

THE BREAD WINNER

BY ALY-KHAN SATCHU



SO QZ CALLS ME and says: “A-K we want you to write something about being a breadwinner and the responsibilities that go with it.” That got me thinking about the male-female thing, and I do feel that our society here is very chauvinistic. I’d never heard about ‘flashing’ (and I mean the phone type) till I came back. Now, of course, I’ve been fortunate enough to meet many successful

women, particularly in the media space, but on balance they are the exception. This will change, of course. So I do feel that as a Man in our society, there are tremendous pressures to perform. I’ve met many men in my life, many aesthetically or vertically challenged, but with the most gorgeous partners on their arm. Why? Their wallets!

The best story I’ve heard was about Kerry Packer, the Australian billionaire who loved to gamble. He walks into a VIP lounge in Las Vegas, wall to wall babes, and notices that they’re all congregating around one man. He starts to get a little annoyed and asks “Who is he?” The Maitre D’ says “Don’t you know he is a Texan oil millionaire?” Packer asks, “Well, how much is he worth?” The Maitre D’ responds, “One hundred million dollars.” Packer gets up and walks over slowly (he was a big man), stops in front of the fellow, takes a coin out of his pocket and says sotto voce, “Let’s toss this coin for a hundred million dollars.” The Texan took off and the all the babes were Packer’s.

Now I can hear you all asking A-K, How do I get to that situation? Today, everywhere I look the banks want to lend us money, and the economy has sprouted wings. I believe great fortunes will be made by those who have the ideas, the will, and the desire. This opportunity comes only once or twice in a lifetime.

Many people I meet, however, will use their loans to consume. They’ll buy a flash motor, hang around the latest joints, rev the engine, and look the part. But friends - they are the losers! The winners will be those who buy a Toyota [apologies Toyota] and invest the loan. Today, our country’s cup is overflowing with sound investment opportunities (and I don’t mean Pyramid schemes; I’m fed up with crybabies who say they’ve lost their money in such a scheme. Who can pay those kinds of rates of returns, come on!) and you just have to do your homework.

The fellow with the loan who bought the Mercedes won’t have any spare cash to invest, he’ll be desperately trying to make his monthly payments, desperately trying to avoid the auctioneer’s hammer. But the Toyota man will have the cash, will make his investments, and in a few years will have the wherewithal to buy several Mercedes, the house in Muthaiga, the yacht moored off the beach in the South Coast.

When I was younger and very impatient, my dear, departed Mother would sense that I, like 50 Cent, wanted the finer things in life and I wanted it now. And at 29 years old, I did it. I was a Managing Director of a Bank, paid a footballer’s salary, staying in the same suite in The Meurice Hotel in Paris that the Aga Khan did, but before that I too was champing at the bit.

My beloved Mother used to say to me “Visualise it!”, and that is the secret of secrets. “Visualise it!” Visualise the Mercedes even if you are driving a Toyota, and the Benz will be yours. Don’t sit at home and navel gaze. Get out there. One of my favourite films is “Scarface”. Al Pacino (aka Tony Montana) has been released from a Cuban jail and has just got to Miami as an illegal. He’s working in a fast food joint and this hot air balloon crosses the sky and on it is written: The world is yours.

Visualise that!

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