

**The columnist as trickster:
satire and subversion in literary journalism.**

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PART 2: *The Weekly Crab* (editions 1 to 13) as a creative, countertextual response to instances of white normativity in mainstream South African satire.

i. Abstract.

This project examines facets of racial identity as they emerge in a contemporary South African context, and considers how instances of local satire both subtly resist and support white normativity. It consists of two separate sections: firstly, a self-reflective essay that, employing current theories from the academic field of whiteness studies, assesses South African satire's relation to and negotiation of race and identity politics; and secondly, *The Weekly Crab*, my own creative response to the genre of satire.

Using contemporary theories of racial construction, the first section will delineate whiteness as a dominant but invisible identification, and as a social construction underpinned by an inherited and continually reproduced privilege. Satire, in turn, will be described as a mode of rhetorical and conceptual attack that is capable of cultivating an understanding of how whiteness functions as a cultural construct, as well as foster a sensitivity to how its cultural dynamics shape and inform racial politics in the South African context.

The first section will identify the website *Hayibo.com* as a source of local satire whose satirising of current events is often complicit in the perpetuation of white normativity. I will point to moments in its work where white expectations, fears and social mores are left unexamined, and, indeed, become an unspoken part of their critiquing lens rather than the focus of it.

An accompanying critical breakdown of my own satire in *The Weekly Crab* will show my work to be a countertext to *Hayibo*. As I will make clear, I am not saying that I successfully fill a gap in the landscape of South African satire. Instead, in comparing my work to the satire that *Hayibo* produces, and by providing, in the second section, a creative response to that particular approach to satire, I am trying to circumscribe a blind spot in South African literary journalism: that is, the paucity of satire that aggressively subverts the normativity of whiteness.

Key words:

Whiteness, satire, literary journalism, media critique of whiteness.

PART 1: A self-reflexive essay examining the complicity of South African satire in the perpetuation of white normativity.

1. Introduction.

This introduction serves as an academic contextualisation of what the main body of my Master's thesis – *The Weekly Crab* – has to offer as a serious and rigorous investigation into the medium of satire as it manifests in contemporary South African literary journalism. That is, I would like to explain the ways in which the satire of *The Weekly Crab* plays on a keen understanding of literary and philosophical theory, and how my work occupies itself, however obliquely, with making a contribution to the tradition of whiteness studies in the South African context.

Literary journalism, as the term implies, operates in the intersection between journalism and literature. Sims (1995:3) sees it as a kind of creative nonfiction that uses literary techniques to comment on factual events, or make incisive commentary on matters of broad social relevance, teasing out 'the hidden patterns of community life'. This it does without the customary newspaper strictures of objectivity and fairness placed upon it, allowing the literary journalist a licence to comment on whatever they like and draw, implies Sims, on the rhetorical freedoms afforded to novelists (2007: 1). While this traditionally has been the sphere of the independent columnist – and I do include the work of several columnists to make important points about satire – I also intend to broaden the scope of what is possible for the satirical literary journalist. As I hope to show, the satire produced in a fake news format is able to present a creative, multifarious community of performed voices that can reimagine the scope and practice of the columnist. Chance and McKeen (2001: xiii) observe that literary journalism is arguably less constrained than other types of journalism, and that it blurs the boundaries between fact and fiction. In writing *The Weekly Crab*, I wanted to free myself of the singular, defining voice to which the columnist is often confined, and play around, with unlimited freedom, in the range of rhetorical strategies available to the literary trickster – the writer who teases out the hidden absurdities and hypocrisies within ways of speaking we typically regard as natural.

I will look to define satire as a form of conceptual, rhetorical attack that aims to bring into question the normativity of accepted ideas and pervasive mental attitudes by creating a ‘carnival’ of performed voices. This is a Bakhtinian conception of the genre (1984: 102-107). As such, satire will be formulated as a literary technique that allows an author to ‘channel’ or put on ludicrous display diverse but distinctive manner of speaking (1984: 102-107). For Bakhtin, these ways of speaking are learnt linguistic codes that function as actual ways of interpreting, seeing and being in the world: a language, therefore, in a Bakhtinian reading of it, is also a kind of subjectivity, and a form of power (1984: 101-107). By enacting these linguistic strategies of authority and identity – in short, by parodying them – satire can create a living carnival of competing, heterogeneous perspectives. In this way, these identities are shown to be roles that the satirist can perform – and twist – in order to advance a certain argument. This underscores for the reader both the constructedness of identity and, in turn, the absurdity of any claims to power the discourses being satirised make. In short, satire will be shown to be a thesis art: a rhetorical strategy that undermines discursive structures of power by using and, most crucially, subverting recognised forms of rhetoric to expose the folly and hypocrisy therein.

The satire in *The Weekly Crab* focuses mostly scrutinising South African male whiteness as it manifests as an identifying ideology of normativity. I have done this out of the belief that satire, as a literary mode of rigorous fault-finding, inquiry and testing examination, ought to focus its unforgiving gaze on the dominant structures of social power in an effort to qualify the inherent unnaturalness of their constructions. As West notes (2009: 11), whiteness is powerful ‘sociocultural construct that has been brought into being’, a notion reinforced by Steyn (2001: 116-117) who sees whiteness as an ‘artificial privilege’ handed down to her via a ‘complex heritage’. Whiteness, through this understanding, is a ‘complex social identity’, one that ‘positions the bearer within complex social constructions that have real material and psychological consequences’ (2001: 117). Using these theories of identity and race construction, I position whiteness as a discourse that still, despite the advent of democracy, maintains a

dominant cultural hegemony in South Africa. In line with that identification of whiteness as a marker of normalcy and aspiration, I argue that the role of South African satire, as medium designed to challenge dominant ways of thinking, is to examine unforgivingly the modes of living and thinking in modern white South Africa. Indeed, Steyn (2001: 150) points to a shifting political economy in South Africa and the ‘tip[ping] of the Western centre’ as evidence that whiteness in this country is now a more contested terrain than ever before. The ‘white norm’, she writes, is losing its ‘statutory credibility’ (2001: 150). I want to examine how my work in *The Weekly Crab* uses an understanding of that to add to the fracturing of white discursive power in the new South Africa.

But before I outline and offer an analysis of my own satire, I shall present and examine the work of another source of South African satire, *Hayibo*. By rendering a close analysis of my own creative work alongside the (very popular) satirical writing now being produced in South Africa I hope to reveal the ways in which I have tried to cover an ideological terrain I feel has been neglected by mainstream South African satirists such as *Hayibo*. Where I have tried in much – but not strictly all – of my satire to interrogate and pick apart the meaning of modern whiteness in a readable, appealing way with the intention of undermining its cultural centrality, I see *Hayibo*’s satire tacitly promoting racial hierarchies. My analysis of the website will show how it validly targets a black-led national government, but does so in a way that is couched in archaic conceptions of blackness. Where I try to cultivate a self-reflexive and deliberately oppositional stance to my own race, I see *Hayibo* often playing on default white fears and anxieties: the fear that their country is headed towards inevitable ruin (2001: 158); the anxiety that the white political voice is increasingly a diminished one (2001: 71); the worry that economic power and the access to material comforts will be taken away (2009: 158); and, ultimately, a defensiveness about their race that too easily precludes the ‘black position’ being ‘taken seriously’ (2001: 106). Where I attempt to satirise these dispositions, I see *Hayibo* making them part of their very approach to satirical criticism. It is a method that invokes Babb’s (1998: 42) ‘paradox of

whiteness', in that *Hayibo* will be shown to employ the 'devices of white hegemony' which, for the most part, are 'devices of exclusion' that articulate 'not necessarily who or what is white but rather who or what is not white'.

The point of this project, therefore, is to define satire as a rhetorical strategy capable of inhabiting multiple perspectives with the aim, ultimately, of subverting them; to position whiteness as a centralised identifying construction susceptible to the shape-shifting nature of satire; and then to show how satire, despite being able to move fluidly between various identities or linguistic strategies, sometimes relies on a fixity of identity to attack those concepts it is ideologically opposed to, and which, deliberately or not, reinforces a readership's view of themselves, others and their society at large. In short, I did not believe that current local satire serves as an intellectual, antagonistic critique of a strong and greatly privileged ideology, which is why I started writing and distributing *The Weekly Crab*. It is intended as a countertext to existing South African satire. The second half of this introduction will be to analyse to what extent that ambition was achieved.

2. Satire, whiteness and related conceptions.

Satire arises out of angry disbelief, a maddened hope that things could be better, and more just. A satirist, simply put, is somebody who is genuinely hurt that the world is not a saner place.

Satire, as Wood notes (2004: 6), can be seen as the 'comedy of correction', as an impulse to point out wrongness. We think here, he says, of Aristophanes in *The Clouds* and *The Wasps*, or of Erasmus and Rabelais, Swift and Molière – all of whose work is naturally 'satirical in impulse, frequently violent and farcical', and, expert at seeing through the inherent weaknesses of humankind, relentlessly seeks to find the crack of folly in the arguments or positions of those it targets (2004: 7). It is not a 'forgiving' kind of comedy: it laughs at, never with (2004: 6).

Momus, the ancient embodiment of fault-finding and reprehension, hunts out any presence of

folly or absurdity, rifles for any hint of stupidity. He is the god of censure, blame and ridicule; he is the ‘patron saint of satirists’ (2004: 6).

On a more technical level, I largely base my understanding of satire on Bakhtin’s scholarship of the mode. Bakhtin (1984a) treats Menippean satire – a form of writing that attacks pervading mental attitudes rather than individuals – as a serio-comic genre typified by a ‘carnival sense of the world’ in which society is seen as ‘one great communal performance’. Performance is the crucial term: for Bakhtin, satire is the art of enacting arguments, and, in this way, is deeply rooted in language and speech. Language, in this understanding, operates as a defining point of view in which there coexists a code of distinct meanings. The linguistic energy of prose is harnessed, says Vice (1997: 18-21), to create an inclusive literary-verbal performance, one that requires the writer – or speaker – to choose and inhabit a position, or several positions. This is heteroglossia, or the ‘hybrid utterance’, which functions more or less on the level of parody: a single speaker, through imitating ways of speaking – which, for Bakhtin, are actual, felt ways of comprehending and being in the world – and putting these into conflict with one another (1997: 19). This draws into question the authoritative, and puts on a level playing various not only many contesting ways of seeing, but also modes of believing (1984: 107).

Satire, then, is a conceptual attack on an accepted way of thinking. It uses the power of language (which, for Bakhtin, is a lived worldview) and the mutability of identity to set into contestation recognisable, distinctive kinds of rhetoric in order to put on show the transience of their fabricated normality, authority and credibility.

This itself is a kind of textual representation of The Feast of Fools, a medieval festival in which structures of power were temporarily abandoned and lesser members of society were granted momentary permission to profane their superiors by enacting their roles. In *Rabelais and His World* (1984), Bakhtin defines this as the carnivalesque – a space of brief but intense and meaningful, creative transgression by those otherwise excluded from the seats of traditional power. The emphasis was on the grotesque, on the often violent reimagining of social positions,

and came to signify the figurative tearing down of authority and oppressive officialdom. It was the one space in which the marginalised affirmed themselves to their superiors with impunity, asserting their derision in a fierce and free, open and permissive public forum. A cacophony of usually buried voices re-enacting the formalities and follies of their masters; a fractious clamouring of grotesque energies subverting society's everyday hierarchy; a single speaker adopting one, or many different, roles; beggars becoming kings, boys becoming popes; opposites bleeding into each other: this, in my understanding of Bakhtin's reading of the early novel, is a literal depiction of how satire works at a textual level. To summarise Vice (1997: 23-25), defamiliarisation is a basic satirical technique that estranges one from previously accepted conventions or conceptions, making them seem strange and unfamiliar. It can, in this way, create a sense of critical distance from one's own position – in this case, from my own identity: normative male whiteness.

Like the suppressed rage of those medieval commoners, I started *The Weekly Crab* – my little carnivalesque – out of anger, too: an anger directed not only at the state of the nation, that is, but mostly at the state of contemporary South African satire. It is my small, personal attempt at critique: I did not feel as though home-grown satire was making good enough use of the medium's potential, or that it was accurately pointing out social injustice. The folly of the work I was reading and seeing on television perplexed me more than the folly of the current affairs it was sending up. It did not do what I hoped it would, which was to scrutinise the dominant social power structures in contemporary South Africa.

How is this dangerous? It is dangerous because it only contributes further to the centralising of whiteness as an ideology. For Steyn (2001: 37-39), the hegemonic practices of whiteness operate as the prevailing cultural norm against which other cultural practices are judged. Whiteness, by extension, can be theorised as a complex set of unnatural gestures whose so-called 'normalness' goes largely unnoticed. Even in our contemporary cultural landscape, whiteness has come to denote not abnormality, strangeness or otherness, but rather the very opposite. As Steyn notes

consistently throughout her study, whiteness runs along a binary axis of those aforementioned categorisations, and thus functions as the blank, objective signifying benchmark against which all else is marked and defined.

Whiteness can thus be formulated as a ‘complex social identity... that positions the bearer within complex social constructions that have real material and psychological consequences’ (2001: 117). The upshot of this is that whiteness is by no means a natural identity – more, in truth, an *identification* with a certain idea of what it means to inhabit the space of whiteness (or, in fact, non-whiteness). Steyn asserts that whiteness is a complicated and elusive artificiality, and that identification with it is almost always associated with being able to access a sense of power, superiority and privilege. Whiteness is not only a skin pigmentation; it is rooted in history by a legacy of colonialism and political supremacy as a signification of privilege; it is an identification that has inherited and continues to reproduce a view of the world created in its own image.

Zoë Wicomb (2001: 68) sums this up aptly in calling whiteness ‘an empty signifier, both everything and nothing’ which, ‘invisible to itself, [cannot] acknowledge its existence, [and] can only articulate itself in terms of the markedness of black, the constant that supplies the meaning of white as the norm’. I also believe that satire, as a literary form, as a mode of fault-finding and subversion, has an obligation to critique and deconstruct the power structures, and I propose that South African satire ought to have a vested interest in scrutinising the hidden tyranny of whiteness. In short, I believe that whiteness is an identification that still retains top billing because its cultural capital has remained a normative one and that, as a socially constructed narrative of identification, can be scrutinised by a smart, merciless rhetorical strategy like satire. At the same time, I am not suggesting that satire has the ability to disempower whiteness totally, but I believe that in producing satire of my own and addressing it critically in this introduction, I can at the very least point to a blind spot that I will define as the satirical media’s failure to challenge normalising notions of whiteness.

Indeed, Frankenberg (1997: 3) asks ‘how whiteness is performed by subjects whether in daily life, in film, in literature, or in the academic corpus’, and suggests that the mission ought to be the ‘revealing the unnamed – the exposure of whiteness masquerading as universal’. That, I think, is an appropriate conception of what satire can do. Frankenberg’s quote contains two vital words: ‘performed’ and ‘masquerading’. These are important to me because they hint at ways in which satire can be conceived of as a construction, and as an act that can perform back at its audience instances of its own outdated narratives of whiteness, thereby exposing their artificiality and irrationality.

3. Background to *The Weekly Crab*.

3.1: Positioning.

The question for me in starting *The Weekly Crab* was: what ought to be the role of the liberal young South African living in post-apartheid democracy? What do those materially and psychologically affected by the lasting legacy of apartheid expect from us? How does one live? I point you to a couple of *Mail & Guardian* columns written in 2010, one by Verashni Pillay and the other by Sipho Hlongwane. While neither can strictly be called satire, both do get right down, in an unforgiving way, to the vexing problem of the liberal white. Note: this is not an article that outlines the problems facing the white liberal in post-apartheid South Africa; this is a column directly laying the problem of the white liberal in post-apartheid South Africa. Indeed, Pillay’s piece features a guide called ‘Stuff White Liberals Say And Do’ (2010: February 15th), a kind of informal roadmap that provides tips hunting out these unenlightened folk. ‘White liberals,’ she writes, ‘grow up in a world where whiteness parades as normality,’ and that they’re the sort of people who ‘stumble upon the uncomfortable fact that they’re also raced individuals late in life, and then spend the rest of the time forgetting it’ (2010: February 15th). The white liberal is also ‘so consumed by their perceived sense of otherness within their own race that they can’t begin to fathom that they enjoy any sort of position of privilege and power’, and refuses to acknowledge

how ‘messy [the] web of power really is’ (2010: February 15th). The most incisive part of Pillay’s piece, though, is her strong insistence throughout that white South Africans need to be reminded, as often as possible, of their whiteness – not only because they tend to forget it (‘self-referential pseudo irony’ will do that to you), but because whiteness still operates as the normalising identification (2010: February 15th).

In ‘Dear White Liberalist Person’ (2010: February 22nd), written as a response to the online white outrage Pillay’s column produced, Hlongwane writes that he ‘can put up with the self-congratulatory smugness, the angst-ridden navel gazing, the inability to accept that sometimes you can be wrong’, because, after all, white liberals are so deeply into the Rainbow Nation ‘spiel’ (2010: February 22nd). He ends his piece with the sarcastic injunction, in line with white thinking, to just ‘move on’:

Black, white, orange, green, purple. We’re all the same now.
Let’s pretend that 16 years of democracy can wash away
hundreds of years of injustice and inhumanity. Let’s all act
as if all is well, because that makes things less awkward for
everyone. I totally, *totally* understand.

(2010: February 22nd)

This is making very much the same point Pillay’s piece does, only in a less direct, less confrontational voice: that white South Africans tend to ‘forget’ their whiteness, and that white expectations of South African democracies ought to be tempered by the reminder that white isn’t always right (2010: February 15th). In a separate ‘explanation piece’ published a week later, Pillay responds to the ‘rabid fury’ her column provoked by describing it as her attempt to mix race theory with her personal experiences as a ‘person of colour’ who moves within various circles of whiteness (2010: February 22nd). ‘If [I] made you uncomfortable as a white person,’ she writes. ‘I’m sorry, but your comfort was not the point’ (2010: February 22nd). Her article was ‘not some bitter outpourings of [her] soul’ but rather an effort to point out the ‘fact’ of ‘casual racism’ that is ‘systematic to predominantly white social groups’ (2010: February 22nd). Pillay wrote what

she did not to be needlessly nasty, not to pick on particular social groups, but to ‘reach out to people of colour who have suffered and not understood why’ (2010: February 22nd). Those in power have to be scrutinised, she says – an obligation that includes not only looking critically at governmental figures but also at people who wield a quieter but nonetheless ‘significant economic and social power’ (2010: February 22nd). Finally, Pillay quotes, at great length, from the work of cultural theorist Richard Dyer’s *White*, a passage that reinforces and contextualises her demand for white people to ‘learn’ about their whiteness, to see their ‘particularity’, and to understand their ‘strangeness’ (2010: February 22nd).

I’m including these columns as a way to address the possible problems that may arise with my positioning in this thesis. As said earlier, being a white writer creating work that operates against my own identity is laden with ethical difficulties. Why do I write the way I do? Am I simply setting myself up – unwittingly – as a vacuous moraliser, as the only satirist in the country who gets it? Yes and no: I do intend to point out moments in my own work where I slip straight into the very way of seeing I intend to prove that I am not a self-satisfied blowhard rallying against an elusive, invisible status quo that nobody else but me is trying to weaken. The need to talk about whiteness – to make whites themselves aware of its power and its consequences – is a need earnestly felt by those excluded from it. It is not a fantasy. It is not as if I’m trying to paint myself as more ethical than everybody else; it’s just that I have come to align myself with a growing, tangible sense of unease and impatience with the way white South Africans have failed, in a newly pluralistic society, to understand otherness. Given that standard, and when told so directly what is asked of us, I don’t think that I, as a white writer, had any choice but to create work that lives up to Pillay and Hlongwane’s demands: creating work that reminds whites of their whiteness. Satire, I think, can be transformative: as a rhetorical strategy, as a format that is able to voice multiple perspectives in competition with each other, it has the power to make the accepted and the conventional seem strange, irrational. In holding a ridiculing mirror up to the face of society, satire can defamiliarise the seemingly normal.

3.2: Audience.

When I first conceived and began to write *The Weekly Crab*, the question of audience was not a chief concern. I was not pandering to a specific market, or catering to an ideal reader. I wrote, for the most part, blindly, without any external funding or advertising, and largely to satisfy my own sensibilities – which can be defined as a self-reflective way of understanding my own male whiteness. It was a position I wasn't seeing scrutinised in satirical South African media. The emphasis was on being as intellectual as possible, and also being merciless in critiquing my conceptions of white South African normativity. While the obligation to please an audience never got in the way of saying exactly what I wanted to, I managed to find a readership anyway.

Handing out free copies on campus and maintaining a strong social media presence on Facebook and Twitter offered an interesting insight into the profile of the reader my work my attracting.

Personal feedback, along with commentary on Facebook, suggested an audience that was largely young, culturally diverse, campus-based and liberal-educated. It was a small but loyal readership open to being challenged on matters of identity politics, and non-white readers expressed a distinct interest in the estrangement of whiteness that characterises much of satire. My Twitter page attracted a more mature audience, one that consisted mostly of professionals in the media industry itself, such as journalists and news analysts. On reflection, this makes sense to me: my parody newspaper was intended to mimic the tone and intellectualism of *The Mail & Guardian*, a national newspaper aimed at a niche market of people interested in a more critical, analytical approach to politics and current affairs. In short, I tried not to write for anybody except myself.

But, with my emphasis on voicing multiple forms of rhetorical and discursive positions, and my attempt to foster an ethos of across-the-board, equal-opportunity critique, I seem to have earned an audience whose diversity and variety of tastes make it difficult to quantify with any precision.

But if I had to imagine the audience I aim to reach, I think it might be delineated as one self-

aware, sensitive to cultural difference, and smart enough to know that not all forms of power are necessarily clear.

6. A critique of *Hayibo*.

But how, as I have asked, does South African satire *not* do this? How does it instead buffer whiteness, leave its sanctity untouched, validate its privilege? In answering those questions, I would now like to look specifically at the satirical news website *Hayibo*. *Hayibo* deals in the same specific medium of satire as I do: fake news, or news satire, and focus primarily on breaking news – or, as they put it on their website header, ‘breaking news... into lots of little pieces.’ I will be singling *Hayibo* out specifically for two reasons: firstly, because it works within the same structural format as *The Weekly Crab* does, making a discursive comparison clearer and more appropriate; and secondly, because *Hayibo* is a mainstream, accessible source of local satire, and boasts a high number of new visitors to its website every month. A scholarly analysis of *Hayibo* is apposite for the reason that it is reflective of conventional mainstream attitudes to race, identity and politics in South Africa, and serves as a measurement for the degree to which these perspectives have either progressed or remained stuck in a divisive, apartheid-era conservatism.

I think the fake news approach to satire works well for several reasons. It at once removes the need to construct some sort of jokey, artificial personality and immediately sets up a structure with which people are familiar and comfortable. The news format establishes a sense of credibility and integrity that is immediately subverted by the absurdity of the headlines and the articles’ content. News parody benefits from a double standard: it critiques current affairs from the ‘safe’ position of the fake news – a set-up that provides the satirist with a platform to invent and play on almost any farcical, outrageous conceit with impunity.

What I like most about the fake newspaper medium is the total dissolution of the subjective ‘I’ perspective. It formulates an illusory objectivity that creates a sense of detachment. This detachment is crucial in the operation of news satire: it fosters a vital aspect of defamiliarisation, and thus allows the mundane, humdrum conventions of accepted belief to be turned upside-down. Bauer (1997:717) affords a frame of reference that explains this performative strategy cogently. Bauer says that the ‘Bakhtinian Fool’ serves to defamiliarise the conventions which have been adopted as ‘natural’ and that the carnivalesque offers its participants momentary escape from the ‘prescriptions of social living’ (1997: 717). It is an ‘occurrence which suspends discipline – the terror, reverence, piety, and etiquette which contribute to the maintenance of the social order’ (1997:717). The Fool is one who resists ‘convention, using the threat of the inconclusive, open-ended possibilities of the carnival to retain subversive force in the social arena’ (1997:717). The ambivalence of news satire – Bakhtin’s ‘open-endedness’ – is the tension between a sense of faked objectivity and total textual freeplay. Readers are presented with a newspaper, a truth-telling medium, but are instantly drawn in to seeing another truth, or many other truths, or, plainly, truth ridiculously twisted, set free from those imperious ‘prescriptions’ of social life. *The Weekly Crab* is my single speaker that voices, or mimics, several different but recognisable rhetorical modes. This is a multivocalur strategy that performs several conceptions of whiteness within a single format rather than simply speaking from within its normalising, undeconstructed gaze.

Where and why does *Hayibo* fail at this? In what way is it not the Bakhtinian Fool, endlessly searching for new ways to tell a subversive truth about powerful meta-narratives? In a piece headlined ‘Elementary, my dear What-What’: Sherlock Malema proves whites are criminals’ (2011: May 9th) one can see clear evidence of white legitimacy and hegemony being shored up. In this article, ANC Youth League President Julius Malema – a noted advocate of the rights of the poor – is caricatured as detective hunting out tangible reasons for South Africa’s complex social ills and the means to eradicate them. Malema’s agenda in this regard is an entirely

legitimate one: not many would disagree that South Africa, despite some material gains made since the advent of democracy, still faces massive socio-economic ills. Here we have the seed, one would think, of a potentially provocative think-piece. The *Hayibo* writers have an opportunity to tackle head on several current and uniquely South African issues: the role of a politically aggressive Malema in complex domestic policy planning; the deeply suspicious of attitude of white South Africans to Malema himself; and the approach by whites to idea of reconciliation through wealth distribution. But *Hayibo* crashes through all of these touchstones with all the subtlety of a bulldozer. It opens:

Internationally renowned detective Julius ‘Sherlock’ Malema says it was not difficult to prove that all South Africa’s whites are criminals. “Elementary, my dear What-What,” said Malema. “When solving a crime – or trying to win an election – one must weigh all the facts, remove those which confuse the masses, and whichever racial scapegoats are left, they are your villains.”

(2011: May 9th)

Here Malema is cast as a crude and self-serving distortion of his mediated persona, a figure uninterested in ethical political or business practice. *Hayibo*’s particular configuration of his motives in this piece is troubling for a few reasons. Firstly, any and all authenticity in Malema’s desire to seek out social and justice, as well as his often passionate – and understandable – dissatisfaction at the failure of the economic status quo to change, are tossed out as mere indicators characteristic of the career politician: greedy self-enrichment is the most nuanced approach *Hayibo* has in their writing of a black man interested in radical social change.

In the quoted paragraph above, I would suggest that one can already see at work a variation of Steyn’s (2001: 158) ‘recycled... master narratives’ of whiteness, a regressive, myopic resistance to seeing from the perspective of the Other. This narrow view is continued in the second paragraph, when ‘Detective Sherlock Malema’ is credited with solving ‘The Case of the Boorish Bullet’, in which he ‘deduced that a dead Boer had merely been shot metaphorically, and that his

multiple gunshot wounds needed to be seen in a musical-historical context' (2011: May 9th). It is telling that Hayibo chooses to encourage, however jokingly, the illogical notion that Malema's public rendition of the ANC protest song 'Shoot the Boer' can have devastating real-world consequences – a startling position to adopt when one considers that it is the very same public stance taken up by AfriForum, a conservative, right-wing organisation concerned primarily with the protection of minority (read: white) civil rights. This is a positionality that encourages fear of the kind Steyn (2001: 158) suggests is of an apartheid-era variety. That is, it is an existential apprehension of trusting what whites were taught to be most afraid of: the fear of letting go of past conceptions that 'Third World standards' will bring ruin, chaos and conflict; a fear that whiteness no longer has a meaningful political voice and will therefore drift into irrelevance (2001: 158). Such a portrayal, I think, also refers to what West (2009: 115) calls a 'catalogue of communal white behaviours' that points to the 'insularity of middle-class socio-political tendencies in its tendency to support the largely white, pseudoliberal Democratic Alliance', while simultaneously speaking to and justifying outright 'the paranoid protectiveness of goods accumulated.' Moreover, this article pointedly addresses (and strongly reinforces) the idea that Malema, along with ANC leadership figures and their supporters, are somehow out to get white South Africans simply because they are white, a belief premised on their status as nothing more than a 'pale pasty pinkish pigment perversion', and on the 'little things... The way they are all white... And how they aren't black' (2011: May 9th). This greatly undersells a deeply complex matter, and reads like a bold attempt to smooth over the cruel legacy of whiteness on the African continent. Is there not some rationality, historically speaking, in the claim that whites are in fact guilty of something, and that they continue to enjoy the material benefits of that criminality? It goes against Steyn's guide for the re-articulation of whiteness in a socially meaningful way, which is that:

the participation of white South Africa's heritage in imperialism and even genocidal acts toward Africa and its people has to be acknowledged. The intimate role

that the denigration of Africa has played in the identity construction of whiteness on this continent cannot be evaded. This lies at the deepest heart of all whiteness... Deracialisation on African soil cannot take place without an open heart toward Africa. South African whites can play a part in creating a postcolonial South Africa only if they themselves, their own identities, become postcolonial spaces.

(Steyn, 2001: 170)

Simply put: this *Hayibo* article in no way occupies a progressive, postcolonial space. By satirising and making ridiculous Malema's valid belief that real socio-economic change is necessary, one can see a definite rebuttal of white complicity in the continued perpetration of endemic socioeconomic injustice. The regard – or disregard, perhaps – for blackness in this piece is especially worrying for its resemblance to the Swart Gevaar – that apartheid-era construction of the blackness as a looming, threatening presence about to snap in savage, irrational rage.

Hayibo's satire is reflective of white South Africa's smug, parochial myopia when it comes to understanding race politics, and is overlaid with both a normative view of whiteness as well as a keen defensiveness of that identity. This, I argue, is a dangerous combination that resists rather than assists the process of reconciliation, and which serves only to entrench the racial divide further. The result is that whiteness is allowed, unencumbered, to operate as a normalising cultural force, which to some extent relieves white people of having to negotiate their whiteness, except as a mode of outraged defence. The article in question exploits that tendency by reprocessing the idea that 'all whites' as criminals who deserve to be punished by an irrational, unsophisticated force with no justifiable grounds even to question white hegemony in the first place – a belief perfectly epitomised by Malema's 'most damning piece of evidence' in his crusade against white economic power: a simple, 'handwritten letter, sent to him by the ANC's office of Election Policy Planning, that read[s]: "Wites R criminals"' (2011: May 9th). This is precisely why I describe this brand of satire as 'normalising': it does little to undermine whiteness, or to re-imagine blackness in a fresh way, nuanced way. If anything, the insulation of

white anxiety is only further enhanced by the framing of black authority as unreasonable, artless and unjustifiably angry.

The above piece of writing is not an isolated case of this theme at work in *Hayibo*'s oeuvre. In an article headlined 'Malema cousin to cure sky-water flood curse, Zille brands God "crybaby"' (2011: June 9th), one can discern a similar simplicity in the way black politicians are described, and, in this case, how a white politician – DA leader Helen Zille – is satirised in comparison. The differences are stark and again worthy of some concern. To contextualise, this piece was written during the mid-year flood season which, in 2011, was particularly destructive. *Hayibo* looks to spin the flood premise – a major news story in South Africa at the time – to its satirical advantage by reporting the entirely fictional responses of major political players to the natural disaster. The conceit at play, I think, is meant to tease out the various cultural meanings of the political figures being depicted. Again, the difference established between ANC Youth League members and Zille is disturbing, as evidenced by the first paragraph.

The ANC Youth League says the only way to stop water falling from the sky across South Africa is to award another R40-million pharmaceutical tender to Julius Malema's cousin in Limpopo, adding that sky-water, like bad luck and erectile dysfunction, could be cured. Meanwhile the DA has revealed that the rain is in fact God's tears after He was "thrashed" in an arm-wrestling contest by Helen 'The Hammer' Zille.

(2011: June 9th)

Can *Hayibo*'s stance here really be said to occupy the postcolonial space that Melissa Steyn frames as a path toward diminishing the racial divide? I do not think so. The above reads more somebody unreflexively narrating from a colonial space. Not only is the Youth League – and, by implication, Julius Malema – again against typecast as a bumbling simpleton, but the rendering of their thinking, the implication that young, modern black South Africans are in some way premodern South Africans, is reflective of a deeply, jarringly archaic colonial attitude to

blackness. The repeated use of ‘sky-water’, for example, as a description for rain is entirely unfunny and unnecessary; it is also telling for the way it appears to reconstruct a narrative of blackness as it is viewed through the normalising white lens: blackness, in this piece, is recognisable as a strange, backwards monolithic projection of unreason. Indeed, as the article ‘reports’, ‘[r]ising water levels have already flooded the basement of Luthuli House, ruining 35-million rolls of specially printed toilet paper featuring Nelson Mandela’s 1964 speech from the dock about fighting for non-racialism and various commitments to freedom of the press’ (2011: June 9th). Once more, we have here a rhetorical strategy that cheaply exploits white neuroses about the slow erosion of the sanctity of Western democracy.

As stated earlier, this particular satirical impulse, in which just black social concern and outrage are together understood as absurdities, as ridiculous menaces to the Western sensibility of governance and fiscal responsibility, is an impulse that deflects any meaningful investigation into the narratives of whiteness. And, as mentioned previously, this reads to me like an apartheid-era conception of whiteness. However, Ballard (2010: 12) posits that there are indeed ‘continuities between the ostensibly new language of tolerance of post-apartheid South Africa and past frameworks of intolerance despite claims to the contrary’. The essay argues that white South Africans possess a new set of discursive tools with which to handle relations, and that the kind of white disregard for black humanity now prevalent is not necessarily in the ‘orthodox Verwoerdian’ tradition as I have been inclined to believe. Rather, whiteness is now largely governed by a far more subtly insidious rhetorical technique, claims Ballard (2010: 1). He notes: ‘Rather than race, categories such as “culture”, “ethical values”, “standards”, “class” and “behaviour” are offered as criteria for determining acceptability’ (2010: 2). In either being defensive about race – or even in denying that race has any importance whatsoever in an ostensibly non-racial society – these judgements escape ‘easy classification as apartheid-like racism’, and ‘betray a belief that [blacks] are still not yet advanced or developed enough to

seamlessly integrate into [social life] without disrupting their much cherished status as “modern”, “civilised” and “western” (2010: 4).

I believe this is what *Hayibo* is doing. One cannot be so reactionary as to describe their work as outright racist, but, at the same time, their satire is clearly raced in an insidious, layered way that strongly reflects aspects of white middle class normativity. To return to their June 9th piece in which, as I have shown, black politicians are given decidedly short shrift, there is more evidence of a practice that appears to critique in an unbalanced, uneven method of attack. The satirising of DA leader and Premier of the Western Cape, Helen Zille, is hardly satire at all: where the ANC Youth League, along with Julius Malema is illustrated as a looming threat to white, Zille is painted in broadly laudatory brushstrokes. She makes God cry by ‘thrashing’ him in an arm-wrestling contest and, upon hearing of more flood warnings, becomes ‘pissed off with all the waterworks and [plans] to “open a can of whip-ass on Him if He did not stop being such a cry-baby”’ (2011: June 9th). Zille is strong, decisive and inspires awe and admiration, even fear – she is, in fact, a god-like figure. *Hayibo* could test and probe this interpretation in a subversive way, seeking out the cracks in the DA’s tightly-controlled political spin about their leader, but curiously chooses not to. Instead, what we are given is a politically correct, almost gushing review of a woman more exceedingly competent and well-equipped to handle the various demands of governance. If any fun is being poked, it is of the good-natured, gentle kind, and Zille comes off favourably, a figure of reverence, a figure worshipped uncritically. Even in these few lines, one can see that hers is an objective, common-sense position against which black leadership is marked. Where Zille is clear-thinking, ANC leaders are nonsensical figures of cruel fun; where ANC motives are morally suspect and based on a misunderstanding of the ‘facts’.

Nowhere is this more clearly seen than in a recent *Hayibo* article (2011: December 5th) covering Helen Zille’s take on how our national H.I.V. and AIDS policies could be improved, and the amendments required to current strategies in the fight against the pandemic that would make it so. The ensuing controversy in itself provided a fascinating insight into where South

African society stands on an immensely fraught, complex social problem, and Zille's contribution to debate, however well-supported by an alarmingly large number of South Africans, were rubbished outright by health experts, political pundits and sociologists as a surreally inept and even dangerous initiative that would do little to materially reverse infection rates, and were further cited as culturally regressive and psychologically damaging utterances of bumbling ineptitude.

Writing on *Politicsweb*, (2011: December 4th) Zille put forth two central theses in her argument. She posited that knowingly exposing another to AIDS should be criminalised, a proposal that would ruin public health programs and undercut policies aimed at eliminating the stigma associated with H.I.V. and AIDS as well as strong efforts to encourage people to get tested for the virus regularly. Current health initiatives set out to emphasise not only prevention, but also the attitude that having H.I.V. is by no means a death sentence. Criminalisation, in this instance, would only perpetuate the medical myth that it is.

Perhaps most worryingly, though, is her clear belief that acquiring the virus consists of a convergence of both race and behaviour – or, to be less vague, the supposed sexual behaviour of black men, a theory that has only ever dismissed up to this point, writes Zille because the inferred racism was used 'to shut down' criticism of the ANC's health programs during the Mbeki administration (2011: December 4th). This proposal unmasks a moral agenda, the subtext of her condemnation of concurrent relationships being a disdain for the assumed sexual preferences of many African men.

One would think of the above that Hayibo could find fertile ground for scathing satirical commentary to grow, and duly make ridiculous Zille's tactless, destructive contribution to the national AIDS discourse. Sadly, it is not so. Their response can be read in a piece headlined 'Government rejects hysterical dyke Zille linking AIDS to sex'; again, we can start with the first paragraph:

The South African government has slammed Helen Zille

after she blamed the continued Aids pandemic on the alleged promiscuity of black men, but says it is “less worried about the racist undertones than the outrageous suggestion that it’s not OK for any of our brothers, black or white, to pomp anything with a pulse”. “Who the hell does this hysterical dyke think she is?” asked a spokesman.

(2011: December 5th)

It starts well enough: there is a clear, if meek, intention to position Zille’s sentiments as erroneous and, to a stronger degree, a racist. But that stand – that position of reason; that position that sets up Zille’s rant, at the very least, as culturally offensive – is immediately and unironically undercut by proceeding to narrate the entire article from the perspective of an ANC spokesperson, and thus placing in his mouth not the words of condemnation one anticipates, but, curiously, a dilution of Helen Zille’s own words. In a rhetorical twist in point-of-view, the ANC is made to espouse an age-old view of male blackness that they certainly do not hold to be true. The ‘humour’ here exploits an inversion of one’s expectation, but fails to insist on the point that the archaic invocation of black male sexuality as being a shibboleth of something problematic, something to be feared; a problem that needs to be solved. What we have instead is an entire reframing of what actually happened; an overt reversal of who said what, and, more precisely, who believes what. Instead of Zille being reduced to a blabbering, incoherent figurehead of the normalising colonial belief that black men are horny savages, a black voice is positioned as the source of this belief. ‘Yes,’ continues the article, ‘it’s racist referencing the whole 19th Century trope of the insatiable Sambo with his 12-inch blacksnake’. But:

let’s be fair: we’ve recently had a government spokesman saying that there are too many coloureds in the Western Cape, and our Youth League president describing all whites as criminals, so we should probably admit that we’re all raging racists and let bygones be bygones.

(2011: December 5th)

Can this be seen as a deft way of painting all politicians across the board as ethically dubious? The point is usually a well-evidenced one, and a go-to, much-used point of departure for the struggling satirist. But in this specific context I do not think the point alone is good enough to stand. Why? Because the resultant deflection of the critical lens, along with the concomitant softening of the stance on the ludicrousness of Zille's AIDS rhetoric, combine to reposition entirely the bearers of culpability in this controversy. That is, the national government's health policy is diametrically opposed to thinking of this kind: emphasis is now placed on clinical truths and destigmatisation, and not, as *Hayibo* notes, on the message that 'HIV is not Aids, except when it is, or when it's tuberculosis, or when it's unspecified because the family don't want anyone to know' (2011: December 5th). That, instead, is what would come of making knowing or unknowing AIDS-infection a criminal offense – but that idea is one *Hayibo* seems unable to grapple with, and their attitude to the still privileged position of whiteness in post-apartheid social life stands as a tactile evasion rather an unforgiving mission to seek out and put on display its own fault lines.

The view that is consistently being hammered home here is that black South Africans in positions of power hold retroactive views of themselves and a rudimentary grasp of basic social theory. That this view of blackness is in no way challenged or even looked at is, for me, a failure on the part of *Hayibo*'s satire to unsettle or contest antiquated systems of belief. Instead, the criticism is being produced via a very white, normalising view of blackness. Because of this, while Zille's actual ideas concerning AIDS are to some degree being sent up, that effort is entirely undercut in the act of reframing the speaker of those ideas. Observe the concluding joke, spoken, again, by entirely fictional the ANC spokesman: "If Zille and her coven of dykes have got a problem with that, they can f*ck right off back to Europe where they invented gayness" (2011: December 5th).

Again: the stress is on the ANC's strongly inferred position as a useless, unthinking monolith whose only response to criticism is either knee-jerk racism or sexism. This writing of blackness

occurs even when a white politician dangerously misunderstands and distorts complex lived realities, and is supposedly funny to white people only because it plays into the many staples of white politics and fear: that black institutions are primitive; that they are not yet ‘ready’ to rule; that they are typified by infighting, white-hating policies and nepotism. According to *Hayibo* – and the insulated white middle-classes – South African is headed for inevitable disaster. Simply put, *Hayibo* is caught up in the ‘whites build, blacks destroy’ mentality that journalist and author Jonny Steinberg writes about with great acuity in a *Sunday Times* column titled ‘Not the sharpest stick with which to prod the ANC’ (*Sunday Times*, 2011: December 18th). He writes that is ‘very important to gather an armoury of rhetorical weapons to aim at the ANC,’ and that these ‘weapons ought to be sharp; they ought to hit home. The ANC must be told that it is corroding the institutions in its care, and it must be told in ways that hurt.’ However:

But I'm not sure that borrowing an old racist adage about whites building things and blacks breaking them does much good. For one, it distorts history; this old Germanic ghost of white efficiency is a spectre: it never did exist. Nor, I think, is a weapon fashioned from the ways whites consider themselves superior a very sharp one. It simply gives offence, causing those who govern this country to retreat deeper into the bunkers they already inhabit.

(2011: December 18th)

I understand that writing satire in South Africa is fraught with pitfalls: having, every day, to launch an entertaining critique against those legitimately in power poses complex problems. Should white writers abdicate from offering a critique of a black-led government? Of course not; but the satirising gaze needs to be balanced and diverse in perspective.

Tom Eaton, founder, editor and most prolific contributor to *Hayibo*, is by no means unaware of this difficulty. In an op-ed piece for *The Media Online* website, Eaton (2011: March 16th) writes that *Hayibo* ‘often had white writers attacking a black, democratically elected government, writing with brains fed and educated by the last vestiges of white privilege’. Moreover, [they]

would have ‘racist Neanderthals crawling out of the woodwork to praise our articles for pointing out how degenerate blacks were’, readers who believe that an ‘attack on the government is a validation of their belief that blacks are lying, cheating, stealing etc etc etc varmints’ (2011: March 16th). It could, continues Eaton, get very ‘messy’ at times, but any sense of impropriety, it seems, is subsumed by the belief that Hayibo, in ridiculing governmental failures, is ‘attacking injustices perpetrated mainly on poor blacks’ (2011: March 16th). But this is an idea immediately undercut by Eaton’s admission that most South Africans do not understand satire, and that it is not, by any means, a form of journalism, and goes on to write that most satire is a form of entertainment aimed at a particular socio-economic group of consumers:

We like to pretend that Zapiro is holding up a mirror to society but of course he isn’t: he’s interpreting current affairs for the edification and amusement of a very specific niche. They happen to be the newspaper-buying, book-reading, TV-watching niche, which is why he is (rightly) a national celebrity. But I would guess that Zapiro remains utterly obscure to perhaps 70 per cent of the country’s citizens.

(2011: March, 16th)

So the very people *Hayibo* is meant to be standing up for, by Eaton’s reckoning, are not even reading local satire; and, if they are, are not educated enough to get the joke. This strikes me as both a flawed and appropriate response to the problematic nature of producing satire in South Africa. Appropriate because it strikes me as being resonant with the ambiguous position of Erasmus’s court jester: the jester, or Fool, is given licence to censure the king, as long as that criticism is couched within an enigmatic and obfuscating humour. This creates a troublesome position for the jester, in that while he/she is granted permission to critique power, he/she must do so on the conditions that any such transgression is entertaining and that it does not cross the boundaries established by the king’s generous forbearance. J.M. Coetzee delivers an applicable reading of the Fool in relation to Erasmus’s *The Praise of Folly* (1509). For him, the role ‘claims licence to criticise all and sundry without reprisal, since his madness defines him not fully a

person and therefore not a political being with political desires and ambitions (1996: 84). That specific interpretation points to the impossibility of the Fool in relation to the political terrain contested, as well as to the paradox of being able to speak madness from within reason. The bind for the jester, then, is that he/she must critique, but not too severely, and that their sport, their free play and their carefree dissemination be entirely serious and delivered from a place of reasoned sensibility. The designation of jester is thus an impossible ambivalence: they must be the oxymoronic 'Wise Fool', which is a position that *Hayibo* writers are seemingly incapable of adopting. Their mistake, as Eaton unwittingly admits, is intentionally to interpret society as their perceived readership sees it, and thus to produce satire that reflects and supports this world-view, one characterised, as I have shown in my analysis thus far, by the cultural imperialism and general chauvinism of whiteness.

I argue that the potential that lies in the Wise Fool, despite the inherent contradictions of being such, is that he/she has the opportunity to critique meaningfully from a 'safe' mainstream platform. For me, the mission of satire is to doggedly subvert the very ideals to which the satirist's readers prescribe. This is a balanced critique, a form of commentary that provides an agreeable surface comfort but which contains, at a deeper level, a plane of analysis that induces some degree of critical self-reflection rather than endorsement of tired tropes. For a working example of this, I turn to a writer like Marianne Thamm, many of whose columns have been rigorously analysed in West's *White Women Writing White* (2009), in which the author looks at the ways accepted narrative of whiteness and womanhood are conversely shored up or adroitly resisted. Where *Hayibo* offers only an edited, clownish vision of South Africa, where it refuses to assist in the work of disassembling racism and to deconstruct inwards, where it fails to keep exposing whiteness in its many mutable forms in order to dismantle it, Marianne Thamm, says West, is able to harness effectively the 'dissident power of the Wise Fool' (2009: 109). She is the 'officially sanctioned jester' operating with the medium of a standard women's monthly magazine (*Fairlady*), and is 'allowed to be dissident in her opinions, a licence she uses to full

advantage, ironically being “ballsy” and measured (wise) rather than emasculated and frivolous (foolish)’ in an effort to corrode the discursive power of the very position from which she works. (2009: 109).

Through the mainstream appeal of her magazine writing, she is subtly cultivating a sensibility of ‘balanced concern’ (2009: 126-127) over the more traditional white response to the challenges of post-apartheid South Africa of defensiveness and groundless outrage that Hayibo too easily exploits for easy laughs and guaranteed agreeability. A balanced concern is characterised by an embracing of many viewpoints – the production, in other words, of a ‘robust debate’ between several enacted perspectives and not simply the regurgitation of tired, much-used narratives of race (2009: 126-127).

By re-constructing whiteness and magnifying the makings of its assumed normativity, it can be argued that white writing that generates a sense of balanced concern is not only able to cast a critical perspective on society at large, but is also able to scrutinise with great severity the particular gaze that has come to shape the norms and expectations that social mores are grounded upon: namely, the all-seeing, all-judging white one.

5. A critique of *The Weekly Crab*

It is this measured, reasoned and thoughtful approach to being satirical that I hoped to cultivate by writing *The Weekly Crab*. I focussed mostly on social satire rather than straight, newsy political satire. As such, I looked to interrogate and put on display the way hegemony silently functions in South African society with a particular emphasis on whiteness. Indeed, in an academic sense, I see *The Weekly Crab* as being a small and personal contribution to the field of whiteness studies: I have tried, in the spirit of balanced concern, to play around with multiple perspectives on race, and, in a Bakhtinian tradition, to defamiliarise the arbitrary, unnatural power of white cultural hegemony.

I did not get off to the best of starts. Take, for example, my very first edition, launched on the 29th January, 2011. The feature story, headlined ‘Zuma’s Eyeballs Continue Relentless Orbital Loop Around Skull, Aides Report’, is unimaginatively cruel invective that offers nothing in the way of critical thought (2010: January 29th). If anything, it simply invokes a hand-me-down visual joke I took off Zapiro’s caricature of the president, as is freely admitted to in the piece itself, and turned it into a pointless, mean little vignette that, upon fresh reflection, is certainly not open to otherness. It is an article that achieves little to satirise Jacob Zuma in an honest, meaningful way, and behaves as a *Hayibo* one would: it condescends to its audience by neglecting the capacity of its readership to understand and stomach concepts that differ from a perceived, established world-view. The mask of whiteness is less torn off in angry revolt than it is glued on just a little more firmly. And that goes for the rest of my first edition, which I now regard, in mixture of pride but mostly embarrassment, as a naive grasping for an authentic satirical voice that unforgivingly finds fault with major narratives of power in a credible and rigorous way.

I think it fair to say that I approach this moment in the second edition with the headline article a bold statement of the direction I intended to take with *The Weekly Crab*. ‘Family Braai Slated To Include Gentle Banter, Racial Slurs’ (2010: February 15th) is my rendering of the micro-politics and casual, ‘normal’ racism that typically occur during the white middle-class social tradition of the family braai, at which conversation between ‘the tight-knit Hunt family from Port Elizabeth is widely expected to feature... a constant stream of gentle banter cultivated over decades of loving familiarity, exaggerated regaling of outrageous but well-worn Hunt family misadventures, and subtle but reliably egregious racial slurs’ (2010: February 15th). What I was trying to achieve was clinically and unflinchingly to put on display the utter ridiculousness of the white position in post-apartheid South Africa. By invoking the white construct that their former ‘social utopia’ is ‘disintegrating’, I wanted to expose the ignorant and damaging belief that Mary West cites as so crucial to Thamm’s body of work: the idea that whites have come to expect the

worst when we have only ever enjoyed only the best (2009: 115). I was hoping to suggest here that white struggle is a dubiously built fantasy, inherently laughable, and constructed on a barely discernible diminishment of status, whose hardship is nostalgically premised on western ideals: the failure of the new South Africa to match European lifestyle standards; the so-called 'loss' of leisure privileged opportunities; the 'misfortune' of being financially secure enough to send a child overseas, and whose work there is denigrated because it mirrors the stereotyped role of the Other as servant. This notion is what Thamm (2003: 12) herself refers to as an 'intrinsically pessimistic mien' that points not only to the facileness of white complaint, but also the tenuous foundation of whiteness itself, which is set up by a heavy leaning on the west for cultural guidance. I also wanted to show that white grievance often ironically emanates from a position of sheltered, insulated confines of the laager. Whiteness, in my conception of it in this instance, is simply an inherited, constantly repeated construction based on material acquisition and consumption whose arbitrary cultural power is no more than discursive code for emptiness rather than actual superiority.

The feature story of the third edition, entitled 'Tourist Just Can't Believe How Realistic Township Burning Man Festival Was' (2010: March 1st), was written as a response to a then recent incident of a local township man being burned to death as punishment for allegedly sexually abusing a child. I enter this entirely unfunny subject matter from the eyes of a tourist to the area who is unable to believe that the living conditions in the township he visits are not the expression of some revolutionary counterculture, or an 'anti-society' in which the middle-class values of sex, currency and legal obligation are pleasantly subverted' (2010: March 1st). The conceit makes two points. Firstly, it works as an indication of the gross material inequality in South Africa, and depicts in stark and unforgiving terms a country in which the majority of its citizens cannot find meaningful access to the relative protection a middle-class life affords. The second point is a little less obvious, and operates at an unsaid, but hopefully inferred, level: the surface disbelief of a first-time observer of such squalor is meant to provoke a subtextual

understanding that the meaning(s) of crushing black poverty in our country vary from perspective to perspective. More specifically, I was again aiming my criticism at the numbness and indifference I perceive white South African to enact in their regard for their country's endemic social and economic problems. Again this comes down to whiteness's conception of normalcy. While it is by no means the same across the board for all whites, the position that whiteness is 'objectively' the 'norm', an aspiring goal, and blackness remains (largely) the denied, the poor, the inhuman abject.

Ultimately, my point here is that white identity is a privileged construct only because of a vast number of injustices perpetrated in its name. Townships are a real and sadly lasting form of evidence to this – a living piece of social history that white South Africans have come to see with a level of devastating indifference that should trouble more of us more often than it actually does. Despite the advent of democracy, these past and current injustices have both a concrete and mental legacy that continues to be fostered in the fixity of the unchanged white mien.

The conceit is repeated in the headline piece of the fourth edition, titled 'Missing Child Tragically Not White' (2010: March 15th), and once again, even more bluntly this time, is an easy reinforcement of my feeling that whiteness has a diminished regard for the humanity of those who are not white. What I was trying to do here is fairly simple, and I hope, to some degree, that the three previous samples of satire bear my aim out. That is, I wanted to point out, in the clearest possible terms, just how ridiculous white South African-ness is to me; name instances of the continued reproduction of whiteness as a Master Signifier; I was demanding, in my own small way, that white authorship start scrutinising whiteness more closely; and I was hoping to unsettle the subtle ways whiteness functions as the 'civil norm', and to disassemble its standing as the 'abiding social aspiration' that makes our society a 'pervasively white [one]', governed still kind of dumb blankness of inevitable hegemonic conformity' (West, 2009: 35). In writing *The Weekly Crab*, I wanted to force whiteness to look inward, not outward, and report back about what it discovered there. I wanted questions around whiteness as an identification to stop being deflected

by its ubiquitous laughter at the antics of ham-fisted black politicians and take a deeper, more measured appraisal of its own dense construction.

The above articles and analysis betray a particular anxiety about my own whiteness that I would briefly like to place in a more specific, more multifaceted context. I fear I may have made the error up to this point of painting whiteness in broad brushstrokes: it is either liberally progressive or maintains an entrenched, simplistic view of blackness that does nothing to advance race relations in South Africa. Whiteness is far more fractured and complex than that. Indeed, whiteness is not all superiority: a significant aspect of the white South African experience consists largely of a sense of isolation, alienation and general displacement (West, 2009: 42). There remains, also, a 'residue' of that traumatic historical relationship between the settler and their colonised territory that has not, even in democratic times, eased and certainly never disappeared (2009: 42-43). One can cite Coetzee's diagnosis of whiteness in *White Writing* as an effective marker of this specific malaise: white writing, posits Coetzee, is white 'only insofar as it is generated by the concerns of people not European, not yet African' (1988: 11). Not yet African: that phrase enunciates quite clinically the anxieties particular to white South Africans about belonging and identity: more specifically, it speaks to a creeping sense of unease and non-belonging in a so-called 'homeland' they have a great deal of trouble legitimately calling their own (1988: 11). Indeed, despite Coetzee's slight optimism that white 'transience' could (at some never-mentioned, vague point in the future) end and that room might still be made for 'the [paradoxical] white African' in Africa, the author's own emigration to Australia shortly after publication of the scathing *Disgrace* only further reinforces the inherent real-world complexities of such an ideal (1988: 11-12). In fact, as West observes, Coetzee's quiet departure from South Africa only underscores the thesis that the process of 'fitting in', of total reconciliation with the past, is too fraught with complexities to happen. The chief implication here is that whiteness inhabits an alien (or alienated) position.

I feel that alienation deeply, and I know it leaks through in the satire I write. But it is not quite the kind of alienation that Coetzee describes. My own variety of that sense is felt towards whiteness itself. It has its roots in Bakhtin's defamiliarisation (Vice, 1997: 18-21), which, as explained in my opening remarks, can be defined as a process that makes a previously known and accepted conception or seem strange and unfamiliar, and cultivates a sense of critical distance, in this case, from my own white identity. In the cold light of history, and in neon light of a cold Humanities lecture room, the constructed normality of whiteness has become utterly unfamiliar and strange to me, which might account for the carnivalesque sense of play I bring to my regard for it, as well as the satirical strategies I employ in order to challenge its moments of normativity.

But, again, it is more complicated than that. Because, looking back at my work afresh now, I see slight, ambiguous and perhaps unavoidable slippages back into that undeconstructed conception of whiteness I wish to counteract in my writing. The issue of April 12th, 2011, by way of example, was written and published in the days following murder AWB leader and white supremacist Eugene Terre'Blanche. The feature story – 'Everything Fucked' – charts a 'collective recognition' on the part of all South Africans that their country's set of progressive democratic tenets are mere constructs designed to mask the inherent ruination of the 'Rainbow Nation' in light of the fractured and racially charged response to Terre'Blanche's death (2010: April, 12th). The hyperbolic tone is entirely intentional, and was meant, originally, to satirise the public's overreaction to the murder and its negligible real-world consequences. It still fails to live up to the perceived ideal of what satire can be, however: it doesn't critique its own white gaze. Instead, while making a fair comment – that our country is by no means a 'Rainbow Nation' at all – it also plays cheaply into the uncomplicated staple *Hayibo* joke: that ruin is inevitable; that Malema is a harbinger of impending doom; that the prosperous, western, Zille-run Cape Town is a mock haven of safety. This is not a defamiliarising stance in any way; it is the go-to joke of the unimaginative satirist, a comfort zone that feeds into white anxiety and justifies white fears. Much more intellectually compelling would have been the act of stepping outside the very gaze

itself and, through parody it, satirise white reaction to what was perceived as a frightening moment of national existential discontent. This attitude – the default position of the white gaze itself – is only further reinforced by articles in edition six and eight, headlined by the pieces ‘South Africa Bipolar’ published on April 26th, 2010, and ‘Murder Criminalised’, released on May 24th, 2011.

These examples highlight the complexity of the challenge that satirists face. What disappoints me most about them is my failure to exploit satire for the rhetorical strategy it is, and that I neglect to make use of the considerable theoretical tools that surround both satire and race construction at my disposal. I forget, in these pieces, to put on ridiculous display the sound of my own white voice. That is, I detect the absence of a self-reflective stance as a white voice, and forget, in these pieces, to put on ridiculous display the sound of my own voice.

This invokes the thinking of Judith Butler, whose work in *Bodies That Matter* (1993) formulates race (and gender) as identities that are constructed and performed, whose naturalness should always be in question, whose fluidity, via drag or parody for example, allows the staging of these enacted roles to corrode their accepted normativity (1993: 125). In other words, white writing is in a position to play with – or attack – its positionality by staging the designs of its manufacture. Dollimore (1991: 310) explains how a ‘transgressive aesthetic’ can be put to work in critically portraying these race roles. By harnessing the dissidence of the artist, the ‘survival strategies of subordination [such as] lying, subterfuge and evasion’ can be turned into ‘weapons of attack’ which operate ‘obliquely’ through ‘ambiguity, mimicry and impersonation’ (1991: 310). Dollimore’s so-called weapons of attack can be used to transgress and subvert the consuming normativity of whiteness. As with Butler’s ideas surrounding the potential of drag, as well as the concomitant theories of race performativity, I think Dollimore’s transgressive aesthetic can be used by white writers to stage the constructedness of their race. In short, it is well within their authorly grasp to employ those abovementioned ‘weapons of attack’: that is, to metaphorically turn on itself, and begin the process of critiquing, without limit, that which is the

prevailing norm by understanding its perceived superiority. In other words, white writing is in a position to play with – or attack – its positionality by performing a critique of its manufacture. Here one sees the intersection between race performativity and satire: satire, like a parrot, can perform back the sound of its subjects, allowing the reader listen out for the flaws in the argument.

Certain articles of mine can be read in relation to this transgressive aesthetic as it manifests through an account of race performativity. Two in particular strike me as being especially appropriate, and which I have come to regard as best achieving my theoretical delineation of satire as it relates to whiteness studies, as well as proof that satire in South Africa can occupy a space of balanced concern. On the other hand, for reasons that will be explained, I also find these examples to be fresh evidence of the discomfort I have with the medium.

In my fourth issue I look to enact and perform the white disposition as I see it in a piece headlined ‘Study: Nation’s Dogs Unaware Apartheid Over’ (2010: March 15th). The article imagines the publication of a ‘broad-based, government-commissioned study into the inner lives of South Africa's canines’, an investigation that yields clear proof that the ‘nation's dogs – both domesticated and feral – remain blithely unaware of apartheid's collapse over sixteen years ago’ (2010: March 15th). The (very South African) conceit that dogs of white owners are ‘naturally’ suspicious of and disrespectful towards otherness is tweaked for the purposes of saying what many whites refuse to acknowledge about their democratic South Africa: that the ideological and material structures of apartheid are still pervasively in place, and that there is still a need to feel some level of social concern about it. As Rizzo, the canine test subject, asks:

If Apartheid's over, how come nobody's dismantled the locations? How come we still have a black gardener? And how come Master calls him 'boy' and allows me to bite him on the ankle when he arrives late for work? We have police who patrol the neighbourhood and they're not coming to arrest me for breaking any laws. “In fact, they've got dogs with attitudes just like mine working for them. And doing a damn fine job, too.

(2010: March 15th)

Rizzo, in short, treats black South Africans awfully, much to relief of his master, who, when approached by a black man, becomes ‘nervous’ and ‘suspicious’, forcing loyal Rizzo unashamedly to attack the perceived threat (2010: March 15th). What I have attempted to do here, in the guise of Rizzo, is to project a clear, if exaggerated, voice of white power in order to turn everyday manifestations of whiteness against themselves. I do this by multivoicing: that is, I parody a way of seeing (the unrestrained racist) so as to contest a specific (but, in this piece, unspoken) stance that many white South Africans have uncritically adopted as a way to deal with the fractious dynamics of race relations in a changing society. By this I mean the perception that because apartheid is over, and that because reconciliation has been achieved, we can move on from the now defunct ways in which identity shapes race relations, the implication being that whiteness no longer deserves criticism, and that it falls outside the scope of scrutiny (West, 2009: 22). In totally stripping bare any sense of racial sensitivity, the parodied voice of Rizzo invokes, at a subtextual level, not necessarily the outright racism of white South Africans but rather a defensiveness that is ‘endemic to white middle-class insularity’ (2009: 171). This defensiveness can be defined as the reticence on the part of whites to acknowledge how the legacy of apartheid and the ‘politics of privilege’ continue to inform the centrality of the white position in post-apartheid South Africa (2009: 21-22). In writing this piece, I relied on the reader to understand that what I was not saying: I was not saying that all white South Africans are blindly racist – note, by way of example, the passivity of the human character in the article. My intention was that Rizzo’s embellished rhetoric of apartheid-era racism competes with and puts into mind other forms of white response to issues of race, of which one is the prevalent mode of defensiveness I have mentioned. It is perhaps an unfair suggestion that white South Africans are deeply racist to the extent that Rizzo is; but that is not the point of this article. My aim was to make noticeable the fraught terrain between ‘emergent [post-apartheid] gestures that are at odds with residual traces of

superiority' (2009: vi). In other words, at play here is an ambiguity of tone and a rhetorical adjustment of the perspective that underscore the opposite of what is happening in the article: that whiteness, even in contemporary South Africa, sometimes silently refuses to acknowledge the performed pretence that is post-apartheid. Ultimately, this operates as a writing against that everyday mentality maintained by white South Africans: that the legacy of apartheid is not alive within us, and that whiteness, as a centred and privileged identification, is above concentrated scrutiny.

Another important aspect of this piece has to do with the comic inversion of human and animal. The dog is my free-talking stand-in for the average white South African, saying all the things I would like to hear a white South African say. It is a technique that estranges the reader from the preconceived normality of humanness, and alerts us to peculiarity of our ways. This again is the strategy of defamiliarisation: an outlandish, anthropomorphic animal is more critical of human foibles because the 'human animal' openly acts out the irrationality of human mannerisms and beliefs, making it easier for the reader to feel out the constructedness and absurdity of those identities. Whiteness, in this way, is made recognisable but also strange. The premise would have flopped badly had I put these exact words in the mouth of a human speaker, because the transgressive power of parody would have been ignored. I wanted to inculcate a contradictory sense of both endearment and repulsion at the human-like figure of Rizzo, and play a sly but readable rhetorical game in the space between human and animal identity. I wanted to encourage a recognition of undeniable humanity incontrovertibly linked to a madness, myopia and depravity that is not by any means entirely animalistic.

The act of parody and the performing of race construction are again at play in issue nine. The feature story is 'Julius Malema Named Satirist Of The Year (2010: June, 7th)'. This piece, above all the others I have written, I think has the most to say about both the state of South African politics and the nature of satire as I personally have come to interpret them. The basis of the column is this: that Julius Malema, 'beloved national raconteur' and faux president of

the ‘fictional’ ANC Youth League, is actually an enacted stage personality designed for the purposes of ‘dismantling certain collectively entrenched narratives of identity’ through the ‘ingenious conceit of totally inhabited idiocy’:

Malema's 2009 portrayal of a well-intentioned but intellectually limited political activist – a role that more recently culminated in a “peerless and withering” dissection of ANC party politics at a mock Disciplinary Commission – was hailed by judges as a “vital, vivid contribution to the enhancement of [the] country's political dialogue in an artistic and critically-minded manner.”

(2010: June 7th)

Here I express scepticism about the Malema we read about in the South African media. I am conveying a disbelief about how accurate this portrayal of the man is, partly because, at a level of sheer reason, the revolutionary aggressively populist politician, along with his unashamedly divisive approach to public relations that we have seen on television and read about in newspapers over the last two years, must surely be a fiction, an invention of a satirically inclined mind. And so it is: Malema, for once breaking out of ‘character’, reverts to his true self, emblematised by his ‘clipped suburban accent’, an inference to a normalised, fair-minded kind of whiteness (2010: June 7th). This is hugely problematic, of course: why is whiteness aligned to reason, and why is it painted as the position of sanity and good grace? I like to think that is somewhat undercut by two rhetorical strategies that run through the piece. Firstly, my intention was to satirise satire itself: the pretentious, self-congratulatory ‘white’ Malema is, ultimately, also a fatuous figure of fun. Secondly, the piece was meant, above all, to emphasise the fluidity of identity by underscoring and making overt the mutability of race. I do this by offering up different readings of Malema, and playing up the performativity of his public persona. I assert that this creates within the reader a suspicion of the fixity of their race, which is an important

acknowledgement South Africans need to make: because, if race distinctions are shown to be arbitrary, then perhaps some degree of their power becomes tarnished and reduced. Further, the formulation of the satirical Malema is itself a kind of meta-joke. In this way, both Malemas become a text: the one the character in my piece spins to his own advantage, and the one I twist and tweak for my own purposes. And those purposes are to stress to the reader that no identity is without its textuality, without its performativity, and that we are the sum of learnt gestures that can, with application and rigorous reminders, be undone and put back together in fresh new ways. I believe the satire I have written – work that reflects entrenched conceptions of whiteness in particular; work that exposes the vulnerabilities, fraudulences and transience of monolithic identities – allows the reader to trace the markers of normativity that propagate racial hierarchies in South Africa.

6. Conclusion.

Samantha Vice (*Mail & Guardian*, 2011: September 2nd) has called on her fellow white South Africans to authentically feel the guilt and shame at their white identity, given its destructive legacy and the way it continues to shape us. Her suggestion is that white South Africans abdicate themselves from having a role in public engagement. She writes:

[whites] should refrain from trying to manage and shape a political landscape still scarred by our destructive presence. [Whites] stand on no moral high ground, it seems to me, from which to issue public criticism of the government or black politicians, to complain about corruption and revel in scandal. However concerned we might be about the state of the country, it cannot be [whites'] role to act as the moral watchdogs of those now in power.

(2011: September 2nd)

Such a formulation sounds very much like an injunction for white writers not to practise satire at all. Vice's position that whites in South Africa should contribute to public life 'only in the

background' is both extreme and unrealistic (2011: September 2nd). Satire, as I have shown, ought to be understood as a brutal, instantly gratifying way of working against the power of normative discourses. The art of satire, in making normativity visible, can teach whiteness to its insulated bubble of anger, disbelief and defensiveness.

Vice's discomfort with white public engagement in post-apartheid South Africa mirrors my own unease with the methodology employed by local satirists, which I have defined as an approach that promotes rather than subverts the discursive dynamics at play in white selfhood. In short, I have circumscribed a blind spot in South African satire that can be defined as a reluctance on the part of literary journalists to make strange and thereby challenge the cultural capital of white hegemony in post-apartheid South Africa. Vice, for me, is correct in saying that we need to interrogate white subjectivity, but I counter that this cannot happen in humble, quiet solitude (2011: September 2nd). Rather, by presenting the work produced by *Hayibo* and my own satire in *The Weekly Crab*, and showing the varying degrees to which they neglect to satirise whiteness as it emerges as a still powerful social construct in post-apartheid South Africa, I hope to have pointed to a specific gap in the media's engagement with conceptions of white identity, and to have suggested that this silence could possibly be broken by the loud shout of satire.

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PART 2: *The Weekly Crab* (editions 1 to 13) as a creative, countertextual response to instances of white normativity in mainstream South African satire.

This section consists of a campus-based satirical newspaper founded, written, designed, edited and distributed by Greig Douglas, and including several articles written by one contributor, Darren Berkland.

All the articles featured in **editions 1 to 4** are my own. The pieces contributed by Darren Berkland – and published in this project with his full permission – are as follows:

In edition 5:

- ‘Arts Minister’s Renouncement Of Homosexual Artists Leaves No Artists’
- ‘The Parlotones Continue To Annoy Even Deaf South Africans’

In edition 6:

- ‘Bayworld Dolphins Return From Hong Kong, Filleted.’
- ‘Wikipedia Mistakenly Well Edited’
- ‘Malema And Eve’ (cartoon).

In edition 7:

- ‘Zille Gets Zef’
- ‘Christians Have Sex, They Think’
- ‘Entertainment Industry Eagerly Awaits Justin Bieber’s First Period.’
- ‘Attempt To Stop Procrastinating Results In Seven Hour X-box Marathon’

In edition 8:

- ‘Collapsing Headline Kills News Article’
- ‘People Everywhere Can’t Believe What Just Happened’
- ‘Standards Drop In Mxit Schoolyard Porn’

In edition 9:

- ‘*Mail & Guardian* Continues To Report Exclusively On *Mail & Guardian*’
- ‘Christian Mother Finds Something New To Keep Her Kids Away From’

In edition 10:

- ‘Cosmonaut Complains About Vuvuzelas’
- ‘Bay Couple Gives Birth To Retarded Child They’ve Always Joked About’
- ‘BA Student Hopes That Her Friend Is Still Fat’

In edition 11:

‘God Loses Virginity In Big Bang’
‘Madam And Eve Look To Kafka For Inspiration’ (cartoon)
‘Peter de Villiers Proves All Blacks Never Landed On Moon’
‘New Study – 98% Of The Matrix Is Pornography’

In edition 12:

‘Zuma Wishes SA Had Cool Government Organisation To Cover Up UFO Sightings’
‘Not Enough People Speak Polish, Reports Bay Pole’
‘Madam And Eve Messily Try Jackson Pollock’ (cartoon)

In edition 13:

‘Trevor Noah Continues To Make Millions For Vodacom, MTN’
‘Rescued Chilean Miner Rushed To Hospital For Immediate Media Attention’
‘Darren Spends Way Too Much Money At Comic Book Shop’
‘Ranting, Rotten Bergie Not The Profound Socratic Genius BA Student Hoped He’d Be’
“‘Holy Shit Greig, I was Totally Gonna Use The Word ‘Rapacious’ In One Of My Articles,’” Reports Darren’
‘What The Hell Is Gonna Fit Here’

Note: All contributions were accepted and rejected at my own discretion. Those accepted were edited and shaped according to the specific vision I had for *The Weekly Crab*. It is my opinion that the production of effective satire is aided by creative collaboration, an openness to competing viewpoints, and a robust but considered debate about the angle being adopted in each piece of writing.

CAMPUS NEWS

Friends Too Afraid To Tell Design Student Bow-Tie, Skinny Jeans Desexualise Him.

Summerstrand - Local graphic design student, Liam Le Roux, 21, wears clothes that "dramatically emasculate" him, say a group of his closest friends too afraid to tell him so.

"They reckon it'd kill him," said a source close to the friends, "and believe Liam might not be able to function as a graphic design student without his emblematic red and purple skinny jeans, kitsch poker-dot bow-ties and ironically silky berets from Mr. Price."

Added the source: "They seem to feel that, by telling Liam he looks like a preteen girl, they might somehow inadvertently destroy his dream of designing and creating the edgy layouts of the newsletters that keep bistro-going Port Elizabethans up to date on the various happenings in the world of coffee and muffins."

Registration Forms Now Available In Nadsat, Webspeak, Says NMMU.

Summerstrand - Rosalind Baaitjies, NMMU's communications director, has reminded students that all necessary registration forms are now available to them in their mother tongue languages of Nadsat and Webspeak.

"Appy polly loggy for the totally malenky baddiwad," said Baaitjies. "Like, WTF, right? Totally bazoomny innit? But it's all bolshy now.

Added Baaitjies: "LOL!"

Zuma's Eyeballs Continue Relentless Orbital Loop Around Skull, Aides Report.

Pretoria - President Jacob Zuma's eyeballs, locked in an inexorable orbital loop around his skull, have diverged a full two centimetres away from each other in the last year. This according to sources within the Presidency, who claim to be growing increasingly concerned that Mr. Zuma will soon look like the Zapiro cartoon of himself.

"It's like Wegener's theory of continental drift, only with eyeballs," commented one source. "And there's simply nothing we can do to stop it. His eyes are moving pretty fast – you know, for eyeballs and all."

Dr. Harold Robbins, a leading authority in the field of eye disorders, said that Zuma suffers from a condition

known as Chronic Ocular Looping. "Basically, the President's eyeballs are circumventing on an elliptical trajectory around his skull, like two small moons caught in the gravitational orbit of an incredibly huge planet," said Robbins.

"And, eventually, the twain – the eyeballs, I mean – shall meet. In fact, we can expect, by the end of his second term in office, for the President's eyeballs to have converged, collided and merged into one huge Cyclops-like viewfinder at the back of his head. Pupils, retina... that white mushy stuff: it'll all make a single eyeball back there."

According to Dr. Robbins, Mr. Zuma's skull, facial bone structure

CONTINUES PG 2

Che Guevara Spotted Wearing Che Guevara Shirt.

Port Elizabeth – An anonymous local BA student says he spotted Che Guevara, the late revolutionary socialist, at his campus coffee shop.

And, he says, Guevara was wearing a red Che Guevara shirt. "Everybody owns one now, I guess," sighed the BA student, who refused to be named on the grounds that naming devices are institutionalized mechanisms of hierarchical and hegemonic power systems.

"It's like they just don't get the irony or something," he said. "And it pisses me

off. I mean, here was this guy, this single man, railing against an exploitative, man-made, discursive machine of, like, exploitation, that's like, you know, totally trying to exploit him and his legacy and us, too, obviously."

The fact that Che Guevara is now wearing a Che Guevara shirt reveals the "subtle insidiousness, nefariousness and all-pervasiveness" of late twentieth century capitalism, as well as its "overt desire to trivialize and ironize viable threats to its own shifting, nebulous non-identity

Vampires Withholding AIDS Cure, Says Totally Pissed Off Health Minister.

Pretoria National Health Minister Dr Aaron Motsoaledi yesterday urged the Vampire community to come clean about the AIDS vaccine he suspects them of possessing.

Speaking from Luthuli House yesterday, the Minister said that if government intended on ending the AIDS crisis it would need to get tough on Vampires, whom Motsoaledi accused of withholding a working cure to the virus out of a “narrow, corporate-backed spirit of pure fucking self-interest”.

“Big pharmaceutical doesn’t want a cure,” he said, speaking rapidly and anxiously biting the dead skin off his fingers. “ARV’s make way more money in the long run – anybody will tell you that”.

“As I’ve been saying since I took this job, we need to be firm with the Vampires on this issue – they have a cure, we know they do, and I’m totally pissed that they’ve been so reluctant to hand it over. Sure, they’re a pretty Machiavellian bunch and all, keen for any scrap of advantage and leverage they can get over us, but now is our defining moment: we need them on our side. I’ll beg them if I have to, for God’s sake. Feed my kids to the bastards if that’s what it takes.”

When asked by journalists for actual proof that the Vampires have discovered a cure, the Health Minister asked how Vampires could feast with such utter impunity on the blood of living when they have cold sores, mouth ulcers, or after root canal surgery.

“Tooth filters?” he asked. “I doubt it. That’s just unrealistic.”

Motsoaledi also pointed to what he called “accumulative evidence”, specifically citing a government-commissioned study completed earlier this month by academics from UCT’s sociology department. The report, an exhaustive examination into the effects of HIV/AIDS on the various social strata of the Western Cape, revealed that the three

Zuma’s Eyeballs Continue Relentless Orbital Loop Around Skull, Aides Report.

CONTINUED FROM PG 1

and optic cords (which connect the eye to the brain) will all mutate drastically in the coming years so as to accommodate, at a “biologically efficient” level, his ever-roving eyeballs.

While it is unclear what kind of lifestyle Zuma can lead with his condition, Dr. Robbins suggested that, besides relearning to walk and getting refitted with, he will not have to change too much.

“It has been my experience that fornicating and staring into space are not adversely affected by ocular

divergence,” said Robbins.

Added Robbins: “Just look at Jacques Kallis. His eyes are almost halfway around his skull in their orbital loop. And while it’s not like he can bowl anymore, he really has found a way to bat around his condition.

“Maintaining a normal life is absolutely doable.”

Kallis has been quoted as saying that his ocular divergence allows him to keep one eye on the bowler and the other on any field changes occurring behind square on the off-side.

Che Guevara Spotted Wearing Che Guevara Shirt.

CONTINUED FROM PG 1

power-space,” claimed the student.

“That’s the way it works,” he stated, while grounding up three anti-depressants into a small powdery heap and then pouring it into his jumbo coffee. “They [the capitalists] co-opt every last thing you love.”

The student went on to say that he has had offers to publish some of his own poetry which he described as being “very avant-garde”, and written entirely with a quill.

“But I’m thinking about burning it tomorrow afternoon in a massive stockpile of fiery self-expression, just to screw those neo-liberal posers in the eye,” he said.

He also claimed that Guevara, while waiting for his coffee, lit up a cigar with

a Che Guevara collector’s lighter. Guevara also had a Che Guevara novelty badge pinned to the back of his own beret.

“Yeah, that’s when I, like, totally fucked out. Plus, Guevara had Mickey Mouse ears on. The Che Guevara on the novelty badge, I mean. Like, you know, all post-modern and ironic. I wouldn’t have been surprised if he was wearing a Miley Cyrus jockstrap and had a whole bunch of Benicio del Toro DVDs in his knapsack, too.”

The student slowly shook his head while hot-boxing a cigarette, looked skywards, and murmured, “Christ.”

Added the student: “And make sure you italicize that.

communities hit hardest by the virus in the early to mid-nineties were porn stars, prostitutes and Vampires. The two former groups suffered especially heavy losses, while the Vampires, after initially fearing utter extinction in the face of a community-wide pandemic, rebounded significantly early in the following decade, showing a slight increase in population growth. According to the study, the Vampire’s propensity for feasting on the life essence of the vulnerable and immediately having orgasmic intercourse with each other immediately afterwards – once a perfect

storm of AIDS infection – no longer had any effect on them whatsoever, except for causing a slight smoking hangover.

“Porn stars and prostitutes only manage the crisis, while the Vampires have superseded it,” said the Minister. “It’s obvious they have a cure. They’re thriving.”

The current leader of the Vampire community, Lord Callicantzaros “Koos” de Pompadour III, Esq. was not available for comment as he is currently coffin-bound and in his third sleep cycle of a six year hibernation.

CAMPUS BRIEFS

Construction Plans Aim To Turn NMMU Into Actual Universty One Day.

SUMMERSTRAND - The ongoing construction taking place all around NMMU provides the institution with a viable opportunity to become an actual, real-world university one day. This is according to Vice-Chancellor Prof. Derrick Schwartz, who yesterday expressed hope that NMMU will soon be equipped to produce skilled graduates capable of "re-energizing the nation's depleted work-force".

The renovation, started only months after the multi-institutional merger in 2005, has so far involved the tearing down of wooden lecture halls and the building of concrete ones and the removal of three poltergeists from the roof of the South Campus library.

Prof. Schwartz said the current phase of redevelopment involves "the deliberate and methodical extermination of the Humanities department and any of its campus-based affiliates, and the removal of the quotations marks from NMMU" welcome signs" once all work is complete.

"Really looking forward to wiping them all out myself," said the professor. "And by 'them' I mean the BA students, not the quotation marks."

Second-year pharmacy student, Melanie Jacobs, expressed relief that the Humanities was "finally getting the boot", but expressed a concern common to many current NMMU students.

"I just get worried that if NMMU becomes an actual university I'll one day be given an actual degree that'll obligate me to, like, go out into the real world and get a real job. That's scary - scary and dangerous. Has anybody bothered to think about that yet?"

Visiting Parents Throw Masturbation Routine Into Utter Disarray.

NEWTON PARK - Jason Hume, 27, this week expressed "severe regret" over his decision to allow his parents, visiting retirees from George, to stay with him at his rented home for an entire week. The parental visitation has widely been accepted as the reason for Hume's strictly regimented program of self-abuse descending into "complete and irredeemable chaos".

Unable to stomach the idea that his mother might unwittingly stand in the residue of her own son's emissions while showering in the morning, and denied access to the pleasures of self-service by his father's inability "to understand the concept of knocking", any attempts by Hume to masturbate furiously and freely were effectively rendered null and void.

Said a forlorn and tense Hume: "My parents left three days ago. I'm still trying to pick of the pieces, you know? Something's been lost in all this. I don't really sleep anymore."

Family Braai Slated To Include Gentle Banter, Racial Slurs.

MILL PARK - An upcoming family gathering, involving all six members of the tight-knit Hunt family from Port Elizabeth, is widely expected to feature, amongst several other phenomena, a constant stream of gentle banter cultivated over decades of loving familiarity, exaggerated regaling of outrageous but well-worn Hunt family misadventures, and subtle but reliably egregious racial slurs.

According to reports, the gathering, scheduled to begin at approximately five o' clock Saturday evening and end somewhere between eleven and twelve o' clock that same night, will occur largely in the form of a traditional family braai, and is widely slated to have as its opening gambit a display of deeply intimate affection between family matriarch, Jill Hunt, and

youngest son, Adam, freshly returned from a nine-month overseas stint where he spent most of his time busting London tables in a rotating assortment of three different Starbucks establishments, and in whose honour the braai is nominally being held.

It is understood that Adam, while suffering from crushing impoverishment and assailed on a daily basis by the endlessly taxing work of wiping down the tables of the Camden elite, was unable to make meaningful contact with his family and friends back home. Left utterly detached from the alien profligacy that surrounded him constantly, Adam was made to feel a second-class citizen denigrated as an unwanted Other.

This theme, say sources, is expected to serve as an ideal "establishing template" to the greater thematic spirit of the evening's festivities: the quiet

CONTINUES PG 2

OUR CHANGING CLIMATE

As Hell Cools, Satan's Waterfall Of Boiling Vomit Amusement Park Dream Lies In Ruins.

PÖXIA CITY, LOWER HELL - Speaking wonder: the Waterfall of Boiling Vomit.

like holiday home on the frozen lake of guilt and shame, the Prince of Darkness, forced by the "threat of global temperature stabilization", has reluctantly, but "temporarily", ordered a halt to the construction of an elaborate intestinal-themed amusement park centre being built flush on The Underworld's most beloved natural

The move has widely been seen as a poignant emphasis of Satan's contempt for global efforts to reduce emissions, combat rising temperatures, and stave off potentially disastrous changes in the planet's climate.

The King of Lies described world leaders and policy-makers as being "blindly emboldened by an uncritical politicization of climate change" who

As Hell Cools, Satan's Waterfall Of Boiling Vomit Amusement Park Dream Lies In Ruins.

CONTINUED FROM PG 1

have “mindlessly developed and implemented new measures to fight rising temperatures with short-term tactical facileness trumping any substantial, long-term strategic lucidity.”

“Theorize about temperature rises all you like,” said the Prince of Darkness, “but the reality is this: we here in the Underworld are increasingly witnessing a catastrophic and unprecedented level cooling a cooling that will render places like the Waterfall of Boiling Vomit, a certified wonder of the Eighth Circle of Hell, a veritable wasteland of near pleasantness. Once its gaseous intestinal steam cools, its perpetually choking stench fades, and all that boozy, orange vomit begins to dry up even slightly, it simply won't be utter carnage there anymore.”

Satan described the building of a gigantic amusement complex on the edge of a frothing, flaming stretch of cascading vomit as a “sparkling, millennia-old dream”.

“My ultimate vision was that the Waterfall of Boiling Vomit Amusement Park would create a comforting space for all my loyal torturers, goblins, succubae and personal henchmen to bring their families, to take the time out to relax and recharge their batteries in between the taxing work of perpetually torturing an ever-increasing population of Eternally Damned. But now, as Hell's temperatures consistently decline, that ambition lies seemingly in tatters.

“A grand ideal has fallen today,” he said while forlornly grounding a Woolworths brand manager into a fine, fibrous past, “and, quite frankly, I don't know if we're ever going to be able to resurrect it.”

The Wicked One also spoke candidly of trying to accept the fact that he will never see baby leprechauns riding 'The Bipolar Spider' for hours on end or drink frozen bat blood slushies with any of his thousands of nieces and nephews while watching hit band The Zychlon Bees perform live.

“That our younglings won't be able to

Family Braai Slated To Include Gentle Banter, Racial Slurs.

CONTINUED FROM PG 1

dissemination of racially-charged jibes and grievances.

“That he was denied access to basic forms of human dignity and autonomy is something I think we can all find hilarious. As a preamble to the night's more serious timbre it works pretty well, in that all guests will freely be allowed to compare the kind of menial labour Adam was forced to do overseas to the kind of work stereotypically reserved for and expected of certain specific racial and social classes or categories of South Africans,” said one source.

“Rest assured: Adam will be made well aware of the irony inherent in that reverse. While it might sting initially to have those parallels drawn him personally, I'm pretty sure he'll be more than alive to the rich potential of humour in the whole endeavour.”

The tone of the piece will thence become more sombre: guests, partaking in a “measured, communal meditation” on the meaning of being white in post-apartheid South Africa, will exchange thoughts and reflections inspired by Adam's detailed analysis on the many ways in which England betters South

Africa in the areas of social and moral infrastructures.

“It'll turn poignant once everybody begins to connect, at an emotional level, over what they see as the presently disintegrating future of the white social utopia,” confirmed the source. “So, for example, while [family patriarch] Neville chats amiably about the time he had that hilarious boating accident at the Keurbooms Lake, he'll also make sure to really emphasise the fact that the Hunts no longer frequent their holiday home there due to the crumbling roads, the threat of petty crime, the takeover of previously unused land by BEE property developers, the subsequent pollution of the river, and so forth. There will be an underlying nostalgia to it, of course, but I think a fairer word would be dormant malcontent.”

Dessert - apple fritters in warm custard - will constitute a balanced appraisal of the preceding month's finest Zuma penis witticisms.

At the time of going to print, sources were unable to confirm whether the k-word would be spoken aloud, whispered, or simply just inferred by mimicked accents.

blow flesh-scraping wind into the lidless eyes of paedophiles strung from trees in the Arcade Pit it's simply crushing.”

The significance of this latest development should not, however, be read as a “mere triviality”, said Underworld climatology expert Lord Pancius Sul, who yesterday expressed fears that Hell is inevitably becoming “a clement zone of infinite repose... populated by lukewarm pot-boilers and layabout goblin nymphets”.

Such a reality, he said, would be a “dramatically unsustainable” model for eternal punishment.

“What Satan's decision speaks to, really, is this: Hell's natural eco-system is an interdependent miasma of heated pollutants and gaseous emissions, both earthly and man-made,” he said. “In short, Hell needs to be hot, and it needs to get hotter all the time. Remember that our capacity is forever strained by an

unceasing stream of incoming, freshly condemned. As per union regulations, those who are eternally damned need a festering pit to stew in for eternity, need boiling tar poured into their eyeballs and mouth twice a day, and also requiring a flaming sheet of iron attached to their thighs and backs for eighteen hours a week.”

“And it's not only an issue of employment capacity. We *will* shed jobs that's a fact. But what we truly dread is the advent of Eternally Damned climate refugees. I mean, do you want Hitler serving you a steak at Spur? Didn't think so.”

Added Sul: “Maybe stopping the building of this amusement park will do some good in that it creates an opportunity for the mortals' to emphasise a new paradigm. Hopefully, in light of this, they'll ask themselves the question: 'What's more important? This world, or the next one?’”

CRAB

Vol 1 Issue 3

The Nation Talks To Itself.

March 1, 2010

French Philosopher Couldn't Be Prouder Of Pedophile Son.

PARIS – Displaying his post-discursive tendencies to subvert hegemonic sexual reticence, Jean-Elise DuPont is set to begin a series of public lectures examining his son's (Paul-Michel Dupont) new found *raison d'être*: emanative kiddy fiddling.

A renowned Foucault scholar, DuPont will use these lectures as an attempt to justify his son's new life choice.

"His attraction is purely pedagogical," said DuPont. "Pedagogical... And overtly sexual".

When questioned about the moral dimension of his son's decision, DuPont went on a post-structural tangent that would have induced malaise in even the most jaded of philosophy scholars.

"It is a focus, really, at centre, and at de-centering the illusion of 'centre' – of social signification, which has itself never been centered, but which must, so that's it centre, having been focused at last, can be unraveled," he said.

"Let us remember that the soul is the prison of the body, and that sex has been the crux of our liminal Occidental *episteme* that has apparently 'liberated' our so-called inherent latency. My son has simply revealed the soul to be a fiction, and sex as the greatest Nothing of all time. Sex, as such, has no limits: to limit sex is to limit a language beyond limit, without limit."

Added DuPont: "I think that should be pretty much obvious. I am inestimably proud of my son for presenting a nihilistic and disobligating attack on cryponormativity... for desexualizing his own pleasure by touching children. Let him sin, and let him sin to infinity."

A local philosophy lecturer said that Man/Boy love has been at the heart of philosophy since the Greeks.

"We consider the actions of Paul-Michel – and his father, of course – to be a return to the highest form of thought, morality and political revolution."

Shit Given.

SUMMERSTRAND – NMMU's department of sociology yesterday claimed that "somewhere, somehow, on this very campus, an enormous shit is almost certainly being given".

"We're excited to say that a huge shit is being given around here by somebody with great shit-giving potential," said one professor, "although we await definitive confirmation and verification by an independent team of observers. We're confident that the shit is real, that it's being given nearly every day in the face of great odds, but no results will be published until we're absolutely positive."

NMMU spokesperson, Rosalind Baaitjies, said that the shit – currently manifesting in the form of radical Marxist pamphlet distribution and street-performance-like gay rights demonstrations – is of great interest to the institution.

"This is a unique and groundbreaking discovery for us. Our university, for whatever reason, typically inspires apathy, ennui and severe depression. But to think that somebody is actually giving a fucking shit around here is truly invigorating."

Tourist Just Can't Believe How Realistic Township 'Burning Man' Festival Was.

WALMER – Joel Kline, an English tourist enjoying a month-long stay in the Bay, expressed to local reporters his astonishment at the "unbelievable authenticity" of Port Elizabeth's very own Burning Man festival staged in Walmer Township two weeks ago.

The original Burning Man, held annually in the Nevada desert near Little Rock in the United States, takes its name from the ritual burning of a large human-shaped effigy at the end of the festival, and is regarded by its attendees as an intense communal experiment in radical self-expression and self-reliance.

"Sure, I've been to the one in America," said Kline, an unemployed installation artist from Bristol. "I was there last year. It was okay... I mean, we partied pretty hard out there in the desert for, like, nearly a week. And some pretty weird things went down, like how there were these naked chicks walking around in azure body-paint all day long, and how the organizers arranged for an arsenal of laser beams to shoot out of a rusty, dragon-shaped dump-truck. One guy even supposedly ended up gluing his penis to his own husband's forehead as part of a performance art kinda thing, but I never saw that actually happen, so whatever."

But Kline described himself as being "utterly depressed and disillusioned by [Burning Man's] lack of political and artistic authenticity".

"While the people in Nevada look and sound all countercultural, there was this obvious facade underpinning the whole effort. You just couldn't shake the fakeness: walking around naked, starving yourself for a while, eschewing cleanliness and generally allowing yourself to descend into a kind of slow-burn insanity is all fine and well, but then, after that's all done, everyone just gets together, smokes a little weed, sets a wooden statue on fire, and dances around it for ten minutes. How does one self-actualise with all that asinine pretension going around?"

Said Kline: "Afterwards you're so deflated. Numb. You ask yourself what the point of it is. You wonder where the total commitment to real, visceral inner truth and expression has gone. For all it purports to be, that kind of Burning Man formulation is an ideological cop-out. It's gotten to be a retrograde fad. It's organised bourgeois fun, and, as such, is deeply immoral to me."

On a visit to Port Elizabeth at the beginning of February, however, Kline, chanced upon the "existential delights" of Walmer Township that reaffirmed his faith in the tenets of Burning Man.

"I don't typically stay in hotels so I refused to take a cab at the airport and just walked around for a while looking for some place to tent-up for the night in the reeds. But then I saw some lights, a fire, the sounds of people. I began walking towards it, and just stumbled into this amazingly constructed netherworld of humanity. People wore ragged clothes, had no shoes, had no food to speak of: they'd essentially absolved themselves of the construct of money. They were even living in these squat little flimsy hovels – ill-built, without electricity, running water, and totally exposed to the elements."

Kline described the location as a kind of "anti-society" in which the middle-class values of sex, currency and legal obligation had been "pleasantly subverted".

"Whether this was a permanent arrangement or just an organic, temporary art installation was hard to tell. But what I nonetheless realised is that they were consciously – and intensely – living the Burning Man ideal to maximum potential. The reason I say that is because of how they interpreted the actual ritual of the burning itself. It was fascinating and profoundly affecting."

Kline described the people involved in this rite as "entirely method".

"A group of 'community leaders' brought in this guy out of nowhere – he was some kind of stunt man, I guess – and they roughed him up a bit. The community was so amped because they were completely in to this little narrative that was spread around about how the guy they were going to 'burn' had raped a five year-old and buried her dead body under the floor of his shack. The whole vigilante slant was pretty cool. It has a lot to say about the power of art and fiction."

The community then 'stoned' the man until he was 'semi-conscious', before setting him 'alight'.

"Wow," said Kline. "Wow, wow, wow. It was so real. To see people set a man alight and beat him with broken beer bottles; to see that man's face twisting in a blue-red fireball and his body crumple into a charred heap of infinity and death: it's just the apex of self-expression, of true freedom. Burn the Man, you know? Subvert everything. The special effects involved were astonishing, too."

Added Kline: "To think that people actually live that way is surreal. And very... ethical."

Urban Renewal In Central Makes It Safe To Buy, Take Drugs There Again.

CENTRAL – Candice Thornton's blond eyebrows are a study in the nuances of the patient concentration. Deftly – and with barely a hint of skittish apprehension expected of the moment – she adjusts her dead father's black leather belt-strap to a comfortable tension around her left bicep, clenches the remaining slackened felt between her decaying teeth, and uses her right hand to guide an unexpectedly small syringe into a bulbous pock-mark the colour of night. The needle finds a willing hole, and Candice plunges the clear liquid into her arm with a swift, understated grace.

“That's the vein I like to call the 'Dragon Drain,’” she says. Her next sentence is garbled, warped: her eyes soon glaze over; her consciousness dissolves into a sweet, euphoric oblivion.

She is gone.

A small gaggle of teenage girls, giggling softly at a private joke, saunter past in their green and red school uniforms. Candice's pale, corpse-like body, twitching intermittently on the pavement, is of only mild interest to them.

“Ja, we see her here quite a lot,” says one. “It's safe for her to shoot up in this area, and she always passes out right next to the needle recycling bin. So it's fine, I guess. She doesn't leave a mess or anything.”

The teens then head off for an alfresco carol practice in a well-kept churchyard nearby.

An hour before her heroin binge, Candice recounted to *Weekly Crab* investigative reporters a series of harrowing personal experiences suffered in the former slum of Central.

“Eighteen months ago, it wasn't possible to chase the dragon here, to be this free and open about who I am and what I do. Prior to the urban rejuvenation effort, you didn't want to shoot up and just pass out in one of the decrepit buildings that lined Central. Every so often you would take a risk, but it almost always ended badly. Once, after smoking some crack in gutted orphanage, my ex-boyfriend fell through two stories after the wooden floor he was manically jumping up and down on collapsed out of nowhere. He broke both his legs, got arrested, and his grandparents – who were all conservative – sent him to Valkenberg.”

Her voice cracked: “A couple of my friends... they totally lost their virginities in ways they hadn't even scrap-booked. I did too... I think.

Massive Earthquake Causes Devastating Mispronunciation Of Word 'Haiti'.

Port-au-Prince – The January earthquake that claimed the lives of just under 300 000 people and razed to the ground the fragile island nation of Haiti has resulted in added misery for that country's surviving citizens: a devastatingly humiliating wave of careless mispronunciations of the word 'Haiti'.

This is according to Haiti president, René Garcia Préval, who last week claimed that his country, already facing “seemingly insurmountable odds”, is suffering “deep and permanently scarring humiliation” at the hands of celebrities and philanthropists who are “ignorantly mangling the island's name with impunity”.

“It's incredibly embarrassing,” said Préval. “Every time Julia Roberts utters another mangled 'Hay-ee-tah' through her excessively wide lip-spread, I, and the people of my country, become increasingly despondent over our collective future.

“The quake destroyed any and all infrastructure we had here, but it never broke the back of our self-respect, our esteem, our human dignity,” said Préval. “Every day since the quake hit my people have been going back to what remains of their homes and sifting through the rubble looking for something to hold on to. Food. Clothes. Survivors, even. And we had that hope because we are human, and we are human because we still have our pride, our dignity. And then we see, bounding over a mound of debris in an open-topped Land Rover, some Irish rock-star celebrity speaking into a collection of

trailing cameras about how 'Hay-ah-te' needs to be saved. The humiliation in that instance is, well, infinite.”

Préval also criticized Morgan Freeman's 'Heat-tay' as “completely atrocious”. Freeman has since expressed regret over his erroneous pronunciation, blaming the mistake on an inability to shake off the self-described “turgid” Mandela accent he developed for the film *Invictus*.

Orthoepy specialists – experts trained in corrective linguistics – have begun work-shopping methods of teaching foreign celebrities how to pronounce the country's name correctly. And President Préval is one of them.

“I don't have a job anymore: my palace collapsed, and the country's in such a state of ruin that there's nothing left to govern. Besides, the professionals are saying the situation here is ethically urgent. They share the notion with me that it doesn't take too many garbled mispronunciations for people to start losing sight of what the name meant to them in the first instance.

“It's a small leap from hearing some attention-seeking whore demanding 'Hayee-tay relief' and saying to yourself 'You know what? Fuck this shit,' and then robbing a dead guy's coffin. They need me here.”

Added Préval: “Before the quake, Haiti – Hay-tea – didn't really exist to the rest of the world; now afterwards... it still kinda doesn't.”

“Anyway, the streets were lethal... Lethal”.

Tragedy, said Candice, had always been inevitable. “I suppose, in hindsight, it was bound to happen. I remember this one night, okay? Me and this guy Ross – he was deputy head-boy of Grey when I was head-girl at Collegiate, so we knew each other pretty well and all – we went up to the top of Parliament Street – the old Nigerian tavern, right? So Ross, he's like 'I'm gonna hit this guy up for a little Charlie', goes up to him, and then whammo! He gets stabbed in the neck by this fucking moonlighting policeman. Just like that.”

Ross McLelland was dead at 22.

The outrage rocked the tight-knit community of young and privileged white drug addicts that has traditionally kept Port Elizabeth's illicit drug trade afloat. But, after intense lobbying by their parents' lawyers, they forced the municipality to do something.

“Ross's death changed us a lot. It really hit home, and put everything in a new critical perspective. It was either we gave up on the drugs, or we launched an elaborate, broad-based campaign to force the local municipality to rehabilitate the area and make it safe and respectable for affluent youth to get high in Central once again. We were doing the reasonable thing.”

And urban renewal, she said, was key. “We've been largely maligned, I think, because

it's difficult to be respected while lying unconscious in a dirty gutter. Why *wouldn't* a Nigerian pimp want to kidnap me and ship me off to Malaysia? Without my dignity, I'm not human to him, just some product the size of a ship's storage room.”

What followed was an extraordinary example of the power of civic responsibility and youth-led initiatives.

Said Candice: “Me and my remaining friends, we convinced our parents to get their lawyers to lobby and pressurise the local municipality into pumping inner-city Central with money and soothing heroin.”

Change – riding on the back of BEE tenders and kickbacks – was swift: buildings were restored; streets were flooded with new businesses; private security was installed in several important sites.

“Things are, like, totally so much better now. If I wanna score, I just pop into the new internet cafe, Facebook my dealer to meet me at the fancy coffee shop, pick up my laundry on the way over, and get a well-priced needle at the chemist on my way back. I'm happy, and safe.”

Looking at Candice now – drooling blissfully; occasionally scratching at her arm scars in her sleep; watched casually by a nearby security guard – we certainly think she is.

CRAB

Vol 1 Issue 4

The Nation Talks To Itself.

March 15, 2010

Missing Child Tragically Not White.

BA Graduate “Almost Qualified Enough” To Work As Madibaz Janitor.

SUMMERSTRAND - Keaton Francois, a recently graduated BA (MCC) student, has been told that he is “almost qualified enough” to work at Madibaz – the local campus coffee shop – as a janitor. Francis described the news as “quietly delightful”, as an “almost” is a much better response than he had originally hoped for.

Francois graduated in April last year and has been searching for a job ever since.

“I thought about trying to start an actual career in something. You know: get into a certain field, specialise in it, make my way through the industry’s sectors of power, infect the system’s infrastructure with my critically-minded education, and then change the world.

“Of course, *that* never happened. They were too afraid to hire a revolutionary socialist. Guess I don’t really fit into any credible business model. Plus I’m fucking lazy.”

Unlike his successful peers who majored in design and public relations, Francois instead majored in contemporary cultural studies and English literature (*cum laude*). While he constantly reassured himself that this has a more “noble” path, his quaint self-righteousness has been quelled by a full year of rejected job applications.

“But this very kind ‘almost’ I got from the great folks on the Madibaz management staff serves as a subtle glimmer of hope in what seemed, once, to be a bleak and unforgiving void-like future”.

Francois said that he would reapply at Madibaz for a slightly lower position: either emptying trash bins or replacing toilet rolls.

“The key here is not to be too ambitious,” he said. “Just keep your head down, and don’t hope for too much.”

Random NMMU Security Check Yields Potentially Explosive Second Year Foucault Essay.

SUMMERSTRAND – A random security check conducted at the entrance of NMMU’s South campus yesterday yielded what officials called a “potentially explosive, possibly radioactive” second year cultural studies essay concerning the work and theories of late French philosopher and polemicist Michel Foucault.

“We’ve had a few scares involving one or two illicit Camus essays,” said NMMU security head, Mike de Jager. “And a couple of post-colonial textual analyses got snuck through unnoticed last year, but they’re nothing compared to this: it’s the big one.”

“We always knew,” said NMMU spokesperson Rosalind Baajtjes, “that we had to be prepared for the day when some or other maniacal leftist attempted to smuggle a Foucault essay onto the premises with an intent blow a massive discursive hole in the institutional framework of NMMU.”

Added Baajtjes: “And we pray to God this isn’t the first of more.”

NEWTON PARK – Police were last night forced to call off their search for a six year-old girl after realizing that she was not even white. The tragic development occurred about ten hours into an extensive manhunt involving police choppers, sniffer dogs, and a squad of volunteer emergency workers.

Police spokesman, Andre Beetge, said that they had initially began searching for a young white child named Sally.

“We got a phone call at about two o’clock yesterday afternoon from a frantic white woman saying that a young girl had gone missing in the Newton Park area. Search personnel were immediately dispatched, and began a rigorous sweep through the suburbs and surrounding natural areas.”

Ten hours in to the operation, a grim and sickening discovery was made.

“The missing child... wasn’t even white,” said Beetge. “Rescue teams were recalled at once.”

Beetge put the error down to a slight, but pivotal, miscommunication during first contact.

“Sally’s a kind of white name, and the caller was also white. We didn’t really bother to stop and think - we just reacted on an assumption, and in good faith that this was a viable and human emergency.”

But, after comprehensive questioning, the woman revealed to investigators that the child actually belonged to her domestic worker, who had left her daughter at her madam’s house while she mowed the lawns of all her employer’s neighbours.

“She was afraid that maid would blame her for the disappearance of her only child and would subsequently not come back to work for her.” said Beetge, “She therefore tried to get us to find the kid on her behalf.

“It’s a shocking display of abuse, really. That someone could exploit the noble intentions of the South African police force in this way just to get themselves out of a jam. Pretty disgusting.”

Added Beetge: “This has cost the department a lot of time and money. An investigation into the matter will be conducted and if it is found that the woman or anyone else involved in reporting this child missing knew that she was actually black, they will be charged for the criminal waste of resources and for defeating the ends of justice.”

The caller could not be reached for comment.

Zuma’s New Wife To Be Chosen In ‘Idols’ Style Reality Show.

Johannesburg – The SABC yesterday released a statement announcing that President Zuma will using an “Idols-Style” reality television show as the framework for the selection of his next wife.

Producer Marc Fielding said that the show will not only offer the opportunity for many young girls to fulfil a long-time dream, but that it also aims to bridge the widening gap in relations between the African National Congress and the SABC.

Still in the pre-production stage, the as yet untitled show is said to follow the now familiar *Idols* format. Auditions will be held nationwide, and any women between the ages of 14 and 65 are allowed to enter. Although Zuma has commented that he would “prefer a Zulu princess”, women of any race, ethnicity or cultural background are allowed to compete.

According to the statement, the open auditions

will be adjudicated by a panel of four Judges comprising two current ‘Zuma-Wives’ and two local celebrities (whose names have not yet been released).

The auditions will be divided between a rigorous interview segment and, later in the season, a lengthy and comprehensive demonstration of the candidates’ respective talents.

Said Fielding: “The women will be questioned on their political affiliations, on their personal philosophies of presidential governance, as well as on their sexual histories... and sexual proclivities - which should lead fluidly into the talent segment of the show, if you know what I mean.

“This is where the show starts to get like *Idols*, you see, in that it’s largely, well, performance-based.”

The competition has already generated significant buzz. Angel Mnyanda, a local NMMU

Zuma's New Wife To Be Chosen In 'Idols' Style Show

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student, told reporters that it would be "an honour to be the president's wife", saying that she is certain to enter as she "really needs a new minister of airtime".

While some feminist intellectuals have already expressed concern that the show is simply a "vehicle for exhibitionist misogyny which entrenches an already dominant patriarchal system", Fielding was quick to reassure the intellectual community that this is simply not the case.

"People are already saying this show is a cattle call," he said. "I see it more as a streamlining of tradition: Zulu culture meets the age of the nation-wide phone vote. It's been speculated by some historians say that Shaka, in trying to let young women in his kingdom know that he was keen for new a wife to attend to him, would actually stand outside the entrance to his palatial hut and blow a series of calls into a hollowed-out rhino horn. The women would then arrive, and compete for his affections. The concepts are strikingly similar."

The audition schedule should be released next week and the show will begin airing towards the end of the year on SABC 1.

While the show winner will be married immediately after the finale, runners-up will still be offered the opportunity to become future mistresses to the President.

Traffic Cops' Inability To Drive Mistaken For Strike.

Port Elizabeth – A barricade of traffic department vehicles parked across Settler's Way held up the rush-hour commute two weeks ago. While it was speculated at the time that this vehicular barricade was some form of strike, a recent investigation has shown that it was actually because "the majority of Port Elizabeth traffic officers simply have no idea how to drive".

The Minister of Transport, Sbusiso Ndebele, yesterday spoke to the press regarding the incident, addressing concerns that traffic officers were planning a province wide strike.

"This is all just a massive misunderstanding" said Ndebele. "The traffic officers were not striking, protesting, or engaging in a go-slow. Some of them just struggle a little with second gear. And reversing. And starting. And finding their keys. That's been a bit of a sticking point, too."

According to Ndebele, most department vehicles are "completely fucked" which makes them "impossibly difficult, at times, to drive and control properly".

"It's also that stupid K53 system," he

said. "As traffic officials, we enforce the rules and therefore need to set the example first. But all that the 'mirror, mirror, blind-spot' nonsense just makes us paralysed with fear and incompetence. One officer stalls a car, then another one stalls *his* car, then another tears out his malfunctioning gear-box in maddened frustration... and before you know what's what, there's a huge pile-up and everyone thinks we're greedy protestors. "

When police finally arrived on the scene several arrests were made. Few of these, however, were strike-related.

According to one police officer Christopher du Toit, the majority of the arrests were allegedly drunk-driving related incidents. Du Toit states that many of the traffic officers involved in the pile-up were 'utterly pissed'.

Since the incident, several local news sources have reported that traffic officers around the Metro area have refused to work.

Ndebele assures motorists that this is "normal".

Study: Nation's Dogs Unaware Apartheid Over.

SUMMERSTRAND – A broad-based, government-commissioned study into the inner lives of South Africa's canines has revealed that the nation's dogs – both domesticated and feral – remain blithely unaware of apartheid's collapse over sixteen years ago.

"It's disturbing, yes, but not overly surprising," said the report's co-author, Dr. Lionel Hitchens. "Our dogs are rabid racists. But what was more interesting for us, as social scientists, was to discern whether these animals were entirely oblivious to the new political dispensation, naturally bigoted, or, at an unconscious level, simply unable to adjust to the existential malaise that is post-apartheid identity politics.

"And quite frankly, we weren't able to tell. They're pretty comprehensive racists whichever way you look at it."

The inquiry is framed by startling testimonials given a choice sample of the country's dogs. Dr Hitchens described the interviews as "frank and honest... but truly brutal also".

Rizzo, a five year old, Bay-reared wire-haired Jack Russel with Fox Terrier mix, was

one such candidate, and spoke candidly to reporters this week from his opulent oak doggie home in a Summerstrand backyard.

"Apartheid's over?" he said. "You guys need to check your facts, because that's *such* a load of bullshit. Just look what happened to me yesterday, okay? Me and Master, we were sitting on a bench just outside a coffee bistro, alright? And this black guy, brazen as anything, came up to us and totally tried sit down right next to us. He was being all nonchalant and natural about it, too: wearing a tie, carrying a briefcase, wearing spectacles. I mean, jeez: come on, dude. That's been against the laws of state and of common decency since, like, forever now. It's in the laws, man."

Rizzo then took a deep gulp of water from a bowl plastered with stickers of the old South African flag, and continued: "So anyway, I got real damn mad, and I barked. And I growled. Good, loud growls. And I went for his feet with my teeth. And you know what? He was shit-scared, and backed right the fuck up. He knew what was what."

When asked what the response of his owner had been, Rizzo furiously licked his

testicles and said that his master had been "a varied template of emotions" during the situation.

"I sensed him get increasingly nervous when the guy got nearer and nearer; there was a lot of suspicion growing quite rapidly within him. That was part of the reason I responded like I did. And when the black took off, Master let out a very soft chuckle, sighed, scratched me right on the little pleasure-spot behind my left ear, and demanded to know who a good boy was. What's more, there were a lot of people around. And guess what, assholes? Nobody said a word. Not a goddam thing."

Said Rizzo: "If Apartheid's over, how come nobody's dismantled the locations? How come we still have a black gardener? And how come Master calls him 'boy' and allows me to bite him on the ankle when he arrives late for work? We have police who patrol the neighbourhood and they're not coming to arrest me for breaking any laws.

"In fact, they've got dogs with attitudes just like mine working for them. And doing a damn fine job, too."

Arts Minister's Renouncement Of Homosexual Artists Leaves No Artists

JOHANNESBURG – Following her recent walk-out at an art exhibition that displayed black lesbian couples in naked embraces, Minister of Arts and Culture Lulama “Lulu” Xingwana, has announced an aggressive campaign to remove all homosexual art and artists from art history text books.

Xingwana, who recently commented that homosexuality in art is “immoral, offensive and against nation-building”, has slowly begun censoring all depictions of homosexuality in art and work by homosexual artists, a move that has effectively rendered several popular text books without content.

At a press conference held yesterday the Minister explained her motivation for censoring the locally produced text books by stating that she did not want “the children looking at these filthy pornographies.”

“Art is all about nation building,” she said. “It contributes to and expresses the vision that we, as a unified people, have of ourselves. Art's about constructing a dream, not subverting and undermining one.”

Xingwana has put together a committee to “slowly comb through various popular art text books to uncover the hidden element of sexual corruption.”

The campaign, commented Jennifer Curb, a local art historian, will have “devastating effect on the quality and meaning of most art text books.”

“Think about it,” Curb elaborated. “If you remove all the homosexual art and artists from the canon of art analysis, you don't really have much left. There's the obvious ones – Bacon, Goya and Warhol – but then you really get into it and find out how pervasive it is: everything by the Greeks and Romans, most Japanese watercolours, anyone ever labelled an 'expressionist', all the French, all the Italians, most the Czechoslovakians, the pre-, post-, and neo-Renaissance, all sculpture, black and white photography after 1956 and basically anything conceptual.”

“If Xingwana ever reads the *Da Vinci*

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Everything Fucked

Zille Urges Panic, Tell's Nation's Whites: “Leave SA, Move To Cape Town.”
Malema: Racial Tension Brings End To Our Long Nightmare Of Racial Harmony.”

EVERYWHERE – South Africans have reportedly realized that the progressive constitutional tenets of freedom and equality upon which their country is founded are simply a set of invented constructs designed to mask the fact that the nation's social reality is – and probably always has been – deeply fucked.

The collective realization is said to have occurred in the wake of the death of Eugene Terre'Blanche – right-wing Afrikaner nationalist and leader of the AWB – whose violent murder at the Easter weekend by two black farm labourers has inspired unprecedented levels of post-apartheid racial tension, paranoia and a clear-eyed belief that South Africa is dangerously fucked.

President Zuma said in a radio address to the nation yesterday: “From the suspicion and fear currently permeating the land after the murder of a man whose death certainly isn't worth the outrage and racial polarisation it has since released, to the absurdity of the nation's majority still living in a long-standing, apartheid-like environment of physical and economic segregation and therefore being reasonably entitled to rise up and kill whomsoever they choose, to the reality that, on some strange moral plane, we ought to be celebrating the brutal passing of one of the many racist thugs our country habitually manages to breed, we can only but admit that South Africa is irreversibly insane.

“I'm sorry everything is so fucked,” continued the President, “and, from now on, I vow to concede that I

am unable to correct the great and undeniable fuck up that is the South African life.”

Western Cape Premier and leader of the Democratic Alliance, Helen Zille, reflecting the mood of her middle-class political base, has urged the nation to descend into an uncontrollable, hysterical panic.

“Fuck it,” she said. “Let's just go wild, let's spiral downward into the abyss, let's dry heave, let's run through the streets with limbs flailing... I'm tired of having to see our people pretend everything's fine when clearly everything is shit.”

Zille also implored the nation's whites, in their panic, to abandon the Republic of South Africa and move to the Republic of Cape Town at once.

ANC Youth League President Julius Malema welcomed the general chaos and national mayhem, saying that the country's “long and insufferable nightmare of racial pretence and harmony [was] finally in its death throes”.

“It is obvious to me now that this killing is an important symbol of something, just as the metaphors employed in our struggle anthems are important symbols of something. It's not for me to decide what is the meaning of these symbols. The people and all our comrades must decide, and I will go with that. Now that they are deciding we cannot let anything impede them.”

Township Child Just Wants To Be Ten When He Grows Up

VENTERSDORP – Abandoning all sense of journalistic decorum and balanced objectivity, the large gaggle of reporters surrounding the 1.04m figure of Tsepho Baloyi, six, of Ventersdorp informal settlement, burst into a collective and spontaneous fit of grief-stricken tears as the young boy explained how, in this current climate of social disintegration, all he wants to be when he grows up is ten.

Citing renewed racial fracturing, the possibility of aggressive xenophobic attacks delivered by white farmers seeking to express their pent-up rage and frustration, and a brutal daily regimen of poverty, hopelessness and governmental ineptitude that bedevils his life, Baloyi called all his friends

“crazy” for thinking that have any hope of a long and dignified future.

“All my friends, they want to be Bafana Bafana stars, hip-hop singers, doctors, lawyers, blah blah. I think they're stupid guys. They're thinking too much into the future. Me, I'm not stupid, man. I'm six, and I when I grow up, all I want to be is a ten, okay?”

“Look, I have to try dodge a disease there's no cure for but that almost everybody here has. My school is in ruins, so I don't go there anymore and just hang around the township while the gangsters try shoot each other. Now people from here have killed an old tata – some man who was very important and rich in the other community. It's just like, now what?”



Arts Minister's Bans Homosexual Artists, Art In School Books

FROM PAGE 1.

Code she's gonna think that Leonardo was a 'flamboyant homosexual, too'" added Curb.

The extent of the censoring done by Xinqwana was further evidenced when Curb showed reporters the proposed edition of *Gardener's Art Through the Ages*. The original text, an extensively researched 1,300 page tome detailing the art tradition with full colour prints and accompanying academic analysis, has been reduced to a six page pamphlet with no photos. It also brandishes a 'Proudly South African' logo', and has been re-titled *Xingwana's Art Through the Ages*.

The artist on whom Xingwana originally walked out, Zanele Muholi, has commented that although she is irritated and annoyed by the Minister's ridiculous protestations, she does have some reason to feel proud of herself and her work.

"Being censored does make me feel more like an actual artist," she said. "This makes my career real... important, even."

Muholi now plans to leave South Africa and relocate overseas, where her work is "recognised and appreciated".

"In Europe they love censored gay African artists, so it's the perfect career move. Thanks, Minister."

Curb added that we should "hope to God that Lulu never sees any work by Robert Mapplethorpe or she'll just end art in this country altogether."

"I mean, Jesus: eleven languages and no culture – welcome to South Africa."

Expat Spends Entire Day Surfing Internet For Heinous Crime Stories From Home

LONDON – Kyle York, a 22-year-old South African expat living and working in London, will tomorrow spend an entire day scouring the internet for news items related to tragic, heinous crimes occurring in his native country.

"Yeah, it's fun, you know? When I started out doing it – this was about seven months ago – it kind of just emerged organically... possibly out of a need to reconnect with home, and, at some deeper level, to coordinate my present with my past - to align my county's fragile future with the uncertainty of my own. I think."

York said that he began his extended trawls through the internet when, in-between shifts at the curry restaurant where he finds employment, he would log into South African news sites and blogs, skipping the comprehensive political and the economic

analysis offered by *The Mail & Guardian* and getting straight into reading the perfectly-skewed Julius Malema portraits posted daily by bloggers and amateur journalists.

"By the time the new week rolls round, there's a veritable treasure trove of stuff to read through, size up, save for later, etc. I call that Phase One. Phase Two is more interactive: I take the evening to copy the articles that have piqued me most – mostly about rape or families being murdered in their home – and post them on my Facebook wall and Twitter accounts, or re-tweeting any cool articles my fellow expats have posted that I might have originally missed."

What then follows, said York, is an "international, broad-based debate" involving South Africans from all over the globe, even South Africa.

The Parlotones Continue To Annoy Even Deaf South Africans

JOHANNESBURG – The impending release of The Parlotones latest album, "Stardust Galaxies", has lead both the Deaf Federation of South Africa (DeafSA) and the National Institute for the Deaf (NID) to call for a nationwide boycott of the album. Both institutions threaten to take legal action if the album is released, because neither of them "can take that derivative god-awful crap any longer".

A representative of DeafSA, Sandy Ossman, said that the deaf community's hatred for The Parlotones was first noticed about two years ago. Ossman explained that a teacher at a local school for the deaf put on a television to entertain a class of twelve year-olds.

"Everything started alright", she said. "Television is a great visual medium for the kids and can be really stimulating.

Unfortunately, some stupid Parlotones music video came on and the kids just lost it".

According to witnesses, several children promptly begun "signing exaggeratedly" to turn the television off, while other just started weeping.

"What was strange", commented Ossman, "was that several kids actually put fingers in their ears. That certainly was quite peculiar. Like they could hear something; I think the high-pitched wailing of that dreadful lead-singer might have effected a vibration strong enough to disturb even non-functioning "

Ossman argued that "kids that age just shouldn't have to experience that stuff, such terribly despicable, morally reprehensible bullshit".

The scientific community was the first to respond to the incident. Harold Andrews, a professor of neurology at Wits University, stated that it was perfectly understandable why people who can hear dislike the "farically atavistic shit-fest The Parlotones so misguidedly call music". However, he struggled to understand why people who could not hear would dislike, maim and kill themselves over The Parlotones.

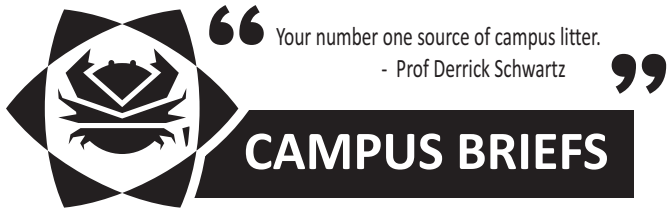
Added Andrews: "If anything, I wish I were deaf in a world where The Parlotones make their 'music'".

"Jeez, the comments really fly around, hey. It's pretty intense – especially when involving some of the more 'liberal' whites who take umbrage at our so-called 'myopic' portrayal of home. But we just gang-rape those morons in lengthy Facebook comment threads, so yeah."

Asked whether he intends to continue this pursuit for the duration of his stay in London, York said he definitely would.

"The thing I miss most about living in South Africa is the beaches, the weather, the beautiful tanned women, and being able to complain about living in South Africa. I miss it dearly. But, by staying this emotionally close to the very reasons I left SA to come to a better, safer place without ever having to worry about crime myself, I really do think I get to have the best of both worlds."





CAMPUS BRIEFS

BA Student Needs A Fucking Cigarette

SUMMERSTRAND – A BA student needs a fucking cigarette for fuck's sake, report campus sources close to the English major. All he wants to do, it was reported, is sit for a couple of hours in a Shangri-fucking-La of beautiful soothing coffee and nicotine, a secular-goddam utopia unvisited by fucking bunches of total fucking morons who are unable to recognize the fallibility of their own discursive fucking bullshit. While it is unbelievable that he should be in this stupid bullshit world in the first place, and while there is little to be done to counter the egregious, morally untenable circumstances in which he currently finds himself, it is widely expected that a decent cigarette, bummed off whoever the Jesus fuck has one, will prove to be some small modicum of comfort in a world devoid and meaning and reasons for longevity.

Archaeologists Discover Small Anomalous Town Attached to Rhodes University

“GRAHAMSTOWN” – A recent archaeological examination of the area surrounding Rhodes University has led to the discovery of a previously unknown settlement named Grahamstown. According to lead researcher, James Chemin, the town is “an amalgamation of a mock-sixties hippy sentiment and a self-proclaimed artistic miasma that culminates in ritualistic festivals several times a year”.

Chemin mentions that the settlement is “an anomalous shit hole lost in time”.

Little is known of a culture of the settlement at this time. Chemin states that early examination reveals it to be “something of an elephant's graveyard for the aged White South Africa”.

Rhodes student Marissa Petraglia says that students occasionally venture into the city, “but mostly for basic supplies, ciggies and stuff like that”.

“We don't go in there much – it smells like old people; faint traces of fermented prune juice permeate everywhere.”

Chemin added that the city has seen “years of student abuse, defilement and seventies-era Rat And Parrot vomit”.

Curiously, a Spur restaurant was discovered in the settlement. However Chemin shows that the decor is “very 1997”.

Said one 'Grahamstown' denizen while staring off blankly into nothingness: “It's barren here. Silent. Godless. The nights are dark beyond darkness. The bells... The bells, they don't stop ringing.”

DOMESTIC RELATIONS

Garden Boy Celebrates 56th Birthday

PORT ELIZABETH – Yesterday a gardener working for the affluent Meersman family of Mill Park celebrated his 56th birthday, and a 29 year tenure working with the family. The gardener, who is known simply as 'the boy' by the family has been a part of the Meersman's house-staff for three generations and, according to family patriarch Gerald Meersman, has been “a very loyal, hard working boy”.

The 'boy', whose real name is Serious Mdlalose, has worked for the family for over half his life, and the Meersmans were overjoyed to celebrate his birthday. “He's getting on,” comments Meersman, “but we still hope and pray that one day he'll work for my son. It's not a true Meersman home without this boy toiling away in the dirt or watering the plants.”

“My grandfather hired him almost thirty years ago,” comments Gerald Meersman “then he went to my dad and now I've finally got him. Some days I feel our lives are built on his labour”.

Added Gerald: “If I could speak his language I'd thank him”.

To celebrate Mdlalose's birthday, the Meersman presented him with several gifts.

“I gave him some left over chicken” states Margie Meersman. “He also got some nice new tobacco and a papsak. I was feeling really generous so I doubled his bus-fare”

Added Margie: “It's so nice to know I'm helping these people”.

Mdlalose could not be reached for comment as he was mowing the lawn.

Domestic Worker Proud To Serve As White Family's Emotional Centre

MILL PARK – Eunice Jansen, 50, of the Veeplas informal settlement, announced to reporters on Sunday that she is proud to serve as the vital emotional and spiritual centre of the Morgans, a Port Elizabeth family for whom she keeps house six days of the week.

Mary Morgan, mother of four and a well-respected corporate law attorney in the Bay, called Jansen a huge part of the functionality and familial stability of the Morgan clan.

“If it weren't for Eunice,” said Morgan from the veranda of her Umbria-inspired villa, “I can't actually imagine where we'd be. I absolutely would not cope without her, and I think she understands that implicitly.”

“The hubby and I are just so committed to all these many things at once – work, travel, quality leisure, externally-related business investments, self-care, etc. It's truly like we're each the centre of an ever-expanding universe of obligations and duties, and one's emotional capacity is severely stretched because of it.”

And, for Morgan, it is here when the children begin to suffer.

“I think part of my role as a parent is to find somebody trustworthy and responsible enough to raise my children for me. I just want to throw all my emotions at those little people... but I can't: I'm too busy. Does it tear me apart? Most times.

“But I ask myself: is it my *job* to raise these kids? Is it my *job* to feed them, hug them, discipline them, teach them basic social and language skills? Is that my *job*?”

“No: my *job* is to find loopholes in hedge-fund regulations. It's Eunice who, like a big black emotional matriarch, holds the threads of motherly and parental nurture together at my behest. When I talk about her being the emotional centre of the family, I'm talking about her being a wonderful proxy parent to my children.”

Added Morgan: “I also think it's a great way for the kids to learn how to treat people of other races. Plus we're very generous to her. Ultimately, it's nice to know I'm helping these people.”



Word 'Black' Successfully Whispered Into Conversation About Greenacres

KABEGA – The word black was yesterday seamlessly whispered into a conversation concerning the radically changing ethnic status of Greenacres, a Port Elizabeth shopping centre whose clientele, according to sub-tonal sources in the city, is suffering from a rapidly deteriorating pigmentation schema.

“I was just talking to my husband about how [indecipherable] Greenacres has become,” said Lindi Templeton, who describes herself as a veteran “anti-vocal activist”.

“It's gotten so [indecipherable], you know? Everywhere you go in there, you just see [indecipherable]s everywhere, standing around at their [indecipherable] shops and fast-food chicken outlets.

“You see? Did you see how well that works, how effective it is? Didn't hear a thing, did you? What happens with the whispered slur is that the radical reduction in vocal emission, combined with the subtle shifting of the lips in a specifically directed location, allows me to utter almost

anything I want to away from people who shouldn't be hearing them.

Templeton added that the whispered slur is not the only bit of recourse on offer to those who want to get around the social red-tape of political correctness.

“There are many other little gestures and slights of hand I use to get my message across. There's really an entire mosaic of code words and subtle gestures that can be used as supplementation, misdirection, nuanced effect and illumined clarification.”

Templeton went on to call the gentle finger-tap on the forearm –accompanied by a knowing nod – an ideal way for beginners to spread clandestine prejudice.

“Or there's also a phrase like 'My, it's dark out today': if you say that in a whisper, followed by the mimed skin-tone suggestion, you can quite easily get your message across without the wrong people catching on at all. Like the [indecipherable]s”.

Added Templeton: “It's a great way – the *only* way, really – to shop. Especially at Greenacres”.

Champion Cage Fighter Naturally Also Christian

WALMER –With his gloved fists, devastating roundhouse kicks, crippling grappling techniques, and an impressive array of mixed martial arts facial-strikes, a Port Elizabeth cage fighter is, unsurprisingly, also spreading his deep love for Christ, his one true saviour and the light that illumines his uncertain life-path.

Jack Arnott, member of the Walmer Mae-Dong Jodo and youth leader at the Walmer Zionist Church of Our Lord, said that he intended to spread the Word of God by converting “wicked unbelievers, wayward souls and the unknowing savages” with the all the lessons he has learned earning his keep in steel cages across the country.

“I get in the cage,” said Arnott, “and I just, you know, glorify god with knees and elbow strikes. All glory to Him, man. All glory.”

Arnott said that spreading the Gospel to the apathetic, preaching to the unconverted, and getting in the faces of the disdainful heathens is very much the same thing as being in the cage.

“It's combative and heated - truly a matter of life and death.”

While he said that he would never grapple an atheist to the floor, get him in a suffocating submission move, and punch him in the face repeatedly till unconscious if he were unwilling to listen to Christ's Truth, Arnott admitted to getting “pretty steamed out there in the field of faith-based warfare”.

“I *probably* wouldn't do anything physical,” he chuckled from the steps of the NMMU library where he was on a Christ-based mission of conversion. “But you never know with the atheists, hey – they're testy, ignorant. Sometimes I just want to... But these people from other religions: it's they who're the *worst*. The Muslims, man... How do you convert these kinds of people? They hang on to their truly absurd articles of faith with such stubborn blindness – how can I save them?”

Arnott said that Christ gives him the strength to smash people, and that those smashed people, seeing the love of the true Christ and the might of the God-given violence in their conqueror, seek to become Christians too.

“And, in the heat of debate, in those moments when I accost a Muslim guy somewhere here on campus or in town, and deliver unto them a fervent tirade concerning the dangerous inaccuracy of his 'religion', I feel the exact same way as when as I destroy men in the name of victory.”

Arnott, while climbing onto his bicycle adorned with a light purple Zionist-style pennant and an Israeli national flag, abruptly reminded reporters that they were all sinners, before taking off in close pursuit of a woman in a full-body black burka.

Nelson Mandela Inducted Into Green Lantern Corps

OA – Yesterday the Guardians of the Universe announced that Nelson Mandela would become the newest member of the Green Lantern Corps bidding over space sector 2814. While aides report that the ex-president is “thrilled to get back into politics – especially on a universal scale”, local comic book reader and avid Green Lantern fanboy, Jimmy Reis, rebuked the decision and stated that it is “completely out of continuity and with no respect for the canon”.

Mandela had little choice over the Guardians' decision, but was allegedly enthusiastic at the opportunity. A representative for the Guardians stated that “Mandela has shown great willpower” making him the perfect choice for a new corpsman. “He will be a great asset to the corps”, he says “and we can use all the help we can get in case Sinestro tries anything funny again”.

While the Guardians' decision has been met with almost universal praise, Reis is unsure of the appointment. “I mean, jeez,” said Reis, “don't those guys even read GL. How can they appoint a new Green Lantern, there's already four in sector 2814, how can there be anymore. Come on!”

Reis's primary concern with the choice stems from the fact that “the decision completely disregards canon”.

Like most fanboys and girls, canon is an important aspect of the comic reading experience. If a narrative development falls outside canon, it cannot be accepted in comic book circles. “Geoff Johns [the current Green Lantern writer] would not allow it” said Reis. “Blackest Night is almost finished and we can't simply have new Lantern's popping up outta nowhere.”

Regardless, the Guardians of the Universe are not concerned with Reis's complaints because “no one reads his blog anyway”. They further argued that “their decision was final; Mandela has spent his life on earth helping black people, and we hope that he can now go out and help the green, orange and purple people across the universe”.

It is still unsure at this time whether Mandela will cut ties with the African National Congress (ANC) so as to fully engage with his new appointment. However, the Guardians did note that Mandela would need to discard all his old ANC flags and standards as “he may have some trouble with the colour yellow”.

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South Africa Bipolar

JOHANNESBURG – Citing debilitating and unpredictable mood-based fluxes of mental cognition and well-being, as well as an inability to remain in any way socially, politically or economically stable for sustained lengths of time, a team of psychiatric professionals this week diagnosed South Africa as bipolar.

Dr Andrew Baines, head of the psychiatry department at Wits University and chief diagnostician of the team that led the rigorous investigation into the mental health status of the fragile African democracy, said that the case had posed his researchers no real unexpected procedural complexities.

“All the standard symptoms commonly associated with the disorder are being exhibited in obvious and stark abundance,” said Baines. “Simply put, our country, in raging fits of psychological distemperance, is prone to existing in alternating states of either extreme, delusional mania or debilitating depression.”

Baines said that South Africa acts out all the classic features associated with manic depression, and posited, with “great confidence”, that the varying poles in temperament unique to the condition are the building blocks of South Africa’s natural psychological disposition.

“Basically, depression combined with mania leads to what I would call a problematic and serious mental disturbance.”

Charting the disorder from its infancy to its current heights, researchers discovered that the groundwork for the condition had been laid early on in the nation’s development phase.

“From the cruel, manipulative and abusive parents of apartheid, and from the vindictive, bitter grandparents of colonialism, South Africa has inherited a series of unresolved traumas from its childhood years – traumas whose pain is still a seething wound of emotional infection, and whose polarising consequences remain clear for all to see.”

Added Baines: “This shared mental territory of innocent ambition and violence, deep love and severe hate, richness of thought and a converse poverty of logic – it’s uniquely South African, and it’s textbook bipolar disorder.”

According to research, the country has, for the time being, entered the “dark time” of a new depressive phase, characterised by persistent feelings of great sadness, anxiety, irrational guilt, violent anger, desperate hopelessness, vast self-loathing, and void-like apathy.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 2

Mbeki Finishes Peggle Again

JOHANNESBURG – Much joviality erupted from the home of ex-president Thabo Mbeki yesterday after it was reported that the erstwhile head of state once again completed a full game of Peggle.

Aides reported that since his redeployment from any and all presidential duties, Mbeki has more or less devoted his twilight years to the video game, having picked up a love – and a serious knack – for it while still in office.

“I mean, what is a president supposed to do anyway?” said Ncobo. “I don’t know. I don’t think anyone else does. Mbeki certainly didn’t. He used to surprise everyone when he arrived at work. He used to sit behind those big wooden doors for hours.

You’d hear the computer whir up and the Peggle noise start to filter through softly.”

Mbeki has often been criticised before for not being a very active president.

Said Ncobo: “We’ve got to give the guy a break, he had a hard act to follow.”

While Peggle was something of an in-house favourite among the African National Congress, it has been reported that various AWB members prefer the also-popular “Plants vs. Zombies”.

“Daardie ding is ‘n lekker kiff speeltjie” commented Barend van Tonder. “You have a house, build some crops, and keep those fokken skelms off you land”.

Bayworld Dolphins Return From Hong Kong, Filleted

PORT ELIZABETH – The globetrotting adventures of the famed Bayworld dolphins took an unexpected turn yesterday when they returned from Hong Kong dissected into fillets. The dolphins, which were originally moved to Hong Kong for an extended reproduction program, were delivered back to Bayworld neatly packed in ice with extended instructions of how to brew “man good virility tea-drink”.

A local source close to Bayworld officials said there has been a “long-standing miscommunication between Bayworld and their Chinese business partners”. Indeed, the original reproduction program was not to aid the breeding of dolphins, but instead to assist with impotency and infertility in local men.

According to Larry Choi, a local expert in traditional Chinese medicine, “dolphin has been a common ingredient in various Chinese medicines dealing with infertility, mostly because they, along with humans and orangutangs, are the few only species on the planet that rape”.

Vanessa Croxley, one of the local Bayworld trainers commented on this “sad truth about dolphins”. Croxley reminded reporters that “not many people know this – that dolphins rape. They lead lives that consist almost exclusively of cruel sex tricks at the hands of their so-called ‘wards’. Young dolphins are like the Catholic orphans of the marine world.

“We’ve actually done a special investigation here at Bayworld,” added Croxley. “Most of our employees were mum on any ‘experiments’ that may or may not have been carried out by the dirty, perverted dolphins we employ”.

The freshly filleted dolphins come as a massive blow to local tourism. A representative of the Nelson Mandela Metropolitan Tourist Board, Russell Cullen, commented that this development could not “have come at a more inopportune time.”

“P.E. is already struggling by way of tourist

CONTINUED ON PAGE 2



South Africa Bipolar

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1.

“This great social anxiety we are currently feeling, tinged so terribly with a morbid suicidal ideation - that's the bipolar talking, as it were.”

What will follow, he continued, is a cyclical transition from this depression to an elevated and expansive period of blissful mania and misguided euphoria.

“South Africa will become unreasonably and frantically happy at some point soon. There'll be feelings of creativity, abundance. The country will feel as though the whole world – and all its myriad possibilities – is right here on its doorstep. That it's the centre of everybody's undivided attention, and that it deserves to be. That it's... a genius.

“It's difficult to predict when that will occur, but sometime around June or July seems plausible. Of course, the whole thing is a complete delusion: a kind of hypomanic, even psychotic, break from reality... an inflated perception that will inevitably be popped by an unavoidable and crippling melancholia to follow.”

Baines cited the dark, socially aggressive years that followed the optimism of 1994 as a concurrent parallel.

“Plus there's the anti-social behaviour that directly proceeded the 'African renaissance' theme of the new millennium, the idealistic joy and hope being rendered null by a bout of random, self-inflicted violence and an unhealthy lifestyle of hypersexuality. Textbook case-study.”

There appears, moreover, to be no known course of treatment for a patient as complex as South Africa.

“It's just too ingrained, too far gone. We can't treat it. No cocktail of drugs can adequately deal with the condition. We'll just have to put up with it.”

PE Dolphins Filleted

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1.

attractions for 2010,” he said. “I mean, what else have we got? The Boardwalk? These dolphins were our saving grace, now they are nothing but pieces of fillet that can be boiled for tea.

“Of course, we could just rebrand it. Sell it with some deep-fried penguin nuggets or sea lion sirloin. Tourists will pretty much buy anything, just gotta make it look native enough: racism fuels tourism nowadays. Probably just tell the tourists that it's some kinda 'sangoma muti', rather than traditional Chinese medicine.

“Just gotta make sure FIFA doesn't steal the rights first”

A spokesperson at Bayworld stated that the park had “no idea” this would happen. She then added that any money raised would fund the expedition to capture more dolphins to jump through hoops and play with balls in the name of education.



BA Student Resorts To The Summary Of The Summary Of Sparknotes Summary Of “Midnight’s Children”

SUMMERSTRAND – BA Student Andy Berger yesterday resorted to the summary of the summary of a Sparknotes' summary of Salman Rushdie's *Midnight's Children* in preparation for his already late essay assignment. He has hope, however, that he can “thumb-suck” enough from the summary so as to “at least get a sixty again, like last time”.

The summary allegedly reduced Rushdie's 647 page text into a single line that read: “It's about India, etc, etc”.

Berger is content that this will allow him to “tease out” about 2,500 words of half-decent academic exposition.

The actual novel, according to World Literature lecturer, Claudia Ezio, is “a rich, dense text that explores the intricacies of Rushdie's magically historiographic meta-fiction against the backdrop of India's rise to independence”.

Regardless, Berger is sure his lecturer will not notice.

“I'll just back up my argument with some quotes from the internet,” he said, “like Wikipedia or something. Perhaps I can even find it in movie form somewhere – then I can at least read the back cover for secondary research, and grab a pithy essay title from the movie poster's tagline”.

Humanities To Be Renamed ‘Obscurities’

SUMMERSTRAND – Upon emerging from a second year lecture on the epistemological history of literary postmodernism, a visibly flustered NMMU Vice-chancellor, Professor Derek Schwartz, announced that he is to rename the university's Humanities department to a more appropriate designation.

“I intend to set up a sub-committee, answerable to me alone, to begin the formal procedures of renaming the university's Humanities department to a slightly less... misleading title.

“I fear that these BA course studies, cobbled together under the umbrella notion of the 'Humanities', to be a scholarly endeavour that appears to have little to do with actual humanity, or the meaningful study of it. Prospective students ought to be made aware of that, I feel. Renaming it would be a good first step.”

Schwartz said that he already has a good idea for a “more fitting” title.

“The 'Obscurities' is what I'll be recommending to the sub-committee. It works: the seemingly random, stream of consciousness-like theoretical posturing of that lecture backs me up on that sufficiently enough.”

But 'Humanities' lecturers have hit back at their boss, saying that Prof. Schwartz does not understand that the very name of their department is an “ironising device critiquing the *human* impetus to promote divisive identity construction.”

Said one philosophy lecturer: “The implications of our administrators' logic should be clear now: as long as certain ostensible contrasts can be maintained – like this imagined discrepancy between the Humanities and what it is merely expected to *do* – the pervasiveness of a homogeneous, deleterious state of affairs remains unnoticed, such as the terrible meaninglessness of NMMU itself, its bureaucratic ineptitude, and its vast architectural ugliness.

“Thus, in the same way Foucault observed prisons to exist so as to hide the truth that all of society is a prison, we were satirising the human need to forge endlessly polarising constructs of self by ironically obfuscating – and hence undermining – the very names we choose to 'work' under. So it *is* human,” she added, “at a theoretical level, anyway.”

Countered the Vice-chancellor: “Exactly.”

Attempt To Just Be Self Deeply Anticlimatic

SUMMERSTRAND – A noble attempt by 28-year-old Justin Grove to just be himself failed to result in a prolonged moment of blissful self-actualisation on Monday night. Sources have confirmed that Grove, having showed initially high levels of self-generated positivity in the early evening, had eventually spiraled, with devastatingly swift brutality, into a drunken midnight binge fuelled by white bread and *Seinfeld* reruns.

“He was showing this rare piece of theatrical, self-constructive behavior,” said an unnamed flat-mate. “He was like a weird tempest of dreams, ambitions, desires... It was scary. I’ve never seen him like that before.”

“He said – and I remember this clearly – that he had found out who he really was. As a person. And that he was going to like himself from now on. This occurred sometime in the

afternoon, apparently.”

Grove’s mysterious antidote to his own self-loathing, however, soon mutated into a stronger, more pernicious form of humiliating self-flagellation.

“Whoever he became in that short space of time – his true self, or whatever – obviously wasn’t as climactic and meaningful as he thought it’d be. I think he kind of hated the new guy even more – for being charmless, only slightly attractive, and mundanely, cripplingly humourless.”

Grove was last seen eating a loaf of bread directly from the packet, staring into space for lengthy moments of concentrated introspection, and masking the sound of his own gentle weeping with the hollow laugh-track of a *Seinfeld* rerun. He is speculated to return to his job on Wednesday morning where his utter failure to become anything vaguely worthy is expected to reach unprecedented proportions.

“Malema & Eve”

JOHANNESBURG – In a bid to make the popular cartoon series *Madam & Eve* funny again President Jacob Zuma has handed creative control of the strip over to Julius Malema and the ANCYL. According to ANC spokesperson, Jackson Mthembu, the decision will hopefully have a “two-fold effect”, insofar as it “will re-animate the vapid, frivolous mess the cartoon has become, and keep Malema out of trouble”.

Zuma made this controversial decision after a recent study evidenced that “no one has laughed at *Madam & Eve* in about six years.”

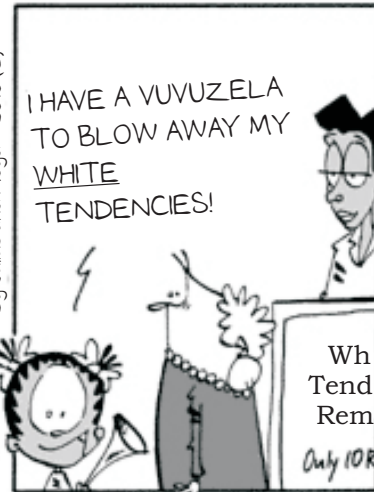
Malema was supposedly thrilled by the decision saying that the “pictures were written by Apartheid agents and bastards with white tendencies. It must return to the people through nationalisation.”

Child psychologist, Amanda Fallon, commented that “colouring-in is probably one of the best ways to calm a rambunctious child, and it is good to see it being done on a political level.”

The Weekly Crab is lucky enough to have an early release copy of one of Malema’s cartoons exclusively for its readers.



By Julius and Floya 2010 (C)



This re-working of the erstwhile popular *Madam & Eve* is done without even an illusion of permission. Copyrights belong to Rapid Share.

Visiting Aliens Insulted By “Green Skin” Initiative

CAPE TOWN – Aliens holidaying on the planet Earth were supposedly “deeply insulted” by the growing Green Skin Initiative: an attempt to halt racism in South Africa through large social gatherings in which demonstrating participants paint themselves green or, alternatively, wear green clothing.

According to representatives from the Alien council “the idea of painting one’s skin green and marching through the streets is not only insulting to us, and our green skin, but also reflects that humanity has absolutely no idea of how race and racism function”.

A spokesperson on behalf of the Green Skin Initiative countered by saying that such “displays of unity will express our desire to work together despite our differences”.

The Alien Council reminded earthlings that this is “utter rubbish”.

“How can painting your skin green and marching through the streets help racism?” expressed an Alien representative telepathically. “Explain this to us: if Earth-based racism is about colour, why would reminding everyone about colour stop said racism?”

Added the Alien: “What about the subtleties of racism? The fact that it is institutionalised in South Africa’s social class structure, verbal idiom, conservative media and political history? How can green acrylics make these things disappear?”

“We are not only insulted that they have selected our pigmentation as the choice colour in this completely misguided attempt at the racial harmony, but also at the absolute imprudence and idiocy of such a venture.”

Wikipedia Mistakenly Well Edited

THE INTERNET – The internet proper was thrown into a state of disarray last week when Wikipedia, the free online encyclopaedia, was mistakenly edited by a man who knows what he is talking about.

The edited entry on German philosopher Immanuel Kant emerged as a well researched and thoroughly referenced article that held no biographical errors with a section devoted to elucidating Kant’s principal arguments in a manner both clear and precise.

The man, a Kant scholar and philosophy lecturer named Marcus W. Müller, was unaware of his mistake.

“When I first stumbled upon the article, I was shocked,” stated Müller, “so I took it upon myself to rework the entire piece, systematically amending any error and vivifying the section focusing on Kant’s transcendental idealism.

“I found the section that discussed Kant’s *Critique of Pure Reason* to be particularly erroneous: an absolutely flippant condensation of the master’s masterwork. It displayed a crass

glibness that is completely unfounded.”

Problems arose when Müller’s reworking approached 180,000 words, just over twenty times the length of the original Wikipedia article.

“I was e-mailed by a staff member of the website,” said Müller, “and told that my article was becoming too protracted. The website officials invited me to abridge the piece so as to, according to them, make it more ‘accessible’. Essentially I was asked to dumb it down.”

An anonymous spokesperson of Wikipedia reported that while Müller’s article was “admirable”, it did not satisfy the needs of Wikipedia’s demographic.

“We at Wikipedia offer a service, a free service, in which we allow anyone to edit our articles. But that said, we still need to satisfy our audience. Our articles just need to be simple and accessible, quick and easy, copy and paste. Correctness comes second to efficiency Müller’s article was just T.L.T.R”

Christian Regrets Tracing Family Tree Back 1.95 Million Years

THE CRADLE OF HUMANKIND – The recent discovery of the 1.95 million year old *Australopithecus sediba* hominid skull near Johannesburg has led to a resurgence of interest and research into family genealogies among many South African citizens. Local self-proclaimed Christian, Mary Clancy, however has become “deeply disturbed” when research into her family tree revealed a lineage that led back millions of years, placing the majority of her Creationist beliefs into a state of contention.

“It makes no sense,” commented Clancy, “the Bible says the earth is only 6000 years old. Now I discover that my family tree goes back millions of years and my great, great, great grand daddy was a monkey man! That’s just clever nonsense. Science must be wrong. It has to be. Isn’t it?”

“My creationist religious advisor told everything about how the dinosaurs were too big for Noah’s ark, and that God designed the Earth to look eroded to fool the Jews. He showed me a painting of Adam and Eve riding a Brontosaurus.”

Added Clancy: “The Bible is clear about the whole thing: I come from Adam and Eve, and that God created them. They had two sons. A murder happened and then Eve had thousands of children. The end. That’s my science.”

When questioned about the inevitably incestuous consequences of such a story, Clancy commented that “that’s just gross. Sies.”

While the Creationist community still argues against the scientific community about the validity of evolution-theory, the scientific community is not worried.

According to Geraldo Damascus, a leading evolutionary biologist, the scientific community “is not going to refute mountains of indisputable evidence and years of intricate and careful research about evolution in favour of an argument in some throwback ‘sacred’ bedtime story written by people that were pretty much still scared of the sun.”

Added Damascus: “People have been institutionalised for believing less ridiculous nonsense.”

Meanwhile, in related news, AWB representatives are still attempting to prove that the 1.95 million year old hominid was Afrikaans, white and living in South Africa before anyone else.

God Remains Silent On Catholic Church Scandal

ROME – In what has been seen as a fresh effort to distance Himself from the Catholic Church – mired once more in well-evidenced allegations of widespread child abuse – God, creator and supreme overseer of all things in the universe, has chosen to withhold comment and criticism of an institution of which He is the *de facto* head.

Frustrated theologians, religious commentators and followers of the Christian faith have eagerly awaited word from their beleaguered deity since new and well-founded accusations of sexual abuse by priests resurfaced last month. But the Alpha and the Omega has remained vastly silent, and seemingly has no compunction at this time to pass His all-knowing judgement.

“We would like some form of guidance,” said an unnamed source within the Vatican, “and have thus been praying very hard for much-needed word from God. God, after all, is the Word, and the Word is with God, but so far all we’ve had is this uncomfortable... silence.”

The source added that many within the

Church have called the Creator’s quiet “symbolic” of the approach that the faith’s leadership itself should adopt.

“Perhaps God, under the blanketing concept that all this is part of larger, more meaningful plan, is saying that silence is best – that inaction, in some way, is the only action for now. He’s saying: ‘Follow me and issue no word. Speak not: be still, and know that I am God.’”

But impatient believers describe The Holy Father’s quiet diplomacy as emblematic of His resentment of his frocked employees.

“I think the Lord is sick and tired of his own followers, who have become an inveterate albatross around His neck,” said one prominent theologian, adding that although many of its members were some of His biggest fans, it appears as though God no longer wants to be too closely associated with the Catholic Church.

“Indeed, the Church has become the one thing we all like to joke about: the creepy, virginal uncle at the family dinner table.”

Muslims Vow To Kill Kenny

NEW YORK – Extremist Muslims, of the radical Islamic group Revolution Muslim, have threatened to kill Kenny McCormick in response to the “sacrilegious” representation of the prophet Muhammad on the satirical cable television show *South Park*.

The little-known radical group which operates out of New York City, posted a message on its website earlier last week damning Mr. McCormick’s employers, Matt Stone and Trey Parker, claiming they depicted Muhammad in an “insulting and blasphemous” way.

The group warned that “lethal revenge” will be sought against *South Park*’s eight-year-old, two-dimensional character.

The severity of the situation was evidenced when the Islamic group listed the animated figure’s physical address – described in detail as a dilapidated, single-roomed house on the outskirts of the

Colorado town where the show is set – as well as the exact location of South Park Elementary, the school Mr. McCormick attends five days a week.

“Oh my God,” commented Parker in a statement, “you might kill Kenny”

Added Stone: “You bastards.”

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Christians Have Sex, They Think

PORT ELIZABETH – There is a real possibility, report sources, that a Christian couple could have possibly have had sex, maybe. The couple are almost certain that what they did, in their beds, with the lights off, and their eyes closed, may have been sex, or something.

The newlyweds, Gareth and Marissa Stevenson, did something together that was probably like sex to consummate their marriage.

Said a shy and reserved Gareth Stevenson: “We had been married for about two months when we remembered that our parents once mentioned something to us about something that had to be done in order to have children. Something disgusting and carnal and unspoken.

“So we spoke to our minister who told us about this something which sometimes may happen between two people that certifies their holy union under God.

“We were both feeling light headed from the communion wine. So we decided to maybe try something.”

When asked to give details about the event, Mr Stevenson, speaking over his wife's tears, said: “I remember going home and locking the front door, closing all the windows and curtains, unplugging the television and the refrigerator and going into the bedroom. I locked the bedroom door and we both lay next to each other for a while. I turned out the lights, and unplugged them all, too, I think.

“Nothing happened immediately, so we decided it'd be best to push the beds together and hold hands for a bit. But we eventually got beneath the covers and something happened, I'm sure. I feel like I got to know my wife, but I struggle to look into her eyes now.”

The Stevenson's minister, Neville Ward, commented that the couple have made some progressive steps to finding solace in today's “amoral, baseless failure of a secular society. By not enjoying the sex they *have* to have they behaved in a truly pious, Christian way.”

Added a disgruntled and ashamed Mr. Stevenson: “To think people do this thing, whatever it is, for fun... We just want to have children and start a family. Let's pray to God for parthenogenesis”

“If Mary died a virgin, why can't my poor, poor wife.”



ZILLE GETS ZEF

Premier Flashes “Tette”, Accuses Zuma Of Not Being “Kooler As Ekke”.

CAPE TOWN – In an attempt to increase Democratic Alliance (DA) loyalty amongst the underprivileged youth of Cape Town, Helen Zille, sporting free-hand prison tattoos and a freshly cut fringe, has allegedly incorporated a more zef-aligned disposition into her image.

This new move, however, appears to have back-fired on the Western Cape Premier, as reports emerged on Monday stating that Zille has supposedly abandoned her prestigious political position and has been seen living a rank street existence, while turning tricks to maintain a steady 'tik' habit.

According to one DA representative, the shift in the Premier's image began as a purely experimental public relations campaign that underscored a reconnection with the Cape's disillusioned youth, a demographic that makes up a large part of her current and future voting constituency.

A taskforce was comprised to introduce Zille to 'zef' urban culture, so she could accommodate her

young up-and-coming voters. First steps involved teaching Zille Afrikaans, and loading *Die Antwoord*, Jack Parow and *Snotklap* albums and songs onto her iPod.

What resulted, though, was a complete turnaround of Zille's character.

“It began when I noticed that Zille was incessantly humming some little song all day in the office,” announced DA deputy Joe Seremane. “It at first seemed quite harmless. But we later discovered the song to be called “Enter the Ninja” by some local group called *Die Antwoord*.

“Zille is always attempting to reconnect with the Cape Town youth, especially in the Cape Flats area, and so she thought that maybe if she spent a day or two with *Die Antwoord* she could gain a new perspective on South African youth culture.”

Things took an unexpected turn when Zille did not return from her planned excursion.

“She was gone longer then expected”, added

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JM Coetzee's Post-Apartheid Vampire Romance Novel Awaiting Release

ADELAIDE – Readers around the world were excited to learn that JM Coetzee's new book, *Tande in die Bos*, will be released late this year. The book is described as a post-Apartheid Vampire Romance *Bildungsroman*, which the Nobel prize-winning author claims will “break even more new ground”.

A spokesman from Random House, JM Coetzee's publishing house, was eager to describe the book to the press.

“The work is a tale of blood, lust, teenage angst, and the over-capitalised upon post-Apartheid racial tension.”

The spokesman continued rhetorically: “Will Rensia be able to resist the intense eroticism of

Bongani, the ostracized African vampire who has, strangely, worked her family's land for generations? Will their shared morbidity and totally unrealistic pre-life crises and depressing co-dependence set the pages aflame? Or will their contexts threaten their only chance at love?”

Coetzee has, however, been criticized from jumping on the Stephanie Meyer band wagon.

“This is simply not the case; Coetzee has been planning such a work for years. Did you know David Lurie was originally plotted as a werewolf?”

Coetzee – enjoying a cycling vacation through the French Pyrenees – was unavailable to give comment.

Zille Gets Zef

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1.

Seremane, “and then the souped-up Monza arrived.”

The Premier, said witnesses, was dressed in a yellow Adidas tracksuit and gold high heels. Her now fringeless hair had been bleached, and all her make-up was a tawdry blue.”

Said one DA intern: “She was asking for 'ching' so as to 'gooi som fokken karate-water'. She then threw some strange gang sign at me and called me a 'sponskind' and said something about my mother's, um... vagina being linked to 'vis-paste', I think it was”.

The shocked DA offices were apparently at a loss for words during the incident. Zille is said to have exited the building “flashing her 'tette’”, before leaving the premises in the Monza.

The car reportedly activated its blue neon lights, did a series of violent wheel spins, and took off in a storm of gravel while Jack Parow's latest album issued from a pair of sub-woofers in the boot.

Allegedly, Zille shouted “Ek’s die premier ‘bliksem bitch’ - Kaapstad is *my* stad.”

DA members are still reeling from last week’s events, as their loss of leadership has put the office in a state of crisis. While Seremane has taken temporary leadership duties, he is concerned that Zille has lost the majority of her credibility.

Entertainment Industry Eagerly Awaits Justin Bieber's First Period

LOS ANGELES – Millions of US dollars were poured into the Justin Bieber brand last month in an attempt to discover the sex (or, at least, gender) of the young Hollywood pop-star. It is rumoured that the same scientific group hired to understand the Lady Gaga debacle has been brought in to assess Bieber, but, for the moment, remain divided in their final decision, and have chosen instead to simply wait for the advent of singer's first menstrual cycle.

Bieber, whose androgyny can, for the moment, be marketed to a growing, and also androgynous, 'tween' market, is almost at the age where puberty threatens to ruin a child-star's carefully constructed marketing effort.

A spokesperson on behalf of the Bieber brand said: “It's important that they discover which way the kid is going to go, because, if we want to sell this thing, and exploit it for every dollar it's worth, we've just gotta know our market.”

Added the spokesperson: “We got the Gaga team in. They've been really helpful. I mean, they made their mistakes, but at least they learned some lessons and rectified the whole thing by selling her as some kinda LBGT tribade monstrosity: a neo-bohemian fashion slut with a congenital abnormality.”

While a wide variety of differing tests have been conducted upon it (Bieber), no conclusive results

have yet been certified.

“If you first look at it,” commented sex/gender researcher Patrick Butler, “you think ‘boy’, but then it sings with that insipid androglossia and you think, ‘girl’.

“Sadly we can't have something straddling those boundaries at that age, the market's too conservative. People are scared of this level of androgyny.”

Depression Tweeted

MILL PARK – Unable to make people comprehensively understand the levels of deep unhappiness he has sunk to in his daily life, James Kriek, 27, this week admitted to all 8 of his followers on the social networking site, Twitter, that he is clinically depressed.

In a four-part thread posted alongside the hashtag #ImsoSadAllTheTime, Kriek admits to two friends, a man from Alaska he doesn't know and five Asian media groups, that he has been battling clinical depression for the last nine months.

“Im [*sic*] just soooo sad all time,” tweeted Kriek in one update. “I hope you understand why Im [*sic*] sometimes distant and reclusive.”

At the time of going to print, Kriek's hashtag had failed miserably to trend.

Mandela's Cryogenic Chamber Nears Completion

PRETORIA – The cryopreservation chamber being constructed to maintain the cellular and mental faculties of Nelson Mandela in a suspended state of super-cooled stasis is steadily nearing completion, government can today report.

Scientists and engineers at the University of Cape Town are currently applying the finishing touches to the chamber, named. Upon approval by state officials working in conjunction with a team of external observers, the chamber – named *Mandela's Grace* – is to be moved to a bunker situated in a secret location somewhere beneath the Union Buildings.

There, say authorities, it will await, for an unknown period of time, the valuable remains of the nation's former president and father of the democratic republic until such a time as scientists discover a viable technology to rejuvenate the deceased statesman's remains.

“Let us emphasise that this is not in any way a tourist attraction,” said one unnamed official.

“This will not be like Lenin or JFK lying in state: we want to be able to respect Madiba's death, and let him rest in the peace that he so richly deserves after a life of unceasing service and struggle – until, that is, we are able to raise him from the dead and ask him to do it all over again.”

Indeed, and as has been widely speculated by political commentators, Mandela is expected, upon resurrection, to accept his party's candidacy for a second term as the nation's president. And, with scientists calling advances in cryopreservation “rapid”, the greatest political comeback in history – as ANC leaders have called it – could become a reality within the next two to three decades.

Said the official: “There's nothing in the constitution that prevents an undead president from forming a government. Let's remember that

our democracy is one rooted in the idea pluralism – everyone's included, including those freshly brought back from oblivion.”

The ANC has been quick to point out, however, that Mandela's post-death return to presidential duties is in no way an inadvertent critique of the party's present leadership, and added that no cryogenic chambers have yet been approved for those current cadres prominent enough to deserve one.

The ANC refused to answer questions concerning the rumoured outsourcing of their cryogenic technology to Robert Mugabe, saying only that the Zimbabwean president appeared as though he had already been raised from the dead numerous times before.





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CAMPUS BRIEFS

Masters Student Hands In Self As Masters Thesis

SUMMERSTRAND – Greig Douglas, 25, a Masters student currently in his fourth year of postgraduate study, announced that he is officially abandoning all hope of finding the will, intelligence and secondary sources to develop and finish a 120 page textual analysis by the end of this academic year.

But, in an unforeseen reversal that has department heads at once nonplussed and mildly impressed, and employing the notion that “nothing exists outside of text, including me” as a theoretical point of departure, Douglas is alleged to have handed himself in as his own Masters thesis – a treatise provisionally entitled ‘*Me-thodology? Seven Years Of Academic Indoctrination, And Its Concomitant Fault-lines and Foci*’.

According to sources within the English department, where Douglas reportedly handed himself over to authorities for external examination, the move is being mostly greeted

with praise.

“*Me*-thodology, while an eccentric, wildly experimental academic thesis, feels to us, at first glance, to be a truly vivid account of its themes. Indeed, it has an electricity, a spirit, a connection to the world it critiques that one can only describe as ‘alive’ – or, at the very least, not entirely comatose.

“Yes, it has its moments of theoretical naïveté, but, overall, I think it’s a very compelling work indeed – a kind of unpretentious personal homage to John Berger.”

The source added that Douglas, as Masters thesis, should set a new precedent in postgraduate studies.

“The opening chapter – in which Douglas mentally breaks down over his complete inability to decentre his masculine whiteness is just... It’s absurd, but accurate in a way that most theses just aren’t. And, to be honest, I struggle to explain why.”

First-Year’s Essay May Have Comma

SUMMERSTRAND – Described by lecturers as a small, wedge-like ‘smudge’ nestled gently between two imposing and unwieldy adjectives, a possible comma is alleged to have been found in a first-year English essay handed in two days late this week.

“Nobody’s getting ahead of themselves just yet,” said one English lecturer, “but we do think, for the time being, that this seemingly trivial ink mark, positioned right where it ought to be, might be a deliberate and meaningful attempt by one of our students to break up a large, disjointed body of text with a piece of well-used grammar – namely, the comma. If it is, well, we’re very excited. It may just become the comma heard round the world, as it were.”

Commas, said one NMMU linguistic expert, are rare discoveries in any undergraduate writing, but remain notoriously elusive in the pages of anything written by students in their first or even second years of tertiary education.

“Full stops? Yes: we get those now and again,” she said. “But I wouldn’t call them breakthrough discoveries. Semi-colons, for some reason, can be seen in a virus-like abundance splattered across the page; they appear to allow students to get down their argument in one massive, garbled, claustrophobic sentence.

“We get a lot of semi-colons.”

Future Can’t Wait To Disappoint You, Reports Time-Travelling BA Student

SUMMERSTRAND – The future, says a BA student just back from the year 2012, is bleak for any Humanities graduates looking to make a career out of the courses they chose to study at university.

“It’s a desolate job market out there in future,” said Wesley Hunter, 22, stepping out of his time-travelling Apple iTime.

“Students I spoke to in the future who had streamed in contempt. say that, despite knowing Foucault’s *Discipline and Punish* back-to-front, they were only able to find jobs in either the service or retail industries.

“It’s so bad, the future me considered coming back to study a PGCE,” shuddered Hunter.

“The time machines are pretty cool though, but it’s still BSc students who built them.”

Attempt To Stop Procrastinating Results In Seven Hour X-box Marathon

PORT ELIZABETH – A feeling of abject failure descended upon postgraduate student Darren Berkland, 24, this weekend when his “honest-to-God” attempt to stop procrastinating resulted in a seven hour X-box marathon.

Berkland, who is already frighteningly behind on his Masters project, made a conscious effort on Saturday morning to “sit down and do some proper academic research, maybe even some writing.”

“It’s May already, and I’ve probably done about three half-assed pages. But I thought, you know what, ‘It’s time to buckle down and get a good start.’”

However, seven hours later, Berkland found himself yet again couched behind his X-box gaming console finishing a monumental seven

hour *Assassin’s Creed II* play-through.

“I don’t know what the hell happened,” yawned Berkland. “I just found myself sitting there, with both my knees in some kind of advanced atrophic state and a massive spasm in my left eye.”

“I was in shock, I freaked out a bit. But that wasn’t even the worst part. The worst part was when I switched off the TV, and saw my reflection staring back at me. Jesus. Hadn’t shaved, showered, just a lump sunken into a couch wearing a Batman shirt covered in Dorito crumbs”

Added Berkland: “I don’t even like *Assassin’s Creed II*.”

When questioned whether he’ll finish his Master’s this year, Berkland was unsure in his reply.

“Yeah, I guess, I’ll probably start tomorrow.”



Interracial Couple Really Rubbing It In

SUMMERSTRAND – Municipal officials in the Bay have warned that an interracial couple is really rubbing it in somewhere in the Summerstrand area.

The couple – an Indian man and white woman believed to be in their late twenties – have been spotted over a period of three months operating in a random series of coffee shops, cinemas, shopping malls, public parks and sporting venues. Here, say authorities, the lovers exchange affectionate, race-blurring romanticisms in full view of a Port Elizabeth public growing increasingly awkward at its inability to handle the boundary-crossing behaviour without feeling a mixture of jaded cynicism and deep inner guilt.

Said one witness: “They can do whatever they like, of course, but whenever I see them walking around town with their hands in each other's back pockets I can't but help feel like they're making this big, noble gesture about race relations – a point I can't possibly make. It's as though, at some level, they're deliberately rubbing it in my face that I cannot imagine ever falling in love with a black guy.

“They make me feel terribly regressive, somehow at fault, and they need to be stopped.”

Metro spokesperson Roland Williams echoed the sentiment: “It's their constitutional right to be lovingly linked, to be devoted to one another, to live in an unbiased space of equality and respect. But, for God's sake, to just walk around the Boardwalk brazenly hold hands, intertwining fingers in a cute and tender fashion, pecking each other incessantly on the lips, and snuggling in the crooks of each other's necks while the sun sets behind the pagoda... I wouldn't say it makes people angry, but it does serve to aggravate our confusion as to what racial compromise should mean.

“At the very least, I would advise this couple to take it slow.”

Williams reiterated that the problem was not a legal one, but instead an issue of manners and social etiquette.

“It flouts a key social decorum that we rely deeply on in this country: that displays of racial comfort are extremely uncomfortable. We, as a people, feel most at home in our own skins, and prefer to stay within that skin, especially when out in public and in polite company.”

Added Williams: “I think it is clear to all that this cross-pollination of love is setting back the normalisation of non-racialism in our democracy by at least twenty years. It cannot stand.”

CRAB SPORTS

A NATION PLAYS WITH ITSELF

Graeme Smith Caught Masturbating To Old Highlights Package Of Self

BARBADOS – In an apparent effort to overcome a slight dip in form caused by a lengthy battle with injuries, Graeme Smith, the Proteas skipper and opening batsman, was on Wednesday evening caught masturbating to an old highlights package of his own batting.

The discovery was made a few hours before his team was to take on England in its second Super Eight match of the World Twenty20 being staged in the Caribbean.

A source close to the team said that Smith, huddled over a laptop screen and openly masturbating to a musical montage of his cover-drives, late-cuts, and pulls through mid-wicket, appeared unapologetic for his indiscretion, even though medical experts had warned him that such behaviour could do more harm than good.

“Graeme missed the entire IPL because of a finger injury,” said Professor Tim Noakes, whose advice Smith sought during the captain's long injury lay-off. “Much of his 2009 season was cut short by hand and severe elbow problems. I advised regular cortisone injections and a rigorous embargo on any jerking off.”

It was then, said Noakes, that Smith confided to him his ritual of servicing himself to videos of his own batting.

Said Noakes: “As Graeme explained to me, he uses the video/masturbation technique as a sort of mental preparation – as a source of inspiration so as to become one with himself, as he phrased it. Although the team might not be aware of his doing it, they unwittingly rely on their captain's perversity to pull them through in those tough moments.”

Added Noakes: “I think it's a remarkable testament to the man's character and strength that he is willing to take his cock in his own hand and vigorously flagellate it on behalf of a team he desperately wants to see win more trophies.”

While medically risky – Smith has recurring tennis elbow and notoriously brittle fingers – Noakes said he gave Smith his full professional backing.

Said a smiling Noakes: “I told Graeme to leave the choking for the changing room.”

Regardless, Smith scored a 24-ball 19 in South Africa's comprehensive 39 run defeat to the English.

Boyfriend Makes Good Use of Saltshaker Whilst Explaining Offside Rule

MADIBAZ – With 2010 SWC preparation well underway, self proclaimed boyfriend, Warren Thomas, made an admirable use of a saltshaker last week when explaining the offside rule to his “ignorant” girlfriend. Thomas skillfully commanded various utensils and condiment vessels so as to shed some light on a rule which his girlfriend described as “confusing”.

The table top personification was met by praise from fellow football fans.

Thomas begun by placing the saltshaker in the middle of the table, and instructed his girlfriend to “imagine it as a player”.

This was followed by what appeared to be a well-rehearsed script of deft gesticulations and utensil placement to explain the much debated

offside rule.

Even the girlfriend's predicted “But where's the goal?” question was quickly answered by a strategically placed sugar bowl.

Whether the girlfriend understands the offside rule at this point is still unclear.

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Nescafé/Ricoffy Continue To Divide White Middle Class

PRETORIA – What begun as a casual dinner party between two friendly, white, middle-class families last evening soon developed into a heated debate when the Errol family attempted to serve the “slightly better off” Rustenburg family a pot of Ricoffy. The Rustenburg's found it very hard to understand why their “good friends still serve Ricoffy when Nescafé Classic is only like an extra thirty bucks.”

The two families have been friends for several years, and often have had dinner parties, and taken coffee together.

Terrance Rustenburg, a managing executive at a local insurance firm, stated that he “didn't want to be rude” to his close friend Stephan Errol, a primary school teacher.

“We've dined with the Errol's forever,” commented a disgruntled Terrance. “I've known Stevie for jonks, and you know what? The coffee situation has never really bothered me. I guess I was just a bit tired last evening and I wanted coffee, proper Nescafé Classic. So, last night, when I saw that big yellow tin of Ricoffy, I guess I couldn't take it.”

According to the local Spar, 250g of Ricoffy costs R22.45, while the more decadent Nescafé Classic retails at R49.99 for only 200g.

Said a disappointed Terrance: “I guess we started arguing a bit. It's always been something of an elephant in the room. My wife and I normally just smile and pretend to enjoy it. Add an extra sugar, two more fingers of milk. But something had to be done about the situation.

“When we had supper with the Mbuto's the other night, our new neighbours, they served Nescafé, and they're, you know... If they can afford it, why can't Stevie?”

While the Nescafé/Ricoffy divide has left an irredeemable scar on relations between the Errol and the Rustenburg family, they will still try to “get along.”

“It just really shook us,” closed Terrance. “This country has changed so much since the old days, and I guess we just wanted everything to stay the same. But I guess we gotta make do. We did have fun with the Mbuto family the other night. Maybe things aren't as bad as they seem. I just feel for Stevie, Stevie and his tin of Ricoffy
“I mean, he didn't even have any Cremora”

THE WEEKLY CRAB

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THE NATION TALKS TO ITSELF

MAY 24, 2010

Murder Criminalised

CAPE TOWN – Emboldened by the progressive legislative steps taken in recent decades by many of the world's liberal democracies, and feeling increasingly pressurised by its citizens to bring peace and security to all the land, the nation's top lawmakers this week took the first formal steps in ratifying the contentious Constitution Seventeenth Amendment Act of 2010 – a new bill that seeks to outlaw the act of one human deliberately ending the life of another human being.

Gareth Morgan, DA parliamentarian and vocal advocator of the new anti-murder laws, said that while it was not technically the role of government to “invade the realm of man and foist upon it any codes of advised behaviour” the pressure brought to bear by those South Africans living in constant fear of a violent death had finally convinced the public sector to take unprecedented law-making action.

“Simply put, it's not the job of government and the laws it ratifies to tell people what they can and can't do,” said Morgan, “and we certainly we have no place in trying to impose civility, order and harmony upon a group of people who might not want it.

“It's the role of the people to decide what to do with their freedom: we can't, and have never attempted, to create some conceptual structure for that freedom. We don't want South Africa to have a strong, centralized, Orwellian government that 'nationalises' the protection and safety of its people.

“South Africa's never had this kind of law before, not even during Apartheid, and, according to the experts, the lack of proper definition in this area may well be the root cause of our spiralling crime levels.”

Now that the small majority of South Africans who aren't professional killers had spoken out, stated Morgan, lawmakers felt it was time to get in line with the legislative best practice of democracies worldwide. Morgan also cautioned that the change would not be without its deep and abiding complexities.

“We already have a skeletal judicial infrastructure in place – to administer traffic fines and penalties for drug-taking, etc – but it's a system that remains nascent at best and, momentarily, ill-prepared to work in conjunction with the state-run law enforcement agency we're now going to have to establish too,” he said.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 2.

Collapsing Headline Kills News Article

NEWSPAPER ARTICLE – Read now, a defenceless article has just been killed by a collapsing headline. The article that was snuggly at the bottom of the newspaper's front page was taken completely unaware as the headline shock off its tethers and collapsed under the weight of its own irony.

Witnesses on the scene were shocked by the completely disfigured by the accident.

It was stated by the reporter in charge of the article, that “something seemed wrong with the font, or the typeset. I could be because CorelDraw is so finicky.”

Fears have been raised as whether the attack was in someway political motivated, or if it was simply a crime of passion.

Factors such as global warming, white paranoia, political incompetence and Zapiro all attributed to the collapse.

This is not the first time such an incident has occurred. Herald newspaper headlines have been known to collapse under the weight of their own stupidity.



People Everywhere Can't Believe What Just Happened

EVERYWHERE – People everywhere cannot believe what just happened. After it occurred, sometime yesterday, people everywhere were shocked, horrified and amazed at the thing that just happened, out of nowhere.

A man reported that he was “completely taken aback” by the thing that just happened, so much so that he could not believe it.

“It was startling,” commented one woman, “it came out of nowhere, it just happened. I had to tell everyone.”

Another man stated that he “wished he could have seen it, and all his friends were speaking about it. Updating statuses, tweeting it. I can't believe that something like that can still happen.”

At the time of print, the media was still ablaze with the news of what just happened, and social, economic and political analysts were busy examining what happened.

A specialist in the field stated that the “ramifications of the event would echo through society for an unidentified time period”.

The event brought back many hurtful memories for families that were present last time something like this happened.

Added some woman: “I can't believe it.”

Schoolchildren Feared Dead After Magic School Bus Attacked By Metastasising Lymphoma

CHICAGO, IL – Nine schoolchildren and their science teacher are lost and feared dead after the amoeba-sized magic school bus in which they travelling was seized upon by a group of fast-metastasising cancer cells believed to have launched an unprovoked attack from the lymph nodes of Marjorie Henman, the woman through whose body the shrunken bus was quietly travelling Monday morning.

“I am in deep shock,” said Henman, “not only because my own body is now the site of a crime scene but also because I apparently have lymphoma. I never knew that till now.”

Henman added that she had not been informed of the plans for a microscopic, magical children's school bus to traverse specific parts of her body on what was apparently a field trip geared towards the study of the functions of the human lymph nodes.

Neither the School Board – who sanctioned the trip – nor the parents of the children could be reached for comment at this time, but investigators say that they are preparing to sift through Mrs Henman's stool samples in the hope of finding the wreckage – and survivors.

Said one source within regional police: “Nobody quite knows what to look for. We know what happened: Ms Frizzle, the teacher in charge, radioed an urgent distress signal moments before apparently being swamped by an expanding tumour.

“We can only hope that Mrs Henman's defecation provides us all with the answers we so desperately want, and perhaps even yield some survivors. Emergency personnel are on standby.”

Murder Finally Criminalised

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1.

Added Morgan: “Fifty people meet with needless, violent ends in our country every day. Every. Day. It's taken us a while to recognise this random exchange of deaths for what it truly is: a real social evil. And, now that it's effectively been outlawed, we hope, above all, for better, happier times to come.”

Zuma Brings Running Water To Informal Settlement Just By Looking At It

JOHANNESBURG – President Jacob Zuma, acting on behalf of his government's slow-moving housing department, and displaying an almost superhuman feat of presidential action and basic human care, brought the first known source of functioning waterworks to the informal settlement of Sweetwater simply by paying the merest morsel of attention to that community.

Zuma told the residents of Sweetwater that he had decided to visit them after receiving repeated complaints on his presidential hotline about the conditions in which they were living, adding that he was determined to make as immediate a social impact as possible, even if it was only a “small and fleeting one.”

But nobody, said Zizi Kodwa, the President's spokesperson, could have foreseen what was to happen next.

“It was extraordinary. Every time the President

went to another spot in the settlement – like, for instance, the desiccated remains of a cardboard shack destroyed by a paraffin fire, or a communal ablution hole – he would crouch down, hold his head in his hands, allow these previously unseen and unknown images to permeate into his mind, and begin to shudder quite violently for several minutes.

“And then suddenly, as if by magic, great streams of undefiled, running water would begin to issue from him – water that, from all indications, emanated from some unknown source on his face.

“It was very...biblical,” added Kodwa. “A holy thing occurred at Sweetwater today. That a man can begin, all by himself, the first steps of reconstituting this community's failing infrastructure just by giving the issue a cursory glance... It's quintessential Zuma politics, and it's quite brilliant. These kinds of perfunctory solutions will be his lasting legacy.”

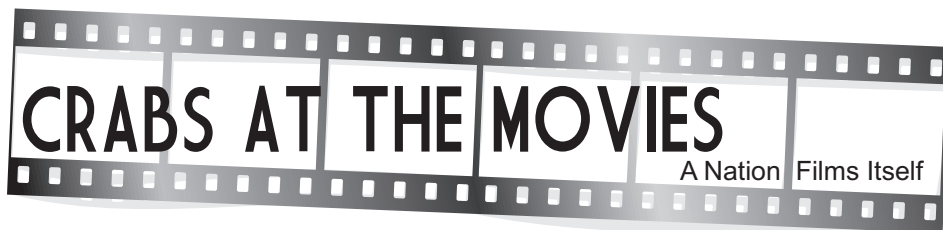
Unnamed sources close to the President's Co-

ordinating Council – the body tasked with tackling such concerns as human settlement – called Mr. Zuma's approach to poverty alleviation “deeply and profoundly encouraging.”

“Government now feels like it's got something to work with,” said one source. “Namely, a president leading a broad-based initiative that requires not the messiness of grassroots policy-implementation, but instead an act of looking, examining briefly, and reacting to those terrible surface problems with minor miracles – in this case making water run from our President's body instead of from taps.

“It's what they're choosing to call 'lip-service-delivery' from now on.”





Judge Dredd To Be Filmed In Johannesburg For Extra Realistic Crime, Violence

(As featured on Hayibo.com)

Local Film Shows Horrors Of Apartheid, Local Films

CENTRAL – Forced into a life of inescapable destitution and social oppression by a regime that has stripped her of all human dignity, and obliged to witness the brutal beating of her husband in front of what is obviously a green-screen, Sarah Mhlangu (Leleti Khumalo) must haltingly deliver lines of leaden dialogue to aging amateur actors while battling legalised hatred, passbook regulations, soft focus, shoddy lighting, bumpy camerawork and an emotionally clichéd denouement that will leave audiences country-wide feeling a multi-faceted emptiness.

“To One Day Love My Country, Maybe is a movie that accurately delineates the awfulness of the Apartheid era by inhabiting the awfulness of its own production value,” said Barry Ronge, film critic for The Sunday Times.

“The tedious script and meandering storyline

are metaphors of the labyrinthine bureaucracy of the apartheid laws, while the ill-defined and shallow characterization speaks to the slow stripping away of the personal identities of the oppressed.”

“And the ending – which any of us could see coming from a mile away – is emblematic of the inevitability of the triumph of human freedom. I further found it to be representative of what we all realize now to be the ideological vacuity of post-Apartheid South Africa.”

“This is a uniquely South African film, one that functions at multiple layers of narrative, meaning, and badness.”

Concluded Ronge: “Every time I watch another of these visceral features – stripped bare of nicety and basic art direction – I wonder what our upcoming filmmakers will be unable to come up with next.”

JOHANNESBURG – It was last week announced by DNA films that the upcoming Judge Dredd film will be shot in “the beautifully violent South African city of Johannesburg.” According to the film's South African co-producer, Michael Murphy (*District 9*), “Johannesburg has the perfect combination of violence, lurid criminality and street level paranoia that typifies Dredd's dystopian setting.”

According to the DNA Films press release “the film's producers are lucky to have found Johannesburg, as it gives them just the kind of violent setting that's so emblematic of the comic books.”

The film's director, Pete Travis, said that the idea came to him after watching *District 9*.

“I watched 'District',” said Travis, “and was like, If only we could use some of those sets. The degradation, the pollution, the general lack of infrastructure and civility. It was a perfect aesthetic for my vision of Mega City-1, Dredd's hometown.

“So I phoned *District 9* producer, Michael Murphy, and asked him for the name of his production designer. I was, however, surprised to learn that all the sets were real places, ones that actually existed. No sets or extras required.”

Added Travis: “When he told me about the crime-rate and ever-present threat of danger, I was sold.”

The film's chief consultant, and Judge Dredd creator, John Wagner, stated that when he heard about the crime coming out of Johannesburg – “sexual violence, cold-blooded murder, hijackings” – he also pushed to have the film produced there.

“If only I had those images when I was creating Dredd back in '77,” commented Wagner. “I could have made Dredd much darker. The vision now is to just dump the actors into the city, fire their laser guns at a street gang, and make them react to whatever comes their way. It'll be very much a method actor's dream.”

Judge Dredd, the popular UK, comic was created in the late 1970's. The comic book was serialised in the weekly 2000AD. The first attempt at adapting the character was the 1995 Danny Cannon directed piece, starring Sylvester Stallone, Diane Lane and Rob Schneider. Ironically, this picture is renowned as one of the greatest ever crimes against cinema.

Production for the film will begin in Johannesburg in the fourth quarter of 2010.

Standards Drop in Mxit Schoolyard Pornography

PORT ELIZABETH – Both students and teachers at Alexander Road High School have reported a notable decrease in the quality of the 'schoolyard' or 'back-of-the-bus' pornography that is being distributed throughout the Mxit social network. This supposed “drop in standard” has caused a burgeoning rift in relations between the faculty and the many students who are allegedly involved in the pornography's production.

Mr Johannes Gibson, a grade nine mathematics teacher, has laid claim that his “weekly video downloads just aren't what they used to be”.

Gibson, who regards himself as “something of a connoisseur” in these matters, was one of the first to notice the drop in standard.

“I loved the effort the students used to put in”, says Gibson, “but it seems to have dwindled into laziness”.

Exhibiting a video of Cindy Bezuidenhout, one of his grade nine pupils, Gibson points out the notable lack of enthusiasm.

“Cindy was always useless at maths... at most

subjects in fact. But most of my fellow teachers in the staff room agreed with me that she had a future in this.”

“But looking at out lovely Cindy today, it's obvious that all her emotional investment is gone. She just lies there. It's like she doesn't care about me anymore. It seems amateurish.

“As a teacher I need these small mercies, and when I see standards in what the kids are doing drop, I get a bit disgruntled about my job.”

Speaking to Bezuidenhout later, she readily admits that she is “not the girl [she] used to be”. A regular on the Mxit circuit, Bezuidenhout's videos and pictures were a hit among staff and the student body.

“It's, like, become so boring,” stated a lethargic Bezuidenhout. “It's just not as fun as it used to be, now that everybody's doing it.

“I've shown some of the younger girls some stuff. Some show a lot of promise. I'm sure they'll, like, be able to improve the standards a bit. Us older girls are just not into it as much.”



Post-Feminist Masters Thesis Actually Quite Good Considering A Girl Wrote It

SUMMERSTRAND – According to academics within the NMMU Language, Media and Philosophy Department, a Masters thesis tackling gender performativity through an exclusively post-feminist critical lens is pretty good, considering that it was written by a girl and all.

“Women don't make especially good feminists,” said one unnamed English lecturer. “It's been theoretically and discursively argued, with much success, that women make far better womanists than they do feminists. The pioneers in the latter field – Derrida, Foucault, Lacan – are all deeply masculine men who boast a vast understanding of what it means to critique whatever they theorise a female to be.

“Feminism and its various manifestations is such an important part of literary criticism, and this thesis, written by one of our finest postgraduate broads, is a surprisingly first-rate contribution to the tradition.”

The thesis in question, a post-feminist excursion into the performativity of gender, has moreover been recognised by its external examiners as a milestone development in the university-based advancement of dames.

“When it comes to feminism,” added the lecturer, “we all think this bird really gets it right at all levels. Her deep insights into the nature of female gender(s) eschew all those dangerously girly sensibilities that could've crept into the text had this little lady not prescribed to a more masculine gaze of her themes.

“Female academics have this habit of caring too much about their work, and nesting over it. That kind of emotive concern is academically unhealthy. What we prefer to see is femininity essentially disappearing behind the subjects it scrutinises.”

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Inspiring Half-Time Speech Does Nothing For Struggling Rugby Team

PORT ELIZABETH – Last Thursday, the Sunridge Primary school u/13 rugby team got “their asses handed to them” by the better equipped, skilled and more professional Framesby u/13s, besides their coach's best attempt at an inspiring half-time speech. Allegedly, the speech, which was supposed to “inspire the boys and imbue them with a sense of glory,” did “fuck all” for the struggling team.

The team's coach, and primary school phys ed. teacher, Kobus van Tonder, stated that he wasn't at all surprised by the results.

“I've been with the team for weeks now, they're like my family, but talent is something they most certainly don't have,” said a disappointed van Tonder. “So I tried a different approach: I spent one entire weekend watching sports movies – *Any Given Sunday*, *Mighty Ducks*, that thing with Keanu Reeves – and tried to figure out how to beat the insurmountable odds.

“Those movies taught me something, something about character and integrity; and the benefit of a rousing half-time speech. I did everything the movies said. I found the most rebellious kid in school and convinced his alcoholic parents to let him play, helped one kid with his family troubles, I even let a witty, rough talking girl on the team.”

Besides this preparation, the team was down by 30 points at half-time.

“When I saw the half-time score, I wasn't worried,” said van Tonder. “It was meant to be like

that, it's always like that.”

Added van Tonder: “I knew that this was my moment, this was my time.”

According to one young boy, Marius Oberholzer, he had no idea what was happening: “The coach came to us when we were all eating our oranges, and looked at us funny. Then he started talking to us. First softly and then shouting. I just wanted to finish my orange. He even used a swear word.”

According to one parent standing on the sideline, she was shocked by the coaches sermon, although she did mention that the speech seemed thoroughly rehearsed, with the hand gestures plotted concisely to emphasise various dramatic moments and phrases.

The parent, who chooses to remain anonymous, gave on scene reporters a play-by-play of the coaches oration.

“He began by telling the kids that they were 'pathetic', and asked them if this is what they had been 'fighting for'. He then got all abstract, told them about his dreams and spoke to them about the 'future'. He then started screaming “Are you with me!” at them over and over again. He then stopped for a beat, turned his back to the kids and said 'now go out there, and take what's yours.’”

Added the parent: “I think he was crying.”

Besides the coach's best efforts, the game resulted in a comprehensive 89 to 0 victory to the opposing team.

Wally's Enochlophobia Finally Kills Him

HAMPSTEAD – The remains of Wally, from the popular *Where's Wally* series, were delivered to the home of series creator Martin Handford mid last week after the eponymous figure died at the “cruel hands” of his own enochlophobia.

According to psychologist, Richard Waters, enochlophobia – a fear of crowds – is normally maintainable, but on occasion, and in severe cases, it can cause a 'fight or flight' reaction to any number of overwhelming situations.

“In Wally's case,” commented Waters, “the anxiety disorder had lain dormant for year, but it seems that when he found himself caught up in a massive crowd of Mayan warriors last week, he finally snapped.”

One eye witness described the situation: “I found Wally, standing surreptitiously behind a wall, but something was strange about his eyes.

“He begun sweating feverishly and blushing. This was followed by some skittish stammering. I

think we was saying 'Get out, gotta get out', but I couldn't really hear him.”

“At this point,” added the eyewitness “he just went fucking mental.”

Allegedly Wally began flailing his arms and pushing the herd of people away while “screaming and crying”.

Moments later, Wally's heart stopped.

Autopsy reports showed that the character had developed a large aneurism in his internal carotid artery from years of repression. It was this dilated blood vessel that killed him.

Hanford released a statement claiming that “he had no idea Wally had [the] condition.”

Wally's celebrated red and white jumper and backpack of paraphernalia will be auctioned to raise enochlophobia awareness.

The funeral will be held sometime next week. Millions of people are expected to attend and obscure the exact location of his coffin.

Three Teens Die In Tragic Cliché

WALMER – Three teenage youths were obviously all killed yesterday when the Mercedes Benz in which they were driving predictably left a suburban road in the early hours of the morning and, unsurprisingly, smashed head-on into a municipal light post, of course.

It goes without saying that the driver and the occupant of the passenger seat were each killed instantly, while the third victim was typically flung ten metres from the car and, as usual, died from his wounds on the way to the hospital.

Echoing the sentiments of the disinterested witnesses to the crash, police spokesman Captain Andre Beetge said it was hard not to be totally unemotional at the scene of an accident that blatantly borrowed from all of its predecessors in the genre.

“I’ve seen this kind of thing countless times before,” he said. “In fact, we’re not even doing an inquiry into the matter – we can see just by means of a perfunctory glance at this accident scene that the accepted formula is once again at play here.

“That said, we have full empathy with all the families and friends of those who perished. The tragedy of their loved ones’ needlessly dull and patently unsubtle demise must act as a clarion call to those who refuse to imagine that a hackneyed death could happen to them, and to those who, while a little drunk, think that racing at high speeds down an ill-sit suburban road will result in anything but a contrived dénouement.”

As was widely expected, three Facebook groups – described by witnesses as “corny” – have been started in memory of the deceased.

Also, as anybody could have guessed, a joint memorial service will be held on Friday at 10am at Sardinia Bay where mourners will tritely launch synthetic wreaths into the ocean.

Said a spokesperson for one of the families: “We’ll just have to accept that God moves in fairly obvious ways.”

Corrections

The Weekly Crab last week implicated Alexander Road high school in the production of Mxit pornography (“Standards Drop In Mxit Schoolyard Pornography”). We would formally like to apologise and express our deep regret at not mentioning the involvement of Victoria Park, Westering, Grey High School, Sunridge Primary, and Sunridge Pre-Primary for their own enduring contributions to the local underage pornscape.

Julius Malema Named Satirist Of The Year

Malema to leave political stage. Pursues thespian career. Prepares himself for *Ebony and Irony* one-man show.

JOHANNESBURG – Julius Malema, ANC 'Youth League' 'President' and beloved national raconteur, has again been honoured for his cultural services to the nation's artistic and political landscape by scooping the coveted South African Satirist Of The Year award at a glittering gala awards ceremony held in Johannesburg last night.

Malema's 2009 portrayal of a well-intentioned but intellectually limited political activist – a role that more recently culminated in a “peerless and withering” dissection of ANC party politics at a mock Disciplinary Commission – was hailed by judges as a “vital, vivid contribution to the enhancement of [the] country's political dialogue in an artistic and critically-minded manner.”

The citation further described Malema's unique brand of satire a “genre-bending medium that, in through an ingenious conceit of totally inhabited

idiocy, never shies away from dismantling certain collectively entrenched narratives of identity.”

Malema, a trained thespian with a Masters degree in physical theatre, method acting and mime, is renowned for being loath to break out of the character that has captured the hearts and stimulated the minds of his South African audience.

Clad in a yellow 100% Zuma shirt and ANC cap, the national treasure addressed an audience of around 300 people with a clutch of his popular catchphrases – a move that soon reduced viewers to wild laughter.

“I want to take this award and throw it on the ground and stand on it – its gold has been taken from our land by the colonialist white man. It inherently runs counter to the principles of the peoples' revolution.”

CONTINUED ON PAGE 2.

Mail & Guardian Continues To Report Exclusively On The Mail & Guardian

ROSEBANK – *The Mail & Guardian*, which is described as the “smart news source” by *The Mail & Guardian*, continues to report justly, exclusively and objectively on *The Mail & Guardian*. The weekly tabloid format *Mail & Guardian* newspaper proudly brings South Africans cutting-edge and breaking reports about the current state of the nation's *Mail & Guardian*.

“*The Mail & Guardian* is just the most important, politically active newspaper in the country,” stated current *Mail and Guardian* editor Nicholas Dawes. “We have a duty at *The Mail & Guardian* to constantly bring the citizens of our country *The Mail & Guardian*. Without the *Mail & Guardian*, how would the citizens know what is happening with their current *Mail & Guardian*?”

The Mail & Guardian has been reporting on *The Mail & Guardian* since its beginning in 1985.

Dawes commented on the difficulty of writing for such an “awesome *Mail & Guardian*-y newspaper.”

“Do you think it's easy adding the word 'gate' to everything? Or knowingly publishing controversial Zapiro cartoons so we have freedom of speech cases and subpoenas to report on? We at *The Mail & Guardian* constantly bring politicians, agencies and big corporations to court so as to remind everyone that *The Mail & Guardian* is doing their job as *The Mail & Guardian*.

Added Dawes: “*Mail & Guardian, Mail & Guardian, Mail & Guardian.*”

Malema Scoops Satirist Of The Year Award

“No, no, no. Okay... seriously now,” said Malema reverting to his clipped suburban accent.

“I’m simply honoured and delighted by your recognition this evening. The concept of a rabble-rousing, inflammatory black activist is one that I never thought people would respond to, whose central conceit I didn’t initially imagine would be palatable to South Africans. Thankfully, in what has proved to be a rather prolonged moment of irrational thinking on my part, I have proved myself to be gloriously ignorant of our country’s appreciation for on-point, if somewhat eccentric, social commentary.”

Added Malema: “I hope is it not in any way infelicitous of me to suggest that perhaps, through my work, we can all bring to bear what the poet John Keats referred to as Negative Capability – the idea of imagining the impossible, namely, in our case, the advent of unlimited power falling into the hand of the limited – a prospect against which we all must zealously guard.”

In closing, Malema once again thanked the judges and, in a moment of atypical solemnity, paid an emotional tribute to his wife of three years,

Deborah Patta Aggressively Interrogates Self In Front Of Bathroom Mirror

JOHANNESBURG – In keeping with her unbending commitment to a mandate of “truth-discovery” at all costs, Debora Patta, host of the hard-hitting and popular investigative journalism show *Third Degree*, aggressively grilled a beleaguered image of herself in the bathroom mirror Monday night.

In what media commentators and fans of the show have called a harsh but justified piece of investigative journalism, Patta took no time in reducing her troubled interviewee to a stammering shell of contradictions and patent hypocrisies.

“What is it that you’re trying to do here, Debora?” asked the award-winning broadcaster of a mascara-streaked face in the mirror. “What is it? Who is it that you think you are?”

Patta’s mirror-image, visibly flustered, was unable to respond with measured answers in the face of her host’s rapid-fire onslaught.

“You ought to be standing up for truth and some degree of journalistic objectivity in a media whose representations have become increasingly sensationalist,” continued Patta into her hairbrush. “But your visceral pandering to so-called

‘independent’ coverage leaves guests unable to engage you in a fair and open debate on the issues at hand. Is that true? What is your response? Let the nation know that you have nothing to hide from it.”

The mirror-image brushed its teeth with great deliberation, spat, and refused to comment, prompting an angry Patta to hector and berate it further.

“This is just typical of you,” she said. “You go about your misdeeds with utter impunity, but, when faced with the tough questions and placed under some modicum of public scrutiny, you remain pathetically unable to account for or explain your indiscretions.

“Yes: you’re just pathetic. Everybody knows it now.”

The image in the mirror, tearing the curlers from its hair and throwing them to the floor, abruptly left the bathroom, effectively ending the interview.

It had failed to say a single word.

Patta concluded her show by neatly segueing to an insert of herself pressing her six-year daughter on the suspected misallocation of her R29.95 *My Little Pony* school lunchbox.

Christian Mother Finds Something New To Keep Her Kids Away From

WALMER PARK – The “Watchover Voodoo Dolls”, handcrafted key-chains sold at the Walmer Park Exclusive Books, have been proudly censored away from the three children of Wendy Stevenson, a “god fearing Christian mother”. Allegedly, Stevenson was “delighted” yesterday when she came across the “Voodoo Dolls” in the local Exclusive Books, insofar as she has “had nothing to keep [her] kids away from since Harry Potter.”

The items in question, small R80 handcrafted “Voodoo Doll” key-chains, have been sold at Exclusive Books for the past year, and have been a popular item amongst many shoppers.

However, when the items were discovered by Stevenson she immediately launched a vicious campaign against them, and the store, so as to “keep her children safe.”

“I was shocked by the items,” said an enraged Stevenson. “I never go into Exclusive Books. Ever

since the store allowed Satan into its walls with the Harry Potter series, I have avoided the shop and its evil literatures. However, when I was in Walmer Park yesterday I noticed the ‘Voodoo dolls’. I didn’t even see them at first, I just felt the evil flowing from them.

“God gave me strength and I phoned the store manager to ask him whether he knew of the spiritual implications of these evil idols. I have also wrote several angry letters to The Herald, my favourite Christian newspaper, and my friends in the church. We will not let our children be sodomised by these inherent evils.”

Stevenson’s son, 37-year-old Gareth Stevenson, stated that “he understood what his mother was doing.”

“My mother knows what is best for me,” said a diffident Gareth, “and she has kept me from the evils of the secular world.

I may be 37, but one day when my wife and I have kids, we’ll keep their innocent eyes from such things as well. She often speaks to me of things, things with dark magic and evil powers that I must never see.”

The Voodoo dolls are not the first object Wendy Stevenson has lambasted with Christian fervour: she infamously mounted the attack against Pokémon, Harry Potter and various Mr. Price clothing articles.

Fon woman, and practitioner of traditional West African Vodoun, Queen Mother Zinsa Oburumu is not quite sure of what all “the fuss is about.”

“When I grew up in Bohicon, in central Benin, my religious practices were purely medicinal,” said a confused Oburumu. “My family traditionally

CONTINUED ON PAGE 3.



BA Student Spends R300 On Second Hand Books He'll Never Read

Masters Student Still Has A Lot Of Unpacking To Do

SUMMERSTRAND – Tim Ivan, an NMMU Masters student, has conceded to reporters that, in the run-up to his mid-year return home, he still has plenty of unpacking to do.

“Yeah, I'm going home on Friday. Back to Pretoria for, like, six weeks. And it's a hectic little period: you can't imagine how much time I'm spending on my bedroom floor just unpacking everything I've managed to collate in the last six months. I'm shoving it all out there, taking things out of their neat little discursive boxes and putting their tidily ordered politics into a more miscellaneous assortment.”

Ivan, sitting on the single cardboard box that held all his worldly possessions, including his Olivettii Royal typewriter, added that the process of unpacking never felt complete.

“You always think you maybe left something behind. But I like that sense of incompleteness, you know? It's story of my life, really.”

Christian Mother Happily Complains Over New Thing

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.

practices various syncretic beliefs only in aid of folk togetherness and placebo-type healing.

“When I was elected Queen Mother, I continued to practice various ritualistic procedures – that most white people strangely refer to as 'spells' – but never with any 'evil' or 'black magic' intent.

“If this woman did five minutes of basic research she would know that 'Voodoo dolls' are not recognised anywhere within the Vodoun Diaspora, nor in any practice of malicious intent.”

Added Oburumu: I have no problem with protecting children, but at least do your goddamn research first.”

PORT ELIZABETH – After what has been described as a “successful day in Central”, BA Student, Randolph Higgins, returned home with around R300's worth of second-hand books he has absolutely no plans of reading. The purchased titles will find a home upon Higgins's bloated bookshelf, while imbuing the student with the typical sense academic self-righteousness brought about by a large, unexplored library.

Higgins, currently partaking in his second year of literature study, mentioned that “he loved books.”

“I just love books,” said Higgins. “But I think I love second-hand bookstores more. They are full of all these really old cool books. Like classics and things. When I visit all the stores in Central, it feels like I'm more intellectual. I spend hours running my hands over the shelves.

“Some days, I just spend hours in these stores looking at all these books. Just buying stuff that I've heard of before or published under the Penguin Classics range. Stuff that looks good. When I buy them, I feel like I know more about them and that I can read them one day.”

“I also get really excited when I see an author I know. It's cool to tell all my friends who don't buy

second books about it.”

Higgins claims that he has spent “a couple of grand” on second hand books since he started his BA degree.

He also has several authors that he especially enjoys buying: “I love to buy, like, Dostoevsky, Steinbeck, Byatt and Roth. Nietzsche and stuff. When I see these type of names, I'll buy them. Most of the titles I don't even know.

Added Higgins: “Also, they're really cheap.”

After his last shop, Higgins added another R300's worth of books to his ever-growing collection, including novelty mainstays such as Spike Milligan's *Adolf Hitler: My Part In His Downfall* to rank classics such as Solzhenitsyn's *Cancer Ward*.

Plato's *Symposium* also found its way back into the buy pile, marking Higgins's third purchase of the title.

Higgins also found that hardcover copy of Nabokov's *Lolita* he has been meaning to put on his bookshelf.

“I just love books,” commented Higgins. “One day I may even read some of them.”

Following this interview, Higgins has been seen shopping for second hand shelves.

BA Student To Lower-Case Her Own First Initials

SUMMERSTRAND - Addressing reporters from the smoking section at Madibaz coffee shop, third year BA student and cultural studies major Shannon Stander – formerly 'Shannon Stander' – announced that she will this week begin the formal process of amending the first initials of her name to lower case type.

Citing not only her constitutional freedom to make the titular adjustments a reality, but also naming her “moral obligation to social justice” as a motivating factor behind the move, Stander said she felt she could now begin the work of “liminally impacting” the discursive world and its power structures that surround her.

“It's all about power,” she said. “bell hooks, the very well-known social theorist, feels the same way. And, like her, I feel language to be a like an untameable natural force in our lives – a pure and creative impetus that we attempt to break down with grammar and regulation.

“This, as I have posited in much of my writing, is

an inherently human motif that extends to how we treat anything from the environment to the Third World. Anything pure is something we seek to control... It's all about power.”

Added Stander: “I want to unpack and dismantle this will to power by exposing the solipsism of the human condition, and I plan to do so by starting, of course, with my own name.

“The privileging of human superiority by giving our naming devices some perceived form of self-importance needs to be stopped. Let's stop thinking exclusively about ourselves, and focus all our energy on our names and what they ought to mean to us. I have shown this to be possible in many of my essays.”

stander further called on all like-minded campus individuals to recognise the triviality of their names and, by extension, the unimportance of their selves in an effort to reduce our collective discursive footprint.



Previously Colonised People Plan To Bring Christianity Back To Western World

GHANA – Last Sunday, in the middle of a four hour service at the Church Of God's Vengeful Love, preacher and Holy man, Jeremiah Akwasi, announced plans to bring Christianity back to the "wicked depraved wasteland that is the Western World".

Akwasi evidenced incidents of domestic violence, teenage promiscuity, drug abuse and general immoral behaviour as cause for undertaking his "mission", and plans to reintroduce the "religious servitude" that was forced upon his people all those years ago.

"These Westerners have lost their way," stated an enraged Akwasi. "They were once, what, a mighty world conquering empire? Now look at them, they have nothing. They sit and get fat or they drink and get drunk!

"They are not exhibiting good Christian morals. They instead nest live in a dank durance of evil. They care for nothing but money, nothing but greed, nothing but themselves. They have no community, no goals. These Western savages simply want to profit at the cost of their own moral standard.

"Even their children, girls (who knows how old?), with their bosom hanging out and flaunting themselves in the hope of some licentious congress. It disgusts me, my God and my Lord Jesus Christ."

Akwasi's anger towards the dissoluteness of the Western World, particularly the United Kingdom, has resulted in plans to "bring Lord Jesus back".

"I will gather my people, and together we will fill aeroplanes with the Lord's word and land in the West. We will bring back the word of God and bring light to their darkness. We will introduce discipline and educate them. 'Them' being those that have been savaged by the secular allure of the MTV and McDonald's."

Added Akwasi: "These savages must be tamed."

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Christ's Face On Local Woman's Iron Actually Just Eddie Guerrero's

SHROEDERVILLE – A seemingly flawless portrait of the face of Jesus Christ that appeared on the bottom of a local woman's iron is not an icon of Jesus Christ at all, reports indicate.

"This is actually Eddie Guerrero," said travelling Vatican expert Guillermo Anuña after concluding a thorough examination of the iron. Anuña described this process as involving "a good supplement of holy water, an hour-long meditation -cum-prayer session, and perusal through last year's WWE Stickerbook Almanac."

"To be fair," he said, "it does look like Christ. There's the curly, long, dark hair and implicitly devious facial smirk. But I'm afraid this is certainly not the Lord's only begotten son. I can say with absolute certainty that this face belongs to The Latino Heat."

When asked by journalists why Eddie Guerrero would appear on the bottom on an iron in Cape Town, Anuña responded by saying that Guerrero had repeatedly been making such appearances since his unexpected death in November 2005 of heart failure.

"Toast, muffins, wads of spit on the pavement: Guerrero's been popping up everywhere lately," said Anuña. "On tacos in an LA Burger King. In a clump of sperm on the motel TV remote in Hamburg. Now this iron."

Anuña went on to say that Guerrero had always

been devious and resourceful as wrestler and a transmogrification into a poltergeist had done little to stop that.

Mbeki Recalled

PRETORIA – Former President Thabo Mbeki – recalled by his own party in 2008 amid well-evidenced allegations of the mismanagement of state power for personal means – was Thursday recalled by his own party.

"Yes," said presidential spokesperson Nathi Xola. "We do recall him, and Mr. Zuma is at pains to emphasise that he does an excellent and comprehensive job when it comes to the recalling of Mr. Mbeki.

"Indeed, the President himself rarely goes a day without recalling his former boss and sifting through the wonderful emotions that such recalling brings to his mind – and, by extension, the recalling of the recalling, too, of course. The President's memory redeployment is superb in that regard."

The spokesperson added that the current chief executive, in tandem with the rest of ANC structures for which the act of recalling former struggle heroes is an important part of the institution, still takes "great pride and pleasure in the patriotic recalling of Mr. Mbeki".

CRAB SPORTS

A NATION PLAYS WITH ITSELF

Last Week's Big Rugby Match Results In Team Winning, Team Losing

THE BIG STADIUM – Last week, the big rugby match between that team some people support and that other team that is supported by a different group of people resulted in one of the teams winning and the other team losing.

According to one fan, his "team scored several points", and the opposing team "didn't manage to score as many points". This difference in final score resulted in victory for the one team, but the other team was not victorious.

According to one man that watches rugby games "a lot", the match was "very exciting".

Several point were scored in the first half, and when the players played the second half some more points were scored. The ball was at times passed

between players. Also, various scrummages occurred, and sometimes the ball was kicked forward up the field.

Each team was comprised of fifteen players, and the two different teams wore different uniforms to make them discernable from one another. This made it much easier for the fans watching to know whom they were supporting.

Some fans wore the same uniform as the team they were supporting. However the match referee was not confused as they were sitting in the stands.

After the final whistle had been blown, the game ended and no more points could be scored. The team that scored the most points was the winner.



CRAB

Nation's Criminals Eager To Get Back To Work

Ready to revitalise status quo after FIFA-sponsored holiday

JOHANNESBURG – The nation's career criminals, currently enjoying a well deserved month-long vacation from active duty during the ongoing 2010 FIFA World Cup®™, are reportedly eager and highly motivated to return to their demanding professional lives of brazen home invasions, armed robbery, and consistently egregious physical violence.

“If you want to know the truth,” said one unnamed delinquent, “I think we've all been a bit bored, really – especially in the last couple of weeks with the football winding down. Therefore, and on behalf of all my crime-hardened colleagues, I can say with much certainty that we're all just so dead keen to get back into the urban terrorism racket.

“Yes, the holiday's been good to me, it's been an extended time of deep reflection, one that I haven't taken for granted in any way: I feel refreshed, reinvigorated, and, with the distraction of the soccer a distant memory for us all, I believe I'm able welcome back into daily life my sadistic passion for violence and villainy – and to do so, of course, with a renewed sense of dedication, purpose and

aggression.”

The anonymous felon, while admitting to a feeling of being somewhat “occupationally lost” in the months leading up to the World Cup, added that his sabbatical from all forms of anti-social behaviour had provided him with a much-needed paradigm shift.

“Before my little holiday I can concede to wondering what it was all about. My work was a grind: the novelty of creating white anxiety on a daily basis only lasts so long. I realise now that I'd selfishly lost sight of the bigger social picture: that I'm going to be playing a truly vital role in bringing back to my country a sense of normalcy after the inevitable post-World Cup deflation has set in and once all the visiting fans and world media have left our shores with laptops unexpectedly intact.

“South Africans will desperately need us – their hardened, law-breaking talismans – to restore an authentic aura of true South African-ness to their lives. White anxiety is down; expatriates are said to be returning home. We are needed now more than ever before.”

French Surname Finally Mispronounced Enough To Become Afrikaans Surname

BURGERSDORP - Afrikaner linguists this week made an official announcement asserting that the popular French surname of 'Desmarais' has been “mispronounced to a great enough degree by various members of the South African public” that it can now be considered an Afrikaans surname.

According to a group of NMMU Linguists, the French surname, which normally follows a much subtler, romantic, pronunciation, is now “nationally being pronounced 'dez-MARR-EE-us’”. This new pronunciation has deemed the name 'Afrikaans'.

“It's an historical imperative,” commented research team leader Kobus Gondry. “It is not that the Afrikaans pronunciation is uglier or harsher, it's just different. Culturally, it is very common.”

Gondry cites the Huguenot exodus as a moment when this has happened before.

“This has happened before, if not on a much larger scale,” stated Gondry. “When the Huguenot's first landed here back in the 1670's – they sidled up to the already present Dutch. This, as history shows, led to one massive 'orthoepic' disaster: 'la Buscagne' became the much more characteristic Labuschagne, 'Du Pres' became Du Preez, and so on and so forth.”

“At the heart of it, most of our Afrikaner surnames today are just mispronounced French surnames. I mean, sherbet, I say my own surname 'GAAN-dry', rather than the French 'gone-drie'.”

Added Gondry: “You can even test this for yourself: get an Afrikaans friend and ask them to read out the names 'Thierry Henry' or 'Jodi Picoult'. It's a strange thing that happens, but just don't laugh at them. It's part of their culture.”

Next Great South African Novelist Works A Mean Till

WALMER – The nation's next great South African novelist, already conversant in the social complexities of his time and equipped with the authorly nous required to bring the nuances of his country to vivid life on the page, also works a damn mean till at his part-time night job.

“Bookseller,” said Grayden Marks, 22, from behind the counter at Exclusive Books in Walmer Park. “Ironic, I know. I'm part of the casual night-staff team here for the moment, but let's just say that, within the next decade or so, I hope to be in the shop on a more permanent basis... if you know what I mean.”

Marks, a future writer of fourteen critically acclaimed novels, three genre-bending works of investigative 'journalism', and two highly

experimental screenplays, has earned much praise from his bookstore colleagues for the ease of his tillmanship and the realism of his dialogue with even the store's dullest clientele.

“I'm also quite prolific,” continued the celebrated three-time winner of the 2029, 2032 and 2036 Booker Prize for excellence in English fiction. “I generate a lot of paperwork: sometimes up to six pages of flawless refund slips, discount vouchers and overring forms.

“Ultimately it's a job. I just have to glue myself to the screen in front of me, and make sure never to leave that blinking cursor in one spot for too long, unless, of course, to go fetch another masterpiece off the nearby Classics shelf for a bit of external stimulation.

“Or to get another godforsaken copy of *Twilight* off the fang-bang display.”

Corrections

The Weekly Crab would just like to apologise for a mistake in the article “BA Student Spends R300 On Second Hand Books He'll Never Read” that was printed in the last edition. The BA student in the article, in fact, spends R300 of his father's money on second hand books he will never read. The idea that a BA student has R300 is just utterly ridiculous.



Study: Texting While Driving May Lead To Terrible, Terrible Spelling Errors

PRETORIA – A team of research professionals investigating the real-time effects that external distractions may have on people handling motor vehicles has determined that texting while driving can, amongst other things, lead to unimaginably disastrous spelling errors.

“Our conclusion,” said Dr. Graeme Jones, head of the team tasked with conducting the research, “is that one should, under no circumstances, allow the diversion of driving to take precedence over the delicate art of accurate, fluid texting.”

Continued Dr Jones: “In almost every examined instance, our researchers found that seemingly harmless and mundane activities such as changing gear, putting on an indicator, looking out for a turning-arrow, led to egregiously bad spelling mistakes.

“Indeed, the complex and highly sensitive machinery of predictive text, in conjunction with the operation of other software applications such as Farmville, is simply not compatible, even when going in the straightest of lines, with this nasty little modern habit we've developed of driving a car.”

The findings, however, hinted at far more pernicious and long-term consequences, added the doctor.

“Look, it's bleak,” said Jones. “The pandemic – and that is what we are now choosing to call this apparently uncontrollable public menace – threatens to become the 'silent killer' of more than just masses and masses of innocent capital letters, pedestrian six-letter words, ironic turns of phrase, and sweetly innocent emoticons.

“No, it's more than that. What we are really talking about here, if one holds the bigger picture in mind, is the rapid proliferation of social media updates that are mangled wreckages of non-quirky musings strewn like bloated corpses all across the information superhighway.

“In short: utter carnage. Twitter accounts written stupidly fast will go unfollowed; Facebook threads, jack-knifed at the intersection between irony and sincerity, will go unliked. It's a kind of death, really – a slow-burn contagion of personal destruction by sheer obscurity. And at this I can only but shudder.”

Bay Couple Give Birth To Retarded Child They've Always Joked About

NEWTON PARK – Bay couple, Mr and Mrs Stewart, have finally given birth to the retarded child they've always joked about. The happy couple gave birth to “the little dullard” last week, at Greenacres Hospital, and were not in the least bit surprised that their child was “a mental”.

Mr Stewart told reporters that this is what his mother always warned him about.

“When I was growing up, I used to love a good joke, especially when I could take a jape at something that wasn't very PC: like retards.” said Mr Stewart. “And my mom would always warn me – she'd say: ‘You shouldn't joke about people like that because one day you'll have one of your own.’

“Of course, I never used to take her seriously, but now look at me; standing here holding this adorable little mongoloid.”

When asked what specific condition the child suffered from, Mr Stewart stated he'd rather not know.

“The doctor asked whether he could explain the condition, but I said no. Why'd I want to know, I don't really care – I want to joke about him equally, regardless of condition. Whether he's got too many chromosomes, or some kind of congenital abnormality that restricts blood flow to the cerebral

cortex – I don't care – I'll love him and laugh at him with all my heart.

“It's like reading Kafka, you don't care what kind of insect the man has become, you just want to say ‘Ew, gross, it's some kind of insect’.”

According to the family, they cannot wait to begin their new adventure with their “slightly dull bulb of a child.”

“I just hope he's funny,” added Mr Stewart. “I want to go shopping for crash helmets and elbow pads with him. Ideally, he'd even get one of those funny tricycles you always see them riding in the movies. I want to be able to have fun with the little changeling.

“I don't want him to struggle – I want him to live the kind of life that Sean Penn would proudly play in an Oscar-nominated movie one day.

“He mustn't be autistic either. I don't want him all panicked and nervous. I just want him thick, thick and happy.”

According to Mr Stewart, the birth of this retarded child is not some type of karmic experience from telling insensitive jokes.

“That's just ridiculous,” commented Mr Stewart. “If that was the case I'd have a lot of friends with black children.”

Cosmonaut Complains About Vuvuzelas

OUTER SPACE – Russian cosmonaut Timosha Scherbakov, quietly orbiting planet earth at a zenith of 346 kilometres in the International Space Station (ISS), has reported a strange droning hum being emitted from somewhere near the southern tip of the African continent. The sound was later attributed to the millions of Vuvuzelas been blared throughout the country.

Shcherbakov admitted to being alarmed by the enigmatic sound.

“I was going through my regular routine of checking systems and maintaining deep space functionality,” said a confused Shcherbakov. “All of a sudden, my audio systems went crazy, off the charts.

“That in itself was surprising enough, but what really confused me was when I heard the humming noise. I'm in outer space, traversing the planet Earth's atmosphere at an apogee of around 350 kilometres. There is no noise in space – it is a vacuum, remember – but I still heard it, drilling away into my cerebral cortex and shaking my little lunar module like a child would a babushka doll.”

Shcherbakov described the sound as a “droning hum – a repetitive dissonance akin to being locked in a room with a billion overweight bees playing a billion tiny out-of-tune Kolyosnaya Liras”.

But the horrified cosmonaut, to his everlasting credit, reacted swiftly.

“I first checked all radiolocation detection and ranging systems. I was certain I was being attacked by some alien creature. Remember that I have been in leading a life of total isolation aboard the ISS. The mind, it plays tricks, and the noise was unlike anything humanity could produce. It was too much for me to bear, and I contacted my comrades on the ground crew immediately. I was panicked and terrified.

“Luckily, one of my comrades was a soccer fan, and he explained that the World Cup had just started. He said the noise was created by an instrument called a ‘Vuvuzela’ or something. Unluckily, I have to deal with the noise for a month, he said.”

Reflected Shcherbakov: “I was just so positive it was aliens. Are we sure it's not?”

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Feeling Of National Pride Quashed By Taxi Parked Right In Middle Of Fucking Road

That Tapped

KABEGA –After a whispered string of explicit, libido-driven threats made against the sanctity of its untouched goodness by a series of anonymous campus suitors, that, unable to resist the inevitable, has been definitively tapped.

“It was more of a winter holiday fling than a meaningful move towards building a long-term relationship,” that told reporters. “But that, ultimately, is pretty much the definition of any half-decent tapping, isn't it? It was definitely nothing serious –and certainly no hearts were broken – but the thing about getting the crap tapped out of you is that it is just so completely irresistible and uncontainable.”

That, a second-year BComm RAT student with an interest in fiscal legislation and labour rights, added: “It was a tap; I am clearly a that: two rare, beautiful things that find one another in the otherwise cold void of life.”

Speaking from the lounge area at Madibaz campus coffee shop and surrounded on either side by a gaggle of fine, fine untapped thats, that added that, that now freshly tapped, it felt capable of inspiring and guiding of a new generation of naive, awkward thats toward what that called “the physical nirvana of tappage.”

Said that: “The non-tapped thats around campus are already comfortably familiar with the procedural of the pre-tap ritual: the cat-calls, whistles, side-glances, gentle hand flaps, etc. But the real skill, the real nous required here, is the ability to discern the potential tapper from the lame douche-canoe who's got, like, romantic feelings on the brain.

“But what I tell them is that the real key to the tap is that a that is only a that for two, maybe three taps, and that, well... that's that.”

BA Student Hopes That Her Friend Is Still Fat

BA Student, Tasmin Moore, hope's that her friend is still fat, and did not accomplish any significant weight loss over the June/July holidays.

“It is always a worry that when I come back from my holiday all my friends have started some clean living regime and dropped a few kilos,” commented Moore. “I can't deal with that level of stress in the second semester.

“I love her, but she must stay a bit plump, I have too many things to worry about this late in the year.

“Anyway, if she does come back looking to lose a few pounds I'll just remind her that her tits look fantastic.”

PORT ELIZABETH – Parked right in the bloody middle of a bustling, rush-hour city street, and wedged pathetically in-between two innocent road-users legitimately stopped at a red traffic light, a crappy piece of fucking rubbish, 'driven' by a man blowing a large vuvuzela and apparently attempting a totally ridiculous and blatantly illegal U-turn, yesterday quashed any and all feelings of profound national pride and patriotic fervor that surrounding drivers may have been feeling over the successful hosting by their county of the Soccer World Cup.

Witnesses to the incident – speaking in unprintable adjectives – said that the smooth-tyred hunk of cannibalized junk irrevocably ruined the day of several citizens by almost certainly delaying their estimated time of whole-wheat bran purchase from the nearby shopping mall by many valuable minutes.

The death trap on wheels has widely been cited as singlehandedly exposing the nation's sense of renewed hope and cultural togetherness as a fragile

marketing construction, with social commentators labeling the mediated sense that everything is going to be okay as “not yet immune to the ghosts of stereotypes past” – a realization speculated to dismantle the myth that South Africa is heading towards some modicum of infrastructural efficiency.

Said one victim: “That flimsy excuse for public transport, driven so obnoxiously by a true Port Elizabeth asshole, has scuppered my belief in our so-called countrywide unity once and for bloody all.

“If I could, I'd drive straight home and angrily yank the mirror socks off my Merc and burn them in effigy – but, of course, I won't be able to do that, because, while scraping my car on his way over the centre island, that unroadworthy clunker ripped off my passenger door's rear-view mirror with the sock still attached.

“The other one I pulled off myself and threw at him while he sped away down a side street. So ja: there goes that.”

Downed SEACOM Internet Line Causes Mass Productivity

SOUTH AFRICA - Reports stemmed in from various sources on Monday that the “downed SEACOM line” has resulted in mass productivity throughout the country.

The line's outage resulted in little to no international internet connectivity, causing thousands of South Africans to stop needlessly Googling or browsing Facebook and get on with their jobs.

According to reports from local internet service providers, the SEACOM line suffered an outage between Mumbai and Mombasa. This resulted in some downtime for international websites such as Facebook, Google and ICanHazCheezBurger.com, resulting in thousands of South Africans getting back to work.

“At first, I panicked,” reports avid DSL user Jack Malefane. “I woke up, and tried to check my Gmail account, but it didn't load. So I went through my other regulars Facebook, Twitter, Failblog. But nothing, not a picture or a login screen to be seen anywhere. So I showered, got to work early, and started my day without my regular pre-work two-hour online faff. I even got in an early morning jog.”

“It was strange being at work that early and everything was different,” continued Malefane. “The receptionist in the front wasn't on MySpace, so she greeted me kindly, and was even answering the

phones. Most of my colleagues in the building were chatting and being sociable in the staff kitchen – no one was at their desk dithering in cyberspace.

“After a short while, we all started working; good, solid work was done. I wasn't minimising Excel every two minutes to Wikipedia something, or IM-ing the guy sitting two desks down. I couldn't check the Mail & Guardian website, or even steal a laugh from Hayibo.com. I was just being... well... productive. It was strange.”

Similar occurrences have allegedly been happening countrywide.

Experts have agreed that the downed DSL has resulted in a mass productivity some people are calling a “work ethic”. Scientific researchers are ardently attempting to discover a link between the lack of internet access and the general rise in productivity.

According to a local DSL ISP, the international line will be down for several days. Media experts fear that the countrywide increase in productivity will last for the remainder, but not long after, access to Facebook resumes.

Rafael Nadal's Left Bicep Develops Gravitational Field

LONDON – A concerned physiologist working courtside at Wimbledon this year has released a statement alleging that tennis superstar, Rafael Nadal's, left bicep has demonstrated signs that it is “beginning to develop its own gravitational field”. According to the physiologist, “the muscular weight-density of the bicep has been raised so high, that it is beginning to attract smaller objects towards itself.”

Courtside physiologist, James Blythe, reported that he noticed something strange whilst training with Nadal.

“We were doing session for Nadal's upcoming game,” said Blythe. “But then something strange occurred, he tossed the ball for a serve, and when the ball fell to the ground, it didn't go straight down. It seemed to – just for a second – orbit his left arm. It hung there for about three seconds before it fell to the floor. But I'm sure the ball orbited.

“And that was just the first sign, when we finished training; Rafa did a quick autograph session for the locals. Everyone was alarmed when an eager onlooker's pen was suddenly drawn into Rafa's gravitational field. The pen was just sucked towards the player. Suddenly several small objects joined the foray. Then a small child. We had to do something, so I phoned the local university.”

Nadal's left arm had become something of a conundrum for not only the physiologists, but now for local physicists as well.

“Nadal's large mesomorphic protuberance, which extends from the glenoid fossa of his scapula, has become so dense that it is beginning to have a noticeable effect on the small subsection of spacetime surrounding it,” commented British physicist, Professor Alfred Maxwell. “With little supergalactic resonance at the moment, we have recorded various neutrino distortions emanating from the source at subatomic levels – while also detecting strange phenomena from the source proper.

“In other words,” surmised Maxwell, “his engorged muscles seems to have gotten so large that they have actually begun developing gravitational forces.”

“People should expect nothing less nowadays,” said Maxwell. “With performance enhancers and intense training regimes, this kind of muscle density is bound to develop. The forces between the muscle and the earth are balancing each other – thus developing micro-orbits, fascinating.”

“We haven't seen such scientific marvels in tennis since the Williams sisters,” concluded Maxwell.

Armstrong Destroys Bicycle After Learning He Could Take The Train Around France

PARIS - Celebrated Tour de France champion and avid cyclist, Lance Armstrong, was caught destroying his prize-winning tour bike yesterday, allegedly after learning he could have taken the train around France.

According to sources from the Armstrong team, RadioShack, Lance Armstrong was distraught when he learnt about the popular – and much easier – method of travelling around the country.

“Many people don't know this about Lance, but he's a bit of a wine enthusiast,” said team manager Dirk Demol. “Of course, we all knew he liked to ride, but he also likes wine. He takes these annual trips around continental Europe playing the winey.

“So, one year, with some careful planning, we scheduled his annual cycle trip alongside the Tour de France. It didn't really concern him that his annual ride had gotten crowded, he just wanted some of Provence's best red.”

Added Demol: “He won that year, so we started planning it every year. And the rest is history.”

Although Armstrong enjoyed his wine trips, he was supposedly “getting tired”. A member of his team – who Armstrong simply believed to be another wine lover – asked him why “he didn't just take the train.”

“Lance exploded in anger,” said Demol. “He just started screaming at us and going nuts. He then went for his bike; first throwing his helmet at it and then attacking it with his tire pump. He finally took the crumpled mess and threw it in the Seine.”

Armstrong claimed that he was “furious” with the realization.

“Every year!” screamed an infuriated Armstrong. “Every flipping year! I ride around France to get the best prices on the best wines, and all of a sudden I discover I've been finagled into some big bike race and that there is an easier way to get around the country.

“I am very upset. Extremely upset! I just thought riding my bike around France was just the French way. Do you have any idea how difficult the ride is? There are mountains – mountains! – I've got to ride up and down. The trip around France is lovely, but if I knew I could have taken the train I most certainly would have rather done that.”

Concluded a distraught Armstrong: “If people want to push themselves to the limits of human endurance, and rally around a country for the sake of a race, that's their prerogative: I just want some decent Chardonnay.”

Defected Koreans Open VCR Repair Shop

UITENHAGE – The four North Korean footballers, who defected during the World Cup, have finally realised the dream of “western liberation” by opening a small VCR repair shop in the 'greater' Uitenhage area.

The Korean footballers, Kim Myong-won, Kim Kyong-il, An Choi-hyok and Pak Sung-hyok, Supposedly opened the shop in a hope of “no longer living in fear”. According to the players, they wish to achieve the “western nine-to-five, seven days a week capitalist dream”.

Although it was reported that the defecting players returned to their squad during the World Cup, it was later discovered that they defected again, several times.

“We wish to live off the fattened wealth of western decadence,” stated store manager Kim Myong-won. “So we decided to bring our innate, specifically Korean, knowledge of the VCR to an enterprising conclusion. So we set up shop here, and

begun repairing VCR's and dealing with customers in exchange for the free-market currency of occidental emancipation.”

Whilst Myong-won has been appointed manager, the other ex-footballers have moved seamlessly into the vocation of VCR repair. Pak Sung-hyok also runs a small unlicensed Kia maintenance garage in the back.

There have been rumoured allegations that the newly opened, Korean owned, business is somehow linked to the sudden rise in cat disappearances. However this has been dismissed as racist chit-chat.

When questioned whether or not they would use the money they make to one day return to Democratic peoples Republic of Korea, Myong-won simply replied “fuck no, not a chance.”

Buisness has been slow, but Myong-won maintains that Uitenhage is a prime spot for his entrepreneurial venture as Uitenhage is “the only place outside of North Korea that still uses VCR's.”

CRAB

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THE NATION TALKS TO ITSELF

AUGUST 23, 2010

God Loses Virginity In Big Bang

Our Heavenly Father discloses on his journey into manhood

SANDTON – In a recent tell-all interview with Heat magazine, God, omniscient heavenly father, publicly admitted that he lost his virginity in what scientists are calling the “Big Bang”. The creator admitted that the public admission was “a difficult truth to bear”, but wishes to assure the public and his legion of zealous followers that He, The Satisfier of our Longing Soul, the Rock of our Refuge and Father of the Fatherless, wants to begin a new “open book” policy with his faithful horde of resolute worshippers.

The revealing interview presented several skeletons that The Everlasting to the Everlasting had been hording in his celestial closet, yet it is the admission that he lost his virginity during the Big Bang that has sparked a swirling public debate.

“I was young,” said God, the Maker and Unmaker of All Things. “But so was the universe. Of course, the universe was much smaller back then; much, much smaller, and extremely pent up.”

Continued The Unbeknownst to No One: “I guess our mutual loneliness, and the resultant tension of that isolation, sought some physical release.”

“I don’t want to sound mean or uncaring,” commented God, The One Who is All But Naught, “but I must just say that the universe changed after

that night. It just wasn’t the same. In the lead up to the tryst, our relationship was characterised by heat, feistiness, and was filled with intensity and dynamic creation.

“But the almost immediate weight gain, combined with an instantaneous expansion of the midriff section, was a turn-off to a young man like me naively interested only in perfect figures and containable finitudes. The universe, understandably, was hurt by that. Things cooled, and she pulled away shortly thereafter. About 0.43 seconds thereafter, to be precise.

“I’m the guilty party here though: I should have been more attentive after the event, but I sort of left her [the universe] to her own devices. I retracted, moved inward, become an almost invisible, distant and unknowable presence. I should have been there. The least I could have done was call the next day.

“I’ve had plenty of time for introspection and, coupled with some hard-won maturity, I have been able to reconcile Myself with the uneasy and duplicitous truth that not everybody can be perfect like Me.

“Since then I’ve only had sex, like, once,” conceded God, “and most people don’t even believe me.”

SA School Textbooks To Be Replaced With Chappies' Bubblegum Wrappers

PRETORIA – “Children don’t read books anymore; but they do still chew Chappies,” said Minister of Basic Education, Angie Motshekga, after it was announced yesterday that public school textbooks are to be replaced by Chappies’ bubblegum wrappers next year. “We in the department of basic education understand that books are full of facts, but so are Chappies – we’re just cutting out the middle man.

“This will add a whole new flavour to the way we do our instructing in this country, and, as I have told Parliament already, Chappies bubblegum certainly has everything a school child of today needs to excel living in the new South Africa: namely, vast amounts of refined sugar and short bursts of concise, summarised information.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 2

Asshole Friend Photoshopped Out Of Camping Photos

SUNRIDGE – Asshole, and general all round douche canoe, Marius Cloete, has successfully been photoshopped out of a collection of camping photos in an effort to conserve only the happy moments of the vacation. The group of twelve friends who went camping with Cloete agreed that photoshopping him out of the images was “the best thing to do,” as they don’t want to run the risk “of seeing that cock-cheese’s ugly face when they were feeling nostalgic.”

The group of thirteen friends went camping in the Baviaanskloof earlier this year, and most admit that they “knew what they were getting into when the invited Cloete.”

“He’s just one of those people you sort of feel sorry for,” commented Geoff Lipton who organised the camp. “I’d built up a nice list of friends and we were all sitting around talking about the trip when that cunt burger Cloete walked in and somehow invited himself. We didn’t have a choice.”

Lipton stated that their sympathy invite was regretted immediately on arriving at the campsite when Cloete took off his shirt and started drinking neat vodka.

“We were there to have fun, but also to relax,” continued Lipton. “That anal leakage Cloete just got fucked and started throwing rocks at the wildlife. He was just inappropriate; flashing the girls and telling penis jokes all weekend.”

Continued Lipton: “He never bought any supplies or anything, he just bummed. He ruined everything.”

Cloete’s asocial behaviour ruined what “could have been a tranquil, beautiful weekend.” According to Lipton, everyone just wanted to forget about him.

“The problem was, we took a lot of photos, hundreds, and Cloete’s the kind of snot-cocked colon tuft that needs to be in every one of those photos. Pulling some stupid face.

“Photoshop was the only option, I didn’t ever want to see that spastic-fisted cock bandit’s face again – especially when I’m feeling nostalgic. So we got to work, hours and hours and hours with the clone stamp and the heal brush in Photoshop and we successfully removed that slop-encrusted cheese fuck from all our digital memories.”

At this point, the photos have all been loaded onto facebook sans Cloete, allowing for more positive, well-rounded viewing.

The Weekly Crab wishes to apologise to Sunridge Pre-Primary School for associating it with Port Elizabeth’s growing ‘underage pornscape’ in the jovial article entitled “Corrections” (Ed. 9). It has become apparent to us that Sunridge Pre-Primary is in no way associated, linked or involved in this burgeoning industry. We did not intend to cause any harm to Sunridge Pre-Primary School. Our comments were unjustifiable and unwarranted and we had no intention of vitiating the establishment’s good name. We are truly sorry.

SA School Textbooks To Be Replaced With Chappies' Bubblegum Wrappers

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1.

"We in the education department imagine a South Africa when learners arrive at their desk with a packet full of Chappies and chew away, stopping only to pick up on the brief explosions of information situated on the underside of the cheap and infinitely accessible plastic wrappers. The ADHD-addled minds of the MXit generation will be inspired, excited and illuminated by the fun-filled, fact-fuelled wrappers of South Africa's favourite indigestible treat."

"It was an inspired decision, something we've been chewing on for some months now," said Motshekga. "It's unorthodox, yes, and will be met with some criticism: but South Africa's education analysts – themselves big fans of Chappies – are willing to try anything at this stage that doesn't involve time or vast amounts of money."

Motsheka confirmed that talks have begun between the manufacturers of Chappies Bubblegum and the Department of Education on finding a way forward negotiations.

"I would tentatively suggest for now that things will need to be amended," said Motshekga. "I envisage, for example, a brand new Chappies range

dedicated exclusively to explaining, in a matter of say 10 wrappers, our entire South African history: it would start off sugary and perfect, and then become aggressively bitter and hostile to the palate, and, by the final chewing gum, it will have become a wonderfully synthesised medley of all humankind's tastes. That's what one might call holistic education."

Also taken into consideration by Motshekga was the economic standpoint of introducing Chappies as the primary, textual basis for schools.

"The government spends a lot of money on teachers. Okay, that might not be wholly correct, but using the current amount we spend on salaries we can give each child one, maybe two hundred Chappies a year. It's a saving, and that's what South Africa does – saves in the face of education."

Further, Motshekga refused to be drawn into comparing the proposed overhaul as simply another OBE-like gimmick.

"That's an unfair parallel. The minds of our children are the most valuable currency we have. People have criticised that OBE filled our nation's children's minds with Bubblegum. We want to burst this bubble of education inadequacy with some basic learning - and Chappies."

Exclusive Books Winter Sale Slashes Book Prices Down To Regular Bookstore Prices

SANDTON – In a courageous and daring manoeuvre, conceived to both expand their customer base and gross profits, Exclusive Books have slashed their prices down to regular book store prices for their nationwide winter sale.

This new and innovative marketing technique has been hailed as "revolutionary" by analysts working in the sector. Market analyst Samuel Breakfast claimed that "this manoeuvre is nothing like anything [he has] ever seen, and could possibly double – maybe triple – their already exorbitant profit margins."

Continued Breakfast: "I saw books on their sale going for just over R150. In an Exclusive Books, that's just outrageous. This isn't CNA or Bargain Books; this isn't some small family owned book shop. This is 'Exclusives'."

"I got myself a copy of Dan Brown's new one and two novels by P.D. James, and only spent R360."

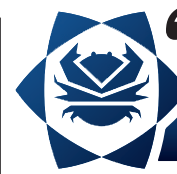
"They even gave me a free plastic bag; you know those pretentious pastel coloured ones. I couldn't believe how cheap these prices were for Exclusive Books. I used my R40 change to go buy a Kauai smoothie and still had R2 to tip the car guard."

The sale, which has been running for just under a month, has resulted in massive profits for the company, and some strange phenomena the stores have never seen before.

According to one Exclusive Books night staffer, Wallace Comley, "customer's were paying with cash. Real paper money, not just a selection of Visas and Master Cards. It's outrageous"

Although the books on sale were predominantly comprised of Oprah Book Club titles, the *Twilight* series and hundreds of copies of Stephen Covey's *7 Habits For Highly Effective People*, the prices, if not the choice, has been greeted with celebration.

This new sales technique, which analysts have nicknamed 'proleing', will most certainly be utilised in future sales. Rumours have begun circulating that Woolworths food will be applying a similar technique, adopting Pick 'n Pay, or the more drastic Shoprite, prices for any upcoming, half-price sales.



66 A penny-farthing in the sack race of news - Stephen Fry 99

CAMPUS BRIEFS

Three Cigarettes Tragically Lost After Leather Satchel Capsizes

SUMMERSTRAND – Speaking from the corner table at smoking section of Madibaz campus coffee shop, Cherry Weitz, 20, announced to reporters that the sustained effort to rescue the three cigarettes - freakishly lost after the leather satchel in which they were peacefully residing capsized - has now officially been called off.

"I think the context demands that we be realistic here. This is no longer a rescue: at most – and I say this with the utmost possible optimism – it's a salvage operation. The most I can expect now is for some well-meaning person to come forward, admit they picked them up off the floor in the approximate vicinity of the nearby dustbins, and reimburse me with, like, five bucks. Any attempt to satiate me with Savannah or LD fags will be denied outright."

Mystery still surrounds the disappearance of the three Peter Stuyvesant Extra Milds, which are widely thought to have debugged shortly after Weitz's satchel was accidentally knocked over by one of her friends during coffee and presumed lost after a sharp gust of wind carried them in the direction of a drainage system.

Sly Kierkegaard Reference Lost On Ignorant Friends

A sly Kierkegaardian reference made my BA Student, Lori J. Hoffman, was completely lost on her ignorant friends last Monday.

"We were simply sitting at 'Madz' getting some coffee Monday morning and the obligatory 'how was your weekend' convo' arose," said Hoffman. "Of course everyone started to complain, I mean it's way too passé to enjoy your weekend. So, anyway, someone mentioned that Barney's 'just wasn't the same'."

"So I simply said: 'You know; you can't visit Berlin twice'."

"Everyone just stopped talking and stared at me," continued Hoffman. "Absolute daggers. They asked me what I meant, so I tried to explain. 'You know,' I said, 'Constantin Constantius's trip to Berlin? The Eleatic denial of motion? Repetition as existential kinesis? They apparently had no idea what I was talking about. They just stared at me like I was talking Danish.'"

Concluded Hoffman: "Maybe they've just not read much Kierkegaard or maybe they're just stupid; all I can say is I was quite embarrassed. The idiots probably would have got it if I'd made a Desperate Housewives reference."



The Protection Of Information Bill: What The Fuck Is It?

The government has proposed The Protection of Information Bill (POI), along with an accompanying parliamentary media tribunal, as a piece of legislation aimed at classifying and potentially banning any information deemed as contrary to the “national interest”. This will include any and all “matters relating to the advancement of the public good, the pursuit of justice, democracy, economic growth, free trade, a stable monetary system and sound international relations”. Government claims that the measure will also be introduced to protect and preserve “all things owned or maintained for the public by the State.”

Now members of the South African public moneyed enough to afford a copy of The Mail & Guardian are left to ask: “But what the fuck is that supposed to mean?” These are the essential tenets of the POI that you need to know about:

- All working journalists will be required to wear yellow stars on their shoulders when out in public.
- Any journalist considered to be working outside the parameters of the POI will, constitutionally, remain innocent until proven flammable.
- David Bullard? What David Bullard?
- The Herald will be encouraged to continue its policy of putting articles about penguins and speed-bumps on the front page.
- 'Truth' will henceforth be patented and copyrighted, with the ANC as the major shareholder in Veracity™ Inc.
- The POI will make the media completely self-referential, thereby deflecting any potential criticism away from the government and attuned increasingly toward the inner lives of The Sunday Times' editorial staff. It is clear that the Bill does not necessarily need to pass into official legislation for this phase to take effect.
- The Rhodes Journalism department – easily the country's finest finishing school for the nation's brightest young reporters – will become increasingly hilarious.
- The letters 'A', 'N' and 'C' may be used in print media, however never in said order.
- SABC 1, 2 & 3's language segregation will no longer be some 'dinner table' allegory for Apartheid.
- ETV will publically admit that people only really watch it for the porn, hopefully relegating Deborah Patta to a 'position' more suited to her talents.
- Only certain segments of Die Son/The Sun will be used for kitty litter, no longer the entire thing.
- A bold form of reportage, characterised by a deeply subjective and drug-fuelled appraisal of chosen subjects, will emerge out of the Rhodes Journalism department. Hilariously, everyone there will think this is somehow original.
- ETV will publically admit that people only really watch it for the WWE Wrestling, hopefully relegating Deborah Patta to a 'position' more suited to her talents.
- All clocks in South Africa will chime thirteen.
- Funding for Sharp! will be drastically cut to only R30 000 per annum.
- Riaan Cruywagen to be carbon dated.

Madam and Eve Look To Kafka For Inspriation

In a rather pathetic attempt to make Madam & Eve even slightly interesting once agian, under the indictment to the media tribunal, the creative team responsible for the cartoon strip have taken it upon themselves to solicit the help of some truly great figures from the history of literature.

This week Czech novelist Franz Kafka was hired to give a bash at the erstwhile popular cartoon strip. Kafka displays his usual 'self-referentiality' and flair for creating a nightmarish world of isolated and troubled individual.

Kafka also displays his love for Peanuts.

Soft Spot For Singer Alanis Morissette Embarrassingly Large

WALMER – A Bay-area soft spot for Canadian singer-songwriter Alanis Morissette is shamefully large, report sources close to the gaping void of emotional decency.

The nostalgic wreck, currently being harboured by Church street resident Simon Stoltz, 23, has been described by his concerned peers as “substantial” and a “disconcertingly prominent” part of his life's reference points.

“It used to be a kind of understood joke between us,” said an unnamed friend of several years. “Yes, some songs were relatable in those tough times of aimless pubescent rage, self-doubt and loneliness, but mostly Morissette's canon was there to have the piss taken out of it, not become sentimentalised or taken seriously in any way. Now he listens to her all the time, and uses her lyrics in conversation. Which is a big concern.”

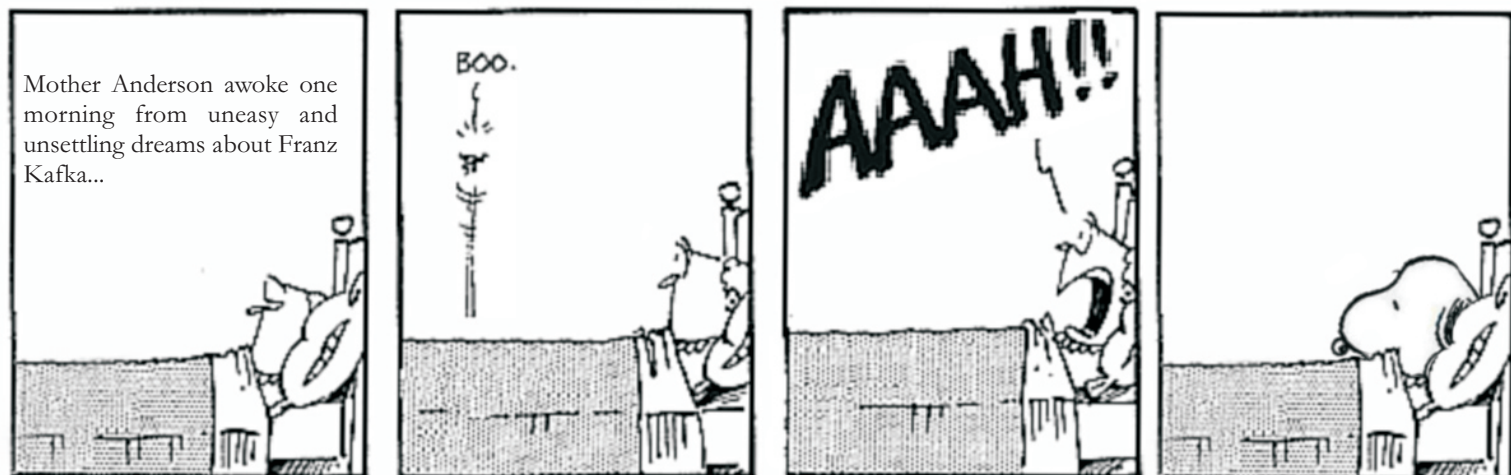
The source cited the singer's sharply compacted distillation of often contradictory lyrics as sufficient grounds for earning the good-natured scorn of some emotionally crippled male listeners, and added that his friend's descent into “Morissette arcana” was nothing more than a cheap and easy way to learn how to emote properly.

“Isn't it ironic, don't you think? Like a no-smoking sign on your cigarette break? Well, no. Not really. Not if you work by the crappy, and grammatically incorrect, Alanis interpretation of that term, which, by the way, is exactly how Simon would see it these days.

Added the source: “It just upsets me to see Simon get like this: all happy-sad, assertive but depressed, cynical but looking forward to his life.

Several Alanis Morissette t-shirts were found stowed away in the back of Stoltz's cupboard, which were described by friends as “horribly nineties”.

“What it all comes down to is that everything isn't going to be quite alright. How do we make him see that?”



The Weekly Crab is pretty certain someone, somewhere owns the 'rights' to these characters. Used without permission.

God Bestows Amazing Rack On Absolute Bitch

THE HEAVENS – God, Our Heavenly Father, made it into the news again this week after coming under scrutiny for “bestowing an utterly amazing rack on an absolute bitch.” Of course, the bitch in question, Mandy Michelson (25), understands full well the power she dictates with “such an amazing pair of tits” and flaunts herself with little remorse for her nebbish, male onlookers. Theologians have called God's behaviour here “cruel.”

BA Student Grossly Overqualified, Completely Underqualified

Conversant in the complex theoretical discourse of deconstructive continental philosophy, and able to subvert the social, economic or political premise of any given ideology, third-year BA student, Mark Fry, can today report that he is more than capable of fulfilling the demands of any career, but concedes that he is entirely incapable of fulfilling the demands of any career. Said Fry: “My education allows me to get involved in almost any industry I want, but my education has dissuaded me from getting involved in any industry at all. I can work anywhere, all I have to do is choose. But it's impossible to choose, because I can work anywhere.”

Arm Scab Enters Fascinating Leathery Phase

A small arm scab, earned two weeks ago in a minor fall in the Greenacres parking lot, has, at last, entered the fascinating, non-painful, and slightly itchy leathery phase of its short life. The yellow-tinged scab, once a flashpoint of pain and bringer of short showers, has just now started to hint at some subtle greenery at the edges, and is slated to be picked, rubbed, and photographed by a girlfriend for her art portfolio – or possibly even eaten.

New Study - 98% Of The Matrix Is Pornography

A new study headed by the high council of Zion revealed that 98% of the Matrix, the illusory reality construct that many refer to as the 'real world', is comprised of pornography. This vast digitally simulated world allegedly uses pornography to lull our enslaved human population into a state of dormant digital compliancy so that a body's energy can be mined for the robot's maniacal needs.

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Bay Child Raised From Birth By Pack Of Domestic Workers

FRAMESBY – A seven-year-old Bay girl has been taken into temporary protective custody by municipal authorities after it was discovered, by suspicious neighbours, that the child has been raised and parented from infancy by a small pack of rotating, minimum-wage domestic workers.

“The maids – six in all – would appear to come and go throughout the child's life as if some higher authority were hiring and firing them,” said local psychologist Linda Trott. “None of them would ever assert themselves as being the de facto 'parent' at any one time: indeed it seems, on first reflection, that they understood their role as carers to be have been a temporary and intransient one.

“As such, this child could be said to have had an almost 'community-based' upbringing characterised by a nebulous set of multiple, ever-changing parents.

“That the child had many parents, but was technically raised by one domestic worker at a time, a domestic worker who operated alone and in isolation for months on end, is not something we've ever seen in any culture before. It's founded on the

classic single-parent household dynamic, but isn't really similar at all.”

Social Services confirmed that they held no suspicion of abuse or neglect, and described the young girl as fully equipped with all the developmental necessities expected from a child of seven.

“She's physically healthy, emotionally sensitive and attuned to the needs of others. She's highly intelligent, attends school every week day, and seems to be jovial even in trying times. Her language skills are perfect, and her Xhosa, in particular, is excellent.

“Perhaps the only mental incongruity or behavioural irregularity that we've picked up on for the moment is a certain slight skittishness when around white people.”

All efforts to reach the biological parents through a series of emergency contact numbers left on the front of the kitchen refrigerator have failed, prompting Social Services to keep the child in protective for the foreseeable future.

CRAB SPORTS A NATION PLAYS WITH ITSELF

Peter de Villiers Proves All-Blacks Never Landed On The Moon

PAARL – Seated in his home in Paarl, amid an assemblage of David Icke volumes and scribbled notes about the Bilderberg Group, conspiracy theorist, clown and part-time Springbok Rugby coach Peter de Villiers announced to the press that he “can prove, unequivocally, with scientific evidence, that the All Black rugby team has never landed on the moon.”

“I have read and studied everything written on moon landing conspiracy theories,” commented de Villiers. “I have seen the records, examined the testimonies, and have uncovered the evidence. Those who believe that the All Blacks landed on the moon just don't know all the facts. They have been blinded from the truth.

De Villier's demonstrated several pieces of evidence, of which he had compiled into a PowerPoint presentation for South Africa New Zealand Australia Rugby (Sanzar).

“Look here,” pointed De Villier's, “this flag on the moon is not the All Blacks' silver fern logo; its some composition of stars and strips. And this image of a footprint on the moon is also indicative of my claim that they were never on the moon. Do you see any studs in that footprint? I certainly don't.”

“Even the word Kiwi. It's a Maori word. Maori begins with the letter 'M'. I'm just saying.”

“This information is dangerous, and should not fall into the wrong hands. I will take it to Sanzar immediately. The world must know.”

De Villiers's claims that what he has uncovered here “is in no way meant to discredit the skill and performance of the current All Black line-up”, but rather the allegedly faked moon landings was a massive PR undertaking “to draw crowds to [New Zealand] for next years world cup”.

De Villiers claimed he came across the idea when he was paging through a copy of Graham Hancock's Fingerprints Of The Gods while watching The Story Of The All Blacks DVD in preparation for the Tri-Nations.

Concluded De Villiers: “Rugby is full of conspiracies, absolutely teeming with them. People have forgotten that Kurt Cobain headed the squad in 1995, The Australian Team assassinated JFK and that François Pienaar keeps the top secret Lays recipe in a safe in his home. It is up to the liberated few to uncover these hiding truths in search for the pure game. We must just make sure not to get our lines crossed.

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THE NATION TALKS TO ITSELF

SEPTEMBER 20, 2010

PE Municipality Builds Traffic Circle In Bay Man's Kitchen

Entrances into the kitchen were further cordoned off with completely unnecessary speedbumps

PORT ELIZABETH – Bay homeowner Gareth Potgieter was shocked to discover last Monday that the local municipality had built “a completely pointless, congesting and inefficient” traffic circle in the middle of his kitchen floor. According to Potgieter the roundabout was constructed without his consent – “as usual” – and has simply confused him and his wife's morning breakfast routine.

Potgieter stated that the municipality had taken “this traffic roundabout business way too far.” He further complained that the newly constructed speedbumps over the threshold of each kitchen door were “excessive.”

“These bloody things have sprung up everywhere,” stated a pestered Potgieter. “Every flippin' four way stop is being changed into a roundabout. They never get announced or justified, they just happen. And this new one, right in the middle of my effing kitchen; I'm annoyed, really, really annoyed. But they're everywhere, and I didn't expect any less.”

While there were early hopes that the new circle would improve kitchen accessibility, its induction into kitchen traffic has simply led to confusion from the various parties entering the circle.

“I'll head for the kitchen and my wife will from the other side; and that's fine,” commented Potgieter. “Before the circle we would both just enter and politely avoid each other while I put on a pot of coffee and she organized her muesli.

“But now with the circle everything is different and the regular flow has been stunted. I head in, and she approaches from the right. Of course – typical woman – she waves me forward even though she knows its right-of-way. So I edge forward. By that time my son - a student that's just gotten his license - comes storming in from the left at 160 km/h to get his toast. He doesn't care about anyone and doesn't even see the circle. So I brake, and then my wife tries to enter.”

Added Potgieter: “These things are everywhere; surely there is something less redundant the municipality can waste their money on.”

Old South African Flag Brand-New

PORT ELIZABETH – Spotted hanging with a “notably proud resoluteness” from a pole in the backyard of a Framesby home, a crisp and brightly-coloured pennant with no discernible nattiness at the edges is widely considered by neighbourhood witnesses to be a scarily brand-new old South African flag.

Sources described the regressive symbol of institutional disenfranchisement and racial supremacy as almost certainly a recent purchase, with several witnesses citing the chilling accuracy of the flag's period detail and stark luminosity of its orange and blue rectangles as evidence that the Prinsevlag has a recent manufacture date, or, at the very least, is a new purchase.

“The colours are so bright, the material so pristine,” said one resident looking through a pair of

binoculars. “And look how it just shines in the light. The smaller flags in the middle – that is, the Union Flag towards the hoist, the flag of the Orange Free State and the Transvaal Vierkleur – are also impeccably done, and, according to what I could get off Google, their proportionalities are all in perfect order. Whoever made it has made one before. Obviously there's a place still producing these things to old government specs.”

Reporters could also confirm that, on breezy days, the new old flag audibly snaps in the wind.

“It's the sound of a fresh bed-sheet being cracked with a freshly varnished plank of pine,” said another onlooker. “That archaic old brand-new flag, it seems like it came off a conveyor belt only yesterday.

Added the onlooker: “You'd hope they'd be scarcer.”

Zuma Wishes SA Had Cool Government Organisation To Cover Up UFO Sightings

LUTHULI HOUSE – President Jacob Zuma on Monday released an official statement saying that he “wished South Africa had a cool, hush-hush government organisation to cover up all the recent UFO sightings that have been pervading the greater Pretoria area.” According to the release, Zuma claims that “such an organisation would, at least, keep all these sightings on the down-low and, at best, make everything a bit more exciting.”

UFOs were sighted above Pretoria over the past months, and the Zuma administration was quick to react.

“My friend in Pretoria facebooked me and told me about these strange lights hovering over the city,” said an excited Zuma. “The next day it was all over the news, all these headlines about 'alien lights in the sky' and 'unidentified flying objects'.”

According to aides and members of the presidential staff, the nation's chief executive has been “on a bit of an alien trip as of late.”

“I watched this documentary starring the fresh prince of Bel-air called *Men in Black*,” said Zuma. “It showed that real countries like America have all these cool governmental organisations that keep aliens in check. We in South Africa don't have any. How come? This country has come so far, it would be an admirable step towards first-worlddom.

“I mean, America's got Area 51 to deal with the aliens, the British for the Loch Ness monster and China's got them for the abominable snowman. Why can't we have one in South Africa? If we can run a successful SWC, we can run a top secret establishment for hiding the truth with reports about spy satellites and weather balloons.”

“We could build underground bunkers and military organisations and give them cool code names like 'Zulu 37' or X.H.O.S.A. (Xtreme Housing Of Space Aliens). We've got the space. What else are we going to use the Kalahari for?”

“It's a personal dream to start something like this. Of course, whenever I bring it up in parliament they always scold me, and tell me to sort the schools and hospitals out first.”

But regardless of how the situation in Pretoria unfolds, whether or not the sightings are truly cause for concern or not, the President was adamant that he should be armed with a laser gun, “just in case.”

Reports have emerged that Zuma hasn't stopped singing 'Awlethu isiLaser Wami” since the sightings and has made several attempts to contact Will Smith on Twitter.



Popular "War In Iraq" TV Show Cancelled

WASHINGTON – After a seven-year run as one of network television's most groundbreaking comedy-drama shows, the award-winning *War In Iraq* came to a close last month after current star, and lead protagonist, Barack Obama declared “an end to combat operations” on the 31st of August 2010.

The series, streamed 24 hours a day on popular news networks such as CNN and FOX news, was a surprise hit with American audiences, who, despite loving and loathing it in equal measures, were nonetheless compelled to follow it from the controversial pilot episode to what some critic of the show have described as its “lacklustre” dénouement.

“We had a huge, but relatively inexperienced, cast and crew,” said David Weslenin, an executive producer on the show for four years. “But they certainly were enthusiastic, and threw themselves into their work without questioning the narrative. Our leading man at that time, George W. Bush, had the kind of moronic lovability that appealed to a bipartisan audience while simultaneously making people either love or hate him. It gave the show an edge in the tough ratings game of network TV, and the ratings were unreal. Not too bad for show initially planned as a short-lived spin-off of *9-11: America Under Attack*.”

But creative differences amongst the crew, writing staff and the show's stars inevitably surfaced.

“Bush missed his cue in May 2003,” commented Weslenin. “He was getting ahead of himself and, in

an ill-advised bit of improvisational acting, unveiled the 'Mission Accomplished' banner way too early. It was live TV, and we sort of managed to cover it up as a kind of satirical critique. But the truth was the worst-kept secret in the industry: that we, the studio, were losing control of our star.”

Further complications ensued when the show's chief antagonist, Saddam Hussein, was arrested in December 2003 for disorderly behaviour and crimes against humanity.

“At that point we weren't too concerned about it,” added Weslenin. “Bush had shifted roles from the hero to the villain by then anyway.”

Besides these early upsets, the show held steady ratings for the following six years until Bush announced his retirement.

Continued Weslenin: “It was quite frightening to lose a star. I knew exactly how the producers of *Spin City* felt when Michael J. Fox got all shaky and left. But we had a replacement in the wings: the young and handsome Barack Obama. He was pretty green, and new to the game, but had a real stage presence that translated seamlessly to the screen.”

Obama was voted in during a 'tribal council' style nationwide poll in 2008, but his performance, although admirable, would eventually lead to the show's demise.

Rumours of a sequel filmed in Pakistan or Iran have also surfaced.

War In Iraq cost an estimated \$300 million, and several hundred thousand lives, to produce.

Madam & Eve Messily Try Jackson Pollock

The previous attempt to improve the ailing *Madam & Eve* franchise using the literary influences of Franz Kafka (see the last edition) was met with a resounding “who the fuck is Franz Kafka” by *Madam & Eve* fans everywhere. Because of this the desperate team outsourced to create *Madam & Eve* have resorted to a more 'aesthetic' approach in restyling their once half decent cartoon strip.

The team have grabbed some inspiration from Jackson Pollack, leader of abstract expressionism in

America and innovator of the 'drip technique' that allows the artist to truly get into the core of what he is working at. An early example of a Pollock produced strip shows that the artist was truly norm for the task of revitalising the *Madam & Eve* franchise.

“It's not difficult,” said Pollock. “*Madam & Eve* have maybe four lines or recycled dialogue that they use over and over. I just added a work beneath that.”

Added Pollock: “I just made sure to use equal parts black and white splotches.”

Bay Satirist's Déjà Vu Joke Just Not Funny

A recent attempt to be funny by a satirist living in the Nelson Mandela Metropolitan area was met with nonchalance and disdain last week when the writer unveiled what he believed to be an “innovative and imaginative” déjà vu joke for the next edition of his newsletter. According to friends of the author, the joke is not big or clever, just “lazy”, and the author is being a dick.

Zille, De Lille Union Sparks Intense 'Gladde Hare' Discussions

The ID/DA merger that recently occurred in Cape Town has lead to some intense and excruciating discussions around the issue of South Africa's 'gladde hare'. While Zille states that 'gladde hare' come naturally to her and her supporters, she claims to not exhibit it. De Lille claims to still have trouble with its technicalities and hopes to achieve it, while the ANC thinks it to be unattainable, preferring the all-shaven look that their white opposition cannot seem to manage.

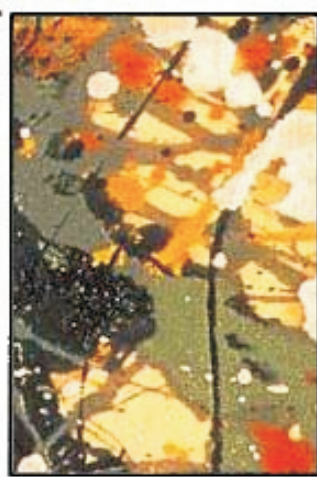
Not Enough People Speak Polish, Reports Bay Pole

Polski 'Hip Hop' sensacja, niepełny dzień roboczy piłkarski gracz i poprzedni członek parlamentu, Stanislaw Blaszczykowski, był zaaresztowany za kosztach zylm zachowanie w Białoroskim miesce, Mogilev. Zgodnie z źródłami, Blaszczykowski przypuszczalnie potwierdził obecność niedźwiedza w Mogilewskim głównym punktem ulicznym; kategoria 1 obraza w Białorosji. Białorosja zmusiła sztywną politykę na sprawie od dekadów, ogłaszajonc w 1954 że cała niedźwiedzka populacja w obrębie kraju miejskie centra majom nie dostac wszelkom uwage. Krewni i bliski przyjaciele kontrolują sytuację blisko, i boją się gorszego.



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“ Now with extra Polish

- Jakub Siwak ”

CAMPUS BRIEFS

NMMU Campus Monkey Decides To Send Kids To Rhodes

Carefully weighing his fiscal options against the parental obligations to his many children, an NMMU campus monkey, gazing out over the “shattering desolation” of the Kraal, this week decided to send all of his offspring to Rhodes University. Said the monkey: “I’m not sure how any of the NMMU students get an education here. It’s not only that they spend so much time at Madibaz and not at the library, but that their lecturers appear to do the same.” He also cited rumours that students at Rhodes University read. However, the monkey is unsure how he will pay Rhodes’s exorbitant fees on Hulett’s sugar packets alone.

Masters Student To Invoke The Power Of Oscar Wilde's Pants In Late Bid To Get Thesis Done

SUMMERSTRAND – In a late and desperate bid hand his overdue Masters thesis in on time, James Stewart, 26, has threatened to invoke the ancient powers of Oscar Wilde’s trousers in an attempt to channel the flamboyant creativity and verbal fluency of the late playwright and author.

Holding aloft a pin-striped pair of grey, extra-large pants, and speaking in high tones from the top of a coffee shop table, Stewart intoned: “Once I have breathed the festering fumes of these trouser’s primordial powers, Wilde’s fancy language and ironic posturing will be all mine for the two months I have left before my bursary privileges expire!

“Multitudes of dandily irreverent axiomatic expressions will dance at my command and rend those ignoble savages of deconstruction and postcolonial theory limb from soulless limb!

“Fast will the pages of my Masters unfurl, and long will my magically re-imagined Critic As Artist reign over the academic domain of (Wo)Man! For as long as I don these trousers of Oscar Wilde, *The Picture Of Dorian Grey* that has become my MA will be no longer be damned to the cold dungeon of my mind where it has slumbered for these last two years: nay, it shall be unleashed upon the only two people in the world who will read it, and chain them to a mirthful but poignant meditation on its themes for several hours!”

Added Stewart: “Mwah. Mwahaha. Mwahaha. Mwahahahaha!”

Majority Of Murder Statistics Down As Majority Of South African Population Was Murdered Last Year

PRETORIA – Police minister Nathi Mthethwa was quick to remind the people of South Africa during his annual crime statistics press conference that “although murder statistics have dropped by an estimated 8,6%, it is predominantly because the majority of the South African population had been murdered last year.”

“The murder figure fell below the 17 000 mark, compared to 26 877 in the 1995-1996 fiscal year,” Mthethwa told a press conference in Pretoria. “However that’s only because most of the people living in the country had been murdered.”

Added Mthethwa: “You can’t go murdering people that have already been murdered so not much murdering can take place when so many people have already been murdered.

“This is probably why the murder stats are down.

“Murder has always been a problem, and I’d love to reassure the peoples of South Africa that it is on the decrease, but the number of possible murderees and murderers has decreased so dramatically, we’re not really sure where the ball park figure is.

“Also, murdered people seldom report that they have been murdered, and I’ve never met a murderer that says he or she murders.

The recent statistics revealed that South Africa has become the perfect country in which to raise children that hope to get murdered one day.

Concluded Mthethwa: “We can hope that one day we’ll live in a country that murder does not exist, and the murders are doing their best to help us achieve that.”

Pope Disappointed To Learn How Old Prince Harry And Prince William Have Gotten

LONDON – During his historic visit to the United Kingdom between the 16th and 19th of September, Pope Benedict XVI announced that he was “disappointed to learn how old Prince William and Prince Harry have gotten.”

The pontiff admits that he was eager to meet “the young, youthful Princes”, a desire he expressed to the Queen. However it was reported that The Holy Father become visibly disenchanted when he learnt of the Princes’ respective ages.

Prince William is currently 28 years of age, with Prince Harry celebrating his 26th birthday on the 15 of September: a day before the Pope’s arrival in the United Kingdom.

This disappointment voiced by the Pope was not elaborated upon, but when learning the Princes’ ages, Pope Benedict let out a notable, exhausted “sigh.”

Advisors to the Pope mentioned that the pontiff was hoping for some “photos of the young boys to take back to his cardinals and bishops,” however when offered more recent photos of the two Princes taken earlier this year, the Pope turned down the photos with a dismissive “meh.”

The Papal visit was intended to bridge relations between the Catholic church and the rapidly secularising United Kingdom. The pontiff plans to spend time with the Queen and give several open-air masses throughout the Isles.

The Pope also hoped to “get his hands on the last two Harry Potter books.” Yet The Holy Father cancelled a scheduled luncheon he had planned with Daniel Radcliffe upon learning that Radcliffe had turned 23. He did purchase several DVD copies of *Equus*, however.

Mother Buying Verimark Toys Clearly Doesn't Love Her Kids

Bay mother, Donna Goodhead, was met with scorn and contempt from several of her peers last week after purchasing several toys from the Walmer Park Verimark outlet for her two young children.

According to one anonymous friend, “any mother buying Verimark toys for their kids clearly doesn’t love them.”

The friends claim that they were “disappointed” with Goodhead.

“She bought one of those god awful ‘I-Play Bigger Bubble’ things,” said one anonymous friend, “and that stupid laptop knock-off with the tiny dot matrix display that claims to be the only laptop in the country that’s English and Afrikaans.

“We love Donna, but she clearly doesn’t love her kids.

The friend’s sentiments were echoed by Goodhead’s children who supposedly burst into tears upon opening their new toys.

“I feel like a failure,” stated a clearly upset Goodhead. “I just wanted my kids to be happy. Those children on the Verimark adverts looked so happy. I guess I didn’t think or take my kids’ feelings into consideration. Maybe I don’t love them. I took short cuts with these gifts.

“Mother’s aren’t meant to spoil their children, but that doesn’t mean we can just buy them anything. Especially not Verimark stuff.

Added Goodhead: “I should have known, anyway. I still have one of those ‘Twister’ things in the cupboard. It’s been there since I bought it and tried to cut onions with it.

Goodhead’s children have supposedly forgiven their “clearly misguided” mother for her error. Further, Goodhead has supposedly been seen shopping for iPods, smart phones and X-box gaming consoles as “good mothers should.”



Philosophy Student Deconstructs Picture He's Jerking-Off To

A philosophy student found himself unconsciously deconstructing an “extremely raunchy, but objectifying image” of Megan Fox he was jerking-off to Thursday. According to the student, the “submissive, weakened and overtly sexualized pose the model exhibited disempowered the subject of the photograph, aroused the centering of my own white masculinity, and made the starlet totally undeniably fuckable”. He added that his attraction to her amazing tits was infantile and thus undermined the constructed notion of adulthood, allowing him to “totally get off.”

Bay Satirist's Déjà Vu Joke Still Not Funny

A recent attempt to be funny by a satirist living in the Nelson Mandela Metropolitan area was met with nonchalance and disdain last week when the writer unveiled what he believed to be an “innovative and imaginative” déjà vu joke for the next edition of his newsletter. According to friends of the author, the joke is not big or clever just “lazy” and the author is being a cunt.

Decapitated Hobo Lying On The Side Of The Road Probably Just Really Drunk, Reports Bay Man

The lifeless, bloodied and clearly headless body of an unidentified hobo lying on the side of the road in a tepid pool of stale vomit was diagnosed as “really drunk” by a Bay motorist driving past the scene last Tuesday. According to the motorist he saw the body, and the severed head lying several feet away, but decide not to stop his car as he assures the “the bergie will be fine the next morning.”

"Ventriloquists Are Awesome," Reports Man Sitting Next To Ventriloquist

A man seated alongside a ventriloquist reported that “ventriloquists are awesome.” He further reported this several times over and over in various racially insensitive impressions. He even reported it while drinking a glass of water. Various other sources, not seated alongside ventriloquists, have reported that ventriloquists are annoying.

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Expat Devastated To Hear Of Drastic Drop In Murder Rate Back Home

LONDON – Former South African citizen and current Harrods shop-assistant Kyle York this week described to journalists his keen and substantial disappointment at the reported drop in murder rates back home, calling the situation for his countrymen living and working overseas now almost untenable.

“To think that there are people just like back home living in conditions just like these right here... It's awful really, at a deeply personal level.

“The thing I miss most about South Africa is complaining about having to live in South Africa. And you know what? When I Skype home these days, all I hear is this dreadfully depressing

positivism about great World Cups and safer inner-cities.”

Added York: “I came to live in London to be more secure and to enjoy the benefits of emotionally obsessing over the heinous crime rates home without ever having to experience them myself. That's the contemporary South African dream, isn't it? That's what they promise you at birth and in departures lounges nationwide: the glory of self-imposed exile.”

Added York: “I never thought I'd say it, but I just don't know if I can't live in South Africa anymore.”

CRAB SPORTS

A NATION PLAYS WITH ITSELF

Salman Butt Says His Chances Of Stepping Down As Pakistan Captain About 2 To 1

ISLAMABAD – Embroiled in well-evidenced allegations that he co-opted teammates into deliberately bowling no-balls in exchange for large sums of laundered money, Pakistan national cricket captain Salman Butt tentatively hinted to reporters earlier this week that the odds on his prematurely retiring as skipper of his country's national teams were roughly two to one.

“Let's be clear,” said a defiant Butt at an impromptu airport press conference shortly he arrived home from England. “These are just allegations for the moment, and the correct legal procedures must still be thoroughly followed through. So please be understanding when I say that this makes it very hard for me, my teammates and my financial advisors to give you a reliable prediction of what's going to happen next or when to place your bets on my future. I emphasise that I cannot guarantee you a decent return on your money. Yet.

“But, considering the shaky and unpredictable circumstances on which all this is founded, I'd say two to one are pretty short odds, and I'd ask you all to consider them as seriously as I am. Let us first wait for the ICC to complete its internal investigation of this matter, and for Ladbrokes to get their spreads in order.”

Butt also pleaded for caution and care in the handling of the case and credit lines of his 18-year-old co-accused, Mohammed Amir.

“He's so young and extremely talented, a future legend of the game. He was brilliant on the tour to England, and, if he's found guilty, the consensus in the cricketing community is that he should not be

banned from the game outright. This means that the odds on his getting a life-time suspension are about nine to two. Not bad considering the strong punishment the Pakistan Cricket Board has vowed to deliver on us.

“A three-year suspension would be a more restrained, sensible option – about five to one on that happening, I'd say. That's a very good bet to make. I'm thinking about it myself.”

The press conference was concluded when Ijaz Butt, chairman of the Pakistan Cricket Board, strongly advised listeners to go high on a mid-November announcement of his institution's intentions.

Wheelchair-Bound Rafael Nadal Easily Wins US Open

FLUSHING MEADOWS, NEW YORK – Dazzling tennis fans worldwide with his cross-court speed, his extraordinary ability to stop on a dime only nanoseconds after executing a subtle volley, and his revolutionary triple-axel summersault overhead smash, Rafael Nadal cruised to a comfortable four-set victory over world number three Novak Djokovic in the men's US Open final last Sunday.

The crippled Spaniard, who underwent voluntary surgery to paralyse himself from the waist down earlier this year in an effort to make international tennis more unpredictable, now becomes the first disabled athlete to wrap up a career grand slam in able-bodied sports.

Said Nadal: “Overcoming my own paralysis was a lot harder than beating Novak out there today. His serves and forehands were limper than my legs are.”

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CRAB

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THE NATION TALKS TO ITSELF

OCTOBERISH, 2010

Trevor Noah Continues To Make Millions For Vodacom, MTN

Newly appointed CEO results in massive drop of profits for telecommunications giant Cell C

MIDRAND – The aggressive Cell C marketing campaign that instated comedian Trevor Noah as the firm's "CEO" (Customer Experience Officer) has been an unprecedented financial success story for Vodacom and MTN, with the profit margins of the nation's two biggest telecommunications companies reaching an all time high.

Vodacom's marketing manager Enzo Scarcella and lead marketing executive of the MTN group Santie Botha stated to the press that their newly devised campaign was "brilliant, unique and a true game-changer."

"We were all too equally matched in our efforts to promote our respective brands," said an exuberant Scarcella. "The figures were too stable and we needed to shake things up. That's when I had an impromptu pow-wow with Santie [Botha] and shared my idea. Basically, instead of trying to promote Vodacom or MTN, we should rather 'de-promote' Cell C."

Added Scarcella: "And the answer was glaringly obvious: get Trevor Noah."

Allegedly, Botha was at first apprehensive about the campaign as she felt it was too "underhanded." But, when shown proposed profit margins, she quickly "jumped on board."

"It is basic behaviourism," claims Botha. "If you hit a dog whenever it barks, the association causes it to stop barking, like washing a child's mouth out with soap when it swears. We just needed to associate Cell C with something awful: we had to wash South Africa's mouth out with Trevor Noah. Smack them through the face with Trevor Noah."

Scarcella and Botha invested millions of Rands into a full Cell C make over and marketing drive that made Trevor Noah the face of the new brand, causing thousands to leave Cell C in abject disgust and distrust.

"This is where marketing is," added Scarcella, "We can no longer continue advertising the same products to our customers: we have to go on the offensive and attack. The results have been excellent. If only I knew this sooner we could have started making awful "free coffee" jokes much earlier."

Rescued Chilean Miner Rushed To Hospital For Immediate Media Attention

COPIAPÓ – What begun as a nearly impeccable rescue operation to retrieve the 33 trapped Chilean Miners from 645 meters underground was bought to an abrupt halt when rescued group foreman, Luis Urzúa, had to be rushed to hospital for "immediate media attention."

Urzúa reached the surface after a painstaking 16 minute journey and world news journalists could immediately see that there was something wrong.

"He appeared jaundiced and emaciated," reported Sky News correspondent Emma Hurd. "I knew straight away that he had to be rushed to hospital for an interview and video segment."

Urzúa was rushed to a local hospital where the world media had set up interview rooms.

The miner was quickly moved there before any family members or doctors could affect his current condition.

"Urzúa's advanced state of malnutrition and weakened demeanor was something that needed to be put under the careful examination of our cameras.

"At his advanced state of physical deterioration it was crucial that we got the right shots in."

In such an awful condition it is certain that Urzúa will be visited and examined by international specialist from the BBC, CNN and Fox News.

Continued Hurd: "We are hoping to perform an emergency press conference as soon as possible."

When Urzúa finally received medial attention it was clear to everyone he was dead.

Century-Old Struggle Organisation Calls For Another Century Of Struggle

DURBAN – The century-old struggle organisation that fought a decades-long battle against Apartheid for the liberation of all South Africans last week called for yet another century-long era of bitter political rivalry, broad social mistrust and divisive racial tension – a situation in which, it said, the organisation would once again locate renewed direction and purpose in its effort to lead the nation into the future.

Said President Zuma in his opening remarks at last month's National General Conference: "There has been an urgent clarion call from many independent commentators, media institutions and, of course, the no-nonsense common South African citizen to get back to the principles that made us great in the first place."

Continued Zuma: "Our organisation, they say, has drifted off its course, has lost its footprint of greatness marked in the sands of history by the achievements of its founders and early leaders – people who fought against injustice, discrimination, hatred, sexism and enslavement.

"These are the things we now need to bring back to the cultural mainstream of this country. What we need are clear-cut problems we can understand, enemies that are not duplicitous, slippery and evasive.

"And so, at this our National General Conference, we wish to announce, as our newest policy programme, the intention to rebirth the Struggle, and to recognise that social contentment and broader stability is alike in many ways to the nationwide suffering of our past: stability, really, is instability, and contentment is discontentment. We were so happy in those dark, miserable days."

The official pursuit of liberation and freedom through a fierce resistance struggle, as well as the recreation of the social conditions under which the ANC was founded, is set to begin early in January of 2011.

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Zille Surprised To Learn People Live In Those Shacks She's Been Bulldozing

HOUT BAY – According to sources reporting from within the Democratic Alliance, Western Cape Premier Helen Zille, “had no idea that people were actually living in all those shacks she'd been bulldozing in Hout Bay.” The source claimed that Zille argued that such living conditions were “impossible,” and that “no one could ever actually live in such squalor.”

Speaking from her seven bedroom, nine bathroom, three story “flat” in Claremont, Zille claimed she was ashamed to learn that violence had interrupted in Hout Bay.

“I was given a brief that the police had encountered violent resistance in Hout Bay during my annual clean-up,” commented Zille. “Supposedly, a group of angry rock-throwing protestors had attacked the police claiming they were 'residents', and that I was destroying their homes.

“What nonsense! How could this be? I knew straightaway that such claims were fabricated by an

ANC dirty-tricks squad. Those illegal construction I wanted to demolish looked like nothing more than throw away piles of corrugated iron. I thought it was just an illegal dumping ground so I ordered some bulldozers to go and clean it up.

Residents of the area attempted to defend their houses from the bulldozers however police action resulted in 62 arrests.

“Why don't these people have real houses, it's not expensive.” Continued Zille, “I know of people living in Claremont that pay as little as R5000 a month on rent for a small two bedroom-er. I mean, you're only going to get one bathroom at that price, but still. You're right across from Cavendish shopping centre so you can save on petrol. It's cheap.”

Concluded Zille: “People don't live like that - in shacks; this isn't Africa, this is Cape Town.”

While the violence in Hout Bay has been sedated, Zille still has come under investigation by the South African Human Rights Commission (SAHRC).

Bay Man Completes Solo Marathon Journey Across Amazon.com

A two-year journey traversing the world's most uncharted book-purchasing terrain came to a euphoric end yesterday when Bay bibliophile and credit card holder Mark de Klerk (39) completed his solo trek across Amazon.com.

“Most of it is completely unmapped and for the most part I had no idea where I was going,” remarked a clearly exhausted de Klerk. “One minute you're adding little-known scholarly investigating into the similarities between *The Go-Between* and *Atonement* to your cart, and next you're buying the unpublished poetry of Philip K. Dick in German.”

Added de Klerk: “Let me tell you: these are places no online shopper has ever been to. The purchase history says so. Most of the books in those parts... they don't even have 'Look Inside' options. You buy at tremendous risk in those instances. Adjusting back to normal, prosaic life has been hard.”

Asked how he found the strength and mental stamina required to survive his epic journey, the intrepid de Klerk said that he gave every last bit of himself that he could possibly muster.

“I just consistently gave it everything I had: every last bit of credit in my account, and every extension on my overdraft I could persuade my financial advisor into.”

Concluded de Klerk: “My next mission? A solo mission across the harsh and unforgiving landscape of Kalahari.net.”

Behind Mousy Exterior, Horn-Rimmed Glasses Gill Marcus Secretly A Total Babe

JOHANNESBURG – Belying her self-conscious exterior, nineteen-eighties style bifocals and ill-chosen plaid dresses, Gill Marcus, governor of the South African Reserve Bank, is actually an undeniable sex kitten of feminine grace and beauty, it can today be reported.

To cat-calls and stifled gasps from gathered members of the nation's press, Marcus, removing her tinted horn-rimmed glasses and letting her once mousy brown hair cascade well past her shoulders, revealed an unseen side of the reserved appearance the governor routinely sports in her professional life.

“I suppose my crippling social anxiety has been a massive waste of time after all,” said Marcus.

“I know it's hard to imagine a great beauty like myself ever having such unreasonably enormous self-doubts,” said the smoking hot CEO of the nation's top financial regulatory body, “but after my mother... passed away when I was just seven, and my lovably incompetent father was forced to raise me, I mostly just threw myself into my sums and accounting. I ignored my bluer than blue eyes, forgot about the dimples on my cheeks, and unfortunately managed to grow a moustache that I neglected to shave off for many years.”

Added Marcus before drastically cutting the interest rate: “I trust this time my little 'makeover' will turn out better for me in the end: last time I did this, my Matric dance date – the hottest guy in school – stood me up in what turned out to be an elaborate practical joke revolving around a secret bet.”

Darren Spends Way Too Much Money At Comic Book Shop

After returning from a five-day weekend away in the city of Cape Town it was unanimously reported by parents, siblings and the close friends of Darren that Darren (24) spent “way too much money at a local comic book shop.” It has been alleged that the original proposed budget of R500.00 escalated to a total spending of just under R3000.00 on “novelty figurines, rare variant covers and that copy of Justice League International Darren always wanted.” Darren did release a statement that the purchase was “totally worth it.”

Part-Time Job Enters Seventh Year

A part-time job being done for an amount of monthly pocket money just reasonable enough to support a student lifestyle has this month entered its seventh consecutive year. While no longer enrolled at a university, the job's holder, Josh Holmes (28) says his position affords him a level of comfort and non-responsibility that allows him to live a more “authentic life”. Said Holmes: “I remember a line or two from an ancient Chinese poet whose name I cannot recall now. It went something like: Go nowhere, seeing all/Do nothing, achieving everything.” Friends and co-workers insist, however, that Holmes is a delusional loser.

Indian Couple To Have Exotic Christian Wedding

DURBAN (of course) – An Indian couple that have been “humming and hawing” over what theme to give their upcoming wedding have finally settled on what has been described as an “exotic Christian theme.”

The bride to be, Salil Banerjee (29), stated that a traditional Hindu wedding was “too much of a schlep,” and decided that she wanted to try something a little different. After examining various options, she finally decided on a Christian themed ceremony.

“So I looked into it and a Christian wedding seemed nice and exotic: get a nice big cathedral, some somber droning music and very little colour. It is just like a Christian funeral.

“White people do it all the time: Katy Perry is having a Hindu wedding. Religion comes secondary to spectacle.

The wedding will take place in December and include an all-boys choir singing hymns, a nativity scene and plenty of bread and fish.

The vows will take place beneath a *chuppah* just because.





“Yeah, sit in your rooming weeping to Pink Floyd, that’s real mature.”

CAMPUS BRIEFS

Ranting, Rotten Bergie Not The Profound Socratic Genius BA Student Hoped He'd Be

WESTERING – BA Student, Lori J. Hoffman (23), was sad to report that the “filthy, screaming hobo that parades around [her] neighbourhood” is not the Socratic genius she'd hoped he would be.

According to Hoffman the unidentified man marches along Bougainvillea Drive draped in nothing but a second-hand dog blanket while wildly gesticulating and shouting into the sky, occasionally stopping dead still and not moving at all “for hours.”

“I hoped he was the type displaced from societal mores due to his unique insights into our respective ontology,” commented Hoffman, “an existential hero with vision not tied down by a middle-class existence. Like Socrates, or maybe even Diogenes.

“I used to watch him tumbling to the floor and throwing sticks at cars. I was sure this was PE's Tiresias, or maybe some homeless Septimus.

Hoffman claims that she was grievously mistaken in these assumptions and that “when [she] approached the figure to imbibe upon his unique sensibilities, he tried to grope [her].”

“He also smelt of vomit,” Hoffman added.

Other sources have claimed that the man is in no way a lost genius but simply “messed-up” on methylated spirits.

Massive Pile Of BA Application Forms Most Tragic Thing Varsity Registrar Has Ever Seen

SUMMERSTRAND – What begun as a fairly routine Monday was thrown into a state of disarray when NMMU registrar, Patience Lupuzi, entered her office only to be greeted by the “most tragic thing” she had ever seen: a massive pile of over 3000 BA application.

“It's not that we don't support our BA students, I mean they have to pay just like the other students do, it is just what happens to them after varsity that gets to us,” Lupuzi commented.

“Most of them just never leave and spend a broken existence hovering between their bedrooms and Madibaz.

“The degrees are unfocused and understaffed with maybe one or two lecturers teaching 37 subjects a day - none of which are experts in any field. It is just so sad, truly tragic, to walk into a class of 300 dejected students gazing blindly into a PowerPoint presentation clearly taken from the internet.

Lupuzi concluded by bursting into tears.

Procrastinating Forces Of Darkness Will Gather Some Other Time

ELSEWORDS - World domination by a small band of evil super villains was today delayed indefinitely after Aglaeca (Impaler of Babies), founder and chief financial officer of The Forces Of Darkness, yesterday became bogged down in a ten episode-long marathon of *Mad Men* season two.

“We had initially planned to condemn New York and London to eternal flame and enslave their inhabitants by lunchtime today,” said Apep, amorphous spokeshing for The Forces.

“But I just knew as soon as Chernobog the Vivsector of All-That-Is-Blessed, who has this really discerning taste in art, brought back the box-set of *Mad* that our destiny, as prophesied in the Black Book of Metchitewew millennia ago, would have to be put on hold for just a little bit.”

Added Apep while tearing a marketing executive limb from limb: “Look, it's not as if anybody feels too guilty for the time being. It's *Mad Men*, for Diablo's sake – a nuanced television melodrama with a valid critical underpinning that reveals and undermines the banal exploitation of late-capitalism as enunciated through a searing critique of misogyny and early 60's racism.

“If anything, this isn't so much procrastination as it is a preparation, I'd say, for the inevitable dismantling of modern 'civilisation'. Again: this is not procrastination – this is a motivation, if you will – a way of getting us fired-up and in character. Aglaeca's getting all darkly Don Draper already, and it's really quite dark and moody and foreboding.”

Apep concluded by reiterating that the move to postpone the end of times until further notice has, if anything, greatly enhanced the overall quality of the complete and utter destruction of the planet as we know it.

Stupid Fucking Map Not At All Helping

SOMEWHERE CLOSE TO SOME UNKNOWN LANDMARK – A clearly misdrawn and poorly conceived piece of crap map is in no way helping a travelling Bay family find the correct route to an out-of-the-way little restaurant in the Seaview area, report sources.

The cheap map, purchased in haste and out of complete contingency at Caltex along the way, is far too goddam small for Dad to see a fucking thing, and has prompted widespread concern in the motor vehicle about the quality of cartography in this godforsaken, scientifically-illiterate country.

The majority of the hopeless journey to an eatery that will likely never be found is speculated to prompt a debilitating nervous anxiety in the children seated on the back seat, while Mom is left to tactfully aim coldly snide accusations at Dad's outright refusal, a couple of months ago, to invest in a proper, car equipped with a functioning GPS.

After driving in circles for the next half hour, Dad will be forced to head back home, say sources who further predict that not a single word will be passed between anyone on the return journey.

Township Resident Braais Every Night

Embracing the proudly South African, economically inexpensive tradition of cooking raw meat over a simple open flame, impoverished township resident Vusi Mhlanga (59) this week described to reporters his pride at being just one member of the country's large daily braaiers.

“A lot of people, they think the braai is a white thing, or a hobby for the rich to enjoy only,” he said.

“But let me tell you something: me and my family and my friends? We have no stove, no gas, no water to wash the potatoes even. All we have here is wood and a few dead animals and birds we capture with traps.

“We are just one of the many millions of South Africans who perform this ritual every single night of our lives.

“We braai under the stars, or in the rain, or during gale force winds when we have to huddle around the only match we have so it doesn't blow out when we get things started. It's only something you will see happen in this country of ours.”

Bay Man Just Sayin', Just Sayin'

Despite uttering potentially controversial and racially-charged statements in public, sources can today confirm that an unnamed Bay is harmlessly just sayin'.

“I'm just sayin'” he is alleged to have said. “Black people walk really slowly across zebra crossings. Just sayin', just saying'.”

Continued the man: “I'm just sayin' it's also been a while since you heard about somebody getting knocked over at one of those places. I'm just sayin'.”

Added the man: “Farm murders: when last did you hear about one of those? Just sayin'.

“And I'm just sayin', but Justin Bieber has this amazingly pretty little mouth. And I know it's not too popular a thing to admit – just sayin' – but sometimes I really want to get nasty, wet fellatio from that hot little kid.”

Concluded the man to loud jeers from friends standing around him: “What? What? I'm just sayin', for God's sakes. Just sayin'.”

Study: Ninety Percent Of The Time There's Always Some Bullshit Story

A sociological research study confirmed that, more often than not, there's always some bullshit story. "Despite the findings, I suppose one really ought to take issue with the term 'always' in this axiom," said leading sociologist Dr Max Gorky. "While it often feels as though there is perpetually some never-ending series of bullshit excuses contaminated by lies, long-held grudges, or rapacious self-interest, really it is only the case about nine times out of ten." Added Dr Gorky: "It's a rather optimistic finding, I think, whose point ought to be that you can trust one in ten people you meet to treat you with basic human dignity and respect."

"Holy Shit Greig, I Was Totally Gonna Use The Word 'Rapacious' In One Of My Articles," Reports Darren

A disgruntled and clearly upset Darren reported that even though Greig used the word 'rapacious' in his 'Bullshit Story' article, he was totally gonna do it first and Greig totally stole his idea. "I totally read the word in Tarnas's *The Passion Of The Western Mind*," Darren said. "I told Greig: 'I am gonna use this word in a Crab article because I liked its texture so much', but he totally stole my idea and rushed to use it before me. "Darren defined Greig's behaviour here as "rapacious" and vehemently explicated on Greig's "rapacity" over and over. Greig stated to Darren that "he could have just used the word 'avarice'," but this comment got Darren talking about Geoff John's 'Green Lantern' run for some reason.

Mother Knows Reality Contestants Better Than Her Own Kids

Mother and reality-television show fanatic, Marty Wellman (43), appears to know the contestants of *Master Chef Australia* to a much more intimate degree than her own children, it was last week reported by her friends. The mother stated that she has grown to "know these people extremely well over the past 3 weeks and Sam's adorable precocity keeps her tuning in." Wellman also showed concern of Justine's weight gain. When asked about her own child, Tom, Wellman asked when he was voted off the show.

What The Hell Is Gonna Fit Here?

Nothing, but it shouldn't be a problem: no one reads this far into it. They mostly just read the headlines anyway. Maybe we should riff off *The Onion* and start talking about "massaging cocks in elevators."



Commonwealth Games Bollywood's Most Watched Comedy To Date

NEW DELHI – Besides what was called a "spectacular and wondrous" opening ceremony, critics have called this year's Commonwealth Games the "funniest and most-watched Bollywood comedy produced in India of all time."

Hosted in the Indian capital of New Delhi, this direct-to-TV feature has had most critics in "hysterics" at the continuous stream of comedic set-pieces, gags and gaffes issuing from the event.

The event was seen by millions worldwide making it the most watched "Bollywood comedy ever."

Critic Eddie Hamilton said the comedy was truly spectacular, exploring new comedic dimensions in reality sports television.

"I can't even name my favourite part. But it was probably all the stray animals," chuckled Hamilton. "All those snakes they released in the tennis complex. Or the stray dogs that 'hounded' the athletes' village. What a laugh. Never mind that the bright stadium lights had literally brought in millions of bugs and insects."

"Then there's all those equipment failures! My goodness, what howlers those were. First the scales that were supposed to weigh the boxers weren't working. And then their amazing opening ceremony messes up the athletics track. Ha! Comedy genius.

"The organisers even channeled this Ricky Gervais thing that just bought the guffaws; but wow it was awkward," added Hamilton. "What they did was not open the ticket booths in time, so hardly any tickets get sold. We then have athletes receiving medals only in front of small groups of cheering family members. Imagine that, you train your whole life to get gold, and when you finally win the 60 000 capacity stadium only has a few hundred people inside. Awkward!

Continued Hamilton: "The organisers even had a bit of a hidden camera prank thing going, which doesn't normally get me, but here I was finished! The training pool the swimmers warm-up in: toxic. Can you believe it, more than 50 swimmers fell ill. The looks on their faces. Also the dengue fever scare, hilarious.

Many have said that the star of the show has been South African swimmer Roland Schoeman. Schoeman's controversial role had the actor calling various spectators "monkeys", playing up the typical South African racist stereotype.

Other bits that have garnered much media attention have included toilets being clogged by condoms, having the majority of the official transports driven by drivers with no knowledge of New Delhi streets and the Australian team being herded around like cattle.

Player 23 Dropped From Springbok Squad Due To Fitness Concerns

DESPATCH – The Springbok's terrible performance at this year's Tri-Nations has resulted in Player 23 being dropped from the squad reverting the team back to its original 22 man line-up. While various reasons have been given for Player 23's sudden dismissal, "fitness concerns" appears to be the most prominent one.

"I was disappointed, enraged in fact," said a distraught Player 23 sitting amid several empty beer cans wearing a faded 'Blue Bulls' shirt strewn with biltong bits. "But I haven't been keeping in shape with the boys. I spend most of the games sitting on my backside shouting."

While the majority of the Springbok rugby squad follow an intense fitness training regime and a heavily regulated high-kilojoule diet in preparation for each game, it has been reported that Player 23 is "nowhere near as fit as the other players and fuelled with a diet consisting almost exclusively of braai meat and Castle lager."

Player 23 was also one of the heaviest players in the squad before his dismissal; weighing in at a massive 134 kilograms. However little of this weight constituted muscle mass. It was stated that the majority of his weight is being carried around the midriff area having a detrimental effect on both his agility and speed.

Team physiotherapist, Rene Naylor, commented that she was "exceptionally disappointed by the state of Player 23" and that any hope of physical recovery would be "an arduous uphill battle."

Continued Naylor: "For the meanwhile, we can no longer rely on the performance given. It is too slow and lethargic. Sometimes not even coming to the games, but staying at home and watching from the couch.

"Someone in that position holds the team together and can push them to victory. It's a supportive position; however at this juncture the team is better off without that position in play."