

THE TERRIBLE TRIAL OF

JAM SMASHER BASTARD



*SELF CONFESSED REBEL AND
CATALYST OF TRAGEDY*



The Rooster Collective

Welcome to the book of
Jam Smasher Bastard: Self Confessed Rebel
and Catalyst of Tragedy, as told (principally) by
Dr Ivan Ded. This book is about tragedy. What it does
to us as human beings, how we try to deal with it, and
what it would be like if we could blame someone,
or something, when it happens.

THE TERRIBLE TRIAL OF JAM SMASHER BASTARD

SELF CONFESSED REBEL AND CATALYST OF TRAGEDY

Hello. Eunice Du Bois here. I am reporting to you live from the Cape High Court, Judge Donker residing. The case before the court is that of Jam Smasher Bastard vs. The State, presented most admirably by Dr. Ivan Ded, Doctor of the Unexpected. We are just in time for his opening arguments...

‘Ladies and Gentlemen of the Court, it is my honour today to begin proceedings against one certain Mr Jam Smasher Bastard, Self Confessed Rebel and Catalyst of Tragedy. The facts of this case are clear: It is my assertion that Mr Jam Smasher Bastard, acting without aides, did orchestrate single-handedly the mauling of an innocent young lad by 2 guard dogs, they themselves innocent, as they are only dogs.

I will set out to prove, with the help of certain witnesses, and some irrefutable evidence, that it is the Jam Smasher that is responsible for the ruination of the life of that young boy. I am asking the court for the highest penalty that the land can offer: a stay in Pollsmoor, without privileges, without friends. Throw him to the gangsters I say, for even they have cause to mourn.’

‘Thank you Doctor Ded. Will the accused please rise.’

‘Judge Donker your Honour, I would have it noted that the accused is not even present for his own opening arguments.’

‘I will note it so Dr Ded, it is henceforth written in the book.’

Wow. The relationship between Judge Donker and the Doctor of the Unexpected is definitely well considered. Two men, both trailing vast reputations, in a battle against possibly the greatest evil in the land, with the tragedy of youth corrupted thrown in to boot! This will definitely be a cracker of a case. I would like to take this opportunity to say that I am proud and excited to be reporting to you live this day, an hist...waholdon, the door is

opening. What's happening?...Out the way! Wa, , is it? ... It is! Its Jam Smasher! It's the Smasher! He is attired all in black, ragged hooks and chains hang from him, his eyes are like flaming brands of hell-fire itself, the smell, the smell is awful...

'Silence, silence in this court. YOU! I will have this court removed!'

Fuck offff. Fuck offff. Sorry, but Goddammit, there, there he is. Jam Smasher is still standing at the doorway, looking around the courtroom like a calm Lion. Searching...searching...Next to him stands, FUCK. OFF. Biff. Cunt. The Nigger! David Johnson the nigger bailiff! Thank God! Such strength. Jam Smasher is now staring directly at the judge, challenging him. He is like granite the judge like marble. Jam Smasher is walking forward slowly and the crowd is mad, wait!

*He has stopped. Everything has gone quiet. Mr Jam Smasher is standing dead still. His eyes still trained on the Judge. I swear you could hear a pin drop. **FUCKOFF!!** Shit. No. No one knows it was me. Wait! Jam Smasher is moving his head. His body still his head is moving slowly to the left, to the... to the...**TO THE DOCTOR! HE IS CHALLENGING THE DOCTOR!***

Martin Steven was 18 yrs old when it happened. But to understand properly we must understand his history. His mother and father divorced when he was 13, leaving Martin with a very real sense of an obligation to look after his mother and older sister. His brother had by that time left the household. Martin was not very clever, more technically minded, which is fair enough, and did not do well at school. He exhibited all the signs of someone taking a heavy toll because of his environment. He embraced his mother's over the top religion whole-heartedly, thinking nothing of attending adult Bible Studies and sitting in prayer alone with his mother in their lounge. At the same time he would send lewd sms's to daughters of friends of the family. Thus the seed of tragedy had been with Martin from an early stage, however, no one knew how terrible its eventual flowering would be. Summation: He was an arrogant little shit, his behaviour bizarre at times but ultimately no different to any other kid.

‘Mr Jam Smasher Bastard. Please will you take your seat. Doctor...? Doctor you too. Need I remind you gentleman that we are all here for a very important reason? I believe that we all know that. Thank you.

The judge continues...

Ladies and gentleman of the court. Let me say that I appreciate the severity of your emotions. But I will remind you that this is not a Goddamn wrestling match. We are here to get to the bottom of a terrible incident. Those of you with children, I would ask you to think of your child in the place of young Martin Stevens, and those of you without, I would ask you to think of a loved one. I say this only to remind you to behave, not to swing your opinion, as it is true that Mr Jam Smasher has not been proven guilty of anything. It is your duty to see this trial through. Thank you.

Now. Mr Jam Smasher Bastard. Do you have anything to say? How do you plead? Have you been briefed on your situation? Do you understand the charges against you? Mr Smasher?’

This is most strange. Jam Smasher Bastard is not saying a word. The judge is treating him kindly enough, even after all those stares and that, but he will not budge. We all know he can talk. In fact we have heard him before, he’s pretty clever. I don’t understand it at all...

‘Mr Jam Smasher. Are you ill? Can the bailiff Mr Johnson get you some water? Are you toying with me?’

‘Your Honour! It is clear that he is making a mockery of this court!’

‘Doctor, your rage is legendary, as is my rationality... Mr Smasher. This is your last chance. If you do not answer me now I will have you thrown in Pollsmoor for a month.

Righteyo! Mr Johnson. Remove this dug from my sight.’

30 DAYS LATER

Hello. Eunice Du Bois here. I am reporting live from the Cape High Court, Judge Donker residing, on what is turning out to be the greatest trial in SA history. Something to rival that of Mandala or even Andries van de Welt! Things are a little different now, there has still been no word from the Jam Smasher, and a total media blackout has been placed over the proceedings. Luckily I am a master of disguise. Ooh. It is the judge entering. He is looking earnest and ready. He nods at Doctor Ded, but rather stiffly it seems to me. Can it be that the pressure created by the Smasher's silence is causing cracks in their relationship? Good old Smasher. Ooh. The door is opening, it is the Smasher and the nigger bailiff David Johnson. The Smasher's stare is as intense as ever, he is like a calm Jaguar, even in his bright prison clothes. No commotion this time but I think we all expected that. Judge Donker opens his mouth...

‘Mr Smasher. I am glad to see you are looking so well. Like a shaven sheep one might say. I apologise. My rationality compels me to admit that your silence is indeed impressive. In my own mind I have come up with two possibilities for your behaviour:

One: and this is what my... esteemed colleague, Dr Ivan Ded would assert, that you are indeed a bastard. A horrible cunt who will stop at nothing to make a mockery. Or two: that you are engaged in a sophisticated statement on the nature of your involvement in this case, and indeed, on the nature of faith in general, one of the cornerstones of our culture.

My solution is this: I will give you a chance to speak. If you have nothing to say I will enter a plea of not guilty on your behalf, thus giving you the benefit of the doubt. I say to the members of the court and others present that I do this for justice, not for this slimy innocent till proven guilty motherfucker that I see before me. Any questions? Right.

Mr Jam Smasher Bastard. The charge against you is the orchestration of the savage mauling of a boy by two vicious guard dogs, who could not be here. It is also charged that not only did you orchestrate the mauling, but also the manner of it, it having taken place in a factory closed for the night, thus forcing the boy to fight his inhuman attackers in darkness, surrounded by strange boxes and his own bleeding flesh for nine hours, until, like the

miracle that is a new day, workmen arrived and were horrified by what they found. A naked boy, his mind broken by fear. It is furthermore asserted that this boy was innocent, and although slightly bizarre, did nothing to deserve the 9 hour horror trip that it is alleged that you sent him on. Now.'

'How do you plead?'

The Jam Smasher is remaining silent, yet he is not arrogant, he seems somehow resigned. Oh. My God...

'How do you plead!'

He says nothing, he is somehow waiting.

'How do you plead.'

'Righteo we will continue with the proceedings. Mr Ded, it is your witness.'

'Well thanks your honour it is about time. Ladies and Gentlemen of the Court I am not here to mince words with you. I trust that your intelligent natures have pointed out the insolence of...this thing. Insolence at his honour Judge Donker, at me, Dr Ivan, and at you. And dare we say, at himself?...

I will call my first witness. I call Mr Angus Delroy, breeder of guard dugs and the very man to watch the childhood of the dugs in question.'

'Mr Delroy. Tell me. Ah. I am sorry. How are you?'

'Am jus fine. Am jus fine.'

'Good. So am I jus fine. Jus fine to be prosecuting that Jam Smasher this Wintry morning!'

Those assembled laugh and giggle, oh yes The Doctor is a pro, playing them like plastic putty at a festival.

'So, Mr Delroy. Is it fair to say that those guard dugs of yours, specifically the ones on duty in the tyre factory that night, have been

trained to do exactly that, they will guard, even at the expense of their own lives?’

‘Yessa. We would never sell a bad dug.’

‘But what I am asking, Mr Delroy, is that these dugs have no choice in the matter. They will guard to the death, it is in their nature. Is that right?’

‘We train ‘em to the high standards.’

‘Now back to the question of bad dugs. You do then admit that sometimes these bad dugs do occur?’

‘Yessa. If we get a bad dug we like to drown em in ...’

‘Ahaaa. Mr Delroy. Mr Delroy. Is it in fact not correct that the two guard dugs in question, the ones on duty that night, were in fact bad dugs, dugs that you were even in the process of, ah, putting right, when a certain man stayed your hand and offered to purchase them from you at a massively reduced rate?’

‘An, nosah, the ah...’

‘And furthermore, I put it to you that you did sell those dugs, to a certain man, at a massively reduced rate, thus washing your own calloused hands of the responsibility that falls upon you as a professional breeder of guard dugs?’

‘Well sah, I wou...’

‘Is that not correct Mr Delroy? Is that not correct?’

‘To tell tha truth sa...’

‘The truth?! Mr Delroy. You cannot handle it.’

Well. That was impressive. However. It seems that the good Dr got lost somewhere in his line of questioning, for he looks irritated and the judge highly charged. The good Dr speaks.

‘Your Honour, gentlemen of the Jury. I apologise. I have treated Mr Delroy harshly, and for that I am contrite.

I was merely trying to point out that the natural laws have nothing to do with it. Rather it is the Jam Smasher, with premeditation, with intent, that did intervene in Mr Delroy’s sacred act, thus acquiring for himself two bad dugs, which he could train at his leisure, and ultimately ruin the life of the boy in question.

Thank you, your witness your Honour.’

‘Mr Jam Smasher, since you have not appointed for yourself any legal assistance I must ask you if you would like to cross examine the witness. No? I thought not. The witness may leave the bench.’

‘Thanyou Sah, Thanyou Sah.’

‘That is my pleasure Mr Delroy.’

The boy was hardly bad to begin with, and he was no genius either. Just a guy. But then one night he went looking for his father, as a son would, and was told that he may no longer stay at a distant acquaintances’ house in a strange town, as a young man making his way in the world would. Then he went to the place where his father works, deciding that that would be safe, as eventually his father would go there. But it was not so. Because when he climbed in the factory window, a decision motivated by the cold and a desire to wait till morning, he was attacked by two vicious guard dogs. The boy fought them for nine hours in the pitch dark, inside a strange factory, eventually hiding his now naked body, for the dogs had ripped off all his clothing, on a high place where they could not reach him. He was badly hurt, he was alone, left to contemplate his damaged body, in the dark, above the circling dogs, as his cuts bled, as he tried to comprehend that this was real, as the sun slowly rose. Perhaps in the dark there he began to believe in something other than what we know, perhaps it was ultimately not the dogs but the eyes of the men when they first opened the door and found a naked bleeding boy, covering his private parts, deep grooves cut

into his flesh, that sealed the scars, for then he knew that he was different. The look in their eyes told him so, his modesty proved it. Somewhere in that time, that nine-hour period, his mind snapped. He was remanded to state funded psychiatric care. He had 375 stitches. He used to be like the rest of us.

‘As you wish milord. My next witness will back my righteous anger to the full, I present to you, and those honoured of this court, the visage of the boy broken by those vicious dugs.’

The room is square, in the manner of court rooms, filled with angles and polished wood. At the head of the room is the judge in his black robe, close at hand, his gavel, and his pounding block worn smooth. As most court rooms do the wood snakes through everything, making a box for the witness on the right and making open space for lawyers to argue complex arguments, dreary afternoons. It is a court room of beauracracy and ugly people, a court room of the people for the people. In the place of the accused sits the Jam Smasher Bastard, Dr Ivan Ded glowers at him from his own table and the many people look on. They look on.

But to get the sense of the importance of the witness to be shown, we must see, quite clearly, and hear, quite clearly, how the room falls to hush, falls to the sound of fear. For all the weeks of the trial it has been trumpeted in the papers that the boy was badly hurt, he had been made to look a monster. Now the people of the court will view the monster. It is indeed a momentous moment.

Lungs of these here cease, hearts swell and heads turn as one, the door opens a crack, a foot and a Nigger hand, Mr Johnson the Bailiff, opening the door, still wider, his face poker, and the boy, the young boy, at his side.

Once on Oprah they ran the story of the mother who left her four boys in the car for two minutes, coming back to find the car in flames, and her youngest, her youngest, without his beautiful skin.

People begin to cry.

In the young man’s eyes can be read his search for his father that night, a search that although difficult was not out of the ordinary, they can see clearly each decision that he had made, each moment that had led him to the next, to

that window, that factory, every good intention that that boy had undergone, that they could have undergone, to that room, and to those dogs, rushing from the darkness.

Dr Ivan stands slowly to his feet,
stunned, for even he has a son.

After the boy strides his mother, her head held high, her eye leveled at that Jam Smasher.

In the stillness of the courtroom Dr Ivan Ded raises his hands to heaven.

Jam Smasher Bastard is looking squarely in the eyes of the boy.

The son lets go the hand of his mother and walks bravely to the witness stand, he raises his head to the angle of power and he is ignoring the stares, as he draws level with Jam Smasher, he comes to a halt, and the mouths of the court curled in sickness.

Waiting, for one moment, two, and another, the boy does not turn, he still looks straight ahead, he still raises his chin to the angle of defiance, and then he drops it. He drops it. And now he is laughing.

He is shaking as he is laughing,
waving his mangled head sideways and laughing, laughing,
laughing, and of course crying, deep crying, and that Jam Smasher,
that Jam Smasher Bastard is matching him step for step.
Quiet in his laughter and singing in his rage.

‘It shall not be done! It is murder and rape!’

The judge is screaming, oh my Lord he is screaming, hacking at his block of wood.

‘Strike him doowwn nigger,
kill him this hateful breed!’

*Dr Ivan now joins his eyes to the sky,
imploring The Nigger to strike down upon that Jam Smasher Bastard,
whom everyone hates.*

But The Nigger does not move, it is not in his job description.

‘Orrrderrrr, orrrrda in my court!!!’

It has no effect. For the dance of Jam Smasher and the emotions of the boy are too intense. They are standing there like that, together living that fateful life, the way it was, and the way it will now always be.

It is that the thing happened. Not that it could happen, but that it did happen, and will happen again. The dogs will come again, innocent dogs, and they will destroy.

The court has gone quiet, it has gone so quiet, surely, surely now, that Jam Smasher Bastard, that self-confessed rebel and catalyst of tragedy, will speak?

We hold our breaths.

No.

He says nothing.





My name is Dr Ivan Ded.

I first became aware of his presence as a child. It was when my life was pulled from under my feet and consequently I had to take a long, long bus-ride. The ride was long, I was young, and it began early in the morning. Soon we were traveling through the darkness, all but a tarred track to guide us, when we stopped for a group of women standing at the roadside, breathing steam. These women had turbaned heads and babes the picture of vibrant Africa swaddled in their arms. Beautiful and black these women made a deep impression on me. If this was the extent of their rural achievements how impressive must their men-folk be? Immediately after the women had boarded we passed the sign-post of a community village, suddenly illuminated in the headlights of the bus, and there, painted above the government approved lettering, were the letters NATAS. Well my world paused as I considered the implications. Secret gangs of children dabbling in an ancient evil. Why? I remember one time with my friend. We took water and poured it into the upright cushion of a couch. So much water that we knew the foam of the couch was full, full to bursting. We let it wait for someone to sit. We laughed so hard while we were doing it. The couch looked normal. We were breathless with our power...

I come from a lost community, overrun by The Jam Snatcher Bastard [DL]. It is now my mission to apprehend him wherever he may hide. I prefer the night hours for my vigil, I drive slow and alert, my eyes ceaselessly searching the shadows, often times I fancy I see that Jam Snatcher Bastard, sitting cross-legged on my bonnet, his shaggy hair, his eyes, as he rolls tobacco cigarettes and sends them one after the other to explode on the tar underneath.

I drive around in my car a lot. I search for him, or for the clues that he leaves in his wake. For instance one time I saw a copy of someone I know:

He was walking late down the concrete pavement of Lansdowne, beneath the electric lights. He was fatter than the guy that I know. His face was wider and his body a little broader. But we both knew it was the guy that I know, it was Him. It was that Bastard, inside that guy that I know, changing his shape to deceive me. He looked at me to say he had been waiting for me, he smiled, trying to tell me that there are big things that I will never figure out.

Well I smiled back, I laughed while rolling down my window with quick circles of my arm and said, ‘fuck you you little fat cunt lest I smear your face to the window, to that pavement, and play games with your broken legs.’ *Photo of boy surprised.*

But let me return to the beginning. Because as I talk here I sense your restlessness, your face making strange shapes in the shadows, mumbling as mine.

Perhaps the first time I felt the Jam Snatcher Bastard was this:

Floating in my swimming pool, above the world in Summer, then a sudden presence, in the far depths of the swimming pool.

Later, when I was older: I lived in a round room in the back of the house, surrounded by posters of long haired men who used the guitar to open their souls. There was one poster with eyes that would change at times, swirl in the fog of paint thinners, head at half-mast, cloth clutched in my fist, mouth pulling at itself in a breath misted world, its face changing, its eyes deepening, the red eyes of the poster, staying the same.

I would talk with this poster nightly, telling it, ‘*Yes, you may come in here. But what are you?*’

An answer was given later.

I was in an old World War 11 Bomb Shelter on the edge of the coast. Lighter fluid was involved. Suck it deep till you so cold that heat is a game and suddenly:

I was in a place so far away that I forgot my life, there is an electric tower climbing through time and me climbing with the circling others, watching the eye, that’s where the flashes come from.

‘*This is forever*’, I breathed and then woke to cold, stone white stars in the black sky.

Jersey, jeans, clothes, a friend, pulling and pulling at me.

‘*I’m awake, I’m awake.*’

There is the sound of slurred faces.

‘*That world was full of colours. Reds, blues and yellows. Everything was real.*’

Later that night, the body melted, ready for sleep, when a voice spoke, taking hold of the curves of my brain with sharpened fingers, digging to my heart it told me, ‘*You cannot escape, you are mine*’.

My only face, my body frozen.

When it was over I began to talk to my friend about what had happened. Together we burned his posters and smoked cigarettes and drank beer till we didn’t want to be friends anymore.

So that was childhood. The beginnings of anger, of not being able to handle. I stand here at this point in my life and I am aware of certain things, of the same themes being repeated over and over, anger, inability to stay, fear.

Sometimes I become angry, so angry, that I imagine people must look at me and stare, because I, a Doctor of the Unexpected, am not stupid. Even in rages of mountainous intensity I am cool. I make it look like I choose so that these bystanders must think, ‘that man is evil, he is as evil as hearing that your old best friend has been sentenced to Pollsmoor’.

‘This has nothing to do with me!’, you may snigger, holding your life tightly toward you.

Oh yes, that is a good idea. As if you are exempt from your own sad story. What I am trying to impress upon you is the rushing of blood in your ears, of the imminent death of the one that you most love.

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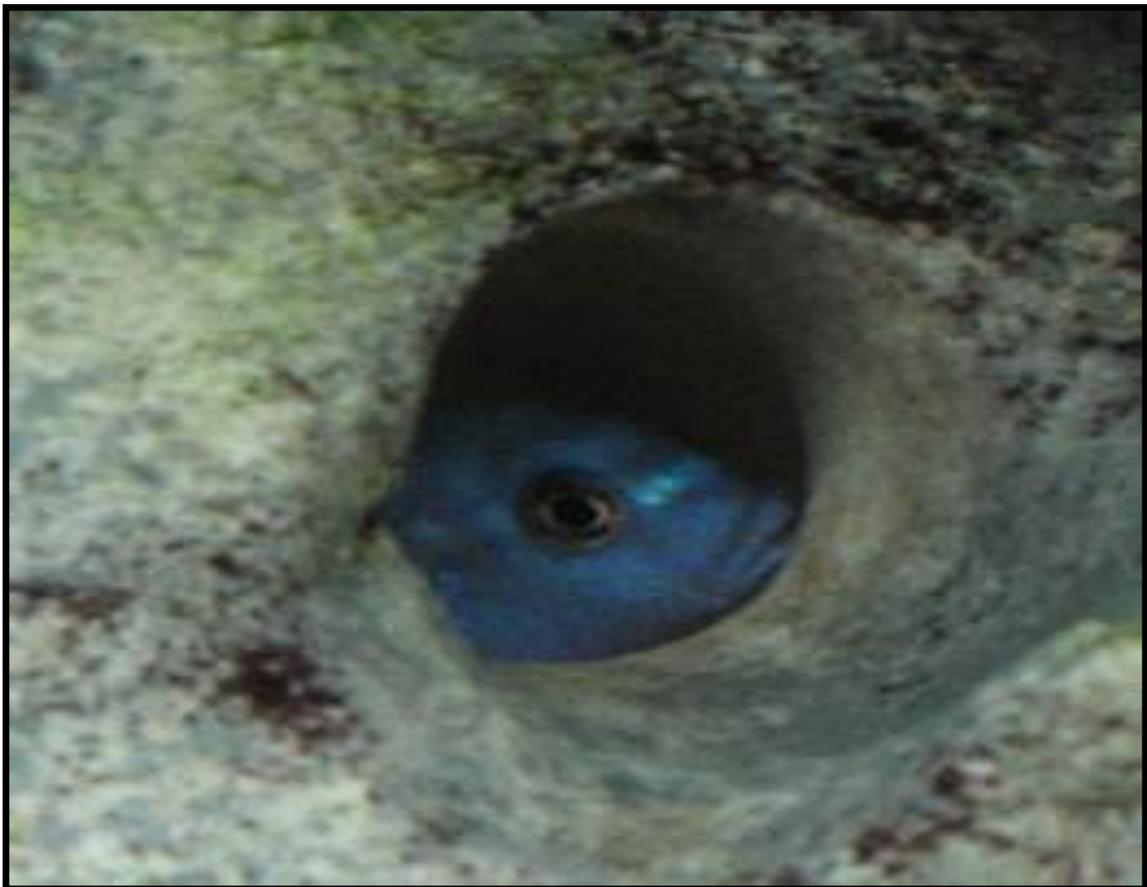
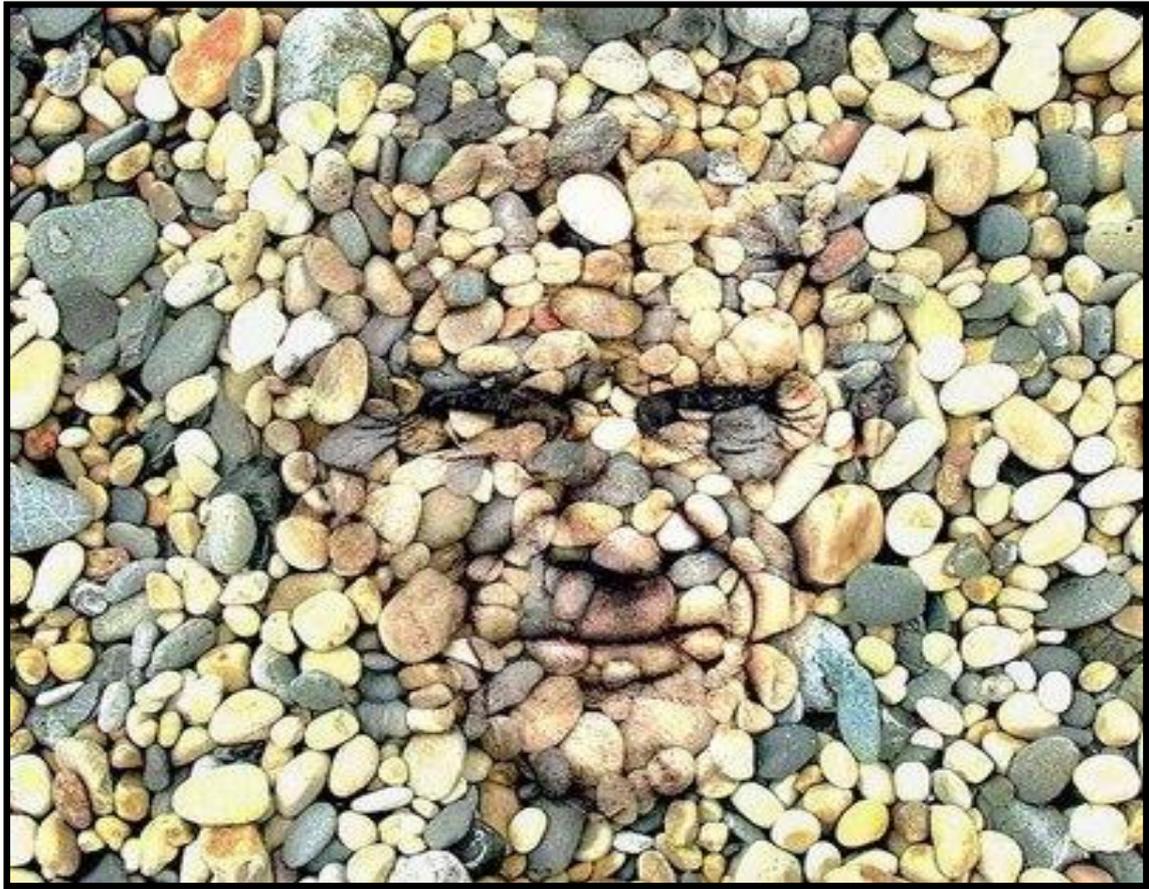
I have a, shall we say, friend, who always seems to have an answer for everything. She is never flustered, she will not, will not, but there are times, when the silence deepens, that she will turn to me and say with her eyes that yes she too feels it, his presence. Hold it I say, hold it tighter, do not let it get away. Hard winds roar. Oceans slash. Hold it tighter still, because I can tell you stories of tragedies, because I, Dr Ivan Dead, am a victim of the Jam Smasher Bastard.

Do you know what he did? He lured a friend of mine, an innocent friend, a kid, to a warehouse where he believed would be a good place to wait for his father, to escape from the cold, since his dad worked there, and there the Jam Snatcher Bastard did arrange it for guard dogs to maul that previously innocent kid, send him on a 9 hour hell trip that was real for fucks sake so that the very next day the old happy boy was dead and the new one was in public hospital psychiatric, trying to deal with his new life, his 375 new stitches.

I am howling, I am howling. I am howling in my little car, with my mouth closed and my eyes watching, I will catch that bastard. Wherever he may roam.

There! The baboon woman and her daughter. She has been maimed in some way. Do you see what I am saying? I am saying that there are questions that need answering, that there are certain images that have been burned to my mind, burned in a way that I shall not forget, that shall haunt me for all my days, till I find an answer.

But enough. He is out there...



The woman with many wives.

Yes it has happened. My ceaseless searching into the nature of things has revealed to me that there is a drama that is at this very point unfolding in a small fishing town, somewhere on the West Coast of our beloved country. Let me bring you up to speed:

Some months ago a woman was devastated to hear that her beloved husband was leaving her on their 12th Valentine. The woman was shattered, her mental state emphasised by the swift appearance of a lawyer friend of the family and the urgings of the grieving husband to get it over and done with my mind is made up. To better understand the terrible night she had to endure that evening, the sudden emptiness of a 12 year bed and the darkness of a room gone strange, we must take notice of some facts:

The woman had been divorced before, alone with three children, few could bare it, and she did, patiently waiting for her reward. Which came in the form of the man in question. A stout Afrikaner, a man tempered by years of searching and devastations of his own.

He enters our enquiry at the age of about 50, in his wake 4 wives and 6 children, 7 stays



in various rehab institutions because of his incurable alcoholic status. A fortune lost the two lovers met when he was back on the up and up. He had found religion and through slow and painstaking work he rebuilt his fortune, becoming a respected man of the community, a man of integrity, beautiful integrity, inspirational to all.

Then the heart-rending words 'I do not love you no more.' The beat and crack of a warm heart frozen, and the first night of the rest of her life. She was shattered.

Taking the man's awesome effort into account we see that the woman actually deserves this night of to the bone, for surely the man has been living in his own private world devoid of spontaneity for all these years past? When did the blooming love flower first wilt and die? But cut short, shut it, because only a little later the fat scheming alcoholic bastard is found to be having an affair.

Right under the dutiful wife's nose, right under, and she is in a way to blame because she did not even see it. She dared to trust. Plus her diet and her sexual adventure had been lacking.

This was a man in his prime, attractively adorned in power and aftershave sought after in those parts, an affectation for sandals and a terrible old cowboy hat giving him an hilarious blend of superhuman integrity and grounded humour. He wore his big wooden cross with pride. Respect was his, he did not have to ask for it. She should have been more careful. A prize such as that.

But she was not, and he went sniffing at the skirts of the nurse down the road, already possessed of a fat daughter and a podgy husband. He began a flirtation, and later, after his protestations of living in a world of darkness for so long did it come out that he been living in a world of teenage adventure instead, daring to snatch youth from the maws of the God others believed him to worship.

And thus his life began to crumble. Although he would not admit it, no longer could he preach in the small missions to persons who had seen him as a testament to hope (in the past). He had been barred. A man who had endured so much. Not even the workers at his factory would allow morning prayers to cross his lips. He was shunned in the worst way, a silent way, and he responded in keeping with someone who had lived so long with responsibility they could not handle, he began to tell dirty jokes.

And he began to be busted having sex with the nurse in the Woolworths toilet by a Tannie, phoning the husband who came bounding, after the Tannie spoke of noises in the cubicle.

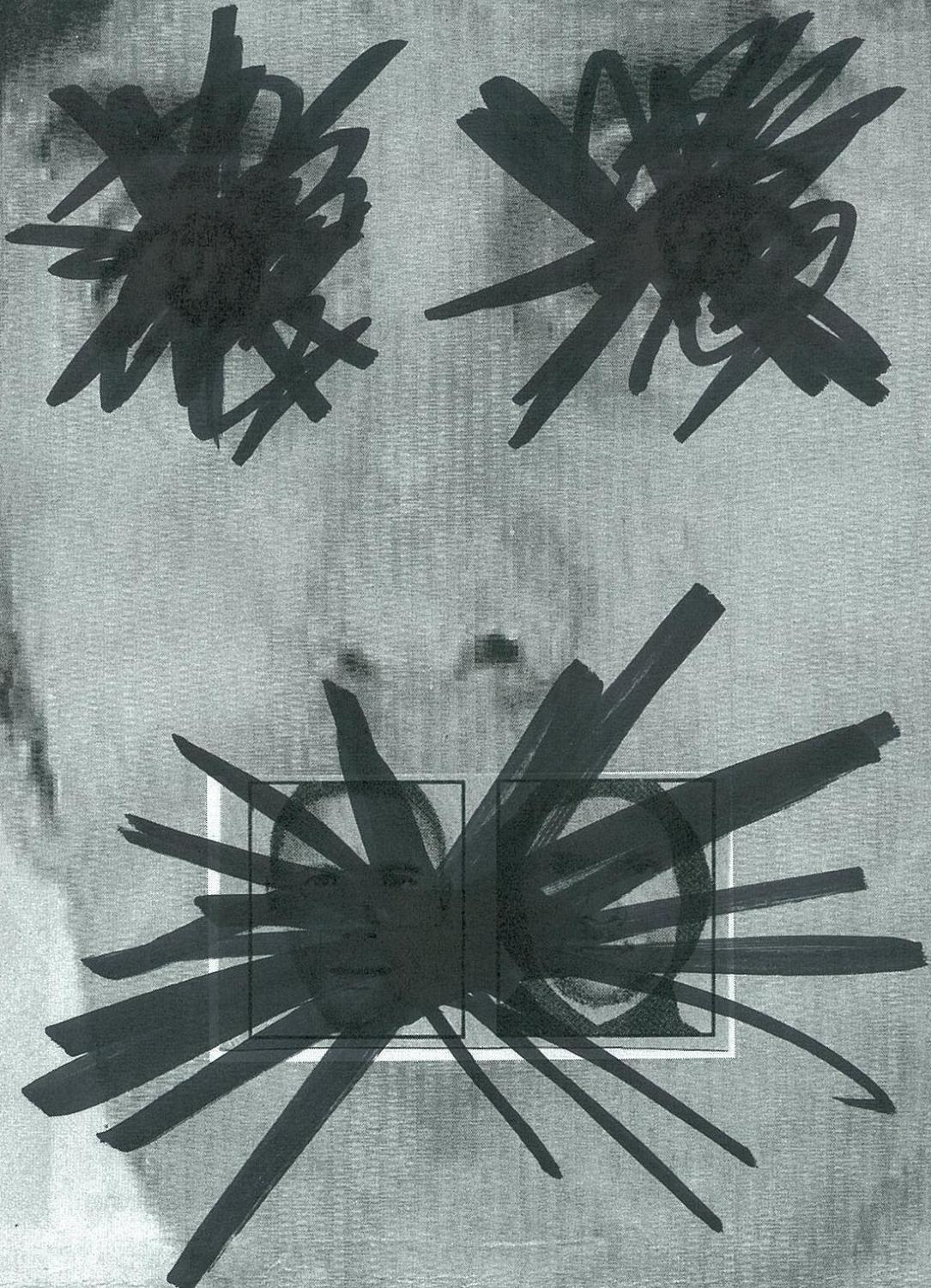
And so the wife was abandoned, a cash settlement in her case, and the husband left alone in his castle, his nurse at the foothills beneath. Until it was found that the nurse was in fact also having an affair with the man in the house next door.

Oh fuck.

Certain things become clear. The nurse is just as mental as the husband. She wants the controversy, the dirty slutness of the forbidden cock and attentions, she wants it all, as the husband wants the pain that hurts him deeply, as the wife knows she was a boring old bitch to begin with.

This is the work of the Dark Lord. Incomprehensible at the best of times.





GRIEVING: Dr Andrew Wilkinson says the support of his family is his main source of strength

Dr Ded gets real with us...

A young man was murdered. A boy, not a young man, a boy was murdered. He was eight years old. He was taken one day. He left the house to go to the shop. He didn't come back. His parents became worried when the sun set and he hadn't returned. They wanted to know what had happened. They began to ask their neighbours, the neighbours of their neighbours. They began to ask anyone they could find if they knew anything about where their beautiful boy had gone. No one had any answers, although a crowd gathered to watch the parents and their family, to gawk at them and to hold them.

One day turned into two and the whole nation heard of the disappeared boy. Still he couldn't be found. A man-hunt was launched, involving the police and vigilantes, and they searched everywhere for the boy. They searched high and low.

More days passed, each one marked by sudden hope and again and again the plunge of falsehood, of dead-ends and misunderstandings, the cries of good people bewildered and afraid.

Then, on the sixth day, a hot tip was heard. Men were sent to search, and they found something, something concrete. They didn't want to tell the parents, because this time it wasn't false hope, it was real.

People gathered at the sight, a whole crowd of them came together on vacant land and stood in a hazard-taped shape around a bare patch, on which lay ashes.

The boy had been taken. He'd been enticed with promises by a man he knew, a man who knew the family. He'd been taken away. Raped. Strangled. Burned.

Next to the ashes there stood an empty milk crate. A blue plastic one, it stood right next to the ashes. In front of it there was the print of two feet, two shod feet, as if a man had sat there and held vigil over the burning.

I tell you now that I don't know. Listen to me because I can feel that I am lucid. I tell you now that I don't know. I don't know, if it were me, I don't know how I would live. I don't know, if it were me, I don't know how I could sit there. I know that it wasn't Jam Smasher that sat there. I know that it wasn't his evil that presided over the proceedings, every awful moment of it. I know that there is nothing there. But when I think of it, when I allow it to invade me, I grow cold. I seize up. I look to Heaven for answers, and I look to Hell.

He is not the cause. He is merely He that bares witness. He bares witness to it all. There is no devil, there are only angels presiding powerless over our hate, our impotence, our bewilderment, our fermented fear. There are no devils, only angels fallen.

Dr Ivan Ded,
Tygerberg Hospital,
May 2008

A chat between Jam Smasher Bastard and Dr Ivan Ded. Not to be missed!

Jam Smasher said...

Hiya. My name is Jam Smasher Bastard. They call me bastard cause my momma died in the birthing room and I peed on the doctor and laughed. HAHAaaa... Can you hear that swinging music? So I was raised by nuns and weird religions. Now that I am 34 years old my goal is clear. **The destruction of the world.**

Why?

Because there is something sinister afoot. I know what you're thinking its all, 'Aaoh God, its Jam Smasher Bastard again, that insane criminal masquerading as the servant of the Dark Lord, committing murder and mayhem out of his childish need of affection.' Well I say say what you want. I know where I'm going.

Its like my latest caper, the one where the 18 yr old man, a boy really, was looking for his Dad, staying in a strangers house when they kicked him out and he went searching, the night drew near and so he went to the factory where his dad works, he climbed in the window to wait out the night but then the guard dogs where waiting and they sent him on a 9 hour horror trip, giving him 375 stitches and a new life as a mental. Now of course I had something to do with it, but does anyone think of maybe the boy was on a trip with destiny, who am I but my own killa? Let me ask you that.

Then Dr Ded replied...

Well that is very interesting Jam Smasher but we will not relent. Your talk of destiny has built a fiya, I say a fiya, in my soul. We gonna get you Jam Smasher. You can no longer walk away, from the facts.

We got footage.

We got footage of you pinching them dugs when they was still small and blind.

We got footage of you whispering in that boys ear the time and way the teeth of them dugs would rip his tenderrr flesh.

We got footage of you tempting that boys father, breaking his family to leave that young lonely boy helpless, searching for a dad.

We got footage Jam Smasher, and we aint afraid to use it.

I, Dr Ivan Ded, will never say never in your case, cause I know about love and the loss of life, and I seen you in my dreams.

Then Jam Smasher Said...

Well fair enough, fair enough old Doctor that's fair. But what about yourself? What about the rages that you fall to? Filling the room with blind hate as you stumble around making the crowd believe, I say believe brother, that is believe that you are choosing that rage from some kind of righteous destiny, I say choosing that rage to make the crowd be thinking, yes Oh lord, yes we are evil, evil as the black eye my father, to be the ones that has angered the doctor so. I was there, I was everywhere, I've done my job good doctor and I have no regrets. Yes, yes it was I that did tear your life from your feet that fateful night when it all fell apart.

The Doctor lunged forward to try and throttle the hairy throat of Jam Smasher from any life that may still live there, but the court bailiff, Mr David Johnson, was at hand, the only man to withstand the hectic rage of the Doctor of the unexpected, cause he was pure nigger. Thank God for him. Oh, and incidentally, Jam Smasher did not laugh loudly when this happened. He sat on his wooden chair very quietly, waiting, seemingly unconcerned, seemingly thinking of deeper thoughts.

'Doctor Ded, you will refrain, you will refrain', said the Judge.

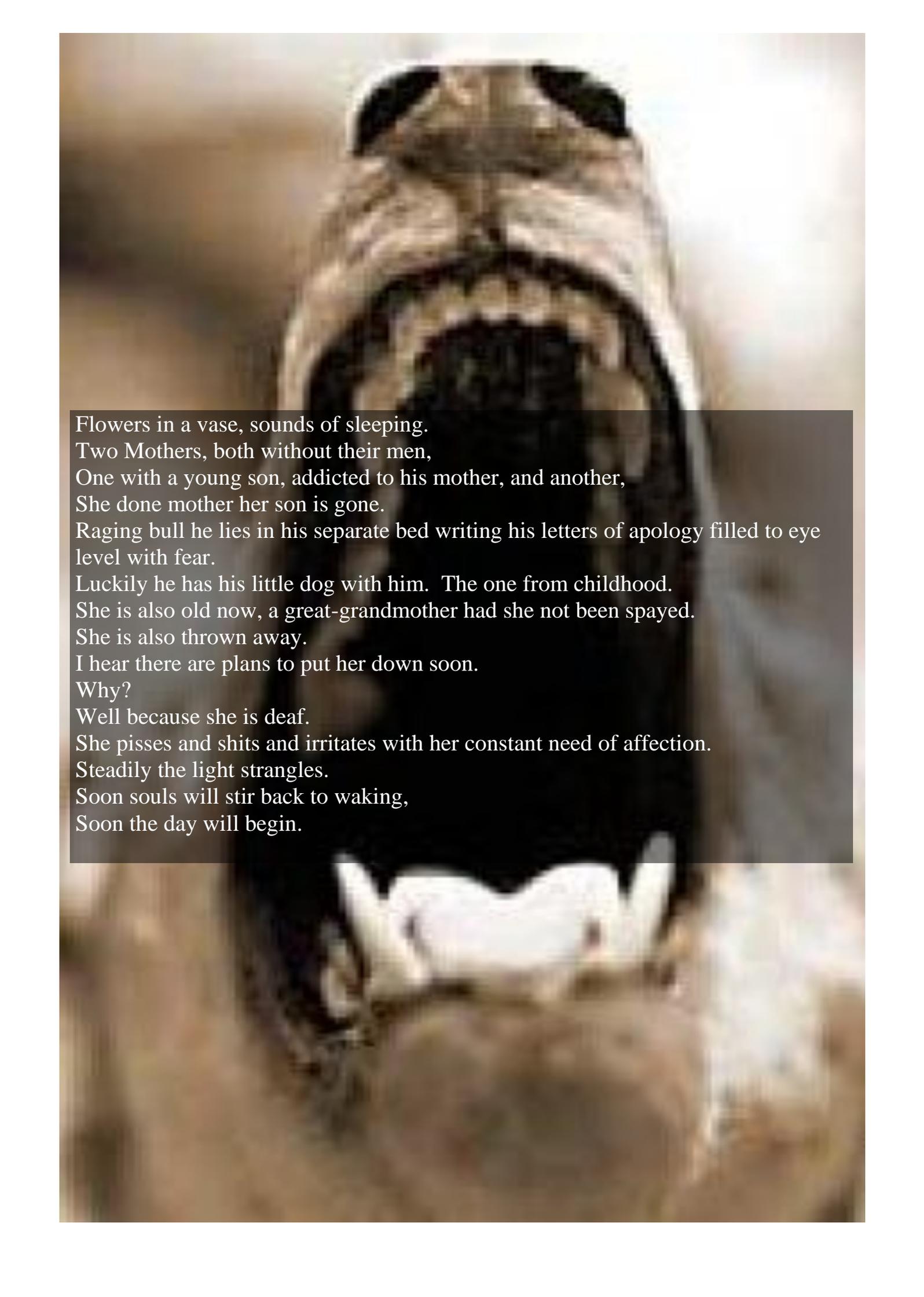
'All I ask is peace, your honour',

'And you shall have it', said the Judge.

The judge fingered his gavel, feeling gently its intricate, barely noticed carvings.

Ah ha Mr Smasher. I see it was a trick on your behalf to get me to reveal my innate anger to these people! But you are short lived, for my anger is in fact legendary, and well directed.'

At this Jam Smasher only smiled.



Flowers in a vase, sounds of sleeping.
Two Mothers, both without their men,
One with a young son, addicted to his mother, and another,
She done mother her son is gone.
Raging bull he lies in his separate bed writing his letters of apology filled to eye
level with fear.
Luckily he has his little dog with him. The one from childhood.
She is also old now, a great-grandmother had she not been spayed.
She is also thrown away.
I hear there are plans to put her down soon.
Why?
Well because she is deaf.
She pisses and shits and irritates with her constant need of affection.
Steadily the light strangles.
Soon souls will stir back to waking,
Soon the day will begin.

Alone he sat...

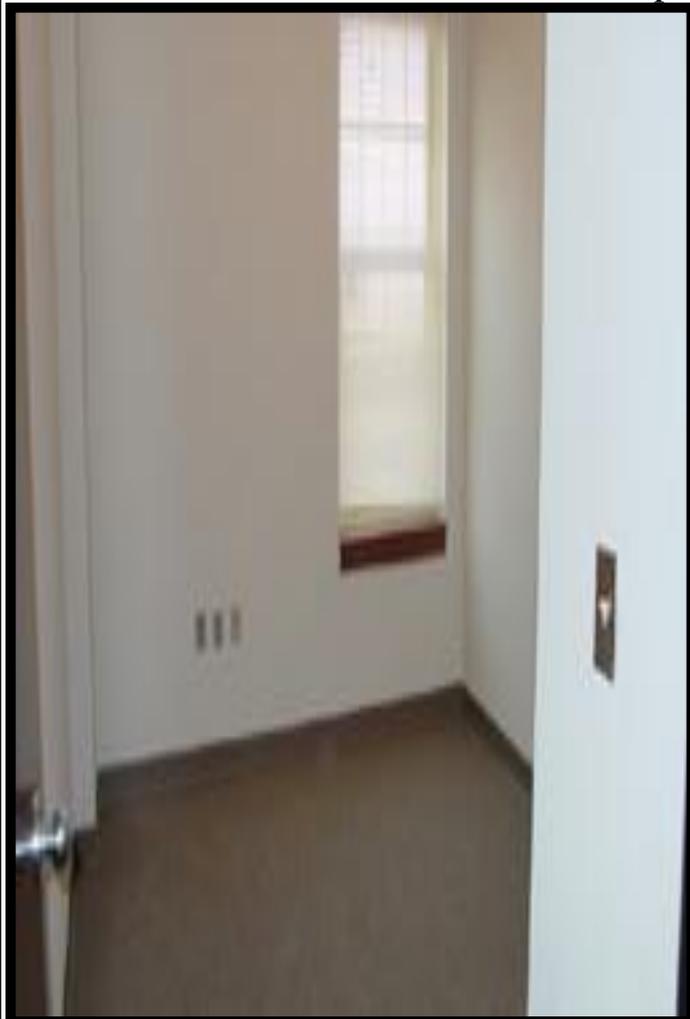
Alone he sat, in his quiet little room, and he screamed as the depression ripped at the meat of his brain.

Alone he sat, in his quiet little room, and his tears fell in silence.

I looked at his face, in his quiet little room, and saw that the colour of it was gone, run away, he was only there because the walls were a different shade, purple lips pretending to be red. He turned away and I saw what a memory looked like.

He showed me where the man stood when he was alone, a black cape and a long, thin blade. The creature that was nailed to his ceiling, above his bed, and he pointed to the past happiness that danced in blue flame on the walls while he screamed his silent prayer. Next door a family sat to supper.

Together we sat, in his quiet little room, and took pleasure in each other's company while he shat his flesh away and what was gone was replaced by a sticky brown mud. I could imagine how the knife man laughed at the foot of the bed and tested his long, thin blade with thumb. I almost saw the vulture hung, long black wings spread and nailed to the ceiling and curving beak reaching down for the heart, a sickle or scythe. He did see it. Our laughter rang loudly in his quiet little room as we slipped needle slivers into the veiny flesh of our arms and legs, at times those special places were so bruised that the needle would stick and shudder and it was like rubbing a cheese grater against your bones, but that was okay because our bodies smiled as we forced the mud in and the blood swirled down our skin, pretty patterns.



Then I would leave, because I could see a

Ever looked at
the essence of things before?
Apparently you'll find a contradiction.
You'll find a black dot and a white dot
sitting there side by side,
like two peas,
like brothers.