PREFACE

"I think the future of journalism is going to be a battle between caution and recklessness.
And I think a little bit of recklessness is a good thing."
- Director Alex Gibney

This book is intended to be a goal against depressing authority but my mind isn't in the right place to strike today. My thoughts leave in different directions to bounce against the wall and back into me at angles impossible to collect. Those entering places such as my arse are useless, and what remains in my head is a half-time tampon being used for the third time.

I pride myself with most-of-the-time control but it's obvious that I've lost it. Maybe old desperation never left me and is being kept company by anxiousness that there aren't many games left before I'm booted out of the tournament wherein the teams with all the money are smugly smiling at me.

My exercising has taken the form of filing thousands of emails and screen-shots as steps towards compiling a timeline for reference by the authorities and me. By the time December 2018 arrives, my goal is to be focused on research, research and research. And then impossibly condense 8 years of fighting corruption into hundreds of pages impossibly written in frenetic weeks. I may have to steal from my older blogs. To make up for my brevity, I want to create web pages with fatty references so you're guaranteed to know whose rotten and that South Africa is in trouble in more ways than you realise. In our world of same shit/different government, who can we turn to?

But my plan isn't happening. I'm way behind... and haven't done something as simple as decide how many chapters there are going to be and what they'll be about.

But I'll file what I can and read more than a million words I'd blogged before (surely the best time reference of all). Then I've got to leave as much of me behind as possible; my jumpy mind, its red cards of frustration and daydreaming, and my desire to escape with the Beach Buggy Racing game on my laptop.

This unfulfilled position is far too usual to be awkward. It's not like I haven't started preparing legal documents too late, walked without sleep into a Court room of the enemy, and thereafter straight into a Council meeting instead of something sensible such as conversation about movies, the lips of an interesting woman, a Windhoek Draught beer or a double shot of Jameson's Caskmate Stout Edition whisky.
Hell, I don't like soccer - that it became my metaphor here shows how screwed I am. But soccer is certainly as South African as corruption, as South African as this book is going to be. And I'm no quitter in a game that isn't over. As the whistle blows, it's my turn to kick the bloody ball as hard as I can...

— Mike, 25 November 2018