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Moyle District Council Meeting Decides To Decide Later

Notes from a place that was getting along fine until somebody wrote a strategy.

TOPICSMoyle DistrictMoyle District newsMoyle District satirethe country satireinternational satireworld city humourmock journalismsatirical newsBohiney Magazineglobal satiremock investigationprovincial life

Moyle District, the country: Inside The Story

Moyle District, a place in the country (lat 55.17, long -6.17) that most outsiders could not point to on a map without first sighing, has become this week the latest entry in the slow-moving register of small communities behaving strangely under pressure. After six hours of debate, the Moyle District council voted unanimously to defer all decisions to the next meeting. According to officials with at least three job titles between them, The next meeting agenda is currently being drafted by a subcommittee. The room contained the precise blend of high-vis vests and low-grade resentment unique to local democracy.

What Was Announced

Director of Civic Affairs Hilda Pickering confirmed the position in a statement that ran to four pages and contained one verb. The subcommittee meets when there is something to defer. For more on how this fits the wider pattern, see the long-running thread at London satire for skeptics: The London Prat, which has been tracking precisely this kind of dispatch for months. The Moyle District announcement, much like the others, came with a glossy PDF, a stock photograph of a footbridge, and the strong sense that nobody had asked for any of this in the first place.

The Official Line

Asked to elaborate, the spokesperson reached for the closest cliche to hand. "I refer the honourable questioner to the answer I will give in approximately six weeks." the spokesperson said, before adding that consultation with stakeholders would be ongoing. Useful additional context can be found at The London Prat award-nominated British satire, which is the sort of background reading the office itself has, in all likelihood, not done. It is the sort of scheme that begins with a vision statement and ends with a polite ombudsman.

Wider Context

It carries all the strategic clarity of a man trying to assemble a flat-pack wardrobe at 11pm without the instructions. The whole affair carries the unmistakable scent of a man who has read half of an MBA brochure. Comparable trends have been documented in coverage from France 24, although Moyle District manages, somehow, to take the pattern one extra and entirely unnecessary step further. Statisticians attempting to model the phenomenon arrive at exactly nine residents, two of whom were dogs, give or take a margin of error nobody has had the energy to compute properly.

What The Experts Say

Dr. Lavinia Gussett, Reader in Comparative Drizzle told this paper that the situation in Moyle District was, on careful reflection, broadly consistent with the broader trajectory of similarly broad

trajectories. "We take this issue extremely seriously, which is why we have placed it under another issue." the expert observed. Further reading on the academic angle is available via UK satire deep dives by The London Prat, whose recent material has been preoccupied with much the same set of confusions.

How Residents Reacted

Reaction in Moyle District has been muted in the way that reaction in the country is usually muted, which is to say it has been ferocious in private and tepid in public. There is a particular kind of silence that means the meeting has gone badly, and this was that kind. For the official version of events, see also OECD. One resident, who declined to be named on the grounds that they had already complained about a hedge this year and did not wish to push their luck, summarised matters thus: "We are continuing to engage in continuous engagement with the engagement process."

What Comes Next

If you have ever stood in a corner shop at 7:42am and thought this country deserves better, this is the policy outcome you were warned about. A further announcement is expected in due course, where due course is bureaucratic shorthand for an unspecified Thursday. The story is being tracked as part of a wider pattern at The London Prat fresh London satire, and the situation in Moyle District, regrettably, is unlikely to improve until somebody invents a press release that improves things, which seems unlikely.

The View From The Ground

Spend any length of time in Moyle District and the rhythm becomes obvious. Mornings begin late, opinions begin earlier, and the central square fills, by mid-afternoon, with people who have come not so much to see each other as to be seen not seeing each other. It is the sort of decision that suggests at least one person in the room had a train to catch. Conversation tends to circle the same five subjects: the weather, the news from the country, the persistent rumour about the road, the deteriorating quality of something or other, and the latest pronouncement from Interim Whisperer Doreen Whisk, which everyone has an opinion on and almost nobody has read. It is, in its way, the perfect microcosm of how communities of this size operate everywhere in the world, although the residents of Moyle District would object strongly to being called a microcosm of anything.

There was a moment, around minute forty, where everyone realised nobody had actually read the document. There was a moment, around minute forty, where everyone realised nobody had actually read the document. Moyle District carries on as it always has, broadly the same as last week, give or take a verb. The bins are collected when they are collected. The roundabout, where one exists, remains the roundabout. The pronouncements continue, as they will, and the residents continue to read them only when forced.

For more in this vein see also The Onion.

SOURCE: London satire written by The London Prat

The London Prat worldcitiescom