**LAND ACTS**

A Multi-Sketch Satirical Revue

Mike van Graan

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**Derya Hanekom**

Good afternoon, I’d like to welcome you to South Africa on behalf of the Big Five, and our President who together make the Top Six. President RamaPoser wanted our Finance Minister to meet you, but I put up my hand and said “send me”! My name’s Derya Hanekom and I’ll be your guide during your stay in our beautiful country. If I’m not available, then one of my (*grits teeth*) sleeping (*normal*)partners in Rainbow Nation Tours –Loshni Naidoo, Rosie September or Moses…. – will stand in for me.

I trust you all had a good flight? Yes, we are aware that it takes two days to get through passport control, but if you decide to invest in our country, the Minister of Home Affairs can arrange a South African passport for you. Even two.

Please accept this little gift from the Minister; it is the feather of our national bird, the ostrich. We also have an international bird…and, dear investor, it…is…YOU! You are our golden geese who will lay your investment eggs that will hatch lots of jobs.

Some of you have been asking about expropriation without compensation, and whether your investment will be safe…(pause) are there any other questions?

(as if listening to a question) Yes, you will get to see the big five. In fact, we have a herd of white elephants…FIFA football stadiums. They gave birth to an elephant in the room; we promised our people houses, but we gave them…football. We don’t have any more young lions; they have all become fat cats. You will see a leopard at Nkandla; he’s no longer the President, but he hasn’t changed his spots. Despite the poaching, we do have black and white rhino, but the bruin-ou is still under threat…not white enough for the past, not black enough to name an airport. Shame.

(*responding to another question*) Yes, we are thinking of doing a township tour. In fact, we wanted to correct apartheid’s spatial geographies as a priority, but then we realised how popular the township tours are with tourists, so we’ve decided to keep the townships.

Some tourists don’t feel safe in the townships, so now we are thinking of bringing the township to you. Instead of you going to look at people in the township, they will come to look at you. Township residents will have two minutes to tell you their story before moving on to the next tourist. If you are moved by anyone’s story, you can empower them with $5, which includes Rainbow Nation Tours’ facilitation fee.

(*listening to another question*) Definitely yes, we are going to take the cable car up Table Mountain. And yes, it is safe. According to police statistics, it’s the only kind of car that hasn’t been hijacked yet. Although, the police have warned that the cable could be stolen at any time.

We will also be going to Kirstenbosch where we’re busy with a project to get rid of all the aliens. From the continent. But we really hope that you investors from around the world, will stay.

Please follow my brolly and stay close together to make it easy for the police to protect you. Just so you know, the guys in blue with the automatic rifles are the police. And the guys in brown with the panic buttons are the private security firm, hired to protect the police.

Follow me!

**GIVE ME A SIGN, JULIUS**

*Character is a young, woke black woman. She could be exercising, running, yoga, Pilates, etc.*

Hey Julius, what’s with all this “give back the land” bullshit? I’ll tell you this for free: red’s not my colour. And berets and overalls? That’s so…sixties! You want my vote in 2019? Then give me a sign, Julius.

I didn’t get a Masters degree in Economics so I could grow cabbages. And the other women who got degrees - before you got yours - they are also here. We want to be pilots. Lawyers. Astronauts. Run our own companies. So give us a sign, Julius. It doesn’t have to be a Seeff sign. Or Pam Golding saying “SOLD”. It can say “Expropriated”. With or without compensation. We’re cool with that.

If you and your boys want to do the whole farmer, patriarchal, boer-maak-‘n-plan thing with your (*sexual innuendo*) sprinklers and fertiliser, go right ahead. But the women who wear kangas? They are also here. We don’t do Boer-soek-‘n-vrou. Or “there’s-a-Zulu-on-my-koek”. We swipe right when we want. Because we can! We’re lit. We’re woke. Our clits. Unyoked. We got your sign, Julius! And we don’t need your breakfast. Or your taxi money!

Thandi Modise…she gave us a sign, Julius. With her pig cannibals eating other pigs at the trough! Like the Revolution eating its children. You can keep your one-man-one-goat! You want to give us land? Speak to the hand! We want two-bedroomed apartments. En-suite. With a shower for the drought. And a bath for when it rains. And a sea view. With a lock-up garage. For a car, a scooter and a stand-up paddle board.

The wheat-frees, the low glutens and the lactose intolerant are also here, Julius. Mornings are for gym. For Pilates. Yoga. Not for pulling on Daisy’s tits. If we *want* milk, we go shopping. Give us a sign, Julius! “Woolies…this way”.

The women who listen to music? They are also here. We would rather listen to The Soil, than work it. And the book clubs are here, Julius. We read Chimamande Adichie. Zuki Wanner. No Violet Bulawayo. We. Don’t. Read. Farmers. Weekly. Ever. We Netflix. Spotify. Instagram. We don’t need land…lines! We saw the sign…TELKOM. And we said, No thanks!

I know you don’t care much for the rainbow sign, Julius. Frankly, neither do I. But I’m turned on by the thought of a white PA, making me black tea, with one brown sugar. I don’t want to grow the tea, Julius! Nor the sugar! I just want to taste it! And give a white boy a job. And save him from the genocide against white farmers, shem! (*Snorts*)

I must say…I admire your farming, Julius. Sowing a little chaos. Reaping a lot of headlines. Incubating those smallanyana ANC chickens. Letting them come home to roost as the EFF. And those cash crops. But then, you had a lot of signs. Signed tenders. Signed procurements. Signed cheques.

By the way, the girls love your Land…rover. Probably given to you for your birthday, so SARS doesn’t get too upset? You’re a Pisces, but the other signs are also here. Gemini, Scorpio, even Virgos. We don’t do blessers, Julius! ‘Cos we got the power!

Good luck with your land…slide!

**MIDDLE FINGER FOR THE NATIVES**

*The character is a cowboy with a “Western” drawl. Cowboy enters on horse. Stops. Holds his hand above his brow.*

What a fine piece of land I’ve just discovered, (*pats his horse*) Dromedaris. (*makes an approving neigh sound*)Yeah, I’m glad you like it too! All the way up the mountain, down to the river, and along the sea shore. So lush. So beautiful. So…mine!

(*Mounts his horse and rides in a circle. Stops, reverses*). Whoa! There’s a savage on our land.

(*Addressing someone*) Hey boy, you speak English? Good! So you got yourself some civilisation. What’s your name, boy? (*Person doesn’t understand; Cowboy acts out patronising/racist while saying*) What…your…momma…call…you? (*Pause*)Matanzima Mangope Buthelezi? (*Snorts*) (What kinda name is that, boy? From now on, your name is Tonto. (*Pause*) (*Laughs*) No, not Toronto! That’s the name my cousins gave the capital of the land *they* discovered! From now on, you ride with me. Well, when I get you a horse. Till then, you run with me. My name’s Billy Abraham Andrew Shackleton…but you can call me BAAS for short.

(*Looks perturbed*) What’s that noise, Tonto? (*Looks around*) Oh no! More savages! Hundreds of them! (*Takes out his rifle and stands at the ready*)

What they saying Tonto? (*Listens to Tonto*) Say what? This is *your* land?

*Cowboy shoots. Gives the impression of many – machine-gun like - shots.*

Your land? Not any more it ain’t. C’mon Tonto…leave them bodies to fatten up those vultures.

(*as he gallops)* Where did you learn English, Tonto? Missionaries? Good on them…preparing the way for civilisation to reach the undiscovered world. And where are the missionaries now? (*Nearly falls off his horse*) They got eaten? (*Pause*) Tonto, you don’t have a taste for white meat, do you? (*Pause*) Good! (*Pause as he thinks about how to make a deal to keep Tonto in check*).

Tonto, you see that piece of land up the mountain? You can have that. (*Pause*) No, no, not the forests and the waterfall, you big tease you! There…with all the lovely rocks and the sunshine. You can live there with whoever else works for me. Okay?

Right, since there are no more missionary positions, I guess I’ll just have to educate you myself! Time to learn the alphabet, Tonto!

A is for Adam, the first man God made in his image. And he was white! Like me. And God said: Adam…see all this land and stuff like the savages I made? I give it all to you to rule over.

Which brings me to B for Bible and the two most important commandments. “Thou shalt not steal!” and “Thou shalt not kill”. No more killing white people, Tonto! That’s G for Genocide! And we don’t do genocide! And no need to steal from me! I’ve given you some land.

Civilisation. That’s what C is for. Enlightenment. Progress. Development. And piped water. Just like Mrs Zille says.

D…D is for democracy. Now you’re not ready for that yet. So in the meantime, we white folk will get to choose who rules over you lot.

E is for education. But you won’t be needing much of that. Cos you going to be hewers of wood and drawers of water. Just like the Bible says.

F is for freedom. But no need to be learning about that either.

H is for human rights. But to have them, you have to be human, right?

I forgot about G. G is for gold. As soon as I discover where you guys have found it Tonto, you can bring all your other cousins to work for me.

But G is also for Gin. And T is for Tonic. Time for Gin and Tonic, Tonto! But also time for you to work my land. And remind all your half-breeds to come to church on Sunday!

Or me and my whip will give them H for hell on Monday.

**MCDONALD’S FARM**

Old McDonald had a farm

E-I-E-I-O

But burgers make him wealthy now

E-I-E-I-O

With a Big Mac here

French fries there

Here’s a beef, there’s a chick

Everywhere a double thick

Old McDonald’s on a high

M-O-N-E-Y

Old McVorster bought his farm

R-A-N-D-S

But on his farm he caught bird flu

H-5-N-1-nest

A dead fowl here

A dead fowl there

Here’s a fowl, there’s a fowl

Everywhere a dying fowl

Old McVorster sold his farm

Willing seller he

So the State bought his farm

Willing buyer they

They sat on it for years and years

In fact, right to this day

With a land claim here

And a land claim there

Here’s a claim, there’s a claim

Everywhere’s a land claim

Now the State still owns the farm

Yippee-doodle-do

Young McPhosa bought a farm

B-U-F-L-O

And on his farm he had a herd

B-U-F-L-O

Ten million here

Ten million there

Here’s a turd, there’s a turd

Everywhere’s a buff’lo turd

Young McPhosa had a farm thank

Double-U-M-C

Half the cabinet has a farm

Viva ANC

Their voters got their promises

Viva RDP

A matchbox here

A matchbox there

Here’s a box, there’s a box

Everywhere a township box

All the cabinet had two homes

Time for R-E-T.

**A PROMISE FULFILLED**

Thank you for the invitation to appear again at the Thabo Mbeki Annual African Renaissance Poetry Festival. This poem is called “A Promise Fulfilled”.

The plots are marked

Or most of them

Their waiting lists need

No councillor bribe

No back-hand pay-off

No party gift

Nor application form

Demanding race

Though “black” will be unspoken firsts

Age matters not

Here young and old

Even the unborn

Are eligible

A place to visit

For families to remember

The good times

To share a laugh

Some rehearsed story maybe

And then a mournful

Shake-of-the-head

New neighbours arrive daily

Random selection outsourced

To the grinning reaper

By official neglect

Harvested by

Disease

Taxis

Knives

Guns

The favoured scythes

To take up their promise of land

Two feet wide

Eight feet long

Six feet deep

Hundreds

Thousands

Even millions

Promised in their lifetime

Bestowed in their premature deaths

A plot of land for all

**CAR GUARD**

(*Sings to Ladysmith’s Black Mambazo’s “Homeless” as he waits for a car to arrive*)

Homeless, homeless

At night we sleeping on the bench again

Harmless, harmless

We also want our sun to shine again

(*Sees a car in need of parking*)

Hello sir, here’s a lekker bay

Have a lekker day

(*under his breath*)And perhaps a lekker vry

(*turns his attention in the opposite direction*)

Madam, I look nicely after your car

While you’re in the Spar

Or maybe in the bar (*snorts*)

No, the nails bar, madam

You want a car wash, my lady?

No my lady, I know there’s a drought. But me and my friends, we do a spit wash. Ja, we spit on your car and then…(*the lady has said no thank you*)

What a stirvy goose! (*to audience*)On a Sunday, she and her friends have a spit roast, but on a Monday, too stirvy to have a spitwash! Probably from Fairways. (*turns his attention to a car*)

Hello my lanie, anything for the shelter

No need to skell sir

(*under his breath*)Oh go to hell sir

(*and then, as if after the guy has turned his back on him*)

Don’t be surprised by the scratch on your car, sir

(*at audience*) Only joking.

But I’m sure that’s what many of you think, ne? “I better be nice to the car guard, or next thing I’ll have a nail in my tyre, or he’ll do graffiti on my bonnet!” So I just want to put this out there…we are car guards, not a protection racket. Well, most of us. Actually, I can only speak for myself. I don’t speak French.

Look, let’s be honest. If you are anything like I was before I fell on hard times, you are irritated by car guards. Either they’re waving you into a space which you spotted yourself; or you never see them, until you’re getting into your and they come running from a kilometre away, saying “everything’s fine…your car is safe”. Like they had anything to do with it.

(*His phone buzzes, to audience*) Sorry, just hold that thought. *(He types a message into his phone*) I run a business on the side. Uber Trolleys. There are so many of us living on the streets now, but not everyone has to steal, I mean, borrow a shopping trolley anymore. You can now order an Uber Trolley from me. We have different kinds of Trolleys. We have the more expensive Trolley W, that’s the one from Woolworths, if you want to look through Camps Bay bins on Tuesdays. Then there’s the Checkers Trolley…Trolley C…for places like Claremont and Rondebosch. And then we’ve got the Spar Trolleys – Trolley S – for anywhere else. Like Kalk Bay (*or wherever the revue is being performed at the time*). However, we don’t go into areas like Manenberg. And Nyanga.

Dogs have kennels, bicycles have lanes and cars got parking garages and bays. But the City doesn’t care about those of us who live on the streets. They just show us their gat. In fact, we call it “The City that Twerks for You”. (*twerks, bursts out laughing*). But we’re doing it for ourselves…very entrepreneurial. Many of us have a favourite place…underneath a bridge, on a shop stoep, or a bench on the Promenade if you want to wake up with a sea view. But sometimes we get enough money for the shelter, and it’s nice to have a real bed to sleep in. Then we Airbnb our bench or our stoep. Through the grapevine, if you know what I mean.

We could just beg and ask you for money. But you’ll think… “he’s going to spend it on drink again” or “why doesn’t he get a job?”. So this is why we offer this service…to guard your car…which you don’t really need. We have more dignity this way, and you feel a little better about parting with a tiny percentage of what you just spent at the restaurant.

So, no need to hug your car guard…just a nice tip would help keep us off your stoep.

(*Sings/hums, transitioning to next sketch*)

Homeless, homeless

At night we sleeping on the bench again

Harmless, harmless

We also want our sun to shine again

**AUSTRALIAN REFUGE**

*Character is an Aboriginal Australian.*

On behalf of the Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander people, I would like to apologise to South Africans for the cricket ball-tampering incident.

Unfortunately, we are not surprised by this kind of cheating. Steve Smith and his fellow Gubbas were only trying to steal a cricket match. In our case, they not only took all our wickets so to speak, these full tosses also forcibly stole – not a run or two – but generations of our children. This happened till 1970, when Australia played a test series in South Africa for the last time before that country was banned from international cricket. Because of apartheid, a crime against humanity. (*Snorts*)Australia should have been banned for fifty, no, for centuries before that, given their crimes against us. Little wonder we are now less than 4% of the population.

Maybe that’s why we’re not in the cricket team; there’s not enough of us. Or maybe it’s because they’re scared that if we throw in ball from the boundary, it will boomerang back to us. How’s that? (*a look of incredulousness*)

The Ozzie Prime Minister says it’s unbelievable that the cricket team should be caught cheating. “They’ve always been associated with fair play”, he says. Yeah right, with the emphasis (*pointing to his skin*)on “fair”. He wants the Cricket Board to come down on the culprits with a sledging hammer.

Well, what about reparations for our land? For our stolen children?

So we got a declaration. From a former prime minister in 2008, apologising for the stolen generation. We have a National Sorry Day – 26 May; it’s supposed to be a day of healing, building from “the ashes” of the past. But it’s been a real slog…ten years on, the scoring has been slow.

At least some white folk now acknowledge the crimes of the past. At the beginning of events, they get to say things like “We acknowledge the Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander people as the original inhabitants of this continent. We recognise their loss of land, children, health and kin, and the erosion of their languages, culture and lore, and the manifold impacts of colonisation.” I smile when I think about white South Africans in denial about their past, who now have to make this acknowledgment here in their adopted country”.

Here’s something our government can do for us. By doing something for Black South Africans. We know about genocide so we have a duty to help those facing it.

There were 19 000 murders in South Africa last year - that’s an average of 52 every day. 74 of those took place on farms. It took a year to murder as many people on farms as are murdered in a one-and-a-half days in the Black townships. It’s safer for Black South Africans to live on farms...even though a third of those killed on farms, are black. But after 24 years of democracy, Black people still don’t have land.

So we appeal to the Australian government: help black South Africans to escape the genocide, and to resettle here!

Maybe then we’ll also have a black person in the national cricket team.

**A DOG’S LIFE**

Woof! (*try to get an audience reaction*) WOOF! You people like to say “it’s a dog’s life”. Like we spend the whole day lying in the sun. Licking our balls. And chasing cats. (*Pause*) Well…some days the sun doesn’t shine. Just saying.

And now with everyone barking about expropriation without compensation, it looks like what’s left of my dog’s life is coming to an end. Next thing, Beauty will be sleeping *inside,* and *I’ll* be out on the stoep!

The other day, I took Beauty for a walk…her real name’s not Beauty, but we call her that to make her feel better about her life. Shame. Anyway, I had to keep her on a tight leash, because everytime she saw another domestic, she was like “Wakanda, Wakanda”. Crossing herself like a Christian expecting a mansion in heaven. Because of the first coming of Julius.

We don’t really get along…Beauty and me. We may both be black, but that’s where it ends. First, I’m a dog. Man’s best friend. She’s just…black. Second, she doesn’t have matric. I went to a Model C Dog School. As you can hear from my accent. (*Barks “upper class”*). Third, I get to have the leftovers from the family table. Which is why it pisses me off when she clears the table and eats some of *my* food before feeding me. She says the family doesn’t want a heavy pet. Thinks she’s funny.

So every time she puts more than two sugars in her tea, or stuffs a toilet roll in her bag to take home with her over weekends, I bark like hell. And when she steals my food, I make the biggest turd outside her room. It’s like the turd world war.

Which is why when they take over, I think Beauty will be quite happy to dump me in a township. Have you seen those township dogs? Once those undernourished tsotsi dogs see me, it will be dog eat dog!

Last week, I went to see *Hair, the Musical*…starring the usual Siberian Huskeys and Golden Retrievers. The show got cancelled because the lead couldn’t keep his paws off the lead-ess! Hashtag metoo! The entertainment industry’s full of it!

Anyway, we all landed up at the Bark Inn and there was a lot of bitching…not about the show being cancelled, but about what’s going to happen when *they* take over. Everyone was hot under the collar. One fleabag said he heard that we were all going to be exported to China as food. That made the sausage dog burst into tears…we always teased her about being a hot dog. She first thought we meant she was sexy. Someone said the Chinese are already here…we’re being flooded by Pekingese. The English Mastiffs and Yorkshire terriers are not worried…they already have their British passports. The Afghan hound reckons that whatever happens, it will still be better than where he’s from. The bulldog was typically dogmatic…he’s not going anywhere! Nearly got into a fight with the Boxer who said he’s talking a lot of bull. For a dog. Even Rover and Jock interrupted their usual argument about which was better, Rolex or Tag Heuer – they were both good watch dogs. This little yapper was going on and on about the tail wagging the dog, about the EFF dictating ANC policy. As Julius would say, bloody chihuahua!

But everyone’s scared. We can see (*lifts his leg*) the pissing on the wall. The days of Dog Privilege are soon going to be over.

I get on very well with the family except Merlin who’s in Grade 9. Always blames me for eating his homework. It took me a long time to forgive them for neutering me…they said they didn’t want me to litter. They’ve been good to me since, but I know that when the shoe hits the turd, they’ll be out of here, and I’ll be left behind. With Beauty.

So I’m thinking of leaving the country before things get bad. Two poodles have invited me to Malta. They are South African poodles, but their great granny is Maltese.

I’m just waiting to be vetted…

**WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD**

The hills of Kwazulu

The open Karoo

The luscious Limpopo

Please not Limpoo

And I think to myself

What a beautiful world

I see Madiba statues

I saw Rhodes fall

Orania Koeksiesters

Monuments all

And I said to myself

What a colourful world

I hear politicians

Deciding our fate

I see social media

Stirring up hate

So many out there, shaking their fists

There’s no more rainbow, only thick mist

First there’s a drought

And then there’s rain

I hope for healing

After the pain

For I think to myself

We’ve a bountiful world

Yes, I think we all know

We’ve a bountiful world

I see mansions large

In suburbs green

And shanty towns

With deadened dreams

And I think to myself

Unsustainable world

If we are human

Then let’s agree

This can’t continue

This cannot be

I see many fake chiefs

Now claiming land

And I see good people

Drawing lines in the sand

So many out there, shaking their fists

There’s no more rainbow, only thick mist

If we are human

Then let’s agree

This can’t continue

This cannot be

Let’s think for ourselves

Save our beautiful world

Yes, let’s think for ourselves

And save our beautiful world

**SHAKESPEARE IN LOVE**

*Actor uses English accent; the conceit is a use of as many Shakespeare play titles and a sprinkling of quotes. He is speaking to an estate agent.*

Hello, the name’s Shakespeare. William Shakespeare. I’m in love…with your country. Well, I’m more out of love with mine. I’m doing a Brexit…in reverse. I believe you have very fine actors here, and they’re cheap! So I’m thinking of making my work here, tour the world in dollars, and pay the actors in rands. Writing is so much easier these days on my **Macbeth** Pro. So yes, I’d like to buy – not a whole village – just a little **Hamlet**, if I may.

I would need a place with a garage for two cars. I have a **Troillus and a Cressida**. They are being shipped over, by a friend of mine. He’s a **Merchant in Venice**. I flew over in my **Lear**, so if I could also have a bit of runway, that would be splendid.

My partner, Dick was supposed to fly over with me, but he got stuck in **Coriols’ anus** with a bout of **Titus Andronicus**. Too much information, I know but it was a real **Comedy of Errors.** After the **Twelfth Night**, I said **Richard, the Second** you get unstuck, please join me. I have to go, or my special skills permit may run out. But **All’s well that ends well** and Dick is on his way.

No, I don’t mind who I have for neighbours, as long as it’s not **Henry V**…Henry van Breda.

(*Looking at a catalogue of houses*) Ah yes, these places look lovely, and I could also have a 6-roomed cottage at the sea. My girlfriends – Desdemona, Juliet and Cleopatra – I call them **The Merry Wives of Win** Some, Lose Some – Desdemona and Juliet would love to do a house swop. If they’re still around. You know how it is with intimate partners nowadays.

I didn’t expect it to be so…chilly. It will warm up soon? So I suppose I’m getting **Winter’s Tale**?I am looking forward to **Midsummer Night’s Dreams** under the African stars.

Tell me, I met these **Two Gentlemen from Verona** in the airport lounge…apparently they’ve decided to leave South Africa because of this **Tempest** about the land…is it serious, or **Much ado about Nothing**? If my land, this blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this little piece of England does get taken…I’d like at least **Measure for Measure** in compensation.

I could pay by EFF…sorry, EFT or cash or swipe my card…Just **as you like it**.

But tell me…will my **Hamlet** be safe, or will **Julius** Seize it?

*Pause*

*(smiles*) You’re not just saying that…like “Trust me…I’m an estate agent”, you **Shrew**, you!

**ODE TO WANKANDLA**

This poem is an Ode to WaNkandla

When the corruption bells first rang their wail

They were dismissed as western conceit

“Typical Afro-pessimists”

They jeered

“With no understanding of our culture”

Then when next the whistles blew

They were cold-shouldered as white racism

“Where were your voices when apartheid

Corruptly favoured whites” they hurled

“You just don’t want blacks to be rich!”

When they full knew of many among them

Whom whites had made more wealthy than even wealthy whites

To laager white wealth

When expose after expose exposed the rot

They were rebuffed as sensational media

Journalists were agents of monopoly capital

Defenders of minority privilege

As the anti-looting volume grew louder

It was pooh-poohed as middle-class concerns

Typical parliamentary opposition

Seeking electoral advantage

Then when party veterans raised their hands

And even the communists raised their voice

At last to defend the poor

When party branches raised their fists

In anger at a president captured for treasonous ends

They were reprimanded as undisciplined

Acting outside the party culture

When courts put a halt to new looting schemes

To stop the assault on the country’s crippled vaults

They turned their venom on the constitution’s defenders

“Who are these unelected men and women

Who dare think they run the country?

Clever blacks who should be thankful

For what this government had allowed them to become.”

And then they helped themselves to millions more

To appeal for their right to ill-gotten gain

Then when black masses marched

When blue and red walked side by side

And left and right found common cause

The thieves

Their fake prophets

And their rented shirts

Assumed the radical position

Their rhetoric about

Land and

Economic transformation

Echoing hollow over

The country’s sucked-dry coffers

By the time it was all over

There was little left to steal

Only a people divided

By crooks

Who had long robbed their own conscience

And auctioned this to foreign bidders

That it has come to this

**FOOTBALL MATCH**

Welcome listeners to today’s match, where the political football is…land. In the last match, the political football was Zuma, with the opposition winning handsomely, mainly through the ANC scoring numerous own goals. They didn’t want to know their backhand from their handball.

The ANC – the Green Team - has a new captain, but to keep his team together, he has kept some terribly out-of-form and politically injured players in their positions.

Once more, the ANC is both player and referee. They have also bought, sorry brought the lines-people who will determine who’s offside, and who’s not.

The game kicks off. The Red Team passes the land resolution to the Green Team. The Green Team passes the buck, sorry, the ball to its National Working Committee. The Working Committee stabs it through to the National Executive Committee. The National Executive Committee lobs the ball to the top six. The Top Six heads the ball to a Land Summit.

The Blue team intercepts the ball. The Red Team appeals for offside, and the referee blows his whistle on the Blue Team. Patricia de Lille cheers from the stands.

The Green Goalkeeper prepares to take the free kick. He pulls up his socks. He ties his shoelaces. He runs up and then…he stops. He looks around...

Julius complains that the goalkeeper’s wasting time. The referee yellow-cards the Goalkeeper, and now all the Goalkeeper needs is the race card to complete the ANC’s colours.

The goalkeeper kicks the ball into touch, high into the stands. The crowd catches the ball and refuses to let it go. The police are sent to get the ball. The crowd sets up barricades. They burn tyres. The police open fire. Fourteen people die and 63 are injured. Israel withdraws their ambassador in protest. The police manage to retrieve the ball.

It’s a throw-in to the Blue Team. Steenhuizen to Selfe. Selfe to Zille. Zille to Trollip. Musi – their centre front, sorry, their centre forward – is screaming for the ball, but it’s a one-two-one-two between the old boys. And Girls. The spectators in the boxes are urging their team on. The boxes are reserved for 20% of the spectators who earn 70% of the national income. Eventually Musi gets the ball just outside the box, but he is tackled from behind by three players in red shirts. Musi the diva dives. But no penalty, as the foul happened outside the box. Meanwhile, many in the Green Team are eating the fowl in the KFC box. Which makes the 20% spectators in the boxes very cross, as they are the ones paying for the fowls in the box.

The Green and Red teams form a wall. Musi prepares to take the kick, but Steenhuizen sends him to the far post. Steenhuizen shoots, and it comes off a Green Defender. It’s a corner to the Blue Team. The spectators outside the boxes are calling for social housing, but Blue Team members bid for the corner. And now the winner is building a luxury high rise apartment block.

We have a bit of a hold up; there seems to be some problem in the Green Team. There are two or three women players who look very unhappy. Danny Jordaan says he has nothing to do with it.

The ball is back in play. Supra from the Premier League has the ball. He passes to his son. His son passes to Magashule’s son. Magashule’s son passes to Mabuza’s son. Mabuza’s son looks around to pass to Duduzane, Jacob’s son…

The Red Team are shifting the goalposts, bringing them closer together to make it easier to score. The Blue Team are consulting their lawyers…they want someone on the bench to save them.

The Red Team has been red-carded, and they are being forced off the field. Their fans are throwing bottles onto the pitch. The referee is appealing for calm. He is offering a minimum wage, but the spectators keep booing.

The ordinary spectators are invading the pitch. The police have rushed to the boxes to protect the 20% spectators, who are now being escorted to their Ubers. Spectators are digging up the pitch and taking pieces with them. Others are building shacks, occupying large parts of the field.

It doesn’t look like play will resume tonight. So we cross back to the studio for our game show. Over to Nick and Naas for “Pick your Plaas”.

**IMAGINE**

Imagine we’re in heaven

A decent house for all

No more hell and brimstone

Around us no more walls

Imagine all our people, living in harmony

Imagine there’s no poverty

Will be hard to do

No more theft and break-ins

No more killings too

Imagine all our people, living life in peace

You….

You may say I’m a dreamer

But I’m not the only one

I hope each day more will join us

And we all can live as one

Imagine no armed response

No electric walls

No one will sleep hungry

A nation caring for all

Imagine all our people, sharing in our land

Imagine life without fear

Seeing each other’s eyes

Hate and anger banished

All breaking into smiles

Imagine all our people, living as humans should

You….

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But I’m not the only one

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