

JJ SANDRAS

# CONRAD & ALICE

**EPISODE 9**

**THE ANTI-RACISM MURDER**



**EPISODE 10**  
**THE ANTI-MIGRANT**  
**MURDER**



*Here are the ninth and tenth episodes concerning criminal investigations in Paris by Alice, a twenty six year old French psychologist, and Conrad, a South African pensioner in his late sixties.*

*In the ninth episode, Alice introduces Conrad to one of her patients, Ranjit, who is a South African Indian in Paris and very upset by the murder of a black South African in Paris. The murder case has to do with the insulting K-word the use of which is punishable by law in South Africa. The K-word is considered to promote racism against black skinned people in South Africa and elsewhere in the world. Sometimes drastic measures are necessary to fight serious problems like racism. Once again, our two investigators find themselves involved in a murder riddle and end up by helping the police solve the case.*

*In the tenth episode, Alice invites Conrad to meet one of her patients, Beth, who is a South African woman living in Paris, and who is most concerned about her French boyfriend who is a humanitarian activist helping migrants from North Africa coming to Western Europe. He is in prison because the police suspect him of having murdered a South African journalist. The two men were known to have had a violent disagreement over the migrant issue. Once again our two investigators find themselves involved in a murder riddle and end up by helping the police solve the case.*

*What makes these two episodes interesting are the psychological and philosophical interactions between our two investigators and the various people concerned. The Conrad and Alice episodes can be read in any sequence and by old and young alike. There are neither gory nor erotic scenes.*

*JJ Sandras was born in 1947. He grew up in South Africa. He began to travel widely at the age of 19 and has lived on several continents. He draws upon his experiences in foreign lands when describing the why and wherefore of our passage on this earth.*

*[www.jj-sandras.com](http://www.jj-sandras.com)*

**CONRAD & ALICE  
AND THE ANTI-RACISM MURDER**

**&**

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**Conrad & Alice**  
and  
**the anti-racism murder**

**&**

**Conrad & Alice**  
and  
**the anti-migrant murder**

BY THE SAME AUTHOR:

BOOKS IN ENGLISH:

*The Lord Magicians*, Solkeo publisher, 2015, new edition 2020.

volume 1: *The Knight of the Flower*,

volume 2: *The Lady of Noble Love*,

volume 3: *The Knight of the Boar*,

A philosophical trilogy on mysticism written as a fantasy tale with the background of France in the Middle Ages.

*Conrad & Alice*

An elderly pensioner and a young psychologist as crime investigators.

episode 1: *Conrad & Alice and the mad murder*.

episode 2: *Conrad & Alice and the anti-speciesism murder*.

episodes 1&2, Yvelinédition, 2016.

episode 3: *Conrad & Alice and the old age murder*.

episode 4: *Conrad & Alice and the human rights murder*.

episodes 3&4, Yvelinédition, 2017.

episode 5: *Conrad & Alice and the ecology murder*.

episode 6: *Conrad & Alice and the space-time bubble murder*.

episodes 5&6, Yvelinédition, 2018.

episode 7: *Conrad & Alice and the globalisation murder*.

episode 8: *Conrad & Alice and the kaleidoscope murder*.

episodes 7&8, Yvelinédition, 2019.

*The Magic Flute*, Yvelinédition, 2017.

*Conrad in the making*, Yvelinédition, 2017.

*Conrad in the making & Conrad on trial*, 2020.

BOOKS IN FRENCH:

*Le Chevalier à la Fleur*, éditions Déjà, 2001.

Roman philosophique et mystique écrit à la manière d'un conte fantastique sur fond de Moyen-Âge en France.

*Les Seigneurs Magiciens*, éditions Clair de terre, 2005.

Bande dessinée inspirée du roman *Le Chevalier à la Fleur*.

*Guy Marais, détective privé*

Les mésaventures comiques d'un détective privé sud-africain à Paris.

1 *Les clients mortels*, Yvelinédition, 2010.

2 *L'or de la mort*, Yvelinédition, 2010.

3 *Association mortelle de malfaiteurs*, Yvelinédition, 2011.

4 *Crime fatal en bande désorganisée*, Yvelinédition, 2011.

5 *Homicide volontaire en flagrant délire*, Yvelinédition, 2012.

6 *Non-assistance à personne enragée*, Yvelinédition, 2012.

7 *Entrave stupéfiante à la justice*, Yvelinédition, 2013.

8 *Erreur fatale sur la personne*, Yvelinédition, 2014.

9 *Mystère et cupidité au musée du Louvre*, Yvelinédition, 2015.

10 *La fin du 36, quai des Orfèvres*, Yvelinédition, 2016.

Bandes dessinées tirées des romans éponymes.

1 *L'Or de la mort*, Yvelinédition, 2015.

2 *Mystère et cupidité au musée du Louvre*, Yvelinédition, 2016.

# Conrad & Alice and the anti-racism murder

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Dépôt légal avril 2021

ISBN: 978-2-491936-34-1

**Conrad & Alice  
and  
the anti-migrant murder**

*To those for whom all lives matter.*

*Not all of the characters, names and events  
in this book are entirely fictitious*



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## CHAPTER 1

### DUBIOUS HUMANITARIAN DEATH

“Conrad,” said Alice, the pretty and slimly built young psychologist, on her cellphone, “I think this new case I’m working on might interest you.”

“Once again you surprise me,” said the elderly South African on pension in Paris. “Another mystery to solve?” He chuckled. “The last one quite was interesting. I suppose you don’t want to give me the details over the phone.” He sighed. “Where and when do we meet?”

“How about this evening at the Café Fusain?”

“Alright,” agreed Conrad. “That’s close to my apartment. At what time?”

“Let’s say half past six,” suggested Alice.

“The French would say eighteen hours thirty,” said Conrad. “I’ll be there.” And he was.

Alice joined him shortly thereafter. “So what makes this case so interesting that I might fall for it?” asked Conrad

after ordering their espressos at one of the tables next to the window giving a large view on the Rue St Ambroise.

“It has to do with a murder concerning a human rights activist,” said Alice.

Conrad sat upright. “I see,” he said. “Even good people get killed.”

Readers having already read an episode of the Conrad and Alice series can skip the next two paragraphs.

Conrad was well into his sixties and had spent most of his adult life in the computer world before it changed dramatically in the early years of the third millennium due to internet. He was neither fat nor thin and his face was rather square. His hair was closely cropped as well as his beard and moustache. With good eyesight for his age he didn't wear glasses. He had earned a good living by working in various countries, mainly in Western Europe, as a software engineer in main line systems. Having grown up in sunny South Africa he started his computer career with IBM in Johannesburg in the late nineteen-sixties before moving to France six years later because of a serious emotional attack. He had fallen in love with a young French girl on holiday south of the Limpopo River who had responded favourably to his amorous advances but who insisted on going back to her country. If he wanted to carry on their lovely relationship he had to follow her. He wanted to and thereafter they spent ten years together in France before the young lady complained of his being a workaholic. The truth is his job took so much of his time and energy that she said she was living with a phantom who was often away for several days at a time and when at home too tired to pay her the attention a woman expects of her man. The flame of passion had diminished with time and after their separation Conrad lived mainly for his job which he continued to find most interesting and his interest with the Dalai Lama's version

of Buddhism. Although he was vegetarian and a teetotaler he was no ascetic. He continued to frequent friendly females. Being good looking and kindly disposed to women, he obtained what he desired while giving as much, if not more, than he took. Now that he was on pension he remained in Paris, a city he loved, and spent most of his time as a tourist in that famous world capital. His desire for intimate relationships with women had dwindled to the point of his being content to only spend time with them as friends.

Alice was tall, slim with long silky light brown hair falling gently on her shoulders. With an oval face she was an attractive woman of twenty-six who loved her job as psychologist to the point of being a workaholic which perturbed her love life. Her boyfriend put up with her because he knew she didn't sleep around and that her relationship with Conrad was purely platonic; two workaholics. The young lady had met Conrad recently at the annual Paris Book Festival when they bumped into each other accidentally. When moving in a dense crowd one inevitably bumps into people and their encounter was truly unintended by either of them unless one wants to believe it was their karma. After apologising to each other in French at the same time they both burst out laughing and ended up having a cup of coffee together. She liked Conrad's English accent and virtually begged him to always speak English with her to allow her to improve her command of that language which she loved so much. As we already know Conrad was always happy to have an attractive young lady for company and he gladly accepted. They discovered that they had many interests in common and where they differed they were happy to learn the other one's point of view. Conrad being old enough to be Alice's grandfather he had the advantage of having more experience in life and she often asked him for his advice, just as she was doing now.

“Another one of your patients is accused of murder?” asked Conrad.

Alice smiled. “That’s not quite the case,” she said. “Her boyfriend, a human rights activist, is accused of murder.”

Conrad frowned. “How about that?” he said in a surprised tone. “Human rights activists save peoples’ lives. They do not kill. What has your patient to do with this? I suppose she wants to help prove that her boyfriend is innocent.”

“Quite so,” acquiesced Alice. “Let me tell you what I can about her.”

“I’m all ears,” said Conrad picking up his cup of coffee which the waitress had just served him.

Alice did likewise and after taking a sip of her coffee said: “she is the girlfriend of a member of a human rights team who was on a small ship in the Mediterranean Sea between North Africa and Europe rescuing migrants.” Alice stop talking to take another sip of her espresso.

“Lampedusa is an island off the south coast of Italy,” said Conrad while Alice was swallowing her beverage. “It has become famous lately because of the many migrants who go there mainly from Tunisia. The locals have great difficulty in handling the problem.” He sighed. “And they want to stop the invasion by those who use human rights as their weapon.”

“You speak as though nowadays migrants are invaders taking over other peoples’ lands,” said Alice. “What about the Europeans who colonised countries all over the world? Wasn’t it the same thing or even worse?”

“Yes,” agreed Conrad. “The European colonisation started in the late fifteenth century and ended in the second half of the twentieth century. Of course, the peoples colonised were victims and the Europeans guilty. Now it’s the other way round according to many Europeans who consider themselves to be victims,” said Conrad. “They say there are border controls

all over the world where one has to show one’s passport and have proper means to enter a country before being allowed in. And migrants break those rules by insisting on being housed and fed and what not. Migrants use human rights philosophy whereas the colonisers used their superior technology. How sad. How very sad.”

“Who are the victims?” asked Alice somewhat surprised. “I’m not sure I get you.”

Conrad gave her a soothing smile. “Everybody,” he said. “Migrants who endure difficult living conditions in their countries are victims. And those who have to receive them by having their living conditions badly altered are also victims.” He frowned and shook his head.

“That’s true,” said Alice.

A short silence followed. “But we are not here to discuss international problems,” said Conrad. “Let’s get on with your specific case,” he suggested.

Alice smiled. “Yes,” she said. “As you say we are not here to discuss international problems but a specific one.” She frowned. “My patient’s name is Beth. I thought of you because she is also South African.”

“How old is she?” asked Conrad.

“Is that important?” asked Alice.

“Yes,” said Conrad. “If her Christian name is spelt ‘Beth’ instead of ‘Mary’ then she could be Afrikaans. It is a typical Afrikaans name because of the Huguenots who fled France and were sent to the Cape by the Hollanders in 1688 after the religious massacre. Is she Afrikaans and did she grow up in South Africa during the apartheid period or afterwards?”

Alice shook her head slowly with a smile. “Yes,” she said. “She is in her twenties. Her name is spelt the Afrikaans way and she grew up in Johannesburg. Since 2015 she has been

living in Western Europe. At first in England and now in France.”

“Does she have her own flat?” asked Conrad.

“No. She lives with her boyfriend, the human rights activist.”

“And he is still a human rights activist?”

“He is in prison.”

“Oh,” said Conrad. “So Beth turned to you for psychological help?”

“Yes.”

“And because she wants to help her boyfriend accused of murder and she is South African you think I can help?”

Alice nodded her head.

“How did she manage to stay in England and France? What kind of passport does she have?”

“South African. She met Michel in London during her stay over there. She had a three month visa. They fell in love and came to live in France. Michel helped her to get a permit allowing her to live in France.”

“Then Michel is French?”

“Yes.”

“How is she living now? Where and with what means?”

“She is living in Michel’s flat in Paris and she earns her living by teaching English.”

“Is she connected to Michel’s accusation? Maybe she is also a suspect?”

“Yes,” said Alice. “She is only one of several suspects and must remain in Paris so the police can contact her easily.”

“I see,” said Conrad. “What else can you tell me?”

Alice shook her head. “I prefer her to tell you,” she said. “I’ve told you all I should and now it’s up to you if you want to meet her.”

“Have you already told her about me?”

“I only mentioned that I knew a South African pensioner living in Paris and she said she would be pleased to meet you as a fellow South African.”

Conrad chuckled. “You’ve got me again,” he said. “Then let’s do as per usual.”

Alice smiled and took out her cellphone from her handbag. She dialled a number and after waiting several seconds she said: “hello Beth. I’ve spoken to Conrad, the South African pensioner, and he agrees to meeting you. Can the three of us meet tomorrow afternoon in a café in Paris?” Beth replied positively and it was agreed for them to meet the next day in the Café Livres near the metro station Hotel de Ville at 3pm. After hanging up Alice informed Conrad of Beth’s answer. “I’ll be there a few minutes before 3,” added Alice, “like that I’ll be there before you.” She smiled broadly. “As you say: as per usual.”

They both laughed and finished their coffee.

The next day, as per usual, Conrad entered the Café Livres a few minutes after 3pm and Alice and Beth were already seated there.