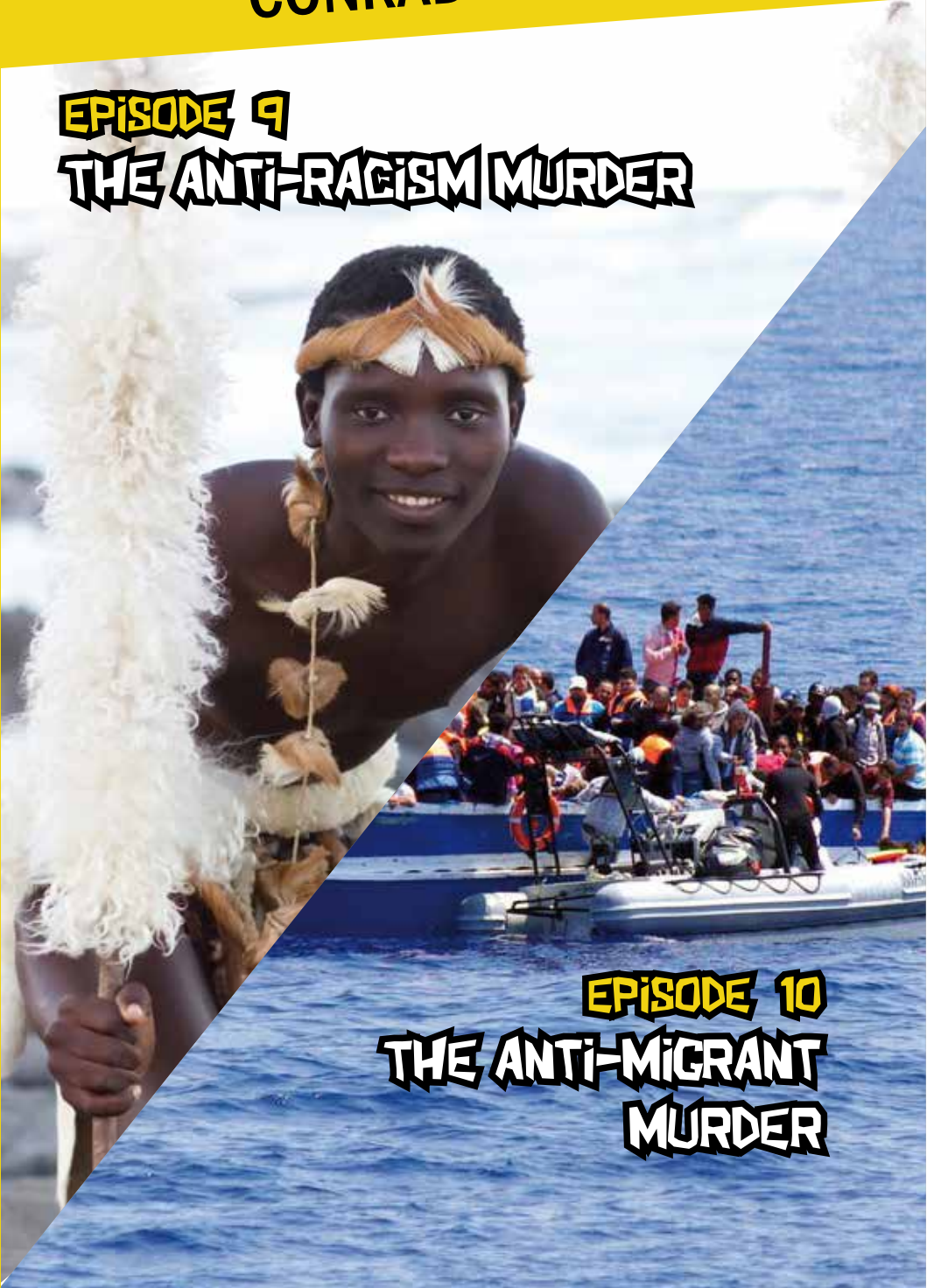


JJ SANDRAS

# 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**

**&**

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

JJ SANDRAS

**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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*To people who are polite.*

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

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

Chapter 1 Crazy holiday in Greece	17
Chapter 2 Flight take-off delay	25
Chapter 3 Simon's story	37
Chapter 4 Ganesha goes to town	45
Chapter 5 The plot thickens	55
Chapter 6 Mortal mistake	63
Chapter 7 Unexpected ending	71



## CHAPTER 1

### CRAZY HOLIDAY IN GREECE

“Conrad,” said Alice, the pretty and slimly built young psychologist, on her cell-phone, “I know you said you were no longer interested in cases I present to you but I think this one will interest you.”

“You will always surprise me,” said the elderly South African on pension in Paris. “Another mystery to solve?” He chuckled. “The last one was as sad as it was interesting. I suppose you don’t want to give me the details over the phone.” He sighed. “Where and when shall 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 Saint Ambroise.

“One of my patients is suffering from nightmares due to a guilt complex,” said Alice.

“That’s quite common,” said Conrad raising his eyebrows. “People who follow a religion like Christianity believe we are born in sin and have to spend our lives begging forgiveness from God.”

“Yes,” said Alice. “The guilt complex is the basis of Christian philosophy.” She inclined her head. “But this case has nothing to do with religion.”

“Uh, huh,” murmured Conrad. “Why should it interest me?”

“It has to do with a murder concerning a South African,” said Alice.

Conrad sat upright. “I see,” he said.

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.

"You see," said Alice, "nowadays there is one word you may not utter in South Africa." She stopped talking and looked Conrad straight in the eyes. "I'm sure you know it."

"And you may not say it even in other countries," said Conrad with a wry smile. "Someone who used it on internet in Greece found himself in dire straits. It's the k-word."

Alice nodded.

"You don't mean to say that that word was why the murder was committed?"

Alice shrugged her shoulders with a grimace. "It seems like it," she said.

"Oh, my God!" exclaimed Conrad. "I knew one was never to mention that word, neither in speech nor in writing." He frowned. "The world is going madder by the minute." He smiled. "Do you know what that word means?"

"I looked it up in the dictionary," replied Alice, "and learnt that it was a term used in Southern Africa to insult Africans. It can be compared to the word 'nigger' in the United States."

"In South Africa the law can punish you for using the k-word," said Conrad, "especially if your skin is white." He shook his head slowly. "When I was young you were not allowed to use the F-word. Now it's the k-word and the consequences of using it can be a lot worse." He leaned back

in his chair while the waitress placed their espressos before them on their table.

Picking up her cup Alice said: "my patient is not afraid of the consequences of using the k-word because he never uses it and," she let a few seconds pass by before adding: "his skin is not white."

"I don't see why a black man should feel guilty about a white man being killed for using the k-word," said Conrad.

"He's not a black man," said Alice. "He's an Indian. He told me that Indians were brought into South Africa a long time ago to work on the sugar cane farms in Natal. They had a special racial status."

Conrad stifled a laugh. "There were basically five racial groups in South Africa during the apartheid period," he said. "The top of the list were the Whites. Then came the Chinese and the Indians followed by the Coloureds and the Blacks. Each racial group lived in its own areas and no social intercourse was allowed between the different ethnic groups. I'm speaking politely. The Chinese and Indians were allowed to do as the Whites thereby exploiting the Coloureds and the Blacks. The Coloureds and Blacks were the underdogs. It was like a modern form of slavery."

"Who were the Coloureds?" asked Alice. "I can understand the other race groups but I don't see who the Coloureds are."

Conrad shrugged his shoulders. "They are a mixture of other race groups. Mainly white men and black women in the early days of the colonial period when there were many European men and few European women." He smiled. "During the apartheid period social intercourse was banned between the different race groups and that included sex."

Alice smiled after sipping her espresso and put her cup back onto its saucer. "I see," she sighed, "I looked up apartheid over internet. What a dreadful situation." She grimaced.

“Sometimes brothers and sisters with the same parents were classified in different racial groups. How weird!” she exclaimed. “People could go from one group to another by administrative protocol.”

Conrad nodded. “Let’s get back to your patient,” he said. “What can I do to help him get over his guilt complex.”

“You lived as a white person during the apartheid period and therefore he might accept your opinion if you were to try to ease his troubled mind,” said Alice.

“Nicely put,” said Conrad.

Alice smiled. “Thank you,” she said. “Of course I haven’t spoken of you to him...”

“...as always,” said Conrad finishing her sentence.

Alice shrugged. “But if you would care to meet him...”

“...then you’ll speak of me to him.”

Alice nodded.

“So what’s your patient’s problem?” asked Conrad. “A heavy risk?”

“Perhaps not,” replied Alice. “It’s just his mind that’s troubling him,” she pulled a face, “unless he hasn’t told me everything.”

“You suspect that there is more to it than what he has said?”

Alice nodded again.

“Well, then,” said Conrad. “Spill the beans and I’ll see if I can put up with another very sad story. It could help me to learn more about life.”

Alice smiled. “It has to do with an incident that took place in Greece. Perhaps the same one you mentioned a few minutes ago.”

“I get it,” said Conrad. “A white South African on holiday over there took a selfie in which he said he was in paradise

because there were no k-words on the beach. He put that on internet and when he returned to South Africa he was taken to court.” He grimaced. “How stupid!” he exclaimed.

“Exactly,” said Alice.

“But his lawyer insisted on his going to Greece to face the charges for his k-word slur,” said Conrad, “for that is where he committed his crime.”

“Crime is perhaps too strong a word. The legal term is *crimen injuria*,” said Alice. “Anyway the Randburg Magistrates Court in Gauteng agreed to his lawyer’s request.”

“I see you have done your homework,” said Conrad with a laugh.

“Oh, yes,” said Alice, “I looked for all the necessary information.”

“You always do.”

Alice smiled. “The Greek authorities are supposed to summons him soon. Let me show you the letter translated from Greek to English,” she said while pulling a sheet of paper from her large handbag and gave it to Conrad.

After reading the sheet Conrad repeated the conclusion. “In summary he is facing charges relating to the intention to publicly - via internet - incite, provoke, excite or [encourage] acts or actions which may cause discrimination, hatred or violence against a person or group; or persons identified by race, colour, religion, genealogy, national or ethnic origin, gender; or threatens the lives or freedom of such persons.» He gave the sheet back to Alice. “Very fancy,” he said. “The Greek authorities are wise.”

“The Greek authorities are wise?” repeated Alice. “I don’t understand.”

“They make no mention of the k-word,” replied Conrad.

“Is that important?” asked Alice.

Conrad nodded. “Improper use of any word, whether it is the k-word or any other word, is condemnable. But to declare any word condemnable under any circumstances is madness.”

“Is that the case in South Africa?” asked Alice.

“So I’ve been told by people living in that beautiful country.”

Alice winced. “I’m sorry to hear that. But if that word injures peoples’ feelings it should not be uttered.”

“I agree with you,” said Conrad. “Unfortunately things often go too far.” He sighed. “Let’s get back to your patient’s problem. This story is between South Africa and Greece and we’re in Paris. What’s the connection?”

“An argument broke out here in Paris over that issue and, like you say, things went too far.”

“How far did they go?” asked Conrad.

“There was a fight,” replied Alice.

“Any serious injuries?” asked Conrad.

“No serious injuries due to the fight,” replied Alice. “But the next day one of the men in the fight was found dead.”

“Oh,” said Conrad. “That is bad.” He grimaced. “And your patient has something to do with it?”

Alice nodded. “So do you agree to discuss it with him?”

Conrad pursed his lips. “Okay,” he said. “Café Livres near Hotel de Ville metro station tomorrow afternoon at 3pm?”

“As per usual,” acquiesced Alice. “I’ll contact him and let you know.”

“What is his name?” asked Conrad.

“Ranjit,” replied Alice, “a very common name in India.”

They finished their espressos while talking of pleasant things like the latest exhibition at the Atelier des Lumières only a ten minute walk from where they were.

## CHAPTER 2

### FLIGHT TAKE-OFF DELAY

The meeting Alice organised took place in the charming Café Livres with its many shelves of books which customers can page through at leisure. One enters the café through a terrace facing the Tour Saint-Jacques, situated just around the corner from the city hall in central Paris. Food is served non-stop from midday to 11pm. The pleasantly relaxing atmosphere encourages private conversation.

Because Conrad had never seen Ranjit before, Alice had told him to turn up five minutes late as she would already be there. Like that he could go to her table straight away. Both Alice and Ranjit were present when Conrad entered the café/restaurant. He marched up to their table with a wide smile. Alice got up and Ranjit followed her example. Conrad first kissed Alice on the cheeks, as is the custom in France, and then extended his hand which Ranjit shook energetically. He was a tall well built man with long black straight hair. His skin was light in colour which is common to the people in Northern Indian. His clean shaven face was square with a high