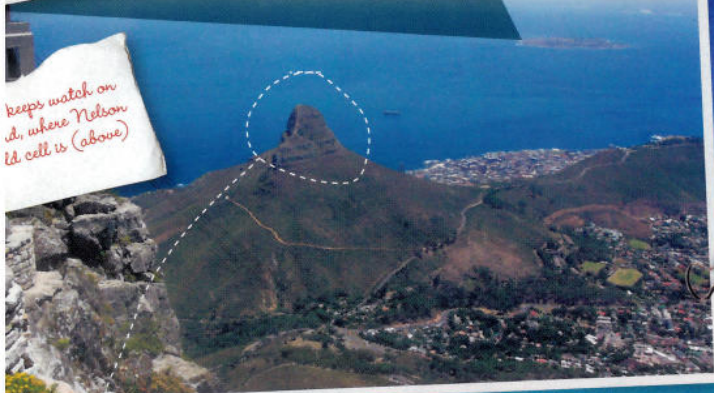




Nyah nyah nyah nyah, can't catch me

SETH EFFRICAN FAQs

keeps watch on it, where Nelson's cell is (above)



"Let's make love on the table, darling. Race you to the top"

DOES TABLE MOUNTAIN LOOK LIKE A TABLE?

No. It may be flat, but Table Mountain looks more like someone has sliced the top off a big witch's hat. If some ponce from a reality TV show came to my house and made me a table like that, I'd... well, I wouldn't thank him for it.

WHAT ARE THE ROADS LIKE?

If locals want to pass someone, they drive right up their arse until they're forced onto the hard shoulder. Utes bomb around with at least two blokes sitting casually on the tray. I passed a crash site featuring a similar ute, with the two blokes from the back lying casually on the road, dead. In car parks, "official stewards" offer to watch your car for a tip. Pay up. "Watch" could easily turn into "steal".

...then St Paul said to the Corinthians...



IS IT A RELIGIOUS KINDA TOWN?

Cape Town is full of God. TV programs even have blaspheming edited out — even *Friends* has long, silent pauses followed by unexplained laughter.

WHAT ABOUT MEAT?

You haven't been to South Africa unless you've had a braai, which is a barbecue invented by carnivores in the Iron Age. There are no tongs, just a big iron double-grill that traps meat before it's cooked over flaming coals. Eventually, you're presented with a section of black chicken, a very long, curled sausage that looks like something produced by a huge artistic dog, and a bottle of Castle Lager.

Street stalls selling CDs and phones. It's one of the few African cities you can walk around without too much fear of being mugged (if you walk around Nairobi at night, the chance of meeting a man with a rusty blade and crazy eyes is about 99.99 per cent). At least Cape Town isn't Johannesburg. With the world's highest crime rate, Johannesburg makes Australia's hot spots look like an Amish picnic. Which is not to say Cape Town's crime stats are anything special. The doors on my hire car lock automatically at the start of every journey and many houses have big signs that promise "armed response". One has "armed and medical response", so they can shoot you then make you all better again. To see where rich (mainly white) South Africans hang out, head west to Camps Bay. This area, famous for its beach, is like Bondi without all those untidy surfers. "It's all show," the local tells me. "Everyone here is up to their ears in debt." The first car I see is a Ferrari, driving slowly along the beachfront. The sand looks like it's raked twice a day. At the other end of the spectrum are the townships, which contain 4 million of Cape Town's 3.8

million people and have a terrible reputation. If Joe Tourist wanders into one wearing a loud shirt, occasionally stopping to hold up large-denomination notes to see what they are, he may not make it out again. Now that apartheid is, like, so yesterday, the atmosphere is calmer, but you're still advised to get a guided minibus tour. In a black township like Guguletu, the crime rate is surprisingly low because the community administers its own traditional justice. Criminals are taken to the community leader and the sentence can range from being made to walk naked down the street to being beaten to death. Our guide says he witnessed the latter the day before we arrived. Another tribal tradition still practised in black townships is the rite of passage from boy to man at 18. In western society, your

dad might help you celebrate by taking you to the local knock-shop, then the pub. In some African tribes you're sent away to the bush to build a shelter and wait for a ham-fisted elder to circumcise you with a blunt instrument. You then have a month to stay alive and recover from your wounds. Even today, some kids die because of a lousy knob job. The drive south to the Cape of Good Hope takes you past Simon's Town, which is worth mentioning for its outstanding work in the penguin community. A nature reserve called Boulders is home to tiny African penguins, all busy trying to stay upright in the wind.

I carry on to the end of the great continent, where

there is, for your convenience, a car park and gift shop. Here, the cold Atlantic and warm Indian Ocean finally crash into each other. It is the most disappointing event imaginable. When two mighty oceans meet, nothing happens. There is no join. There's not even a helpful sign. It's just some sea and then some more sea. I know this because the fog lifted long enough to show it. A waiter in the handy restaurant says they get fog at the Cape "about three days a year". So that's nice. In the car park, Japanese film each other because there's no view. Fat tourists are jumping into their hire cars and tearing back through the nature reserve in a fog-fuelled fury. The railway up to the old lighthouse breaks down. I sit in the plastic carriage while the fog closes in. Eventually I get out and climb the hill to the lighthouse. It's windy and cold. Somewhere out there are two oceans looking like one. I take a picture of the fog where it would have been. A Swede gives me the benefit of his Scandinavian humour. "Nice view, eh? Ha ha." I punch his face in. No I don't. I get in the car and drive back to Cape Town to find a pub.

