from each other, describing those caught in parks or taking a walk as subversive, an enormous gathering of angry people getting together was now a splendid idea. "I'm proud my son is attending," he boasted.

So courtesy of Piers and the major UK television networks, the Black Lives Matter (BLM) grift found a safe landing in the UK. Today, thanks to a mess of

networks, chapters and incompetence, it is still not clear how much money was raised by the group, but the actions of one of its founders, Patrice Cullors, leaves little doubt that there's been extraordinary malfeasance in the organisation that was initially established to address the relationship between young African American men and America's law enforcement. In contrast to the early UCT "Rhodes Must Fall" and other related "decolonise the curriculum" campaigns, the arrival of BLM in the UK was as icy and precise as the currency markets' response to Jacob Zuma's decision to sack Nhlanhla Nene in 2015.

It was an incident that occurred at the time of the riots in London - that stands alongside Squidge's self-righteousness - that perfectly captures the madness. BLM protestors, and once again for those losing attention - mainly white, middle class people - had defaced the Earl Haig Memorial in Whitehall. Located nearby the memorial are the Household Cavalry barracks, so on a morning shortly after the demonstrations, a group of young, mostly white squaddies, the majority in all likelihood from underprivileged, working-class backgrounds, came out to clear the streets of litter. They brought buckets and

soap and trash bags - there were no council services that day, and the place looked revolting.

They got to the statue and started attempting to wash off the incendiary remarks in red spray paint on the stone: all cops are bastards (“ACAB”). Then a group of young women approached them. One asked menacingly: “What do you think you’re doing?” Then, equally menacingly, a young blonde girl, with a posh London accent, went further: “Why are you doing this? I don’t understand?” The group proceeded to abuse the group of squaddies before leaving.

“Why are you doing this? I don’t understand”. If you see the video, taken that day, you’ll note her failure to “understand” was genuine: she couldn’t understand why people would want to restore broken things, she couldn’t understand that it was the right and decent thing to do: all she saw impeded a projected social justice idea she’d read, or was told about by an echo chamber. It was not consistent with the actions of those squaddies, and she was confused, then angry.

It wasn’t a new phenomenon, but it updated perceptions: these things are designed to break, to divide. It happened again on the 13th of October in 2022, when two young women threw a can of tomato

soup on the fourth version of Vincent Van Gogh's "Sunflowers" on display at the National Gallery. One of the girls had pink hair; she was called Phoebe Plummer and her Twitter handle was "Ziggystardyke". The stunt was in aid of Just Stop Oil, the latest iteration of civil disobedience designed to halt the UK government from issuing any new oil or gas licences. It would turn out that the group had, in part, been funded by an heiress of the Getty oil dynasty.

It would also turn out that Phoebe wasn't suffering breathing problems born of a diesel exhaust fitter into her bedroom. She wasn't a working-class child whose prospects were identifiably diminished by the damage inflicted by the fossil fuel industry - a subsistence fisherman in the Gulf of Mexico during BP's spill of 2012 for example. If she was concerned about marine life - she would have done well to approach the mega funding complex building wind-farms in the oceans, who then scratch their heads when whales beach themselves nearby. But Phoebe wasn't poor, or underprivileged - in fact, she was the complete opposite.

She attended one school that costs £45,000 a year, and has educated members of the Royal Family. She

then attended another school - in Kensington, possibly on account of access to her former classmates - that cost £30,000 a year. And there she was, in the National Gallery, defacing an artwork painted by an impoverished man, shunned from his neighbourhood on account of his deteriorating mind - so that other, underprivileged children may not see it. The idea that these underprivileged children would look into this scenario and then invest their interest in Phoebe's Just Stop Oil agenda is certifiably mental.

This is the landscape within which Squidge exists, where belief in theories and deliberately hyped and falsified information permits the individual to act regardless of the truth. He made that comment against Lawes because he could, because in Sutenbastud's way, it is right and just.

But it was Lawes - not Squidge - 6 months after the false claim who was isolated. On the 2nd of June 2020, nearly every single young, white, middle-class Instagram user in the English-speaking world positioned a black square on their accounts in solidarity with Black Lives Matter. In the English rugby squad, 28 of the 33 players with Instagram profiles did this. When everyone alongside him was losing their

heads to a fake crisis, Courtney was posting pictures of his young children sitting on a park bench and smiling back at the camera.

Why did they do this? There is a lot of detail and the explanations, just like recollections, vary. For some, it was to highlight the supposedly disproportionate number of deaths of African Americans in police custody. For some, like the UK documentary maker Adam Curtis, it was belief in the movement - that it would lead to real, systemic change - for the better. And for others, it was: “everybody else was doing it, so....”

Each of these explanations warrants frisking. There was no concrete evidence to support the claim that more African Americans die in police custody. When this was articulated by ideologically crippled profiles in US media industrial complex, by people like MSNBC’s Joy Reid, or CNN’s Don Lemon it was clear that the information had been cherry-picked then groomed for the occasion. White and Asian people have been killed by the police too; despite the presence of Instagram back in 2016, there was no such solidarity for an unarmed white Texan man named Anthony Timpa killed by police - just as little solidarity



in fact as there was for the white Zimbabwean farmer Martin Olds, slaughtered by drunk “war veterans” in 2000.

The idea that BLM was to prompt societal and policing reform, or indeed enhanced social justice, was flawed from the start - in both the US and the UK. In the UK, the demands instructed by belligerent forces were just not going to happen. In 2011, riots erupted over the shooting of a drug dealer called Mark Duggan (this is when Robert Mugabe told David Cameron to resign). From the smouldering ashes it was declared that change was afoot: there must be better prospects for young black people in the UK, there must be alterations to the structural foundations of society. And so there were all these plans, all this commentary and reflection - and nothing happened. For all the talk and promises, it appears people had coaxed themselves out of a dream that made no sense - because there was - and is - nothing standing in the way of upward mobility. Ask Courtney Lawes.

Then peer pressure. As if the professional rugby player pile-on wasn't bad enough, club rugby started doing something crazy. On match days, they began the Haitian voodoo ritual of kneeling. Those who didn't



kneel were eviscerated: one particularly loud white South African social justice identity in London squealed in disgust of the sight of his countrymen, playing in England, refusing to kneel: “I don’t understand, why don’t they just fuckin’ kneel??!!” This put Lawes into an awkward position: his principles were sensible - family, rights and respect - but it wasn’t good enough. Squidge was now fully in command of the argument he had thumbed in Lawes’ face the previous December. And he wasn’t done.

On August 2nd 2020, two months after the infamous black square, rugby league clubs St. Helens and Catalans Dragons played against each other at a bare stadium in Headingley, West Yorkshire. Playing for Catalans was the Australian of Tongan descent, Israel Folau, who had previously represented Australia at fullback in the union code - and whose skills were considered mercurial. Until 2018.

Folau’s father is a pastor. He grew up Mormon, but became an enthusiastic member of the Assemblies of God Christian denomination at the age of 11. It is clear he has always taken his beliefs seriously, and in 2017, the first glimpses of the seriousness emerged when he declined to support, via a postal survey, gay marriage

in Australia. The following year he answered a question on Instagram: “What do you think God’s plan is for homosexuals?” Folau answered: “Hell...unless they repent of their sins and turn to God.”

Less than a year before he took the field in Headingly, Folau and Rugby Australia settled out of court. For the manner of expression in his beliefs, Folau’s contract had been terminated by the woman in charge there - a formidable unit by the name of Raelene Castle, whose head resembled a dark-ish brown brick. In what could have been a premonition for 2022’s Canadian anti-vaccination / lockdown mandate truckers, Folau’s attempts to challenge his dismissal were hamstrung by the demonic crowdfunder, gofundme, who claimed his position violated its terms of service.

There was no uncertainty when Israel Folau took to the field: kneeling is pagan - and he is a committed Christian. Admittedly his response to the plan question wasn’t the sort of thing you or I would say, fine, but it’s not as if he plans to join the Almighty in the exercise. If he did, then Britain’s Conservative party would have been the first to demand protection from some butch black policeman (“Help us

Lohanthony, there's a demented Tongan gay burner stalking the streets of Pimlico").

When all the other players got down on one knee before the match, Folau stood upright - and The Independent, arguably the most useless of Sutenbastud's information effluent outlets - went straight for the jugular: "Controversial Israel Folau to refuse to take knee before rugby game." And that's where Squidge emerged, retweeting the Independent's hysteria with his own feelings: "This headline is not only proof that Israel Folau remains an utter cunt, but proof that virtually nobody on either code of rugby is on his side." But that was not proof: the majority of the correspondents to the Independent actually approved of Folau's position - "good for him" and "keep politics out of rugby".

Here Squidge, like so many of his generation on the issue of race, has the appearance of possession. A class warrior is one thing: a young white man scolding black people - calling them "cunts" for not adhering to his own version of racial symmetries, is something else - that inhabits the brains of young privileged English white girls and boys and breeds something akin to a Marburg virus of perspective inside them.

BLM's presence in the UK, what is made people do and think, how it was fostered then disseminated, has created a fake problem for a country that heavily invested in the eradication of the real one - when it mattered. So it is with irony that the Squidge perspective on race relations has graduated into calls for reparations, oblivious to the fact that the distant relatives of white sailors killed in the battle to end slavery, who would theoretically be the first recipients were such a preposterous notion to be realised, are not doing the same.

The hysteria also saw the rise to prominence of a young, black single mother, who had previously campaigned for the Rhodes Must Fall movement in the UK. Unlike BLM it was scattered and clumsy, its architects incapable of articulating the campaign's goals without breaking into insults and losing their tempers. But Sasha Johnson was one of its finest graduates; not only did she ride the BLM grift, she went onto join the Taking the Initiative Party, which was centred around race and in Sasha's case, the explicit violence of traditional black power movements. In August 2020, Sasha led the Million March through central London, an anti-demonstration that she claimed would strike fear into

the hearts of oppressors. Roughly 400 people attended.

On the 23rd of May 2021, Sasha attended a house party in Peckham, southeast London. In the early hours of the morning, the house was invaded by four balaclava-wearing assailants, one of whom shot her in the head.

She survived the shooting, but her brain injuries left her in a permanent vegetative state. Half her skull had to be removed; today she cannot speak, walk or eat. It's unlikely her young children will know much more of their mother than their early memories.

The police reports indicate that the majority of this kind of violence in London's southeast is perpetuated by young black men, usually involved in gang or postcode warfare. As it happens, the police commander, a black woman named Commander Alison Heydari, addressed the media: "At around 3am, a group of black men wearing balaclavas entered the property. We have no reason to suspect that she was specifically targeted. Our inquiries are pursuing the line that Sasha Johnson was unintentionally targeted". But the country was still under BLM's spell, so immediately attention turned to motive, taking her position as something of an icon for the local

movement, alongside claims she had received threats to her life on account of inflammatory statements she had made about white people. This despite the policewoman's statement, formed by witnesses - "a group of black men" and "unintentionally targeted".

Sutenbastud was on standby in the media, and within the agitation quarters of the labour party. At the announcement of Sasha's shooting, Jeremy Corbyn's old girlfriend Diane Abbott entered the discussion, tweeting: "Black activist Sasha Johnson in hospital in critical condition after sustaining a gunshot wound to the head. Nobody should have to potentially pay with their life because they stood up for racial justice." But Dianne was unrepentant: on Sutenbastud's LBC radio that evening and accused of stoking division, she replied that "we don't know that it wasn't a targeted attack". Earlier in the day, however, one of Sasha's own friends appeared on the same station - again: "Sasha was an unintended victim of a gangland hit".

Which brings us to the central question of this chapter: what does the logic want? How does it see race relations? Is it reparations only, or is it legislated discrimination too, erm "affirmative action"? The answer to that question is easy to locate in the

present. The UK (and Ireland) is trying to solve the problem of Eastern European and Middle Eastern “refugees” - ordinarily young men of fighting age - arriving on small boats to claim asylum and benefit from Britain’s generous benefits complex.

Here, the “right” is fed up, wants the endless stream of arrivals to end - and emphasizes this where permitted, mainly on GB News, but also in the Daily Express, The Sun and The Daily Mail. The “left” wins the argument here: it has more media support for more “refugees”, it has managed to influence the conservative government in the continual shift of the Overton window - and it gets out and marches. Under banners of “Stop racism”, the protestors howl at the police, demanding compassion and generosity. But what they say to the cameras is sometimes different.

In one recent march, a video maker approached a protestor. “So,” the interviewer asked, “would you be willing to house a refugee?” “Um...um...no because I don’t have the space.” Then another. “Erm...actually I can’t afford to, much as I’d like to.” Another: “No, it shouldn’t be up to me.” Finally, after ten identical responses, he finds a taker: “Yes I will, of course I will, I’d open my ho...” The protestor stopped and steadied

himself: “Umm...actually I’ve just remembered...um please turn off the camera...um I can’t.” The interviewing has just created a focus group - 10% of a group of about 100 or just less - and the temperature reads zero. Despite believing so strongly that their own country is cruel enough for them to march, not a single member of this focus group agrees to the most instinctive response, which would be to lead by example where the government fails, and billet a “refugee”.

There is enough reason to suggest that this logic applies to black people too. Elevate them - but not at my expense. Create jobs for non-white candidates only - except for me. Give other people’s money away, not mine. What about restaurants and hotels? Yes, make some restaurants and sports stadiums for non-whites only...but not the ones I like. And you genuinely believe in this? Yes, yes. Black Lives Matter.

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Thanks to Squidge and his fellow travelers - young white men following a path beaten by dead and old white men - there’s a wobbly future ahead. I’ll talk in hypotheticals, and we’ll need to revert to the intersectionality model.



We are not done with the whole Islamist thing. Far from it. Previously, when we thought we were, a murderous savage rocked up in Manchester and blew up several white pre-teen girls. Despite Theresa May's insistence that we "don't look back in anger", and the fact nothing was done about this unspeakably tragic event, the Allah-u-Akbar lot are still - presumably - eager to deal with us.

So here's the hypothetical. What happens if one of their extensions - a group out of Palestine or Lebanon or Pakistan - attack and the victims include a black female netball team, or persons present inside a synagogue? What happens when it is revealed that the girls and some of the Jews both supported BLM? Where does Squidge go from here? Don't waste your time thinking too much. They've been cornered and cornered folk know only one course of action: to double down.

## Chapter 7: The Lang Hancock Appreciation Society

*Subtracting, till my fingers dropped*

*Into Van Diemen's Land.*

*If certain, when this life was out—*

*That yours and mine, should be—*

*I'd toss it yonder, like a Rind,*

*And take Eternity—*

***Emily Dickinson, If you were coming in the fall, 1862***

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**WHICH WESTERN COUNTRY** is the most insufferably woke? It's a photo finish between two. The first is, obviously, Ireland. The very day it found its own identity, shitlibs from Silicon Valley rocked up and decided to base the European operations of their respective tech pathologies in Dublin - taking advantage of generous tax policies that, according to U2's Bono, have been responsible for the "only prosperity they've ever known." This, coupled with a culture of lingering hangover of victimhood (remember the signs outside English pubs? "No blacks,

dogs or Irish”) created fertile grounds for the epic wankery we see on the Emerald Isle today, from the armies of pronoun-ed salespeople loitering in your inbox, to the IRA’s political wing Sinn Fein lobbying for transgender men to participate in women’s sports - to the behavior of its polyamorous Taoiseach (he is reported to have French-kissed 6 different men in 4 different nightclubs during 1 night out).

The second, tragically, is Australia.

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I landed in a scorchingly hot Perth in February 2013. A ginger Australian customs official asked me my flight number, then pointed toward what they probably describe, in the manner of an occupational joke, as “the African line” - the thorough examination of the bags and the person, just shy of a body cavity frisk - the kind of thing you see happen to (mainly) poor Filipinos on those Border Security television programs. The little diversion increased an existing dread; I was going to meet someone in Melbourne suffering rapid onset social justice dementia, and will probably one day lead the Green Party there.

My friend drove me straight from the airport to the house of sometime Zimbabwean opposition leader Morgan Tsvangiri's daughter in the suburb of Peppermint Grove, rumored to have been purchased with some of the alleged \$25m Robert Mugabe gave Morgan to shut up after the contentious elections of 2008. "I know some of your kind that live here now, and they miss black people, so they go and drive past the liquor stores where the Aboriginals hang out," my friend explained, "thought about introducing them to my Aboriginal friend Reggie Grainger but he's only sober until about 11am."

The conversation reminded me of some facts about the relationship between South Africa and Australia. Then, at least 200,000 white South Africans called Australia home. They liked Sydney the most, then Perth, followed by Brisbane and Melbourne - no ANC, no historic romance between political parties, and certainly no violent slaughter of farmers or suburban terror. In Sydney, wealthy South Africans, many of them wise Jews who gapped the country pre-1994, made even more money, and with that money purchased boats to mess around the harbor and surrounds in. Locally, these people are known as

“boating fucking people” (“boat people” is an entirely different group in the Australian context).

That evening we changed into our dinner jackets. My friend had specifically asked me to break the back of the journey to Melbourne as he wanted me to attend, as the guest of a member, a gathering at a members club in Perth that occurred twice annually. It was known as “The Lang Hancock Appreciation Society”.

As the New Yorker magazine once described him, Lang Hancock was one hell of a piece of work. A bush pilot, he was forced to avoid clouds one day by flying near the gorges of the remote Pilbara region where he noticed the rusted colors of the rocks, indicating the presence of oxidized iron. When explored, the find revealed one of the largest deposits of iron ore in the world, so Lang became the Australian equivalent of a Texan leaving his house in the morning with a hammer, then returning home covered in the black stuff - before getting on the phone to order a gold-plated Cadillac.

Lang’s success - and he became fabulously wealthy - was only overshadowed by the things he said and the way he behaved. He had a series of liaisons with Aboriginal women employed as cooks or helpers at his

prospecting locations. In South African and Rhodesian quarters, this activity is known as “mud-hutting”: one of Lang’s mud-hutting encounters resulted in the birth of a child who would come forward in 2002 to challenge his will. His legacy endures by way of his bubbly daughter, Gina Rinehart, once the richest woman in Australia (and the world), who has inherited his ability to speak her mind in defiance of Sutenbastud’s imposed boundaries.

The convenor of The Lang Hancock Appreciation Society was just as messy. His name was Cedric Parsons. Like Lang, Cedric made hundreds of millions of dollars in mining but with the cash came a decline in his temperament and mental wellbeing. He was institutionalized for a while and diagnosed with schizophrenia. During one of his many terms, he composed an elaborate schematic of a spacecraft that he traced from a NASA information book on the hospital’s library shelf, complete with 47 rows featuring individual seats evenly measured. One evening, he escaped from the asylum with his drawing tucked under his arm and took it to his local bar, where he approached his friends intending to establish the spaceship’s maiden flight manifest - with a discount for on-the-spot payments. The building of

the craft, he boasted to his terrified friends, was nearly complete. “Maurice, obviously I like you so I was planning to give you 23F - window - for \$500.00”; “No Wesley, you’re a cunt, you’re not coming.” It was said that he walked back to the asylum with over \$3000.00 in cash.

A stroke felled Cedric in his late 50s. He had been forced to give up drinking three years prior and the general feeling was that his body couldn’t live with the insult. So he lost the use of both legs and his left arm - and from then on found himself more horizontal than vertical in a state-of-the-art rocket wheelchair that was accompanied by male Indonesian nurses who rarely lasted more than a month. Most of the time his voice was just a continuous moan that struggled to articulate words but occasionally he managed to string a sentence together. A smartphone with a dicky battery, my friend told me, but you never knew. Sometimes he was okay.

Cedric had known Lang well and regarded him as the only candidate he would ever support for Prime Minister of Australia. He had agreed with Lang’s position that Western Australia secede from the rest of the country, leaving bureaucrats to twiddle their

thumbs in Sydney and Melbourne without the wealth generated by the mining West. When Lang died, Cedric established the society in his honor, invited his own friends - some of whom had nothing to do with mining - then threatened them and their families if they declined. The stroke did not affect the routines of the society; membership continued out of fear. My friend was dreading the evening, and I suspected everyone else was too.

We arrived at the club, a handsome Victorian building surrounded by perfectly manicured lawns overlooking the Swan River. We congregated at the reception and there I met Cedric for the first time. He resembled a much bigger, football-hooligan version of Stephen Hawking with a full head of salt and pepper hair and an almighty scowl. He sat awkwardly in his mobile chair wearing a velvet jacket with a bowtie on skew. I introduced myself, careful not to extend a hand (I had been warned): “Waaarrrrggggghhhhhhhh”, he said, and then grunted a few more times.

A group of younger men were busy signing in before us at the desk, some of whom had crew cuts. All seemed to be dressed in tighter suits than you would ordinarily encounter in a gentleman's clubs, but this was 2013,



and the slim tie - the “slim Jim” - especially popular with Britain’s Prime Minister Rishi Sunak for reasons related to his diminutive stature - was enjoying a revival. One of the group, possibly of Greek extraction (I thought at the time) was laughing loudly, clapping his hands and whistling. After they’d signed in it was our turn, and one of our group, a nice man who had earlier introduced himself to me as Eric, spoke to the host behind the desk before we were told to go upstairs.

The long room featured an extended bar with black and white portraits of the Australian sport and framed jockey jerseys hanging on the walls. The counter ran the entire width of the room - at the other end were the younger group who’d also come upstairs. Cedric emerged from the lift and drove right past me, over someone else’s foot, before stopping and wheeling the rocket around, using his right palm to maneuver the stick on the control panel. A round of drinks were ordered and I started talking to Eric.

Half an hour passed before I heard Cedric grunt loudly. I turned around to discover that he’d positioned his rocket 180 degrees to face the young group at the other end of the bar. He was trying to say

something. “Ebcun”, he droned, before shaking his head. His lips wobbled and a trail of saliva slipped out the paralyzed half of his mouth. His duty nurse gingerly wiped his face but was interrupted by another grunt: “EB CUNaaaaarrrrgggh!” Some of our group turned to him and my friend walked over. “What’s that Cedric? You okay there mate?”  
“Wa...wa...aaaaarrrrggghhhh!”

Everyone was now a little uncomfortable. Eric looked at his watch and my friend whispered over me to him: “Careful mate, remember last time Darren did that. Only an hour or so more.” Cedric was still facing the group and once again moaned: “EBCUN!!” This was louder, and so caught the attention of the other group at the bar. “Mate,” my friend grabbed me, “can’t you just go and see what’s wrong with him? Sometimes if you whisper calmly he responds.” I obliged and walked over to the rocket. “Is there anything I can get for you Mr. Parsons?” His eyeballs turned to me and he started breathing quickly. “Ebcun...t...”, he said again, softer than before, repeating a t or a d at the end we hadn’t heard yet. “Could you repeat that please?” I looked at his eyes. He was in bad shape, and my sudden concern that he was experiencing another stroke prevented me from noticing someone approaching us. I stayed bent

toward him. “Lllll...ebcun...t...t...t,” he said again. Then, as if I had discovered a lost set of car keys, I turned victoriously to my friend and Eric: “I think he’s saying...Lebcunt?” At that point Cedric shouted, his loudest and clearest yet, “Leb...cunt!!!” His one working hand then moved from his control pad. With a trembling finger, he pointed behind me.

I turned and saw the dark-skinned man, having broken away from the group, now standing less than 2 meters away. Ignoring me he addressed Cedric, unsmiling: “You got something to say mate?” Cedric shouted again, this time addressing him directly - and this time, the elocution was perfect: “LEB CUNT!!!” Now everyone had cottoned on, including the Leb Cunt’s group, and they were walking toward us - all of them. Two bar staff suddenly wise to what was happening leapt over the counter to form a barrier between the groups. But the Leb Cunt was still eyeing up Cedric menacingly, and the latter wasn’t making any attempt to de-escalate. Looking directly at him, Cedric brought his right hand to his neck and drew his finger across it. “That’s enough,” one of the staff who witnessed Cedric’s death threat protested. Then the manager, having been summoned upstairs, appeared at our end flustered: “You’re out,” he belted to our

group, “follow me gentlemen.” Just as we were shifting off someone in the group of younger men sniggered that “a retard shouldn’t be served alcohol” to which one poor idiot in our group replied cheerfully: “He hasn’t had a drink since the 90s”. My friend managed to wrestle Cedric’s right hand from the control stick, and had turned the rocket around to face the exit.

There wasn’t enough space in the lift for our entire group plus the wheelchair, so I had to wait with Eric and some others I’d who shaken hands with earlier. Whilst we were waiting, the Leb Cunt and two of his group confronted us. But it wasn’t the Leb Cunt who spoke; instead, one of the other tightly-suited bouncer lookeylukes. “Mate,” he said addressing me, “dchya know thit yoar mate hes jis may-de en encridibly raysist rimaaak?” “I’m sorry about that,” I shook my head, “I really don’t believe it was malicious, I’m sure you can appreciate that he is severely handicapped.” “Thet disint metter! U sayhin thet hes condition is n x-cuus?” I looked to Eric but he was useless here. “No, but look...” He cut me off: “Neow, U’m tellin yoo, yoar mate coooud be n trubble heya.” Then he took out his phone. “Wots yer nayme?” I caught his eyes, and what I saw in them wasn’t the look of a coked-up bouncer about to lash out. There was something in them that

spoke to genuine offence - he had been hurt, outraged and had no desire to hide it, or couldn't. I looked over to the other tightly suited bouncer lookeylikey - and saw the same thing. Whatever primary instincts they had - ones that I presumed to involve beating up Eric and I - had been usurped by something else. I grasped: "If it's offence you are looking for, I heard one of your group call him a 'retard'". The man's eyes widened. "Hoooh sed thet?" "I heard it, on the way out." I looked to Eric for re-assurance but he was useless again, standing with his face an inch from the lift's metal doors. Bouncer lookelikey accosting me turned around to Leb Cunt: "U sed thet?" Leb Cunt shook his head. Fortunately one of the barmen returned again to check on our departure progress which coincided with the lift doors opening. "Sorry," I muttered, stepping in. I looked at my accuser again before the doors shut. The incident had troubled him beyond fists. He was angry, but more importantly, he was sad.

Downstairs, the manager scolded our group again before another staff member prepared the ramp. By then Cedric looked shagged out and his nurses had lost interest in wiping his mouth. At the ramp, he was lifted into the van customized to accommodate his

rocket and positioned to face the back window. The car started and Cedric and his scowl drove off.

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An enhanced iteration of Sutenbastud came to Australia in the form of former Prime Minister Kevin Rudd.

In February 2008 Kevin made an apology in Canberra to 'the stolen generation'. It was intended as a monumental shift between indigenous (Aboriginal) and white Australian relations - and the "left" cheered what they saw and hoped as a stain now lifting from their conscience. Sitting behind Kevin in Parliament that day was a woman called Julia Gillard who would also go on to become Prime Minister - and one of the most unpopular ones ever at that.

Kevin dressed badly, liked to pick his nose in public then eat it. He was the antithesis of Lang Hancock, or Mick Dundee. Keen on China and fluent in Mandarin, he probably wasn't to know - or care - that the Asian commodities boom and other advances would result in today's partial colonization of Australia by the Chinese Central Committee. What he was apologizing for was the snatching of Aboriginal children from their

parents, up to 100,000 of them, on a theory formed in the previous century that Aboriginal children were dying in the care of their parents, so should be reclassified as wards of the state or be handed to the Church. Things that had formed the country we know today - settlers - had, according to Kevin, destroyed the things we'd never known - the societal fabric of the Aborigines, their oral traditions, once passed through generations, now lost. Alongside the Aboriginal issue there were other racial fault lines, including the influx of Middle Eastern - mainly Lebanese - citizens. Greeks too. But the culprit was the white man and his destructive conquest, his culture, his drinking, promiscuity, and corruption. You could argue that this line of thought wasn't new to the country: Former Prime Minister Malcolm Fraser was Sutenbastud too, if you remember his anti-apartheid positions and his once gushing endorsement of Robert Mugabe (Kevin himself had dangled a carrot in front of Robert's nose: "Behave in the 2008 elections and you'll get aid". There was no mention of what happened in 1999/2000, so we can only assume Kevin had forgiven Robert for that one).

With his apology, Rudd was trying to lead the progress charge, for a broad set of gender and identity



rights and recognitions. With the idea that a permanent state of reflection would prevent future genocide, exploitation, or even hurt feelings, so came the model of once alpha country looking inside itself, seeing (what it considered) many nasty things, and concluding that only an elaborate confession and compensation scheme could appease its conscience. The scheme also included Julia Gillard succeeding Rudd as Prime Minister.

Kevin's premiership did little else but issue apologies, but in the apologies, it laid the platform for Julia, and Julia wanted to be a girl boss, to say all the things "strong" women - from Hollywood to Palestine - say when they address congregations of other young women. But this pursuit wasn't particularly successful, especially when it appeared she couldn't even do this at home. In 2013, Julia's partner Tim, a former hairdresser turned estate agent, delivered a speech at a charity dinner in which he suggested that the ideal candidates to apply prostate examinations "were small Asian women", presumably on account of the size of their fingers. Julia happened to be in the audience that night (Tim also served as some kind of "aide" to Julia, in the manner of former UK Home Secretary Jacqui Smith's bearded permawanking



husband David who purchased X-rated DVDs - “Mature housewives from Ipswich” - and expensed it to Parliament).

From that moment on Julia couldn't be taken seriously and all of Kevin's social justice surrendering was dealt a blow when a man in the old Australian profile, Tony Abbott of the Liberals (supposedly but not really the equivalent of the UK's conservatives) became Australia's 28th Prime Minister.

But Kevin's ideals were not dead. What happened next demonstrated for the conservative citizens of that country the extent to which Sutenbastud influenced this corner of the world. In 2015, Abbott was sacked, and replaced by an Oxford-educated lawyer, Malcolm Turnbull, who attempted to disguise the fact he successfully lobbied for the Guardian newspaper to launch in Australia by creating the impression that his main focus was the economy. Turnbull was only ever Sutenbastud's cuckolded Westminster conservative; for people like this, their real job is to out “left” the “left” opposition, not to pursue contemporary interpretations of classical economic theory - and it clearly didn't worry him that Kevin had such a profound impact on members of his own party.

The conservative in-name-only deception was exposed in a diplomatic brush with South Africa. The Australian Minister of Home Affairs, Peter Dutton, who looks a little bit like a moon, said in March 2018 that white South African farmers should be treated like refugees and welcomed into Australia. These comments were a response to a tide of publicity involving white farmers murdered at the hands of black people in South Africa, raising the ire of Sutenbastud media and “fact checkers”, as well as that of black nationalists. Africa Check, the Open Society / Pierre Omidyar-funded data collection and review unit, has always claimed that it finds no evidence that white farmers are specifically targeted in its measurement disciplines, and it was also oddly cross, with one of its obedient nerd researchers “regretting” Peter’s proposal.

Of course, the discussion murders of white farmers has been convincingly won by Sutenbastud . When the ANC and the media could no longer deny that many white farmers were being attacked and murdered, in some cases with brutal abandon, the media produced a fake forensic analysis appearance and went out to investigate. Then it came back and said words to the effect of: “No, actually, there are murders, but there’s

nothing to distinguish these murders from other murders.” This was condemned - for good reason. Afriforum, the Afrikaans rights movement, generated its own findings - with the answer staring the reader in the face. It finds that the majority of farmers attacked are elderly, between the ages of 60 and 70. This makes the attackers the luckiest in the world: of all random attacks, they always manage to attack the most vulnerable. Still - nothing to see here, move on.

Peter’s remarks served as a measurement, an acid test to locate how willing the country was to pander to the simulation of political correctness.

You saw it on the streets. At a rally in Melbourne, average Australians were asked whether they considered white South African farmers as suitable candidates for refugee status. “Nooooooo-oh,” one Australian woman said, “they hev their own land - which they etchelly stole boy the way.”

“Preposterous”, another woman remarked, “they are not being murdered at all.” In Sydney, a protestor missing one front tooth was especially lively; in an Australian accent, he declared “I’m a colored because of you”, directed at the news anchors, who seemed understandably puzzled, but it’s not good form to

interview a man who was holding a bottle in a brown paper bag just before the cameras arrived.

The had wind carried Kevin's sentiments over the Tasman Sea, to mesmerizingly beautiful New Zealand, resulting in the election of Jacinda Adhern, a woman who at the age of 27 had served as President of the International Union of Socialist Youth.

Jacinda is no longer Prime Minister but her tenure wasn't as pristine as she and her supporters like to tell you it was. There were an extraordinarily high number of Sutenbastud incidents during the early stages of her campaign and subsequent victory.

In those early days, a story circulated that Jacinda had worked for Tony Blair. It is said that in 2005 she was in London and working for Tony Blair as an Assistant Director for Better Regulation Executive in the Department for Business and Enterprise, and on a review of Policing in England and Wales. Ah. But this story was quickly muted in the aftermath as her commitment to "diversity" became clear. Diversity, her advisors clearly woke up to realize, included people known as "Muslims", so perhaps it wasn't the greatest idea to trumpet around the name of a man who'd gone off and killed a million of them. In 2018 she formed

part of a social justice axis that included London's Mayor, Sadiq Khan, and Canada's Prime Minister, Justin Trudeau, in London, at a sideshow from the Commonwealth gathering. The three met and did nothing but agree with one another, surrounded by young smiling Muslims girls wearing Niqabs. You can just imagine someone like Hillary and Bill Clinton's beautiful daughter, Chelsea, watching that in the company of some enormously intelligent Indian general practitioner (more about that shortly), clasping her hands together and screeching:

"Inspired!" Not far from where this social justice romantic eruption was taking place, young black kids were being stabbed - or stabbing others. But Sadiq's never been too bothered about this; at the end of the love-in he grabbed Justin Trudeau's shoulders and squealed: "This man is one of the biggest feminists in the world!" Jacinda looked on, pleased as punch.

And then there was coof, and finally, judgment year both two countries swamped with Sutenbastud . You couldn't squeeze a rizla paper between the two responses: Australia, despite being led by a liberal administration, issued emergency powers to state governors, in the case of Victoria - to Dan Andrews, an avowed Marxist unable to conceal his admiration for

China's Central Committee. The one image that stays is that of Shane Patton, Andrews' Chief Commissioner of Police. Shane has a pointy, menacing face and an expression complimented by a black uniform he wore to threaten the public again and again on national television. He spoke as a man who'd tried his luck with acting, succeeding only as an extra, non-speaking part in the train driver's cabin in Schindler's List, before throwing the towel in and seeking the real thing. One of the better comments through coof was made in a letter in The Telegraph in August 2020: "from the heavy-handed response," one Mr. Pontdexter wrote, "it appears that Australia is a land descended not so much from prisoners...as it is from prison guards." Just like the ginger border security guy who had given me a hard time in 2013.

Australia's response was guilty inheritance, central committee logic plus Sutenbastud - perhaps the most devastating combination in the world. The result of this played out in the streets, at the spectacle of the police kicking, punching, and harassing ordinary people. In 2022, the Labour candidate Anthony Albanese took coof off his campaign agenda, focusing almost entirely on climate change. Cynically you could argue that one atrocity pursues another, and to an

extent, you'd be right. But you'd also be right to consider the lives of average citizens, battle-worn by the hell of lockdowns, terrorized by police, and demonized by politicians and media. At that point, you'd choose the atrocity that was least likely to keep you indoors, away from your family and friends - but watch this space. In this part of the world, Sutenbastud enjoyed seamless contextual renewal. Through a history viewed only through racial conflict, dispossession, and guilt, it was able to form for itself a future consistent with those of other English-speaking countries and some of the more radical ambitions of the EU.

In the early 80s, a former crocodile hunter called Malcolm Douglas started making videos of Australia's magnificent northwestern coastline for the European market. It was a wild and dangerous place, and the camera followed as Malcolm boated his way through treacherous currents, mesmerizing German audiences. Until Sutenbastud encouraged a procession of victims to talk openly about their imagined problems and to adopt presentism as a reasonable perspective, this was Australia to the world - a land almost too beautiful to fathom, one that would appear completely alien to inner city youth were they to



stumble across one of his gains videos on YouTube. In these videos, Malcolm is lithe, bearded, and nimble - spearfishing, crab trapping, battling opportunistic black-tip sharks, and handling poisonous snakes and giant lizards. That was Australia to the world, and we are poorer for the paranoid and troubled imposter that has replaced it.

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The Leb Cunt was actually a Turk Cunt.

After the incident at the club, my friend, haunted by the experience, did some research. What he discovered, he told me a few years later, was an extremely naughty fellow. The child of immigrants, the Turk Cunt had found success in groceries and thought it would be a good idea to branch out into recreational drugs where he found similar success - which is where he was roundabout the time of the incident. Flooding the joint with ecstasy. His family were also naughty and but when an uncle was bust with a car boot full of vaccum sealed hashish, it wasn't the Turk Cunt's fault - at all. He still loved his uncle



but the drugs - no fucking idea what the hell happened there, mate.

The incident with the uncle led the police to monitor him. This he did not like at all, and when a few years later the filth accused him of drug importation, money laundering and tax evasion, he turned around and accused them of Islamaphobia, racism and xenophobia. My friend sent me a photo of the Turk Cunt in 2015; to help with his campaign against the police, he had gone all Imam and was pictured smiling, sitting next to Aisha or Fatima - except you couldn't even see Aisha or Fatima's eyes because they were behind a metal strip in the burka, like a burka within a burka. Anyways, there he was, with a full beard, wearing a band-collared robe and talking about his new wife and his plans to donate a property of his to the local mosque. The filth eventually dropped its investigation, and the Turk Cunt moved his business to Dubai.

## Chapter 8: Helicopters

*“Woke isn’t a mind virus. Woke is social corn syrup. Heavily subsidized, overproduced, then pumped into every consumer product until your children turn fat and stupid”*

*Kurt Metzger, 2022*

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**IN MAY 2023**, the NHS - Britain’s sclerotic, hyper-politicized, perma-complaining health provider - made a public statement: “We are suffering an obesity crisis!” It claimed that 1 in 5 Britons are obese, and whilst the standard obesity measurement of BMI - Body Mass Index - is fundamentally flawed in that it doesn’t consider muscle density, there’s still a massive problem - one that is costing the NHS £1,344 a year per fatty.

Announcements like these are the cue for The Guardian to break from its usual business of making implicit anti-Semitic remarks (and not remarks from its investigations into, say, the role of Mossad in Jeffrey Epstein’s affairs - it doesn’t do stuff like that - but the kind of hatred that involves depicting Jews with hooked noses, unable to contain their impulses for cash and Ukrainian hookers). “Poor people just cannot

afford to eat healthily,” it has pleaded in defense of fatties. Later in the week, it will shore up its position with an interview with a fatty (“plus-size activist”) and some made-up graphs of the rise of “fatphobia” in Britain.

The Guardian and others claim it’s hard for 17-year-old Sharon or Munira or LaQuiesha to cook for her 3 children from different fathers. Not only is it hard, but inconvenient: it’s much easier to visit the local chicken shop or Turkish burger joint - points on the journey in the cycle of welfare dependence - where a single patty or drumstick, deep fried in seed oils, can often exceed 800kcal - more than half the limit for women according to the Surgeon General. The combination of convenience and cost, the Guardian will whine, has well and truly fucked Sharon or Munira or LaQuiesha.

Increasingly studies are escaping the grip of pharmaceutical companies in America to reveal the extraordinary damage processed and fast foods are having on people’s guts and subsequently, their brains. This is recent: there is a viral photograph comparison between what Venice Beach in California looked like in the early 80s, just as the horror of food additives was making landfall - and what it looks like

now. Sure, there was a lot of smoking, but people's bodies then were notably slimmer. Three decades later Britain has fallen into the same trap, and whilst food manufacturers are forced to clearly state their use of additives such as red dyes in certain products, the rise of American candy shops on high streets, on main roads, and in almost every single UK hamlet has exploded without much resistance. In careful language medical scholars are starting to attribute several conditions - some familiar, some new-ish - ADHD, dyslexia, dyscalculia, dyspraxia and DMDD (Disruptive Mood Dysregulation Disorder) with overly sugared or calorific diets. Some brave scholars have even gone further: the crisis of identity gripping GEN Z - things which I can't remember discussing with my Afrikaans woodwork teacher in Cape Town when I was 11 - could well be due to what these poor him/hers are eating, or being forced to eat.

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Before coof I spent a lot of time in Europe's largest bookshop, Waterstones on Piccadilly. It boasts 8 floors, but customers can only access 6 of them - floor 5 was my spot, with its impressive collection of history, biographies, economics and military history. Then

coof arrived and bookshops were classified as “non-essential”. The same thing happened in 2011 when London had its riots; looters and vandals were happy to trash trainer and tracksuit shops - but those selling books were, again, “non-essential” to the rioter’s agenda.

The Scientists charged with handling coof neither created nor enabled the racial dimension of the pandemic, but it’s likely personal politics prevented them from terminating it as completely irrelevant, early, as it should have been. “BAME” communities in the UK, we were told, were more at risk of the virus. This was partially true on account of habitation, where “BAME” households are often multi-generational (grandparents, parents - then kids). But this wasn’t explained; for a long time, the emphasis upon “BAME” in the context of coof implied that “BAME” people were particularly at risk based on genetic composition so theories abounded that certain demographics were naturally immunocompromised - the reasons never made clear because the whole objective was to ensure that “BAME” communities were at the top of the list the moment the government decided to dispense with subsidies, grants or other forms of compensation. This

strategy, designed to scare the government into the fear of being accused of racism at the same time as having to deal with a “pandemic”, set the scene for what erupted in May 2020.

Because of their new-found political agency within the operating system of a cuckolded government, \$cientists in the UK were some of the first to condemn the death of George Floyd. This assumed an astonishing spectacle: for the day of the 3rd of June 2020, these people temporarily suspended their lockdown instructions and decided, like their counterparts in the US, that racism was itself “a public health emergency”. Thousands of UK citizens subsequently flooded Hyde Park in London, joined in veiled death threat chants against police and white people then cheerfully posted reminders of the occasion onto Instagram. You got the feeling, in that cursed time, that something dreadful was happening.

It was. One by one, the institutions veered from their lanes or fell. After the \$cientists spoke, NHS workers stopped making TikTok videos that would convince even the hardest lockdown or vaccine enthusiast that there was never a “public health emergency” and turned their attention to explaining - again on social

media - just how awful racism was, and how we're all guilty of it. Then the corporations arrived, led of course by the outsized moron CEO of Ben & Jerry's, Matthew McCarthy. Matthew is - as you imagine the leader of a company that gives its customers type 2 diabetes - cringingly daft. Often he's asked whether his petrol-flavoured lard brand is a "socialist company" - on account of how he or his hippy founders dress or the stupid things that come out of all their mouths - to which he usually responds with "no....but..." Anyways, Matthew got his chairman - a black woman - to write a poem or something, and this not set only the corporations' pace, it emboldened young tech crypto randos working out of London to make statements themselves on LinkedIn (apologies in advance for the brutality of this comparison, but navigating LinkedIn in the wake of George Floyd felt like walking on the room carpet of a teenager who has recently discovered masturbation. I don't know what to tell you - perhaps it's the way founder and regular Epstein Islander Reid Hoffman likes it).

Then the police fell.

This happened in London when the crowd of black protestors was filmed shouting obscenities and

ordering 2 white policemen to go down: “Kneel, fucker, kneel!” Both policemen wobbled slightly before winching down gently to the sadistic glee of the crowd. Another policeman could be seen standing further to their left, watching one of his colleagues in horror. “Holy shit”, his expression appeared to say, “what the fuck are you doing Mel!? Mel!?!? Don’t!!” But Mel went anyway.

If the police can fall, so can National Geographic, which had been cruising below altitude for some time, unable to bear the weight of faux-guilt heaped upon it by activist agitprop media start-ups such as Vice and Vox. In 2018, the once-international treasure took the editorial decision to go all-in on race. This was particularly unappealing: National Geographic wasn’t destined to be a fixture within identity politics - it was perceived as boasting an almost magical ability to put words to a world that doesn’t speak through them, and for a long time, it accomplished this with extraordinary success. In its 155th edition, published in 1975, National Geographic included the pressing of a record “Songs of the Humpback Whale”, inserted between pages 24 and 25. It was the largest single pressing of a record, and the edition sold over 10 and a half million copies. But it wasn’t just the natural world:



in March 1998, the magazine studied the Italian city of Naples in mesmerizing, authentic detail: to this day it remains the pre-eminent long-form documentary of a city. In April 2000, the magazine sent the author of *Jaws*, Peter Benchley on assignment to Gansbaai, South Africa, to study Great White Sharks. There, the man partially responsible for one of life's most irrational fears documented a deep sorrow for the effect of his work, admitting - not for the first time - just how misunderstood these magnificent creatures are. For Nat Geo, all it took was a journey in the direction of race to destroy a lifetime of majesty and wonder.

And if National Geographic can fall, so can bookshops.

The day Waterstones opened to the public again, a book appeared on the shelves - 7 shelves in total- as well as tables and on posters. This book, written by one Robin DiAngelo, a white West Coast American (California, Washington) was called 'White Fragility' and it was 2 things: for Robin, a crescendo of a semi-life's work dividing people on the subject of anti-black racism, for everyone else, it was the lockdown set work. Staff wrote gushing notes next to the book,

describing the book as “an essential conversation” (it had reached the number 1 spot on Sutunbustid’s New York Times bestseller lists in June).

The book is rubbish, obviously, so rubbish that I didn’t make it to the end - stopping at page 170 out of 192. In conversations I had in the weeks after, I couldn’t find anyone who dared admit it was rubbish - and neither could I find anyone who could tell me honestly what the purpose behind it was. Apparently, that was to define a list of noxious behaviors behind a blanket term called “whiteness”. It would be left to the reader to explore, in their own minds, what kind of remedial actions should be appropriate. A very dangerous thing to do when spirits are at one of their all-time lows.

A book so pathetic - so thin on substance - had found its way into a magnificent bookshop, and crowded out other, more riveting occupants. This depressing realization occurred just before the writer skirmish of 2020 broke out.

On the 7th of July 2020, Harper’s magazine published an open letter decrying the acceleration of “cancel culture”. The letter, entitled “A Letter on Justice and Open Debate”, was the idea of one Thomas Chatterton Williams, a black contributing writer at

The Atlantic, and was signed by 153 other writers and academics, including the armchair warlord Anne Appelbaum, the aspiring dictator Randi Weingarten, Chair of the American Federation of Teachers, the anti-Donald Trump spastic fitter David Frum and the oddball Malcolm Gladwell. With Sutenbastud accounting for more than 75% of signatories, you wouldn't be surprised to learn that the letter destroyed itself in the first paragraph by making a disclaimer: "The forces of illiberalism are gaining strength throughout the world and have a powerful ally in Donald Trump, who represents a real threat to democracy." By attacking Trump, the writers sought to ally themselves discreetly with the rioters in America, before going to on bemoan the crisis of newsroom policy and the "free exchange of ideas" - themes you would expect from the more sensible signatories like JK Rowling and Cornel West. But the damage was done - it was tepid, nervous, almost controlled opposition - an attempt to both pick a fight but simultaneously feign solidarity with the parties at whose heels it was barking.

They may not have been interested in fighting - but fighting appeared interested in them. Someone called Arionne Nettles responded with another open letter 3

days later - this one entitled “A More Specific Letter on Justice and Open Debate” - and got 160 writers and academics to sign on. Out of fear of retaliation - apparently - many did not sign their actual names, but this curiosity was eased by the bravery of esteemed writers from esteemed institutions such as the Huffington Post, VICE and Teen Vogue who had no problem signing theirs. And that was because the response to the 153 was easy: “Fuck off, you’re all white, privileged transphobes and racists.” Even if not all the 153 were white, the response letter hinted, the act of signing it certainly was - which only served to boost Robin’s thoroughly made-up “whiteness” scam.

If you were ever of the opinion that race hustling wasn’t at handsome earner, then DiAngelo’s year would completely disabuse you: not only did the hysterical wench enjoy bumper sales, but the talking circuit called - and first and foremost were the academic institutions. The places that had flooded DiAngelo’s head with stupid, bad ideas were now seeking to pay her for them. DiAngelo reportedly charged \$14,000 a speech and during the year of our Floyd she doubled her prices - which led her to earn approx. \$781k at the end of 2021.

It didn't come without amusement. At the end of 2020, it was revealed that Diangelo had been paid nearly twice as much more for a discussion of "race and diversity" at The University of Wisconsin than another "race and diversity" hustler. The other hustler happened to be black; if we must - are forced to - take Diangelo at her words, then just she committed a massive, disgusting racism, and should be provided with the necessary "resources" to educate herself of "blind spots."

For Waterstones, it wasn't enough to have Diangelo dripping off the shelves. Soon, another book joined her: "How to be an anti-racist", by Ibram X Kendi, born Ibram Henry Rogers. Henry's book is also shit, and he too creamed the lecture circuit.

Henry probably doesn't know this, but London was familiar with activists calling themselves 'X', thanks to the story of a man called Michael de Freitas, who was born to a black mother and Portuguese father in Trinidad and Tobago, before emigrating to Britain the United Kingdom in 1957.

Michael started working as a heavy for a notorious Polish-born slum lord called Peter Rachman operating out of West London. Chief amongst his subjects to

terrorize were poor black families and by the time the currents of “Black Power” had traveled from the US across the Atlantic, Michael was already a hardened thug, honing an ability to exploit as many well-intentioned white “lefties” as possible. He lost the de Freitas bit of his surname and replaced it with an “X” - something inspired by Malcolm X, whom he knew. John Lennon reportedly wrote him a cheque for \$10,000 (this was the 60s). Another man called Nigel Samuel, a wealthy white businessman with a penchant for black women, financed Michael’s slum project in North London - called “Black House” - off Holloway road. Arguably his most infamous documented controversy occurred when he tortured a white businessman, Marvin Brown, around whose neck he spiked a West African slave collar. His most infamous *undocumented* controversy reportedly involved the possession of compromising photographs of Queen Elizabeth II’s younger sister Margaret being bent out of shape by a duo of Trinidadians. These he stored in a safety deposit box at Lloyd’s Bank on Baker Street, the subject of a film called “The Bank Job” released in 2008.

Unlike now, the police then were more-or-less effective and the judges hadn’t been exposed to a handbook

urging them to consider the legacy of slavery or “inherent bias” in their orders and summaries. Michael thus became the first non-white person to be charged under the Race Relations Act, designed to protect minorities from racial discrimination. Uncomfortable with the scrutiny, he fled back to Trinidad, where he murdered the daughter of a Conservative politician - something that exhausted all remaining patience. He was hung in 1975.

Henry’s book was ultimately Michael X for the brain - the central theme of his anti-racism being you must be anti-white to be a true “anti-racist”. But amidst the loathing and feting Henry made a dreadful mistake. In October 2021 he tweeted a link to an article published by The Hill which claimed that white applicants to US universities were identifying as people of color to secure better treatment. For someone who has spent much of his life bleating about “systemic white privilege”, it was a disastrous self-report, potentially catastrophic to his gift - so Henry quickly deleted the tweet and accused those who had retweeted it or captured a screenshot of...well, what do you think?

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Where Henry and Robin led, others followed.



Earlier this year, I started imagining what the present experience of Waterstones - actually any major bookshop in the Western world - must be like for the completely uninitiated.

Say you've spent the last decade shoveling shit in the north of England and have decided to devote the rest of your days boning up on affairs of the world you know little of. So you come to London, where at first you discover that this thing you're led to believe builds nuclear reactors and spaceships - diversity - is disappointingly limited in that it's only used when there's a terrorist atrocity or machete attack to excuse. Or celebrate for that matter. But, no bother, you'll bob along to Waterstones and find enlightenment there.

It's not quite a rock you've been living under: you know the name Donald Trump, and decide to explore the books the store has on him. Where to start? What about this one that is positioned everywhere in the shop - "Too much and never enough: How my family created the world's most dangerous man" written by his niece, Mary Trump? Blimey, you think after the first 25 pages, this woman is out of her bloody mind. Now you're sensible - even if you've been tending to valleys



of sewage for two decades, you're reasonably convinced that he isn't a cannibal or Hitler, so you put the carnage of Mary's testimony down to an angry family squabble probably over money and move on.

You cast your eyes around and discover 25 other titles before a realization hits you: every single one of these books is written with complete disgust for America's 43rd President. There's that one written by the Ukrainian-born slob, Alexander Vindman, there's one by a corrupt FBI agent called Peter Strzok and finally, there's one by a man called James Comey, also formerly FBI. Outside of disgust, all are linked by one theme - Russia.

So you're all in on Russia - you're tearing into the allegations made by a former UK spy and cat father Christopher Steele, about hookers pissing on each other in front of Trump during a trip to Moscow on a bed Barack Obama slept in. You're reading about Alpha Bank and servers in Trump Tower and honeytraps and secret meetings and Julian Assange - and soon you've come to a conclusion: according to all of these books, Trump is Vladimir Putin's asset. But you need to correlate what you've read with what is said - on something called the internet, on British

television in newspapers and sure enough, there you locate some pretty hairy stuff - from the likes of a peculiar Californian senator called Adam Schiff, who claims he has personally witnessed “incriminating evidence” that Trump is owned by Russia. Other people called Nancy Pelosi and Eric Swalwell make similar remarks. “Fuck me,” you mutter, relieved that you weren’t invested in this story whilst you held a spade, this is mad - what an appalling, immoral, corrupt degenerate. With that, you thank Waterstones for its part in educating you, and you leave, satisfied that you’re totally up to speed on a man called Donald J Trump.

But a few days later, you see on the news that something called “The Durham Report” has been published. Eh, what could that be? Trump had already been investigated by a former head of America’s FBI regarding Russia’s involvement between March 2017 and March 2019; as that report, known as The Mueller Investigation had produced precisely zilch, a federal prosecutor called John Durham was appointed to explore the basis for it. Now you’ve just spent months reading all of the books about Russia and Trump, which landed you at those conclusions. But this is

troubling: you realize this isn't a book. The report is official political record - in other words, the truth.

So you download a copy of the Durham Report and file through its 306 pages. And just as your stomach is sinking, a passage jumps out at you:

***In light of the foregoing, there is a continuing need for the FBI and the Department to recognize that lack of analytical rigor, apparent confirmation bias, and an over-willingness to rely on information from individuals connected to political opponents caused investigators to fail to adequately consider alternative hypotheses and to act without appropriate objectivity or restraint in pursuing allegations of collusion or conspiracy between a U.S. political campaign and a foreign power.***

Whoa. What does it mean? For a moment you feign stupidity, but then just as quickly you realize you were lying to yourself there. It was all bullshit, a political stitch-up that abused the property of the state - and all the books you read, all the time you spent, all of your precious interest - reduced to a bubbling stream of opinion effluent, most written to cloak the nebulous activities of their authors, claim innocence and in some cases, integrity. So thanks a lot Waterstones,

Daunt and Hatcherd - you scum-tard fake news platformers - thanks a fuckload.

As the saying goes, the truth arrives too late, and there's no way people who are all in will be able to defenestrate the contents of their heads - in fact, there's nothing in the world that could ever dissuade, or force a reversal of logic. The damage is done. You could argue that there just weren't enough books available to present Trump's side of the story - that's not true by the way - but say it anyway, and you'd be staring into the biases of the American liberal media complex, fraught with antagonism and favoritism: it's as easy to unload candy and shitty beef and cheap Chinese noodles in your face as it is to be deluded by the selective promotion of current affairs. It's done, over. Move on.

Where to exactly? Well pop into a Waterstones or a Daunt nowadays - or even a Barnes and Noble - to take the temperature. You can still find the Russia bullshit, now relegated to the shelves of floor 5 in Piccadilly - because there's a new villain for our moment, an extension of the loathing for Trump: white, "cisgender" men.

So - let's start off with some light reading: how would you feel about "The Good Ally" by Nova Reid - "a guided anti-racism journey from bystander to change-maker?" If that's too vanilla, how about "The Trans-Gender Issue - An Argument for Justice"? That was written by a woman called Shon Faye - but she wasn't always called that because she was once a dude but chose "Shon" upon her transition presumably because "Twilight" or "Shadow" or "Luna" were already taken by her friends. That not suit you? How about "Hood Feminism" or "It's not about the Burqa"? You could settle with the Channel 4 presenter Cathy Newman - who faked death threat claims in 2018 after she tried to humiliate Jordan Peterson on television and ended up humiliating herself. Her "Bloody Brilliant Women" couldn't be too bad, surely? But if it's women being "brilliant" you're after - why not try "Gutsy Women" by Hillary Clinton and her beautiful daughter Chelsea? Asked why the mother and beautiful daughter had chosen to exclude Britain's first female Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher on their book tour of the UK in November 2019, Hillary replied that Baroness Thatcher didn't meet parts of the definition, which, by their measurement, were tweaked to include "breaking down doors for others." "She had a mixed record,"

Hillary is quoted as saying. Okay, well, maybe just stick to Cathy's intersectional analysis - you don't want to get Hillary too excited anyways - she'll start speaking with a fake African-American accent before offering you some (paid) advice on how to make shooting someone in the face from 10 yards away look like a suicide.

But back to race - and "allyship" and "unconscious biases" - to the trail beaten by Diangelo and Henry. Here you can fill your boots: there is just so, so much, and not just in Waterstones, but the charity bookshop Oxfam too. Yes, Oxfam is fully into the whole intersectional rage game thing, which appears to have given the "charity" a shot in the arm after its operatives were caught sexually abusing desperate people in Haiti and the DRC. What would you like? There's "Me and White Supremacy" by Layla F. Saad; "Natives" by Akala; "Why I'm No Longer Talking to White People About Race" by Reni Eddo-Lodge and; "So You Want to Talk About Race" by Ijeoma Oluo. Something even angrier? What about "There Ain't No Black in the Union Jack" by Paul Gilroy, "Capitalism and Slavery" by Eric Williams or "Antagonists, Advocates and Allies" by Catrice M Jackson? And the point is: they are the shop. They are everywhere - in

the display windows of the store, on the display tables and in the shelves, in the bestseller and recommendations section. You can't get away from them - and that's partially Sutebastud's point here, one that fits nearly into arguably the most accurate cartoon posted in the last two decades.

It's not clear who that cartoonist is or was, or when and where exactly the sketch was originally published, but it depicts what appears to be a smug, balding Wall Street banker resembling the former Chief Operating Officer of Goldman Sachs, Gary Cohn, sitting in an office on the telephone. Outside the window, protestors are holding up placards with "STOP CORPORATE GREED" and "OCCUPY WALL STREET" written on them. The speech bubble of the banker on the telephone reads: "introduce them to identity politics."

Both questions and anger arising from legitimate grievances have been deliberately channeled into non-issues, which are then documented, even if the authors or publishers or book store owners claim otherwise, as matters of fact. In the view of our northern shit shoveler who comes to read and understand, there's an unnerving congruence between the rubbish written



about Donald Trump / Russia, and the rubbish written about identity politics. And that is: a view taken about the world from the books that claim to speak for it is depressing, unfair and irredeemable. And although this isn't the case - that there remains great beauty in art and literature and nature and religion - Sutenbastud has tried to hide this, to portray a universe inhabited exclusively by despicable and confected features.

Who does this? The most obvious answer is that this is what happens when commercial interests collide with performative and self-interested activism - hitherto less explored avenues of revenue generation. The second most obvious answer is that the above collision is choreographed to claim ownership of the racism discourse - to the point where any resistance - or even questions - as to why a disproportionate number of books squealing about "lived experiences" will be immediately disqualified as "white supremacist". So its not enough to pump a bookshop full of crap; if you decline to drink - to pay to drink it - you're....indeed.

How do the leaders feel about this? Pretty good actually - and to see why, just look at a selection of



legitimate grievances. At the time of writing in the UK, inflation stands around 10%, and worse, the hopeless economists and central bankers squatting at the BoE are incapable of reducing this, so they are instead trying to normalize the idea. There is a housing crisis for the young - this alone will ensure that the generation who are meant to be purchasing property will inevitably be poorer than their parents - a reversal unprecedented in living memory. There is a jobs crisis, a migrant crisis, and of course, multiple health crises - complemented by the incessant bleating by the NHS that it just doesn't have enough money. Then, more broadly, you have the chronic, managerial incompetence and careerism of politicians and public servants, the desire to remove the agency of self-protection, highly politicized scientists barking from unelected positions, an unelected climate lobby agitating for the young to suffer "climate anxiety", further social engineering - all at the cost of genuine equality, the perversion of the school curriculum and the sexualization of children. The fact that bookshops are packed to the rafters with the 80th revised edition of "I am a Black Womxn - I Demand You Hear My Truth" - is a welcome distraction from qualifying this

era's leaders as being especially useless, not fit for purpose.

Just as the Zondo Commission of Inquiry in South Africa produced no results to the benefit of the country, the obsession with identitarianism literature seemingly born in the year of our Floyd has made no positive impact. If anything, it's been entirely detrimental - to our relationships, to the ability we have to express ourselves in both classrooms or work canteens. Bind people in the prejudices of their own supposed privilege and force them into submission by creating rows of eggshells as peripheral tripwires. Eventually, you get to where we are now - bored, damaged, terrified, exhausted and convinced of impending doom - needless to say, an individual possessed by these demons is impossible to debate, which is why certain alternative media journalists have declared no interest in doing so. They feel the game is rigged, and if you examine just how unrelenting the traffic of one-sided identitarianism is, and how much emphasis is heaped upon illegitimate grievances, you must acknowledge they have a point.

Practically, the resumption of normal service will be difficult because illegitimate grievance writers will not

enjoy their books being shunted to the back of the shop, irrespective of whether people have returned to their senses, and realised the magnitude of their mistakes. Theoretically, it will be impossible on account of just how much influence has been seized.

Britain doesn't boast an NHS equivalent to make statements on the worrying rise of stupidity, and even worse - it has officials who will go on record declaring their support for the rubbish being written, published, and sold. One of these people is the most objectionable Sutenbastud of our present time: the former Chancellor of the Exchequer George Osborne.

In an article for The Times published on the 3rd November 2021, George confessed that he had "purchased a t-shirt" emblazoned with the word "WOKE" on it. In the same article he also confessed to looking at it, but on account of his newest job - 1 of 7 - as the Chairman of the British Museum, he committed "not to wearing it." George feels that its important to announce this, as the public would immediately claim that identifying with "woke" would compromise the safeguarding of important features of British memory he was entrusted with. So, George says, I'm not going to wear the t-shirt, and everything is fine and I will get

back to my finely balanced routine of being a liberal terrified of climate change and supportive of extortionate taxes.

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In the year 2000 I was in Pietermaritzburg, the historically famous Kwa-Zulu Natal city home to schools and universities with rich track records of producing South African sporting superstars. At one typical student bar in the early hours of the morning, a group of wildly drunk girls wearing track bottoms and rugby shirts proceeded to line up in the center of the dance floor. Then, one of them collapsed, paralytic, and the others all lifted her up and held her in a horizontal position. Then the line of girls began to spin and the girl being held up - Jax or Nix - started to cough. A few other clubbers, perhaps aware of what was about to happen, scampered, but most of the dance floor remained, looking puzzled. Until Jax or Nix started vomiting, projectile-like, caine and creme soda, and whatever else she'd imbibed through the evening. This, I was led to understand, was known as the "helicopter".

The West's most prominent bookshops are filling people's heads with crap and panic, reducing them to

unimaginative whingers, making their brains obese - and ensuring that when us idiots come and visit, everyone leaves with - at the very least - just a little bit of vomit on their shoes.

## Chapter 9: Appointments

*“My advice to everyone out there who's frustrated, sad, angry, pissed off: feel those emotions, go to a kickboxing class, have a margarita, do whatever you need to do this weekend, and then wake up on Monday morning, we gotta keep fighting...”*

***White House spokesmxn, Jenn Psaki on ABC's 'The View', 2022***

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**TINA JOEMAT-PETTERSSON** as Minister of Energy in South Africa. Amber Rudd as Home Secretary in the United Kingdom. Anthony Blinken as Secretary of State and Alejandro Majorkas as Secretary of Homeland Security - both in the United States.

These are a microscopic fraction of appalling ministerial appointments from 3 countries in less 10 years - appointments that have resulted in incompetence, misery, almost certainly malfeasance and worst of all, the repulsive model of upward failure. It gets even worse: take Victoria “Toria” Nuland, a State Department Rasputin-esque profile who has been worm-tonguing the ears of impressionable psychopaths - from Dick Cheney to Joe Biden - since

the turn of the century. You didn't vote for her - but she's there, at the heart of the chancelleries of power, wreaking havoc in Ukraine, making up for lost time since Iraq.

Maybe you're one of these people who gets cross every time you switch on the Fox news channel on YouTube and see the President of the United States' publicist, Karin-Jean Pierre, making another mess of a briefing, or twerking wildly with Rachel Levine (who was once called Richard - and used to wear baggy chinos with white New Balance sneakers on holiday with his family). You may ask yourself, in the manner of the post turtle paradigm: how did she get there? Of course, you know some of the answers already: she is black, a woman, reportedly the child of Haitians, who has recently split from her woman partner - a producer at CNN - with whom she adopted a child. So here is the cosmetic side of your answer: she is a black, lesbian, immigrant-ey single mum.

But there's another side too. She annoys you. She annoys you because she articulates strategist talk - there's no human there, just a lot of "let me be clear" and other statements just as tedious and desperate as Boris Johnson's "get Brexit done" or "stay at home,

protect the NHS, save lies". She's tetchy, childish, platitudinal, and deeply invested in agendas - none of which align with your own view of an ordered, fair society. She's intolerant, looks out of place, and wears a mask in summer when running out for a coffee. If you take everything together, you've answered your question completely: she's there to annoy, to demoralize you. As is everyone else.

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Before the tragic events of August 2023, I was convinced I'd eventually retire to the island of Maui, but it came with a nightmare: one afternoon my wife and I would be drinking Casa Azul Ultra Extra on our deck overlooking the island of Lanai when we were overwhelmed by an odor not even Mexico's finest tequila could arrest. We'd walk onto the small beach in front of our house to notice that everyone else is suffering too - the foul smell is penetrating everywhere, making grannies' eyes water and children's skin itch uncontrollably. It would continue into the night with the local ER, ordinarily used to Tiger shark scrapes, unable to cope - until a paper man wearing a gas mask rocks up in the morning to deliver the newspaper. Only then is the emergency



mystery of the nauseating stinker - like death and wet towels and rotten guavas and meat stuck for weeks in meth teeth - solved: "CHELSEA CLINTON APPOINTED PRESIDENT".

If it is to be that weaponized charges prevent Donald Trump from contesting 2024's United States Presidential election, or that Mark Zuckerberg forks out even more money to, erm, "fortify" those elections thereby making it all but impossible for the Democrats to lose, Republicans may as well pack up shop. Forever. This, which is the objective, will set the stage for Chelsea Clinton to cream the DNC then just lounge about with Dr. Tedros whilst her fixers sort the campaign leading to her - yes - "appointment".

She won't meet many people, but those she does will be wearing Burkas, sitting in once what was Jamie Dimon's office at JP Morgan or exiting Palm Beach's newest mosque, built on the grounds of a property that was once called "Mar-a-Lago". Included in her campaign paraphernalia will be videos of her reading bedtime stories to her young girls, her husband Marc sitting obediently nearby, with his yarmulka perfectly positioned and his back to the camera. Chelsea will have read him paragraphs of the riotous assemblies

act just before: “You make one attempt to blink uncontrollably at the camera,” she’ll warn him, “and my mother will shoot you twice in the back of the head. Fuck around, find out.” In the commercial she will read in a soft, animated voice: “And then the little girl said: ‘I’m the boss now, and all you white, middle-aged cisgender men working on this stock exchange will have to report to me. And every time me and the other strong women in the office have our periods, you men will have to shove tampons up your asses...’” I made up that last bit obviously - but it will be something toilet: “She rose, and took off her burqa (obviously whilst Adnan or Hamdi wasn’t watching) and opened her wings and flew, was inspired, and she felt strong.” If you recall Ayn Rand’s final 500 or so words in “The Fountainhead” - Dominique Wynand travelling up the lift to meet Howard Roark - toilet like that, but actually more: like that scene in 1973’s “The Exorcist” when the girl reverse spider-walks down the stairs - only this time its a toilet, reverse spider-walking down the stairs with an upper-decker straining between the wires and pipes of its cistern.

From a young age, beautiful Chelsea was groomed by paragons of Sutenbastud. Her father, a megalomaniac, her mother - an apprentice

megalomaniac who failed house training but, on the basis that her husband had shoved a cigar into an adult female cavity, believed she was entitled to one day run for President. As the only child of people who should have been sectioned (anti-social behavior, mental health act, etc) a long time ago, Chelsea was inevitably spoilt, despite protestations of near poverty by her parents when they left the White House. In 2005, at a, erm, “democrat retreat”, she met a fellow called Marc Mezvinsky, whose parents were staunch democrats and knew Bill and Hillary. They started dating.

They were married in 2010, and to her wedding Chelsea invited a woman called Ghislaine Maxwell with whom she'd previously holidayed on a yacht. Marc, a Goldman Sachs alumni, founded Eaglevale Partners with two other former Goldman Sachs traders. Of course, because names like “SPQR” and “Precision Capital” and “Interstellar Money Shot” were already taken by other finance bro firms, Marc possibly chose “Eaglevale” presumably on account of the image that comes to mind: the mystery of a fierce but graceful hunter captured floating amongst the thermals in a valley. In December 2016, shortly after the election of Donald Trump, Marc closed the

business down: someone had given the poor eagle puberty blockers, so the thing had flown from its hunting grounds of the vale, and was now looking to link up with roving band of PRIDE police dancers near Cardiff.

Chelsea's best friend is a woman called Devi Shridar, who is a doctor, and in 2017 they authored a book together: "Governing Global Health: Who Runs the World and Why?" To launch the book, the two hopped aboard the intellectual spunk train, speaking at various events, liberal arts universities and women's forums. In one photo, the not-unattractive Devi sits alongside Chelsea signing books. Now, if you were there, and you drank - quickly - 3 glasses of the standard, partially-condemned house wine they serve at those things, and looked at Devi and thought: "Well now, perhaps I will give this a flutter" - you'd be in for the high jump. You wouldn't get within spitting distance without Chelsea's parent's thugs manhandling you. But say you did, and the next thing, you were sitting alongside her, trying to capture her eyes from behind the rectangular glasses favored by the sub-continent's army of international business school scholars. You could literally be one of the greatest playboys in history - Porfirio Rubirosa, or a

free-wheeling Hollywood stuntman - and you'd get nowhere. How is this? Programming, you see - her brain has been chipped with several academic functions, but no sex ones. You might elicit a smile, but it would be, at best, curious: "What is this strange person doing?" Her operating system is not familiar with this way of behaviour - it's only: "KOMPUTA SAY NO." Basically, Devi is an automaton - exactly the way the Clintons like.

So she's in for a life of academia, punctuated with fleeting social encounters - the staff Christmas party for example, where the group of medical academics visit the local Indian restaurant and they all look to her to make recommendations - which will bemuse her because she doesn't care for Indian cuisine. She is only the technocratic world's latest product - big government, big corporation, work-from-home, subsidized, clever, ordered, meek with ample storage capacity for frequent updating - a life manufactured to appear as a reliable, mute marshal of large quantities of data and equations passed from one bureaucracy to the next.

Even with the litany of appalling appointments, and the culture of rewarding failure, you simply cannot

have someone like this advising - of all things - a government on what the government describes a “public health emergency”. You cannot. Surely. Right?

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In March 2020, Professor Neil Ferguson, supposedly the UK’s most talented science boffin, ran awkwardly into Downing Street with a pile of papers. Before this moment, Boris Johnson wasn’t particularly keen on the idea of a lockdown, but Neil burst in and managed to shove his “models” into the hands of two men who were completely unfit to handle any material - corrupted or not. These two were Boris’ special advisor, Dominic Cummings, and his press guy, Lee Cain. Dominic is an oddball. Allegedly autistic, he was regarded as the power center in Vote Leave’s successful campaign of 2016. Before that, he worked with Michael Gove when the latter was the Secretary of Education. By the time Neil burst into 10 Downing Street, Dominic had filled with boots with science books and made many peculiar remarks on his blog which he used to try and lure talent into the civil service in the hope of reforming it.

Cummings and Cain - as the story goes - agreed with Neil’s modeling, although revelations that would

emerge later point to something of a misunderstanding here. His predictions of death and zombies were located in 13,000 lines of code - a rumor at the time suggested grounds for a scientific misconduct inquiry. Another rumor claimed that technicians from Microsoft were spirited out of Seattle to clean the thing up before it was subjected to more scrutiny. But that's beside the point: Cummings, his head filled with Frank Herbert's Dune or the complete works of Stephen Hawking, agreed with Neil, and began to sway Johnson's view.

Ferguson is not the sort of person you should position on any body-making decisions that will impact financially on ordinary people. Why? It's the same reason you shouldn't have any of the SAGE - Scientific Advisory Group for Emergencies - members, hastily assembled by who knows, appearing on any body: these people don't know what they're doing. We all know, with proof, that tacit experience is just as important as explicit knowledge - but SAGE, and people like Ferguson and "Stalin's Nanny" Susan Michie, see the world, and subsequently economics, through the prism of academia only - accompanied, when they're feeling generous, by "soft power" politics, the kind practiced by the Liberal Democrats



(to see how easily “soft power” is manipulated, take what you knew of it when people like the Wallpaper founder Tyler Brule started writing about it - a decade ago - and then take the LibDem youth now encouraging its members to use pronouns. “Soft power” has been a stalking horse for some of the worst pathologies). Ferguson was a wet-fish Libdem-squealtard even before he ran into Downing Street; the fact that someone found tweets confirming he was a wet-fish Libdem-squealtard made no difference. He was bust corresponding with the comprehensively damaged Liberal Democrat domestic violence enthusiast Layla Moran, expressing hope that Britain wouldn't have a “hard Brexit”.

For many March 2020 was the first time Ferguson erupted himself. It was immediately uncomfortable; it wasn't clear what he did, but it was under his authority recommendation, made in March 2020, that we closed up shop and stayed indoors.

Sutenbastud loved it. During the first two weeks in March 2020, before Johnson announced the lockdown, LinkedIn was flush with boisterous statements supporting the theory of authoritarian lockdowns - the kind we were seeing from China. One



South African businessman based in London, who has never been able to stop telling people, including those he doesn't know, how much he admires the ANC at home or the LidDems in the UK, announced on the platform: "The UK government's response is to the pandemic is immoral." As if to announce its arrival before its time, the loudest voices on social media supporting the idea belonged to GEN Z: "lock us down NOW!"

Johnson did, and so came the political theatre of the BBC in the evenings and ITV in the mornings, where presenters and guests puffed out their chests, and spoke, with confidence and conviction, out their balloon knots. Rules were established, and enforced and the streets emptied. But the stench of suspicion was much harder to police: Ferguson, we all suddenly realized quickly, was off his rocker.

Then came May, well past the "two weeks to flatten the curve" threshold. In the days of proper newspapers, occasionally a story would arrive that was known as a "marmalade dropper". The marmalade dropper that arrived on the 5th of May: "EXCLUSIVE", read The Telegraph's headline, "GOVERNMENT SCIENTIST NEIL FERGUSON

## RESIGNS AFTER BREAKING LOCKDOWN RULES TO MEET HIS MARRIED LOVER”.

What had happened was this: Ferguson was divorced, and living alone in London. Disillusioned with the effect of his handiwork, he reached out to a woman he had met on a dating app. The woman - a Belgian called Antonia Staats - was herself still married, but in the spirit of your average Belgian campsite, practiced an “open marriage”. So she’d gone around to service the randy boffin and breached those stupid rules.

What made the story even stranger were her circumstances. Not only was she married, but she had introduced her husband, Chris, to Neil Ferguson, and the two had - apparently - “gotten on very well”. So, chuffed maybe? Antonia worked for Avaaz, an activist group funded in part by George Soros’ Open Society - so we can assume that, outside of sex, their politics were congruently Sutenbastud. With that being the case, there was a high probability that Staats didn’t travel to service Ferguson alone, but with her husband sitting in the passenger seat. So what happens when she arrives? I would imagine one of three things: she would make Chris wait in the car, or send him for a walk, hoping - of course - that the filth would arrest

him, or he would accompany her inside, and be told to busy himself downstairs for a quarter of an hour or so. I really don't think Ferguson boasted the constitution to have say, "let the fucker watch". I just don't think he's that brave.

When the news broke, Ferguson was subjected to a non-punishment punishment. Supposedly, he resigned from SAGE, and its equally menacing subsidiary, NERVTAG. But in fact he remained, and continued to advise - in some non-official official way. The Metropolitan Police, who were happy to kick the shit out of people they caught breaching rules, were disappointed - or so they claimed, and the matter was quickly nixed. A question involving his extravagant grants lingered, but only for a while. He was, through Imperial College, a recipient of extravagant Gavi largesse, but that too dropped when it was revealed that Bill Gates had funded The Telegraph's own health desk.

What the spectacle did was what you expected it to: increase skepticism of institutions. Moreover, it confirmed that the rules were just stupid and unnecessary, that if Ferguson, who you'd think had the

highest quality of information, did not think this was the crisis Piers Moron was shouting it was.

But even more than that, through the examination of Ferguson's past, it displayed a battle of logic. Long before Ferguson was caught doing what he was doing to Ms. Staats, he had made predictions that unsurprisingly failed to materialize.

In 2002, Ferguson predicted that up to 50,000 people would likely die from exposure to BSE (mad cow disease) in beef. In the U.K., there were only 177 deaths from BSE.

Again, in 2005, Ferguson predicted that up to 150 million people could be killed from bird flu. In the end, only 282 people died worldwide from the disease between 2003 and 2009.

And again, in 2009, a government estimate, based on Ferguson's advice, said a "reasonable worst-case scenario" was that the swine flu would lead to 65,000 British deaths. In the end, swine flu killed 457 people in the U.K.

Nothing had ever happened to him. No warning, no disciplinary, no demotion. And there was also something else in his background that appeared

suspicious - his involvement with a man called Roy Anderson.

Anderson was a director and co-founder of The Wellcome Trust's Centre for the Epidemiology of Infectious Diseases at Oxford University. The Wellcome Trust, of course, is the institution led at the time of coof by another Ferguson-like maniac, a man called Jeremy Farrar (more about him in a minute). As early as 2000 Anderson was not a fan of a woman called Sunetra Gupta, who would become, alongside Martin Kulldorff, Jay Bhattacharya, and to some extent the British physician Karol Sikora, the only reasonable voices to emerge from academia without being tarnished by right-on politics, or stupid, or unable to disguise their authoritarian tendencies. Anderson happened to be Ferguson's mentor and started a rumor about Sunetra Gupta - claiming that she was only appointed as a reader in epidemiology at Oxford on the basis that she had slept with a man called Paul Harvey - who was Anderson's successor as the head of the zoology department.

Anderson was forced to apologize, which by all accounts he did reluctantly. He was also suspended - but on full pay - from the Wellcome Trust. When coof

exploded and Sunetra attempted to reason with the hysteria, she would have been transported back in time, to aspersions cast by the man who Ferguson was essentially an academic product of.

Ferguson was/is a failure, and worse, an upward one. He failed in 2002, in 2009 and in 2015; at the onset of coof, he was presented with his most prestigious opportunity yet - to fail again. This failure would influence advisors in foreign countries to fail too - to filter rubbish information into the heads of director generals or policymakers.

If it's the phenomenon of upward failure that defines today's elites, the use case is surely Jeremy Farrar.

All of SAGE were massive lockdown enthusiasts, but none more so than Farrar. He described his strategy for Britain to exit coof's grip as "vaccine plus", which was a combination of vaccines, ventilation and testing. He really wanted to lockdown in September 2020, and was reportedly pissed off with the UK government for refusing. Then in 2021, November, Farrar quit SAGE on account of concern at the levels of coof. Insiders claim he was irritated at not being listened to, and suggest that he resigned only to prompt the government into submitting to his desires.

Also, according to insiders, Farrar believed he had cultivated an exceptional image amongst the public, and that his resignation would prompt outcry - at which point the government was supposed to submit and plead him to return because people were burning rubbish bins - or their own feces - in objection. That didn't happen, and he quickly shifted the framing of his resignation into one of "wanting to spend more time at Wellcome".

The Wellcome Trust is the largest charitable donation foundation in Britain, leading the charity industrial complex. Naturally, this institution got itself into romantic spasms over George Floyd, and subsequently later that year undertook to investigate "racism". Leading the way was Farrar and in 2022, old Columbo released the findings. Words to the effect of: "I hereby find the Wellcome Trust guilty of racism" concluded the report.

That's correct. A trust with an annual endowment of anything between £20b and £25b just called itself a racist. Ordinarily, people who have been found guilty of racism are issued with criminal records and have to make particular representations for mundane routines such as traveling overseas; for the latter, it is required

that you have to disclose exactly what you did, and exactly how you were punished. Did the Wellcome Trust make these representations to the people that furnish them with cash? Of course not.

That is the phenomenon's ultimate consequence. Upward failures answer to nobody, make stupid claims, get caught out, kneel to distract, then get up and repeat the exercise.

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Even with all this carnage unfolding, this cluelessness, back-stabbing and paranoia bubbling through the land, you still cannot - cannot - invite someone like Devi Shridar to advise a government. So the question is: what would it take for that to happen? For this, we have to entertain a series of interlinked variables and apply some creative license. Any deviation simply would not work.

Firstly, what kind of country would "appoint" Devi Shridar? This part is straightforward. The country would need to suffer from bad weather, an appalling inferiority complex, and be inhabited by folk whose ancestors begrudgingly quit cannibalism for eating seals. So place it somewhere around the North Sea.



Secondly, what are the conditions inside our “imaginary” country in the North Sea that would permit the participation of Devi in a “public health crisis”?

Leading our, ahem, “imaginary” country around about the North Sea would have to be of the most vicious people ever conceived - let’s call her Morag, and she is chippy, massively pro-EU and pro-transgender, complete with a permascowl and a little smirk that she saves for watching amateur footage or stowaways falling from the landing gears of aircraft they’ve slipped into. At home, there’s a bald, pot-bellied and bespectacled man called Clyde Hogg - Hoggy - masquerading as her husband - and the CEO of the political party she leads to boot. Hoggy is frequently accused - in whispers - of being fast and loose with the party’s finances. Every 4 months he’s forced to attend swinger events where his wife unleashes herself onto other women in front of him - usually librarian types. Morag forces Hoggy to watch; across the room, doing what she is doing, she stares back, grunting, wiping the mucus from her nose with the back of her hand, just like the 8-year-old boy playing football in Manchester streets in the 1950s she always resembles. That’s the extent of any cuteness; she’s vicious,

unhinged flies off the handle at any and everything. Needless to say, it is a sexless marriage for Hoggy.

But the nuances of a wild arrangement like this are still not enough to warrant the appointment of Devi, and this is where Hillary Clinton returns. Hillary wants in on a “public health emergency” but she can’t exactly hawk off her daughter - because it would be just too obvious. “Hmmm,” she says one day, “but that Indian one...hmmm.”

So Hillary turns to the demons, Satan’s descendants who missed the last bus home, who are responsible for polluting the heads of gender and grievance studies graduates in Western Universities and who founded the terrorist organisation Antifa (and possibly BLM too). So Hillary calls them up after Nancy Pelosi has just finished a session: “Listen, I need to have influence on a, erm, haha, um “public health emergency” - but let’s start with the government of some obscure backwater - you get my drift - put my sleeper into the government there, and see how badly we can fuck shit up.” The demons agree terms, and the process begins.

The demons make contact with Morag. They speak to her through vibrations - through heart palpitations, migraines, especially tortured nightmares and sleep

walking. Suddenly she's struck with all these, has no energy and is beginning to feel even angrier than she always is. The demons have planted an idea, Hillary Clinton's instruction, with a hint that all these sudden ailments being cured if she acquiesces to a demand she can't quite yet grasp but is floating in amongst the chaos. Morag, naturally resistant of these things, is waking up at 2 am and walking into walls and lying on the sofa screaming at Hoggy, her assistants - all at the same time she's prepping the ground for "the public health emergency" response. She suspects some kind of dark force has gripped her and there is some kind of a deal to be made - but she's not going to give up just yet.

Meanwhile Hoggy is feeling adventurous. He's heard there's a hook-up app called Grindr, and has taken to scouring the profiles. The thought of getting one over Morag excites him; he's purchased a few packets of Viagra and enjoyed what he saw and felt until he overdosed, resulting in a headache and some unexpected evacuation - but no bother, he'll be sure to remain hydrated in future. Then he sees something on Grindr which makes him sit up in his vest and y-fronts in an empty bed at 10 am one morning.

The first picture is of an African American man wearing a fedora. The second is of the same African American man - "Legraydon" as the man in the photo called himself - this time with his barrel chest revealed. He is very good-looking, to the point of being beautiful, with thick lips and smooth, high-boned cheeks. But it's the third that bends Hoggy's lip into a quiver: it's Legraydon just wearing underpants, with the size and shape of his penis visible. Even flaccid the thing is a monster - and Peter's now panting. He gets out of bed and heads straight to the bathroom. After finishing doing what he did, it's inevitable. Hoggy shakes in excitement as he types out the word in the message box, closes his eyes, exhales and presses send. "Hiya!"

Legraydon - real name Demarcus Traigh Broward Jnr - is a nightclub dancer and he isn't gay, he just sleeps with men sometimes. He's learned that there's an ideal type of man to sleep with - one that is ugly, submissive, but most importantly - rich. After finishing one of his shifts dancing at a club in New Orleans, Legraydon discovers the message from a user called "Hoggmeister", and weighs up responding. As Hoggy has populated the criteria, adding a selfie he took of

sitting on the loo, there could be something here for him - so, all good - let's go.

And so begins, in the shadow of an emerging "public health emergency", a steamy back and forth between the "husband" of the leader of a wasteland and an African American muscle dancer from the American south. Initially Hoggy is skeptical; he's terrified his mental bat wild boar of a wife will find out - and who knows where this is going? But the volleys continue, culminating with Legraydon sending pictures of himself naked and aroused to Hoggy.

This happens on a miserable Tuesday night when Hoggy has been drinking and Morag's out doing politics things. It's freezing in the imaginary country but in New Orleans - in the background of Legraydon's cock shots - it looks almost tropical. This makes Hoggy simultaneously mad and sad: how exotic it would be to made love to by a heaving, sweaty unit of sensual darkness. Inside the pub where Hoggy sits, elderly, working-class men throw darts - one from a mobility scooter - Hoggy can only think of lust, warmth and the freedom that lust promises. Fuck it, he thinks, as soon as I can, I'm out the clutches of this spastic bitch - and its Heathrow to New Orleans, then

a small apartment he'll rent in the French Quarter and two weeks of Legraydon's body. He thinks: that man's penis looks like a fighter jet nosediving - Black Hawk sideways. He looks at the first profile photo again, careful to avoid eavesdroppers with their mobile oxygen tanks.

But Hoggy is nothing else if not pragmatic; he knows he's knocking on and at the age of 61, making a small hole into a medium-sized one comes with complications, especially if he's never been in that position before. Well, once actually, but he was on the other side. So one day he orders an 8-inch black dildo on the internet and is delighted to learn that he's earned a gift with the purchase: a pair of suspenders. He stays at home the day the package is scheduled to arrive and when it does, he quickly dispenses with all the wrapping walking to the furthest bin located on his street. Now's the time, he thinks, preparation, preparation.

Meanwhile Morag is enduring a particularly bad day. She's been campaigning on the fringes of another disaster town filled with council estates and smack heads, staying in a shitty Premier Inn overlooking a car park that smells of batteries and cigarette smoke.

When she is told that only 7 people have RSVP'd to an event the party is hosting on the "public health emergency", she loses it and cancels. She drops 5 small red pain capsules - her second dosage of the morning - and orders one of her assistants to drive her home.

At home Hoggy has taken off his trousers and replaced them with the kinky, crotchless suspenders. He's sitting on the bed, examining the black dildo from all angles. "Oh," he says, noticing the small jap-eye carved into the tip: "splindid attenshin te deetail". He hasn't taken his shirt or tie off.

The car trip hasn't gone well for Morag. Her aides are deeply concerned: she's turned gray, and has only managed to articulate a few words during the entire journey back to her house: "fook" and "coent" and "fookin' coent". They drop her outside her home and she stares up at it in loathing and contempt before picking up her bags and walking painfully to the front door.

She discovers it's open. There's music playing loudly - "Moments in Love" by The Art of Noise - but nobody is downstairs. In too much pain to bother, she grabs and rail next to the stairs and takes each step up slowly, her body now so weak she could collapse. Eventually



she gets to the top; the music is still playing throughout the house, and it starts bubbling rage in her. The bedroom door is partially open.

The music is too loud in the bedroom for Hoggy to hear. But Morag is now at the door peeking in. On the edge of the bed Peter is wearing crotchless suspenders, a faded maroon-ish shirt from Next and a floral tie. He's holding something, Morag notices. And he's rubbing what he's holding with something else. A black dildo. Lube. He's rubbing lube into the tip of a black dildo. And with that realization, all the pain hockey sticks in her head, graduating to the impossible, a high-pitch - almost high enough to evade human hearing - white-hot fury.

She charges into the room like a fleet-destroying rugby flanker and flies into Hoggy's chest with her shoulder, knocking him from the bed. All she sees is white - all she hears is ringing. She stands up and sees him staring at her from the floor; his eyes are wide, the realisation of what's happening is just about to hit him. She jumps on him, straddling his face, and picks up the dildo lost from his hands in the tackle. His face is in her crotch but she jumps back to his chest, pinning him down. "COOOOENT FOOOOOKIN



COOOENT!!!!” she bellows, before starting to beat him. Immediately she splits the bridge of his nose with the first blow of the dildo, but it only seems to aggravate the rage. “YIR A FOOKIN GERRL CHILD ACTCHALLY YA FOOKIN COOENT”. Hoggy’s almost unconscious at this point, being struck on the forehead and across the temples. He tries to move his legs but Morag is possessed, with spit running down her chin, and it’s not long before his body reacts in different ways. “WHAT THE FOOOK??!!” Morag screams as she senses a dampness in her stockings. “YA FOOOKIN” PISSED YERSILF JA FOOKIN’ GERRL COOENT”. It’s true. Hoggy, his face a bloody mess, drifting in and out of consciousness, has pissed himself. But that doesn’t stop Morag from beating him and she knows this: she knows that one more blow could end her “husband”, and here, in this place of hatred and ringing and fury, an unlikely thing happens. She stops and sits, panting, sitting in a bloody mess of saliva and piss and lube. “I surrender,” she growls softly, feeling a voice not her own rise in her chest, similar to backmasking - playing an AC/DC record backwards - and the words eventually reach her throat with a punch: “I will appoint Devi Shridar to the limit time expert group.” Calm suddenly returns,

the headache subsides, color returns to her cheeks and ordinary strength to her legs.

It is only under those conditions - to the letter - that someone like Devi Shridar could be appointed to advise a government on a “public health emergency”. And that would never happen. Right.....?

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In some completely unrelated news, Nicola Sturgeon’s resignation as First Minister of the devolved nation of Scotland, was met with shock. Shortly after her resignation, cruel rumors started circulating indicating that Nicola was having an affair with a woman. These cruel rumors suggested that Nicola had tailed her lover to a motel, whereupon she was able to secure from the receptionist the number of the room her lover had entered. The cruel rumors claimed Nicola had discovered her lover in the arms of another woman. Nicola went mad, and smacked her lover in the face with an iron from the closet, before ripping the television off its mount and tearing down the picture frames from the walls then smashing them. It is said Nicola was forced to resign, but it is cruel, and to repeat these smears is...gingerphobic.

## Chapter 10: Choices

*“The job of the online left-wing journo-intellectual-influencer nerd is to provide a steady stream of talking points that appear principled and extremely independent of the Party while coincidentally managing to completely align with the interests of the Party at any given time”*

***Shant Mesrobian, 2021***

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A month or so after the anniversary of the Russian Invasion of Ukraine, the daughter of former South African President Jacob Zuma, Duduzile Sambudla-Zuma, got fingered by a group calling itself the “Center of Information Resilience” as central to a “disinformation campaign”, sponsored by the Kremlin, circulating fake information on social media relating to Russia’s war.

Ah, typical bloody Zuma, you think, making a nuisance of him or herself - peasant-ing around an issue they have no business with. Then you recall her being all-in on the whole ‘white monopoly capital’ fast one too, coupled to a few racist remarks for which she has - unsurprisingly - received no punishment for. So, idiot propagandist, move on. We good?

Not really, I'm afraid. Because the person working the "Centre for Information Resilience", the individual who was quoted in the Bloomberg article about Dudu - Nina Jankowicz - possesses a willingness to be clown herself on issues far more substantive than stock theft or someone faking an Instagram account. In fact Nina beats any of the former US officials now moonlighting on cable television networks - insofar as the circulation of fake or false information is concerned. She beats young butch Marianna Spring at the BBC and the Observer's hysterical cat mother Carole Cadwalladr (neither of these women - Marianna or Carole - are married by the way - and neither would you be if you spent your life at disinformation/state security-themed conferences, where the pronoun-ed, benzo'd, neck-bearded soyjak men are more partial to internet hentai or shoving remote vibrating devices up each other than real dating of the opposite sex. Just look at The Daily Beast's Justin Baragona, or Walker Bragman, sometimes of the Intercept but most times simply depriving a township of its idiot. Nina is married, so congratulations poor bastard and all that - but more to the point here, she alone could match the Poynter Institute's "politifact" or the Washington Post's "head fact checker" (sponsored by George

Soros' Open Society) Glenn Kessler for the sheer volume of crap promoted as truth.

Nina shot to prominence in 2022, where she found herself a nominee for the Department of Homeland Security's 'disinformation' panel. This department, headed by the unfailingly incompetent Alejandro Majorkas, is supposedly responsible for securing America's borders and monitoring domestic extremism. Around the same time, a now drooling Joe Biden started going around claiming that 'white supremacy is the biggest domestic threat to America' which his advisors made up and clearly didn't bother to check on Joe's own history of making racially inflammatory remarks. The most basic of investigations, namely a review of her social media accounts (Twitter, TikTok), soon revealed that Nina was heavily biased in favor of the Democrats, hated Donald Trump and Rudy Guiliani, and was therefore an unsuitable candidate for a role that presumably required - at the very least - balanced analysis. After her bizarre Mary Poppins-esque TikToks were scrutinized, those behind the equally bizarre initiative miraculously arrived at the conclusion her participation would complicate it, so the program was quietly dismantled, and she scuttled off muttering out

the side of her mouth about 'the far right' and 'Russian trolls'.

On throwing Dudu under the bus: what exactly qualified her on the subject of the Russian invasion of Ukraine? For that there's a Twitter 'presentation' she made on September 20th, 2020 where she seeks to explain, in the manner of a patronizing, right-on teacher scolding a juvenile tearaway for making a casually sexist remark, that 'color revolutions have nothing to do with race'. Having cleared that up - for which, thank you ever so much Nina - she went on to moan about how, courtesy of Vladimir Putin, color revolutions were 'getting a bad rap'. Here is how Revolver covered the rest of the patronizing, unsolicited tutorial:

\*So why is Nina so angry at somebody criticizing the color revolution model? Naturally, because Nina herself is the perfect representative of it: the fake "democracy" enthusiast who splits time between overthrowing governments abroad and suppressing free expression at home. Nina used to work for the National Democratic Institute, a group funded by National Endowment for Democracy, USAID, and the State Department, among other agencies. NDI played

a major role in Ukraine's 2004 Orange Revolution — pretty much the archetypical color revolution. During her own time at NDI, Jankowicz managed “democracy assistance programs” in Belarus and Russia, and then received a Fulbright grant to provide ‘strategic communications’ advice to the Ukrainian government. Back in the U.S., meanwhile, Nina’s scholarly talents cover topics like “gendered disinformation” (she invented the term).

You get the point. She’s full of it, Dudu’s full of it - and we, the condemned, have to choose our fighter, once again, despite the near certainty that we trust neither and probably loathe both. If we side with Nina here we’re on the team of one of the most destructive forces ever conceived - if we side with Dudu, we’re terrorist sympathizers - but the balance is so weighted in favor of Nina that if we choose to abstain, which is technically the correct response - we’re immediately lumped with Dudu. This - the imposition of corrupt choice, where the bad is mostly bad and the good is mostly bad disguised as utmost good - is Sutenbastud’s inescapable paradox of modern life in the West.

But what happens a choice emerges that is authentically, unimpeachably good? There are



examples we could explore, but few impact as meaningfully as the case of the South African Nick Hudson and PANDA.

Nick is one of the brightest, most intellectually honest people I've ever encountered, but even if he wasn't - if he was just some inaccessible, aloof academic who didn't like people, had no friends, and busied his time with papers that nobody else understands - his treatment at the hands of the emerging British establishment and its activist media extensions was more brutal than the thousands of British-Pakistani men who've been prosecuted for grooming young, white, working-class girls in northern English towns for decades. So remove admiration and return to the early months of 2020, when the piercing howling of a dog in Wuhan, mortally wounded by a bullet and inches away from death started getting louder. This will take you to Cape Town, to an actuary who - for the first time in his life - is suffering anxiety and sleepless nights on account of the early stages of coof's accelerating coverage.

Nick's reaction was prescient: even amongst all the deliberate fear-mongering, he could find no reason to declare covid a "public health emergency" that



required a “global health response”. So, along with a few colleagues and friends, Nick established an alternative perspective, one that sought to convey and emphasize the concept of liberty as a profoundly durable, resilient force, accessible to anyone calm and reasonable enough to aspire to it and to push back against the panic captured in video footage where Chinese people started dropping in buses. Hope, in other words. Thus PANDA - Pandemic Data and Analytics - was born.

For a moment take a step back and try remember: where were you? March, April, May 2020? Shitting yourself? Even if you weren't, I doubt that you recall the period fondly - or can claim to have been thinking lucidly.

But even in those weeks it became immediately clear that anyone with an alternative view on the unfolding events was swimming upstream, against effluent formed of confected or misleading information. We were still entertaining the ridiculous idea of the pangolin theory and our heads were filled with the images of the trucks in Wuhan spraying the entire city with bleach. Here in the UK the political strategists got into their hive: believing the public can be

programmed by short, prescriptive statements - something that occurred even before Tony Blair's annoying platitudes - hours were spent forcing the hydrogen sulphide out of Downing Street's intestines to conclude with: "Stay at Home", "Protect the NHS" and "Save Lives". These statements were blasted onto London's BT Tower, bus stops, into newspapers and their websites and the very lectern from where Witty, Boris and the Chief Scientific Advisor, Patrick Vallance, later revealed as the holder of £600,000 in GSK stock - one of the firms contracted to produce covid's experimental therapeutics - held court at 6pm most evenings. The relentless noise filling people's heads would inevitably make a critical departure to attack anyone and anything who did not comply. In fact, that was part of its strategy.

Yet there was an encouraging response to PANDA. People I spoke to in London were growing weary of lockdowns and suspected something irregular. When I mentioned that PANDA was a South African initiative founded by a group of actuaries, whose experience in modelling and forecasting was arguably a much stronger qualification than a medical or scientific degree, some - including the owner of a men's shoe brand - even offered to volunteer for them. In

hindsight, the period of May 2020 to December 2020 was something of a honeymoon and those in the South African citizenry possessed with open minds and common sense were enjoying what they heard.

I can pinpoint the day I suspected that trouble would start. On Sunday the 5th of January 2021, Nick and I spoke. He was in Knysna and that morning one of his children had been hauled off their windsurfer in the lagoon by local police (South Africa's own shameful set of prohibitions included banning people from beaches). I couldn't tell if it was that incident, or a heightening atmosphere of political instability in America - where I was at the time. The following day in Washington, a group of pro-democracy / anti-Jack-and-the-Beanstalk-vote-counting-machine protestors, ostensibly provoked then kettled by the FBI and its informants, would be welcomed by security guards into the rotunda on Capitol Hill and occupy some of offices of their elected congresspeople.

In that honeymoon period, PANDA formed an advisory board. Among the assembled good were Scott Atlas, the American radiologist and the trio responsible for The Great Barrington Declaration of October 2020 - the British epidemiologist Professor

Sunetra Gupta, previously the subject of that repulsive smear by Neil Ferguson's mentor, the Swedish biostatistician Martin Kulldorff and the American Professor of Medicine Jay Bhattacharya. Alongside them were a popular UK oncologist, Karol Sikora; the German microbiologist, Sucharit Bhakti; the South African-born Nobel Laureate Michael Levitt; the former Republican nominee for Governor of Minnesota and physician Scott Jenson and finally, a former Pfizer executive Michael Yeadon, who was already courting controversy for criticising aspects of the political response in Britain. These were unusual times, but for a group to have established such a brain's trust not a year into its existence was impressive, and for a time presented the illusion that if nothing else, at least the alternative view would be platformed.

What happened next involves two distinctly forehead-ed young women - both 'she/her/hers', namely Mallory Harris from Stanford University and Rebecca Davis from Cape Town, a baying Irish donkey living in London called Sam Bowman, a creepy British politician called Neil O'Brien and a crisis actor and far-left activist journalist called Dr. Nafeez Ahmed who once, true to the age of Sutenbastud , advised the UK

Ministry of Defence's Defence Academy - at a guess - on how to surrender using descriptive language about your appearance first (just in case your captors are blind), then assessing whether or not your enemy combatant posts climate skeptical views on Facebook - something you may wish to bring up in your defense.

First, the donkey: Sam was once employed by the Adam Smith Institute and likes to think he's an economist, whilst others mistakenly describe him as a libertarian. It appears he jumped from grift to grift and, possessing a natural ability to make absolutely no sense whatsoever on camera, he thrilled impressionable booking agents for the likes of BBC and ITV who filled his diary with airtime. It was the donkey who led - cheerfully - the descent of libertarianism into 'LOLbetrariasm' during coof, celebrating lockdowns, worshipping the economy-destroying furlough scheme - and praying for a 'vaccine'. There were others - but nothing said "free market" quite like a smart-aleck, socially-distanced maskhole.

Second, the creep: on the 21st of January 2021, London's historic newspaper, the Evening Standard - now good for little outside of warming up tramps'

bottoms in winter - published in its diary section news that an exciting anti-disinformation combatant that had entered the scene:

*Coronavirus wars have been raging online with websites such as Toby Young's Lockdown Sceptics, but now there's a new force in town. Anti-Virus describes itself as "dedicated to debunking common Covid-sceptic arguments, and highlighting the track record of some of the most influential and consistently-wrong Covid Sceptics". Started by a group of think-tankers, journalists and one MP — rising Tory star Neil O'Brien — it went live this week. Sam Bowman, a senior fellow at the Adam Smith Institute, tells us they're trying to "join up the dots" in the ecosystem of what they see as misleading claims. Anti-Virus has a list of sceptics, including academics, journalists and Twitter users, whose arguments it documents. And next week we have an exclusive interview with one of the stars of Love Island, who describes life with no legs after she snorted 18 lines of cocaine before driving a BMW off a cliff in coastal Turkey.*

I made that last sentence up, but it would be consistent with the type of reporting in this newspaper - i.e describing Neil O'Brien as a "rising Tory star" as if

everything is so fucked in the world that a third-rate-nobody politico needs to be introduced in the manner of a not-quite-wealthy-enough Home Counties mother hawking her debutante daughter to London society.

In UK politics, there is no worse insult than to accuse someone of being 'a creature of George Osborne' - and Neil is very much his creature. George, another compelling study in the rhythms of upward failure, was deeply unpopular and remains so, despite his attempts to rehabilitate his image into a right-on liberal democrat. Anyone close to people like this are themselves infected; this is what happened to Neil, and explains what he did next.

He mounted the donkey, and together they rode into this brave new information realm of dismissing critics and buttressing the now fabulously corrupt regime narrative. PANDA was one of the first targets.

It is unlikely that anyone else in on this scam, who had anything to do with the website, namely, Stuart Ritchie, Mike Bird, Saloni Dattani, Michael Story, Lawrence Newport, Mustafa Latif-Aramesh, Jonathon Kitson and Ben Hoskin, actually knew who John Ioannidis, the lauded Greek-American Stanford



Professor was before coof, and so had no problem expressing this statement:

***“However, we \*do\* argue that they have misunderstood the evidence, have been slow to update their beliefs in the face of new evidence, or simply haven’t updated their beliefs at all”.***

Whilst a pseudo-intellectual circle jerk in a flat overlooking Brixton market must be fun, it’s nothing compared to a pile-on prompted by the she/her sickos (“science, kween beeeatches”). Enter Mallory, the PhD student, who composed a tweet on the 26th of January 2021 attached with highlighted sections of a Q & A section from the group’s website, entitled, “you asked, we answered”. By “we” - PANDA was referring to the scientists, doctors, researchers and writers who all frequently contributed to discussions. Ignoring most of the content, Mallory seized the COVID-19 section, then highlighted certain statements. PANDA’s first statement:

***“...inidividuals, with the help of their physician, should do a cost benefit analysis based on their individual profile, their age and health status to determine whether taking the vaccine would be more beneficial than getting a natural infection”***



PANDA's second statement:

***“Currently, there is no-one for whom the benefit would outweigh the risk of these vaccines - even the most vulnerable, elderly nursing home patients”***

The second statement is the more flammabla but I caution not to get too tempted by hindsight: for the sake of balance if, by judicial clarity, we accept that as contentious, what do we then do about Joe Biden's “pandemic of the unvaccinated” or “you're not going to catch covid if you're vaccinated”? Where was she/her for those? But more importantly, you ask: who cares about the comments of some right-on millennial whose parents probably hate each other?

Unfortunately, this is what you call contagion, the title of a film said to resemble coof's proliferation.

Mallory's squealing was seized by the donkey, now a qualified ass, who then composed a tweet listing the names of PANDA's advisory board members alongside some of their Twitter handles. Although PANDA statements were edited, also on the 26th of January, Karol Sikora became the first to publicly recuse himself from PANDA's advisory board, followed by others.

To this day some sensible people dismiss the strength of a pile-on featuring Twitter legacy verified profiles, erm, “rising star” politicians and supported by an information-selective website. For Nick and PANDA, the accusation of “denialism” - the old Holocaust and new-ish climate smear - was undeniably damaging. The attackers clearly had no idea about “public health” in South Africa thanks to apparatus so weakened by seeping ANC rot that made the prospect of WHO (lol) or other information about reaction or treatment unavailable to much of the public (how much you would wish to trust of that is another issue entirely). Add to that confusion and uncertainty, the prospect of losing one’s job and being unable to feed the family. In that kind of desperation, a man who exists on the fringes as it is, now falling through the cracks, wishes he was dead - and the only thing he can be given is hope.

Nope. Not good enough for Neil, the ass and co: on the 2nd of February 2021, things took a turn for the worse.

Along with everyone else who was paying attention, I first became of just how inferior activist journalists were in 2016, but the game was rigged in their favor 4

years later when legislators, in a series of hitherto unknown democratic infractions, annihilated their competition. As I've repeatedly emphasized, these people cannot think properly - they haven't been programmed to - so they didn't just note the outrageous advantage they now owned, but they sought to use it to batter opponents for eternity. And this is where, in February 2021, we locate Dr. Nafeez Ahmed in an article entitled "Cambridge Analytica Psychologist Advising Global COVID-19 Disinformation Network Linked to Nigel Farage and Conservative Party".

It was published by the Byline Times in the UK, which is something of a home for activism journalism (or a halfway house for rehabilitated pedos). Biased, angry, incoherent - but helpful to the narrative, at this point in the final stages of its approval process - and a single point of departure for anyone upset about the election of Donald Trump, Brexit, the election of Boris Johnson at the end of 2019 and anyone else who has been brainwashed with the idea that Russia is the root of all the world's evil. So naturally anything that rises from the depths of this long drop should include all those things - type 2/3 on the Bristol Stool Chart if you insist.

Neither Nick, nor anyone involved in PANDA had met or knew Nigel Farage - or had anything to do with Cambridge Analytica, a firm said to have been central to data harvesting and linked to both Donald Trump's 2016 campaign and Brexit. The origination of the article was akin to a popular viral caricature that surfaced in 2018 that teased at the way VICE News went about information gathering. In the video an actor playing a standard, machine-processed VICE journalist sits at a desk wondering what to write before grabbing a black rubber dildo from his desk and throwing it behind him at a wall with various post it notes: "Black Lives Matter", "gender fluidity", "Trans rights" and "climate change". It lands on the latter, but the journalist then grabs another three black dildos and places them on the other subjects, before linking each dildo with a piece of red string - like a forensic psychologist linking clues of a serial killer. That's exactly what Nafeez did: into a completely unrelated forum, one fraught with unhinged guessing, paranoia and loathing, he dragged PANDA and sought to use the feelings and perceptions existing on the periphery, chiefly of fascism and supposed climate change denial, to destroy the organization.

26 days later and Byline's equivalent in South Africa, The Daily Maverick, or The Daily Moron, buddied up to Nafeez through Rebecca Davis, a Rhodes University-educated writer, and produced a version of the assassination for local audiences. Nick subsequently challenged the article "Kung-Flu Panda: Dodgy analytics or pandemic propaganda?" by taking it to the Ombudsman, probably knowing the exercise would be only symbolic. How? The answer to that lies in a small disclaimer that accompanies Rebecca and Nafeez's smear - but one that, just like Ofcom's missive of March 2020 in the UK, captures everything:

***Under the South African Disaster Management Act Regulation 11(5)(c), it is prohibited to publish information through any medium with the intention to deceive people on government measures to address Covid-19. We are, therefore, disabling the comment section on this article in order to protect both the commenting member and ourselves from potential liability.***

Under these conditions, the idea of an even remotely fair hearing is preposterous: with the exception of Nick and PANDA, every party involved in the complaints process were invested in this logic - if not

for their own existence, then their own pleasure, meaning that people like Nafeez and Rebecca could attack as they wished, and not only find succor from their own editors, but the “regulators” too. And no clearer can you note this than in 3.43 of the Press Council’s ruling, where Pippa Green (a former SABC board member and the author of Trevor Manuel’s biography states), about Dr. Scott Atlas’ “contentious theories”, “ ...in any event, the stance of Dr Atlas, a former high-powered advisor and aide to former US president Donald Trump has been well documented by reliable newspapers such as the New York Times” Pippa dismissed the appeal - not before dismissing concerns about Nafeez’s demented role in this: “And although there were allegations of Ahmed’s bias and “conspiracy theories” about other issues, this is also unconfirmed. In fact the Guardian continues to host his environmental blog on its website although he is not contributing to the newspaper anymore.”

There was no doubt as to the collective objective against PANDA; at this stage of 2021, any normal convenor would have packed up and shipped off. Funding an organization like this and its projects appears dangerous for several reasons - chief amongst which obviously, for the benefactors, involved being

exposed by people like the nepo baby, or Rebecca and Nafeez, or the ass and its rider. Pockets of legitimate scrutiny were appearing, but they were fragmented, and even clumsiness on the part of the narrative enforcers - take the example of CNN deliberately shading the podcaster Joe Rogan's face grey upon his announcement he had contracted covid - was insufficient. So what can you do?

For my own part, I did come up with a response that I've shelved until 2024 - for that is to be the next UK general election, and I'll be buggered if Neil O'Brien escapes any sanction - conventional or otherwise - for his role in contaminating an obvious choice. My idea is this: I have printed arranged to print 5000 A3 fliers, on which is printed:

***Hello. I'm sorry to intrude upon your lovely little garden, but your Conservative MP, Neil O'Brien is a wanker not fit to represent your esteemed constituency. You may not know that in 2021, in a style befitting a careerist wanker, this wanker circulated false information about a South African organization seeking to bring people's attention to the gross misrepresentation of Covid data. He attacked them because he and his government wanted you to be scared and dependent. You may have***



*lost loved ones during that period, and for that I am sympathetic, but I urge you to consider the wanker's behavior, the agenda behind it and what part it formed in a wider censorship racket.... More information can be located here.... Thank you, and have a pleasant evening.*

On the eve of the election, I am going to travel to Birmingham, to my friend Billy's Cessna parked at the Woods Farm airstrip, and together we are going to fly over Neil O'Brien's constituency, dropping leaflets as we go.

In the event my plan is executed, I expect Neil to form a response similar to the discredited US politician Adam Schiff's yelping after being expelled from the US House Intelligence Committee in January 2023 - for being a liar: "I did nothing wrong / they are victimising me / I am a patriot / if you would like to meet other likeminded men in your neighborhood after 10pm, dial 0800 etc etc". This is, of course, what they do.

Just on this point: I wouldn't want this interpreted as the Guardian's attempt to influence the American Presidential election of 2004. That insurrection - a deliberate interference with a sovereign democracy - was the brainchild of one of the leading Sutenbastud's of his generation, the South African-born Ian Katz. He



told his readers to write to the inhabitants of Cook County and, erm, “encourage” them to vote for the Democrat candidate John Kerry, and, Guardian readers being Guardian readers, they saw this as an opportunity not to so much to politely inform residents, as I seek to do, but to scold them. The Americans, and I can’t praise them enough here, took offense to this typically patronizing crap, and warned the Guardian - and its brainwashed geriatric readers - to stay out of their affairs: “limey bastards” and “fix your disgusting teeth”.

Whilst PANDA was deeply impacted by the attacks, those doing the attacking are ...fine. Today Sam Bowman is the editor of an obscure website called worksinprogress that is hyping vaccines for malaria, hoping no doubt (if it hasn’t already) to catch the eye of a certain oddball who once made shitty computer software. Sam’s enjoying a budding friendship with the young homosexual journalist Tom Harwood, drafted into the UK’s Fox News-esque GB News as a small “c” conservative, as a gradual dribbler of pathologies (transgender rights and immigration to be specific). Whilst they do their Brideshead Revisited things, but in diverse south London without the estate, Rebecca Davis continues to write columns and books,

her latest one being about “wellness”. Dr. Nafeez Ahmed has reverted to climate change leaving only Mallory Harris on the coof hysteria beat, where she continues to attack Jay Bhattacharya.

Perhaps the most discomfiting feature insofar as the UK’s interrogation of its past policies is concerned relates to the institution of The UK Covid-19 Inquiry. In the second half of 2023, the activities of a secretive group known as the Covid Disinformation Unit, or CDU, emerged with revelations that the CDU had been monitoring the social media feeds of certain government ministers, in particular David Davis MP. David was furious - he happens to be a grandee of the party that is supposedly in government - and demanded that another inquiry be established. Another? Well, that’s British form as I explained in an earlier chapter.

David’s complaints should in theory be addressed by the official Covid-19 Inquiry, but it appears that the window for submissions relating to the suppression of expression was open for bare seconds before it slammed shut; instead of listening to lockdown sceptics, the inquiry has decided it will listen to lockdown enthusiasts, and has invited Independent

SAGE, which only differs from original SAGE in that you had the choice of locking down harder from the former or just locking down from the latter.

\*

Sutenbastud's choice paradigm is not limited. There's media, in which the west can listen to CNN, or if it has to, FOX. Ideally, we should all be listening to the perma-spastic fitters from MSNBC. There's politics, in which you really ought to be supporting Labour or the Democrats (anyone who bent a knee in June 2020 or who cannot stop catastrophizing about the climate), but there are also the options of the Conservatives and Republicans, both of which are racism, climate and transgender genocide deniers, but if you must. If you're into black female politicians, in America you really ought to go with Ms. Kwanzaa, Kamala Harris, but there's always Condoleezza Rice if you cannot abide Kamala's cackling. And just like Dudu and Nina, none of these things are massively removed from their opposites but choosing not to listen to the news, or support any extension of the uniparty results in a jeer of 'uninformed' or worse, you belong to some terror cell like Shining Path in Peru. In that state, you shouldn't be given access to banking services.

There are indications of reversal. Tucker Carlson's departure from Fox to Elon Musk's now X (formally Twitter). Robert F Kennedy Jr's challenge to the Democrat party. As Ukraine goes, the retired U.S. Army Colonel Douglas Macgregor has broken from the ranks of unofficial Military Industrial Complex lobbyism, which Sutenbastud has opened membership to doped up GEN Z'ers, to raise awareness of just how many casualties Ukraine is losing. "Make peace, you fools!" is a frequent expression from Colonel Macgregor, one that speaks to a realism and sensibility located in an ever-distant past. Colonel Macgregor appears to understand timing - that his success in convincing normal people of the truth must not involve a rush of information but rather a steady drip. Ideally one shouldn't have to do that, but Colonel Macgregor is aware that for the time being he's playing by someone else's rules.

In 2023, Nick Hudson turned 50, but what he created, when it really mattered, was something of a wise man's life's work, something that spoke to profound humanity and instinct, the need people have to be with an around each other as stimulation for seeking answers to problems, the necessary (and only) conditions from which exceptionalism is prompted.

That fatal combination of politics and media interrupted the channeling of possibly one of the most important choices in recent history.

Both today's choices are bad. When a really good choice emerges that reflects well our collective conscience, that expresses how far we've come despite the participation in the everyday axis of angry journalists and incompetent politicians, that implores us to consider beyond the realms of panic response or instant gratification, well then...that just isn't allowed.

## Chapter 11: Conditional “access”

*“...If I were the devil I’d soon have families at war with themselves, churches at war with themselves, and nations at war with themselves; until each in its turn was consumed. And with promises of higher ratings I’d have mesmerizing media fanning the flames. If I were the devil I would encourage schools to refine young intellects, but neglect to discipline emotions — just let those run wild, until before you knew it, you’d have to have drug-sniffing dogs and metal detectors at every schoolhouse door...”*

**Paul Harvey, *If I Were the Devil*, 1965**

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“**BEFORE WE GET** into the agenda,” the young American CEO said in the Zoom AGM broadcast, “I’ve taken the step of introducing an emergency item.” Along with me, there were probably 300 people or so watching. This was July 2020, just gone 11 pm UK time. “Please welcome our Chief Culture Officer, recently appointed, Ms. Brandi al-Moosa. Brandi has a few things to say about events in the world and Brandi...” the CEO stopped and cleared his throat, “I want to let you know this. We have seen, we are listening and we are here for you.”

At that, a window emerged on the screen and an expressionless, slightly menacing, buxom African American woman assumed the main presentation block of the call. I sent a WhatsApp to a friend, also a shareholder, whose name I'd seen on the participant list earlier. "WTF? Lol."

Sitting in - presumably - her home office, Brandi al-Moosa didn't thank the CEO. She breathed out deeply looking disgusted, then lifted her chin.

"The events of the last few days did not happen in a vacuum."

Her eyes darted from the computer's camera. She was reading something.

"Anti-black racism has killed the world. Anti-black racism has stripped us of agency power and a future. Anti-black racism in America means that our people are killed by police or thrown in jail for life. There was no end of slavery. We have always been the subject of a silent genocide but the truth is slavery never ended. We continue to suffer abuse and low wages..."

I sent another message: "Fucking seriously? (Head exploding emoji)" But Brandi continued: "The pandemic exposed inequalities but what happened in

Minneapolis reveals something else about the world. What happened there..." she took a breath, "...reveals that God is dead."

The moderators had muted everyone's microphones.

"The pandemic also taught us about the importance of the scientific community and the consensus there is that racism is a public health crisis. So if the world must move forward it should do so under the leadership of people willing to admit what its biggest problem is."

The moderators had also turned off the comment function.

"In the light of the murder of our brother George Floyd and in our realization that a brutal oppressive system killed him and others, including Brianna Taylor and Ahmaud Arbery we are making the following declaration. We will introduce every single member of our 400 staffers, in the US and elsewhere to regular inherent bias training and secondly we will donate \$250,000 to an organization working on reforming judicial practice."

She nodded, then switched off her screen. Then Brandi al-Moosa was gone. After the call I



remembered that half the staff were lowly-paid programmers based in Estonia. My friend Whatsapp'd me: "Yeah Brandi...um...good luck with your training in Tallinn. That'll be fun to watch."

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There are two times in my life when I've felt sorry for God. The first was when I saw a film called "The Deal" about a dinner at an Italian restaurant in Islington called Granita, where Tony Blair and Gordon Brown were supposed to hammer out a succession strategy. According to the writer Rod Liddle, Blair kept excusing himself - wait for it - to pray in the toilet ("no doubt, admonishing the Almighty on where He was getting it wrong").

The second was in April 2018, driving back from France through the East End's Blackwall tunnel. I was listening to BBC Radio 4, when the subject of Mr. Megan Markle's upcoming wedding to Prince Harry arose. The presenter was interviewing the Archbishop of Canterbury, Justin Welby, who would be officiating the upcoming Royal Wedding. "I am finding inspiration," Justin squeaked, "through the words of Stormzy". The grime artist Stormzy, real name Michael Ebenezer Kwadjo Omari Owuo Jr, is not the sort of

person whom you'd think an auspicious clergyman would seek "inspiration" from. Grime music, supposedly a genre, is especially popular in inner city ghetto youth culture, where young, mostly black gang members dress in balaclavas before rapping explicit threats toward their postcode enemies: "I'll wet ya waste man." The "song" is filmed, then uploaded onto YouTube - the same place where you cannot publish any information contrary to WHO instructions - and received by the enemies of the gang. The results of what follows are sometimes located in CCTV footage of a London chicken shop, where the gang making the threats encounter the people they threatened, or visa versa. Machetes are drawn, and the next thing face of a young victim appears in the local newspapers with a statement from a programmed Metropolitan Police Commander: "Femi was well loved by a community speechless with shock at his stabbing. His friends are devastated and we extend our sympathies. Femi had dreams about studying advanced wave propulsion theory. We have lost yet another young life to senseless knife crime."

Then, as is now, Justin was overcompensating. He was an oil man you see, but not just any oil man - he was a BP boss who just so happened to have been educated

at Eton. And before today's automatons start getting all snooty about irrelevance, he was an Etonian BP boss whose mother was a personal secretary to Winston Churchill. If this isn't enough, he was a bastard too, the son of one Anthony Montague Brown, who was the private personal secretary of Winston Churchill. Churchill's private and personal secretaries drank heavily, and Justin was the result of a drunken encounter, possibly on a desk in Whitehall. Only in 2016 did DNA tests confirm this, but word is that Justin always held an unnerving resemblance to Anthony, and whenever he'd rock up to tea parties hosted by friends of his mother, the oldies would sit under trees in the garden eating scones sympathizing with the predicament the future Archbishop of Canterbury found himself in: "Look at that poor bastard wandering aimlessly around the garden. Who is going to tell him?"

Justin's appointment as Archbishop in 2013 wasn't without controversy. The Church was now led by an old Etonian company man deeply connected to Whitehall. The runner-up - Justin's competition for the position - was a black fellow called John Sentamu. John was born in Uganda and tried his bit as a lawyer resisting Idi Amin's regime, which provided a much

harder reality experience than Justin's mollycoddled-from-the-truth existence; there were nights in his past when he feared he be woken up at 2 am and forced to eat his own testicles. In 2005 he became the Archbishop of York. In 2013, John was blamed for not having responded appropriately to a story of how a vicar buggered an altar boy; at the time, the country was wading through Jimmy Savile's noncing rap sheet (you can just imagine a PSA in BBC HQ at the time: "Will all television and radio presenters aged over 70 please report to your nearest police station"). With that foremost in the collective consciousness, Justin pipped John, and John was compensated with a peerage.

For Justin, 2020 started badly and got worse. The Church of England (C of E), despite the idea that it should, in theory, be equal (at the very least) to Science by way of influence, kneeled before the coof panic and the doors of parishes across the country were shuttered.

Consider that for a second, then put yourself in the shoes of an octogenarian living in London. You're absorbing unsustainable amounts of catastrophe porn every day, courtesy of the never, ever acceptable Piers

Morgan and the BBC, the government has imposed distancing rules upon you that they don't abide by, you can't see your grandchildren and the only thing that makes sense in this hysterical matrix is the place you visit on Sundays. "No worries," one of the more progressive morons at the C of E announced during the carnage, "We'll do Zoom sermons".

When George Floyd died, Justin was one of the first out the blocks, portraying white people in the manner of 1990s Hollywood scriptwriters composing treatments about South Africa - evil and depraved. In June, Justin came up with a brilliant idea: why not encourage people to see Jesus as a black fellow? "We should stop," he shrieked, "believing in the present interpretation of Jesus' skin color." The statement coincided with an idea that parishes be free to post "Black Lives Matter" posters on their notice boards. As evil begets evil, commercial PRIDE piggy-backed on BLM, and the next thing priests were waving the intersectional flag in churches, or wearing them around their necks.

Justin's turn in behavior knew no bottom. In an interview in the fall of 2020 with the BBC, the subject of forgiveness was raised. In defiance of the (actually)

documented scriptures, Justin declared that forgiveness was only possible with penance. It took me a moment to digest what he was trying to say: not only must whitey beg black people for forgiveness but accompany it with some sort of liquidity event. At this point, churchgoers were fed up and Justin's strategy was exposed: his turn toward BLM was because of dropping numbers in the congregations (that's what happens when you tell all those little old ladies to get lost). To "save" the Church, he sought to invite a group inside who didn't believe in God and who wanted to destroy the nuclear family and its extensions. This is similar to Jeremy Corbyn's strategy during his time as leader of Labour: there were only a few hundred thousand Jews in Britain (Labour was supposedly the political home of the British Jew), but there were millions of Muslims. Obviously, he reasoned, they can't co-exist, so out with the smaller old, and in with the bigger fashionable. It was absolute madness, and only a man who made a fortune pumping oil but now shrieked about climate change could have the nerve to undertake such an exercise.

Only in extreme circumstances - for example Rwanda - should the Church intervene in the daytime hours of politics. But this hard-learned truth doesn't appear

good enough for Justin, and these days he busies himself with refugee lobbying - describing the UK government's response, which includes accommodation, money, phones, and even dentistry dished out on new arrivals from Middle Eastern and African countries - as "abhorrent". Or not enough. The net result is that Justin Welby, the Archbishop of Canterbury, is held in similar contempt to Ireland's polyamorous Prime Minister, Sadiq Khan, Justin Trudeau, "Dr" Jill Biden, and Secretary of Transport in the United States, Pete Buttigieg (and his monkeypox sparring partner) - among others. This is a deep, unresolved tragedy that has yet to run its course: when the spiritual head of a country's primary belief reverts to false dichotomies, the perpetuation of victimhood, and the emphasis upon "equity" as it relates to the Church, we are in big trouble.

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In 2020 we needed God. In 2020, amidst the slamming of doors and the spiritual isolation of the vulnerable, Scientist activists started their crusade in attempting to usurp that which we reserve for our meditation. Science was a much more reasonable explanation for the world - look at Richard Dawkins, they said, of



course, we're not mad about the stuff he says about Muslims, but he's right about there being no God. We needed God in 2020 not just for hope and our sanity and our comfort, but because we realized - if silently - that we'd reached something of a cul de sac: all of our trust in democracy, the idea that we elect people to represent us and those people do nothing but that, all of our taxes used in a manner that supposedly benefits society, or maintains it, was quickly shattered. The people we had appointed were lazy, stupid and scheming; the money we had taken off us - wasted. For the first time in many of our lives, we were staring into something we thought impossible: the realization we didn't know what we were doing, and the dread of inevitable consequences to that uncertainty. We needed God.

So some of us went out to find Him, all in our own, probably insignificant ways. Fortunately, some things were able to guide us; ironically, these came from real science.

By the time I'd met the woman who was to become my wife, there was a life's work of housekeeping to be done. In preparation for my wedding in September 2018, I went out for dinner with one of my groomsmen,



then 82, who had written a weekly column for *The Spectator* since the year I was born - halted only to accommodate the prison sentence he received for forgetting to dispense with an envelope containing cocaine from his dinner jacket pocket while passing through customs at Heathrow. We sat down at 5 Hertford Street and he immediately warned me not to get married by the C of E. "Maniacs," he said, "the whole bloody lot." He went on to tell me stories he received from readers of his column, moaning about whimpering they had witnessed in the pulpit, where the vicar may as well have started beating himself with a sjambok for being white.

A terrible scenario dawned upon us: my wife was Republican, her family also - including some well-to-do southern folk with impeccable manners, so our guests would be a combination of sensible South Africans and sensible Americans complemented by sensible Europeans - all of whom would be horrified were the official marrying us to fly off in the manner of Ian Paisley shouting his head loose on the subject of homosexuality in Northern Ireland back in 1977. We got so jumpy at the prospect that we drank a bottle of tequila. "No," I said trying to calm down, "can't risk it."

So my wife and I married in the beautiful Marylebone Town hall. The person who officiated the actual, erm, “contract”, was a small Indian lady - it was technical and efficient but classy and short, with readings from Ernest Hemingway, Alexandre Dumas and F. Scott Fitzgerald.

But something had been troubling me at the same time. My mother had died with only one month’s notice at the end of the previous year and there were things I saw in her eyes in the minutes leading up to her departure that convinced me she was going somewhere. Or she was convinced. Then in 2020, on a weekend away in the magnificent Cotswolds, I met the owner of an art gallery in Picadilly.

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Our host was a former civil servant who had been decorated with those letters nobody outside the civil service understands. Whilst he encouraged everyone to observe the stupid rules at the time, the same did not apply to him - or his friends, which I felt was ok. To his country house that weekend, he had invited another couple.

I was cautioned the man from the other couple - the owner of the gallery - was perpetually retiring, and didn't make much of an effort with people. This is immediately, always alarming: people will always forgive you within reason for most human indiscretions - the exception being not making an effort. He had been something else in his life, and over the following days I found out what that was. He was once a "Sindonologist" in a previous career- someone whose work it was to study the Shroud of Turin, the material that captures the image of Christ. He's wasn't generous at first, but as we walked through the English countryside in its spectacular stages of near fall over those days, he opened up and talked about his upbringing. He had been born in Lebanon to a Muslim father; one night his English mother one night escaped that mad place and fled to Britain with her two infant boys.

Much of his life, he explained, had been devoted to the debunking of organized religion. He had studied Chemistry at Oxford, where he'd participated in nearly every debate involving religion, if not as a speaker, then assisting the respective speaker with material of the view that there is just no God. It was his association with Oxford that offered him the

opportunity to make a living from his life interest - in 1998, Oxford University, along with the British Museum, embarked on a process to authenticate the Shroud of Turin, considered by many to reveal the face of Jesus Christ.

To undertake such an exercise involved, amongst other things, carbon dating techniques. Remaining impartial was a firm requirement but as the process moved on, he noticed blatant corruption in the methodology, all of which pointed toward the conclusion he felt the leads wanted: the declaration that the Shroud was a forgery. Whilst he was a committed atheist, he maintained his scientific integrity to purpose (some years later, in 2010, he'd feel a strong sense of *deja vu* when emails were leaked from the University of East Anglia's Climatic Research Unit revealing climatologists deliberating cooking the books on global warming. With the help of the BBC and the billionaire green energy/hedge fund boss Jeremy Grantham, the climatologists at the heart of this scandal eventually managed to portray themselves as the victims, and all was forgotten). As the process of authentication progressed he became more uncomfortable; Science was failing to provide the explanations and clarity it was supposed to, or

rather, it promised to. As the child of an abusive Muslim father he barely knew and a wren who didn't believe in God, his discipline was failing to keep up, making him unhappy. He resigned and decided to sell art instead.

But the Shroud followed him. He dreamed about it, and he followed the progress of the authentication, which unsurprisingly, and typical of today's Scientists, concluded with, "probably a forgery, but inconclusive" - basically the coof lab leak logic of "probably not, but maybe". The whispers that occurred in amongst the leaders of the institutions involved and the jerry-built Chinese walls imposed between groups revealed the direction of a pre-determined outcome. But what intrigued him wasn't the material, or the blood. His obsessions were from the image itself.

Into his interest loop, and separate from his previous work, he started peppering some specialists he knew, who were not in the teams appointed. He was eager to hear alternative views of the light conditions that had captured the image; it was this feature, he believed - and not fragments from the material itself - that was a more reliable line pursuit of authenticity.

One evening he went into his study where he discovered the blinking light of his answering machine indicating a message. He went to bed, and dreamed his most vivid, intense dream about the Shroud yet. It woke him, and he paced around his house in the early hours of the morning, careful not to wake his wife. He went back into his study and pressed the answering machine. It was his most reliable contact, a professor specializing in nuclear energy he had confided in and asked to examine some of his declassified work. "Final conclusion," the message said, "only a nuclear explosion could have done something like that."

At the end of the message, he claimed to have felt a wave of nausea overcome him, which was quickly replaced by a feeling of chemical intoxication, like the greasy comedown of an MDMA high. Then he did something that he'd never done in his life before. He prayed. "I realized I wasn't an atheist. I had just been looking for something that had eluded me."

You don't have to believe that the Shroud is legitimate, or that the impression of the face on it, could only have been created by high-intensity, sub-micron, collimated light radiation. You could also believe that, were this to be the case, nuclear energy

may have existed at the time - and Oppenheimer and co were just self-promoting frauds. But here, an absence of reasonable - promised - explanations turned around the life of someone armed with formidable skepticism. When he chose the converse, he found himself becoming stronger, happier, more decisive, and less anxious. "A man is gifted a stick to help him journey," he told me, "we make the mistake of believing the stick to be the journey."

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Belief in intelligent design is now firmly in the crosshairs of today's narrative. It doesn't suit the "message" to have a civilized society ordered, kind, patient, generous, and hospitable. The "message" tries to persuade us that we've endured beyond the days when young men were sent to certain death in European trenches, and now exists a time for self-reflection and confession. You'd only need to examine the events of the 22nd of May 2017 in Manchester to dismiss this.

Contrary to what Brandi al-Moosa said in that Zoom AGM, it was the events of 2020 that did not happen in a vacuum. Coof and George Floyd were accelerants to a condition that had been festering for a long time -

Remdesivir if you will, attempts to blow up the lungs of the world by using fraudulent events to adjust Western society to the will of a predatory, damaged elite. Only a deeply corrupted individual would seize these events as markers for change; only the deeply cuckolded would agree, then support them.

The foundation of God no longer suits a country like the United Kingdom, where Muslims are expected to be roughly 20% of the national population by 2050. At current levels of migration, 38% of the country will have been born elsewhere by 2080. This delights academia, the civil service and the charity industrial complex, all of whom think they're too clever to believe or find expectations such as monogamy and aversion to corruption too hard. It delights the socialist workers, the far "left" grouping of hissing retards and misfits from whom the order hasn't worked, who feel that God is elitist or who believe that destroying Western Society will present them hitherto unknown prospects and opportunities. And it delights the feckless political class careerists, who can shag and headbutt and snort with even greater impunity knowing that another layer of accountability is being stripped inch by inch.



The tragedy is that demolition has been initiated not just by these groups, but the Church itself. By positioning God with conditional access - i.e race reparations and the trans agenda - they hope that soon congregations will suffer a thousand cuts of indecision that even a mass exodus of C of E parishioners to the Baptist Church won't deter. No clearer is this more evident than in the case of Calvin Robinson.

Robinson is a very tall, very nice, mixed-race British man with a particular idea of God in that he doesn't think it a good idea for school children to be subjected to transgender lunatics reading X-rated material to them - something which has prompted real racial abuse ("a race traitor" is something he is frequently accused of being). He answered his calling but was blocked from curacy by C of E on account of "offensive statements" regarding "woke and PC culture." The concern expressed by two C of E elders made it abundantly clear that not only would the Church, under the leadership of Justin Welby, not itself resist the grip of societal destruction, but that access to it was now conditional upon the subscription to thus fashionable madness. Eventually, Robinson was eventually ordained by the Free Church

of England, before being ordained into Priesthood by the Nordic Catholic Church.

The logic is pervasive. If a country like the United Kingdom should lose its historical identity, then its faith should go down with it. If the civil service (the “deep state” in the United States) is fully invested in demographic alteration, if corporate interests now include a determination of the individual’s values (which was once, and always should be, none of their business), if the country’s institutions as they relate to the arts, sport, and cultural legacy are perverted by identitarianism, if higher learning is swamped by demonic parasites desperate to inflict their life choices or consequences onto the young minds they are supposed to be teaching...then why wouldn’t there be a systematic, deliberately orchestrated attempt to cast doubt on the very thing that remains the trusted logic or motivation command authority?

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The atheist opinion is that religion is the root of all turmoil. And all that Richard Dawkins is fine, but it doesn’t suspend spiritual and pragmatic questions we have of the present and a future beset by endless uncertainty. On the latter: what will happen to the

millions of young lives when Justin decides to one day surrender - “look, awfully sorry but this thing has run its course, and now I don’t mind if you call me Hamza, I’m just gonna chillax in my almost exclusively white enclave in west London”? What will happen to white children when there’s no Sunday School but brown kids their age are attending the mosque twice a day? Is Science going to fill that occasional, unavoidable emptiness of human life? And is that place, filled with (what appear to be) insurmountable obstacles and snakes and ladders not by design itself - the objective being to extract fragments of wisdom?

Naturally, the company where Brandi al-Moosa worked was tech - organizational software as it happens. I sold my shares pretty quickly after Brandi’s matinee; at the end of 2022, it was delisted, then flogged off for cents in the dollar, and has continued to bask in mediocrity under new Indian owners, none of whom - as far as I can see - have initiated any form of DEI training, or propaganda.



## **Epilogue: Escape from the Demoralization Porn Plantation**

*“I invented the game because I believed it could prove my thesis that an uninformed majority will always lose the battle of information to an informed minority”.*

***Dimitry Davidoff, inventor of the Werewolf game, Moscow State University, 1986.***

*“God talks to human beings through many vectors: wise people, organized religion, the Great Books of religions, through art, music and poetry. But nowhere with such detail, and grace and joy, as through creation. When we destroy nature, we diminish our capacity to sense the divine.”*

***Robert F Kennedy Jnr, April 2023***

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**MY MOTHER DIED** on a Saturday morning at the end of December 2017.

Every time I walked into her room to check on her - and it must have been 20 to 30 times - she looked different than the last. Lighter, as if the pain and the irrelevant were being stripped from her. She even managed to smile. Then, in a brief rattle and flurry, she was gone.

A few days after she was buried I took an early evening summer's flight back to London out of Cape Town. Robert Mugabe had been just forcefully vacated and Jacob Zuma looked like he was going too. The city's academia - those festering groups of sneering self-righteousness and black pandering - had themselves a new snuff film obsession: a drought. "We're all going to die!" squealed the Welsh valley dwarf Max du Preez - an ally to the trans community and a subspecies of Sutenbastud whose hatred of white people is cute to observe in that he only makes his own blood run cold. He has managed to influence the impressionable editor of News24, Adriaan Basson, who echoed his master's sentiments about the drought, disappointed that there was not a white person loitering to blame. As it happened that year Basson and his fellow guilt-stricken Afrikaner Pieter du Toit had composed an embarrassingly shit book about Jacob Zuma. Mugabe wasn't dethroned through some divine justice returned from sabbatical - paying the price for authorizing all those pissed savages to rape and machete the country smallholding by smallholding. Of course not. He was hogging the stealing, and it was time for other comrade savages to have a turn. Same with Zuma, but Basson's excitement at his prospective

replacement in Cyril Ramaphosa was turning him into Stephen Hawking - that is to say, left in his wheelchair in the sun by his carer, wriggling, saying the same thing over and over and over.

Feeling exhausted and a little pissed off, I stared out the window of the plane, pausing Bill Evans playing "Here's That Rainy Day" on my earphones. The southerly take-off afforded us a view of the extent of the great mountain, starting with the broad rock face beneath McClear's Beacon, the sight from my mother's bedroom window. The pilots banked right over Cape Point, but stayed relatively low and hugged the seaboard. I noticed how quiet the plane was, and how gently reassuring it looked, filled with the beams of the sunset. We started a more aggressive ascent over the west coast, and soon the stressed-out, tan-colored fields made way for an Atlantic whose shimmer was still visible from our increasing height. How could this one, strange, dangerous, confusing, magnificent place be so intimate to so many of the world's problems? Where is this going, who is influencing who? Were we just deeply unlucky or some kind of macabre test? So many things wrong, such a small, beautiful country.

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The work of Sutenbastud through the decades is visible in many ways but seeing it through the decay of cities first is useful as it presents another example of South Africa being ahead of the curve. What happened to Johannesburg city - the managed decline of a once sophisticated, prosperous destination - has happened to San Francisco, Oakland, New York (again), Malmo, Los Angeles, and parts of Paris, Melbourne and Dublin. In each of these places, ultra-progressive logic was deployed as an excuse, or presented as an item of "equity". It is visible in schools. In the late 1990s and early 2000s in South Africa, a brilliant television series called "Yizo Yizo" highlighted the scourge of teenage pregnancies and teacher-pupil sexual relationships in Soweto schools. Two decades later, the places where the parents of children attending schools in the mold of "Yizo Yizo" could only dream of sending their offspring - South African private schools - are steadily being captured by DEI forces imported mainly from the US, prompting the question: which is worse? Sutenbastud is clearly apparent in the arrangement of news we absorb, statements from the musicians and actors we listen and watch - the supposed motivations behind the



designers of the clothes we wear and sometimes even the food we eat. Of course, the places where it doesn't exist are canceled or banned or legislated against enough to resemble the crumbling cities - the books with trigger warnings or the claims that the singers Morrissey and Eric Clapton are racist.

In response, two streams of general thought have emerged, claiming to explain why the West is going as it is. Either there is a vast conspiracy executed by a predatory elite, or our expectations have overestimated the competence of the people we've elected into power. The conspiracy versus cock-up paradigms are not new, but they are both increasingly desperate, filled with consequences we would have never considered as recently as a decade ago. And if you didn't know better and now had to make a choice - both are entirely reasonable, legitimate positions.

The former - conspiracy - is given a rough time of late. Supposedly the preserve of the "far right", it suggests, then concludes, that there's really little point in resistance to major schemes and initiatives because the game is close to being fully rigged, which was always the intention. But contrary to the squeals of bad actors - chiefly prestige media - condemning such

views, there is enough compelling evidence to prove that indeed a relatively small number of groups are enacting a grotesque agenda in the pursuit of different kinds of profits via culture demolition and minority persecution. There are many examples to list; when a man who once made shitty office computer software starts lobbying, or possibly bribing institutional, supposedly democratic officialdom so that his choice of leader for “world health” is appointed...to bark that any criticism of that move is racist or conspiratorial is a position that ventures beyond the realm of dishonesty. But as we’ve said before, they know that, and they know that we know.

The cock-up model is on us, I’m afraid. And it doesn’t just relate to the generations of hopelessly inadequate, often greedy, stupid and corrupt individuals we excitedly elect in the hope that we can preserve the good we’ve learned: we’re also guilty of believing that people like Elon Musk will solve the problems. We fill our boots with statements, podcasts and we look for subtle messaging that these people are aware of the catastrophe, going to figure it out. And the more we do this - throw our evaporating trust toward the alternative to the status quo - the more we delude ourselves.

In particular, this stream of thought - cock-up - does not just possess enough capacity to delude, but to poison too. In our grasp for the opposite, we watch and listen to endless repeats of the people we consider “our side” demolishing the profiles they call “woke.” We give special attention to self-proclaimed prophets of free speech. Us white South Africans are especially partial to black conservatives. This is what you could call the demoralization porn plantation: the endless searches and feeds and posts filled with Pakistani Muslim men in the UK masturbating in front of cornered young white teens, or Somali immigrants spitting in the faces of elderly Swedes on public transport - and the tide of lively comments to both demanding that people like this be executed. We listen in fury or anticipation to Dr. Tedros explaining how proud he is of the DEI scam, or “Dr” Jill Biden claiming that “democracy” or “decency” is on the ballot paper. We charge ourselves with dopamine but have no idea of where we’re going; if there is a destination to these exercises, then it’s most likely to the composing of an inflammatory remark on social media - which is then reported and deleted, rounding off a spectacular waste of time. Both views of the West, as it is, are entirely permissible - but to supplement either with

demoralization porn is asking to become depressed and purposeless.

But the reality. We have always believed that we should not stoop as low as our adversaries - subsequently, we have no slow march of our own, just influencers...and for \$X a month, you can get access to the Daily Wire's premium content, where the American black conservative Candace Owens mulls over the idea of poisoning wells in Africa, or to Charlie Kirk, or Steven Crowder, or anyone who makes a living perpetuating examples of extreme folly. But I'll tell you what you already know: they don't have answers. Whilst these people are being funny or controversial, England's Churches and community halls are emptying, or selling to councils to be turned into mosques. Whilst the likes spike and subscriptions increase, the pencil-pushers in our major corporations continue to ruin the concept of work, either by useless measurement methodology or imposing disabled Sudanese girl boss day on everyone every day.

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When that flight landed in London and I waited in the "others" queue thanks to a passport contaminated by the excesses and stupidity of the ANC, I remembered

what I'd thought in the early hours of that morning crossing the Mediterranean- something that has stayed with me ever since but not just stayed, has embedded itself as prime confirmation. Our beautiful country, all that we are, was - is - something of a test. But not as an attempt at multi-racial, multicultural cohabitation, but rather controlled demolition, where violence and deprivation squared up against a desire to control, and even when violence and deprivation had torn society's fabric and ripped the country's heart out as it beat, control remained. This, which has happened gradually, has never been more compelling to the Western predatory elite today.

In February 2023, I was asked by Alec Hogg at a conference in the Drakensburg what the feeling of the ANC and South Africa in London was. It's a question that doesn't appeal to me - it didn't appeal to me back in 2014. I've spent nearly 10 years being asked it, mostly by finance nerds or tech bros in the City, who do so with a blend of glee and regret. My answer is always: it's the same in the UK. Most often my response is countered by the old "well, things still work there" fallacy. But they also worked for a while in South Africa post-1994. Until they didn't.

And they won't, under people like Keir Starmer, or Sadiq Khan - because they haven't. For want of a better expression, the United Kingdom is circling the drain: just as the ANC cannot deliver textbooks or build bridges, the United Kingdom has been administered by too many unscrupulous con artists for it to offer any reasonable prospects. There is nothing to distinguish people like Caroline Nokes in the "one nation" grouping within the Tory party from people like Fikile Mblalula or Stella Ndabeni-Abrahams or Jamie Raskin or Ed Markey in the US. In the UK, the conservatives are heading for demolition in the forthcoming general election; it shouldn't come as surprising that over 50% of this "one nation" group are reportedly considering departing politics, eyeing the tech and renewable energy sectors for non-exec board positions where salaries for 4 meetings per calendar year can exceed £80k.

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All I could ever try and do here was to document a series of encounters and perspectives, littered with some history, about a profile I believe partially or solely responsible for the circumstances we in the West find ourselves in. Seen this way Sutenbastud is

powerful, evil, and influential - but also clumsy and useless. I needed a bit more insofar as the technical components were concerned and happily that arrived in 2023, in the form of Professor Matthew Goodwin's "Values, Voice and Virtue: The New British Politics".

It is a sensational book, and much more. Through detailed analysis, Prof Goodwin reveals things I couldn't - especially as he explores Sutenbastud's more updated iteration. Here he documents the features of the professional, managerial class he projects as Britain's new elite - where they were educated, the echo chambers they have established, and especially seizes upon why these people pursue luxury beliefs as an item of class distinction. In it, I saw every single person that I've documented in this book. Almost every single situation too.

What was more telling, however, was the response to the book. And Prof Goodwin played out of his socks here, laying a trap, waiting for his subjects to walk right in. He monitored reviews and responses on social media, most of which were dismissively critical, then lumped them all together in a document post and simply composed "touched a nerve?" If Sutenbastud came from the United Kingdom (influenced, as in the



United States, by Europeans), then Prof Goodwin's work has it bang to rights.

With this book in mind, reading his was almost dreamy. But then sleep-kicks within the dreams: you're able to determine that if this class of elitist is Britain's worst personality, and it is, then this influential country has become addicted to the worst personalities. It's the worst people here that are over-promoted - the chunky jewelry businesswomen with bowl haircuts popping off about climate change and diversity. It's the worst people here who are portrayed as "ethical" and "virtuous" - the carpetbagging, hunter/gatherer lawyers, the civil service, the bent charity industrial complex, the vicious disc jockeys or television presenters of Indian descent but married to white enterprise software salesmen ("abolitionist in the streets, conquered in the sheets"). And it's the worst people here who are always on the receiving end of awards and honors - the ultimate disguise for the most intolerant, censorious, and opportunistic. But of all the terrible things Sutenbastud now does, the pursuit of luxury beliefs is the most egregious. Why is it doing this? Prof Goodwin expresses that it is not necessarily because it hates ordinary people. Of



course it does but more - it is a way of consequence-proofing themselves.

I more or less finished the book in October 2023, in Santa Monica, Los Angeles, a few days after those Hamas degenerates launched a series of attacks on Israel. There was sorrow to be felt on various fronts, not least for the kidnapped victims, or the families massacred by the barbaric murder of children. I could literally hear a country's collective groan in anticipation of the useless Ronnie Kasrils, the former South African Minister of Intelligence / Defence who played a role in Jacob Zuma rape charges, to enter the fray with shameless support for the heinous barbarity of the terrorist savages. With its condition perilous enough, the West certainly didn't need yet another Marxist shithead mouthing off for Palestine, trying to make comparisons to South Africa's apartheid, augmenting substantial grief with twisted logic. I sympathized with moderate Jews here because they were about to be taught a lesson that they will no doubt never forget.

When George Floyd died, many moderate Jews - particularly in America - enlisted themselves as allies to the BLM movement. They did everything

documented in this book but (I believe) they did it from a genuine, well-intentioned place. Unlike scumbag chancer corporations like Unilever, or Forrester, moderate Jews saw injustice, a subject congruent with the emphasis they invest in memory, and not opportunity, and when they declared, “Black Lives Matter”, they did so in a combination of solidarity...and naivety. I don’t think it was conditional but when those savages parachuted into a rave and onto a kibbutz, Jews deserved friendship, and to an extent it arrived - from decent people who are capable of acknowledging tragedy and calling out wickedness. But it didn’t come from the place they had stood shoulder-to-shoulder in 2020. No, these inchoate monsters cheered the carnage, with BLM’s Chicago chapter celebrating the occasion with the image of a savage in a parachute that it posted onto “X”.

This depraved, sick hostility against Jews and Israel spread across the US, with universities volunteering to kick first. It was revealed that the British perfumer Jo Malone’s hyper-privileged son was the convener of a Palestinian solidarity concern at Harvard University, later to become one of the worst offenders insofar as harassment of Jewish students was concerned. This diseased institution, led by diseased people appointed

on complexion alone, hinted at Sutenbastud's future positions on life and speech for the young in the future West in a simple but devastating imposter: antisemitism/antiwhiteism, fine - "anti-black" racism/"Islamophobia" - bad.

If you, like me, came from that broad grouping once known as the "left", where you admired the likes of Tony Benn or Alan Johnson or respected institutions like the BBC and called anyone who didn't believe in green energy a bigot, then got sick of the cuckolded men or unerved by the neurotic women and turned to another space called the "right", where you were intrigued for a moment before people like Amber Rudd or the consultant class forced upon you judgment sobriety, then came to your senses and realized that you were completely alone...then maybe your memories were stirred by these events. Perhaps once you supported the ANC's "affirmative action" policies, dismissed the concerns of Afrikaans people, or jeered the news that yet another farmer had been butchered as arbitrary. If you had done something like this or similar, and acknowledged how wrong you were but were strong enough to resist the reminders so they couldn't come for you the moment you tried to close your eyes at night, you have made one of the

most important journeys in the world today. Possibly without knowing. If you can admit having been wrong - if you can be frank about your experience and commit to using what you've learned to help or entertain others - then there's no reason why you should fear anything in the world but God. You're completely - dazzlingly - free.

In Ross Ashcroft's 2012 documentary "The Four Horsemen", the singer and political commentator Dominic Frisby narrates how the world is being led to disaster by a combination of toxic fiscal policies. It was one instance in media that suggested the war on terror was a ruse for central banks to create larger pools of debt, so naturally it was panned by The Guardian and Time Out - the choice of magazine for London's Romanian gypsies to eat their sausages off. It was obvious why it didn't please the critics - at the end Frisby states:

"...to really understand something is to be liberated from it. Dedicating oneself to a great cause, taking responsibility and gaining self-knowledge is the essence of being human. A predatory capitalist's truest enemy, and humanity's great ally, is the self-educated individual who has read, understood, delays

their gratification...and walks around with their eyes wide open.”

If I were to cautiously push, I'd say that it is the same profile required today, but with more. More urgency, more commitment - and more defiance. What do I mean by that? There are two things I think about here, or rather, one that leads into another.

At the beginning of 2022, I chanced upon a group of Hungarian university students visiting London. They weren't here to shop. They didn't come for the, erm, “diversity”. They came to look at buildings, to listen to some Baroque, but most of all, they had come on something of a pilgrimage, to trace the life of a man who died just before coof in 2020. I knew this man. I met him once, read most of his books - and tried to defend him when was the subject of cowardly injustice. This was Sir Roger Scruton.

Sir Roger was at the center of the worst indictment of conservative politics, arguably in history. In 2019, he was visited at home by a rat-faced, fish-lipped, worm-tongued Sutenbastud reporter called George Eaton, for an interview with Eaton's employer, The New Statesman. Eaton possesses all the worst qualities in today's wanker media profile - he's like Max du Preez,

Adriaan Basson, Verashni Pillay and Nikolaus Bauer squeezed into one squirming, lactose-intolerant tick. Eaton deliberately misquoted Sir Roger and published lies. Without affording him the courtesy of a response, a group within the “one nation” conservatives then piled on, and later that day Sir Roger was relieved from the non-paid government job he had been appointed to, advising Britain on how not to destroy its architectural inheritance by building more brutalist housing. Less than a year later he was dead.

Great thinkers are compensated in quirky ways. In Hungary, Sir Roger is a national treasure and in Budapest, there’s a coffee/book shop named after him: “Scruton We Are The Place”. Initially just a venue for like-minded people to meet and discuss one of Britain’s greatest thinker’s works, it has extended into something of a movement and now features jazz and classical music every day of the week, as well as presentations and speeches on philosophy. You could argue Hungary’s obsession with a man GEN Z here in the UK has little to no knowledge of is similar to how Serbia loved the English comedy “Only Fools and Horses”, or how Japan celebrates an obscure South African karate champion by making video games of the fighter. But it’s more than that.

Meeting those students in St. James Park after work that evening reminded me of how Sir Roger's work helped me form a clearer picture of Western society's foundations - and the expectations it had of me. I had turned to him to help me learn more about England because I didn't want to be yet another foreigner living in London without knowing what this country meant. Immediately I was struck - as everyone always is - by the simplicity of his writing, his choice of few words - and his ability to craft magical sentences that are somehow immediately relatable to present circumstances. Then later I began to feel a deep peace whenever I read, as if I was staring into the deep, beautiful green of the English countryside in summer. Whenever I finished a book, I would think about what I'd just read with conviction: "This astonishing world". But it wasn't just about philosophy, history or religion; soon it had extended and become about measuring and absorbing, not necessarily man's multiple life searches, more the preparation of. Sir Roger's understanding of the life forces here, the history, the inheritance, and the brains and hearts and memories wrapped around them, is a kind of meditation - a calling to a world that answers when asked the right questions.



“We’re graduating next year,” one of the students told me, “I’m going to work in finance, not for a bank or anything like that.” Later, the thoughts I had about this random encounter wouldn’t vacate. These young people had an advanced sense of the world, alongside enhanced memory. They felt it could speak, and they were learning how to ask the right questions. I doubt you’ll find any of that group of confident, well-mannered young people going to work for banks that celebrate George Floyd day, or media companies where the stomping of HR landwhales through the company’s corridors haunts their dreams at night. If they did, their stomachs would turn in on them. They had been given something they were determined to build on and when I thought about that - about cycles and meaning and foundations - about never giving a penny more to companies who hate you or the search for or discovery of that great cause that shifts effortlessly into a happy existence lived in defiance of Sutenbastud’s destructive collectivism and sneakiness - I remembered my mother, and how she in her little way had done the same.

She turned an obsession, formed in adolescence, with South Africa’s natural beauty into a job. She became a successful tour operator and used the platform to



spread her unashamed adoration of her country to the world. It formed a state of thought so firm and uncompromising that no propaganda from Al Gore or the grotesque Michael E Mann (fraudulent hockey stick) could ever enter, let alone confuse or corrupt it. It was a purpose lexicon - always growing, burning without flickering, and wherever she went that day in December 2017 - I'd like to think the stars - she left with unwavering awe of the thing that made and fascinated her, gave her hope, filled her understanding, answered the right questions and offered re-assurance and succor in the moments she might have found herself isolated. Meaning built on meaning. Nothing else.

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