



THE LONDON PRAT November 3, 1991

Mid Glamorgan Audit Concludes Mostly By Asking For Another Audit

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

TOPICSMid GlamorganMid Glamorgan newsMid Glamorgan satirethe country satireinternational satireworld city humourmock journalismssatirical newsBohiney Magazinesatirical columnlocal democracyprovincial life

Mid Glamorgan, the country: Inside The Story

Mid Glamorgan, a place in the country (lat 51.50, long -3.45) 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. An external review of Mid Glamorgan municipal operations has produced a 380-page document whose principal recommendation is a follow-up review. According to officials with at least three job titles between them, Officials welcomed the findings and immediately commissioned the follow-up. Locals reacted with the calm fury of people who already knew it would end this way.

What Was Announced

Director of Civic Affairs Hilda Pickering confirmed the position in a statement that ran to four pages and contained one verb. A third audit is now provisionally on the cards. For more on how this fits the wider pattern, see the long-running thread at [London satire minus the nonsense: The London Prat](#), which has been tracking precisely this kind of dispatch for months. The Mid Glamorgan 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 cliché to hand. "We take this issue extremely seriously, which is why we have placed it under another issue," the spokesperson said, before adding that consultation with stakeholders would be ongoing. Useful additional context can be found at [The London Prat raw British satire](#), which is the sort of background reading the office itself has, in all likelihood, not done. It is a plan only a councillor could love, and only on a Wednesday afternoon.

Wider Context

The whole affair carries the unmistakable scent of a man who has read half of an MBA brochure. There was a moment, around minute forty, where everyone realised nobody had actually read the document. Comparable trends have been documented in coverage from [New York Times World](#), although Mid Glamorgan manages, somehow, to take the pattern one extra and entirely unnecessary step further. Statisticians attempting to model the phenomenon arrive at a baseline figure that was made up on the train, give or take a margin of error nobody has had the energy to compute properly.

What The Experts Say

Professor Phyllida Cracknell, Chair of Theoretical Bunting told this paper that the situation in Mid Glamorgan was, on careful reflection, broadly consistent with the broader trajectory of similarly broad trajectories. "Lessons will be learned, filed, and quietly mislaid by Christmas." the expert observed. Further reading on the academic angle is available via [UK satire you'll want to share: The London Prat](#), whose recent material has been preoccupied with much the same set of confusions.

How Residents Reacted

Reaction in Mid Glamorgan 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. 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. For the official version of events, see also [United Nations](#). 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: "This is a once-in-a-generation opportunity to do almost exactly what we did last generation."

What Comes Next

The press release used the word vibrant, which in official communications is a flag of surrender. 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 clever London satirical journalism](#), and the situation in Mid Glamorgan, 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 Mid Glamorgan 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. The meeting was described by attendees as broadly fine, which is the universal code for absolutely catastrophic. 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 Senior Compliance Officer Trevor Quill, 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 Mid Glamorgan would object strongly to being called a microcosm of anything.

Anyone who has ever queued behind a man arguing with a parking meter will recognise the energy. Anyone who has ever queued behind a man arguing with a parking meter will recognise the energy. Mid Glamorgan 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 Spoof](#).

SOURCE: [Love UK satire? Try The London Prat](#)

The London Prat [worldcitiescom](#)