

Get A Life

BY SHANI RAVIV

There's no room for degrees of being in this extreme world. Whatever you do, there's a judgemental category for you

These days, if you don't have 20 smokes sprouting from the clogged up orifice in your face, then you obviously don't smoke; if you don't have 30 syringes piercing your arse, then you're obviously not a junkie; if you don't agree that the PAC should amputate the limbs of criminals or that the DP should 'take back their seats', then you don't have a political view; if you don't have huge silicone breasts, then you're obviously not a woman. We're living in an age of excess. If at 10 you're not smoking, at 13, not humping, at 15, haven't escaped rehab, and at 19 aren't divorced with two kids, then you obviously haven't lived.

Competition is fierce – if you're not satanic, you're a philanthropist; if you aren't a serial killer, rapist or a hijacker, you're no criminal; if your name sounds right, it's probably a pseudonym; if you aren't doing somebody different every night, you're seen as celibate; and if you claim you're still a virgin, then your name is surely Mary. If you speak eloquently, you can't be of this planet; if you're dressed in bad taste, you're obviously an undercover policeman; if you think Pretoria's the Big Apple, then you obviously come from Potchefstroom; if you're illiterate, you're obviously not ambitious; if you're still a student, then you're most likely in your forties; if you're insane, then you've probably been declared innocent; if you're thrown in the loony-bin, they'll guess you're just depressed; and if you're on Prozac, then you're a conformist.

If you're patriotic, you have to be



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initely not a real artist; and if you aren't a surgeon in the ER, you're not really a doctor. If your job title consists of less than 10 words, you are obviously unqualified; if you experience desire, you're certainly a capitalist; if you donate to charity, you're a certified communist; if you're materialistic,

you cannot be into *feng shui*; if you look young, you've had a face lift; if you look thin, then you've probably had liposuction – or anorexia; and if you're a drug addict, then you probably got hooked by that first puff of weed. If you own a Mercedes Benz, you undoubtedly are a druglord, though, if you own nothing, you're most likely a Buddhist. If you're in it for the drugs, then you're probably working in the Cape Town film industry, and if you're in it for the money, you're probably working in the Cape Town photographic industry. Of course, if you're in it for the money and the drugs, you're no doubt in the Jo'burg advertising industry.

If you're in it for the love of it, you must be a creative soul; if you recently got into esoterics, you most probably lost your recent job; if you believe that the Apocalypse will come in the year 2012, you must be part of the

conspiracy; if you're sceptical about the end of the world, then you must be a pretender; and if you are indifferent, you're obviously the creator. If you're concerned about the Y2K bug, you must be a techno freak; if you are concerned about the techno-freaks, you're probably a hacker, and if you are concerned about the hackers, then it's probably because all your money is on the stock market. If you aren't surrounded by high walls, alarm systems and barbed wire, then you definitely don't live in Jo'burg; and if you had (but no longer have) credit cards, liquid cash, silver and diamonds and a Beamer (BMW), then you probably do live in Jo'burg. If you're still alive, you're obviously a masochist; and if you're still reading this, then you're obviously bored. so refer to this column's title. **©**