

news you're not supposed to know.

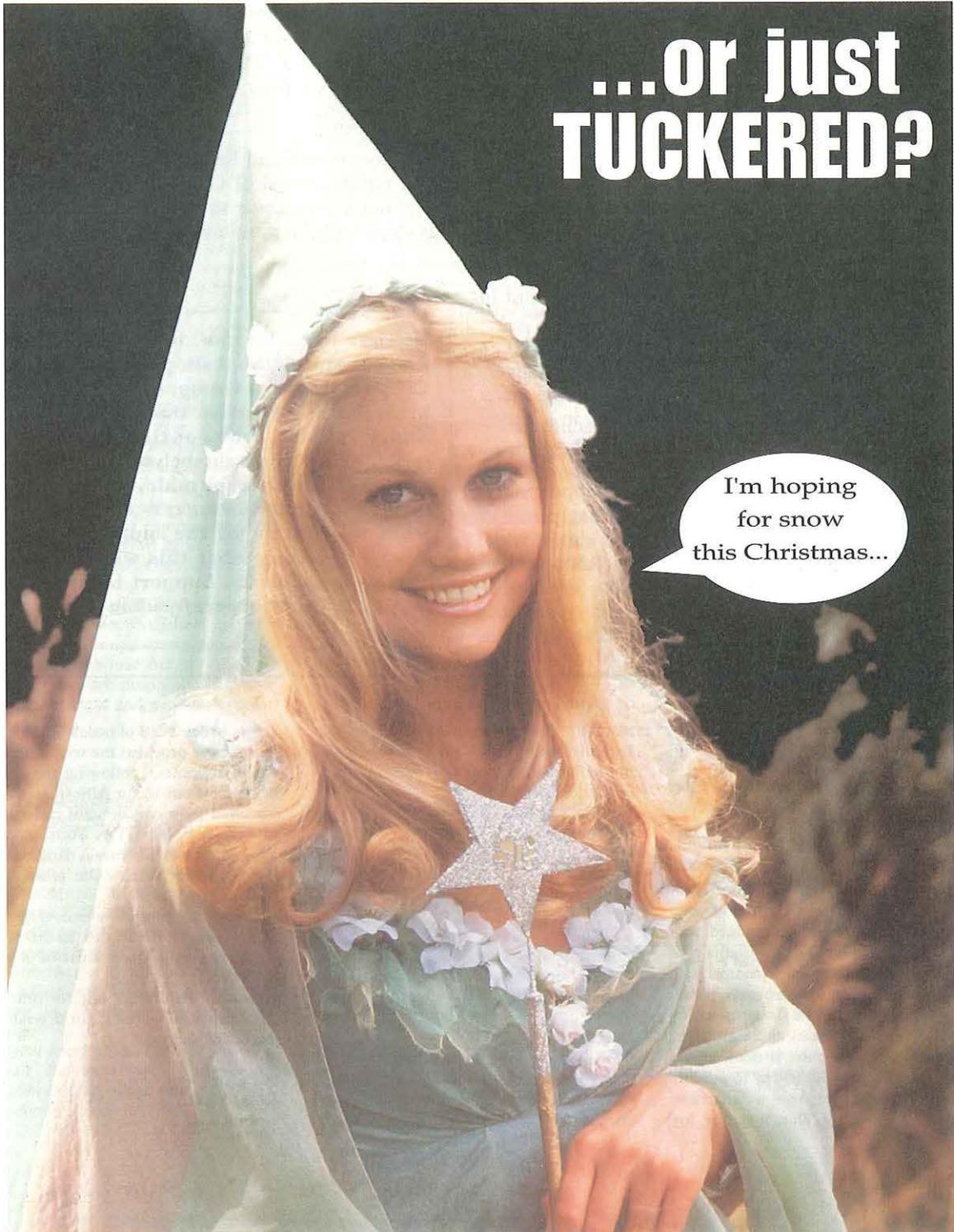
nose WEEK

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ANNELINE: Gone to pot?

...or just
TUCKERED?



I'm hoping
for snow
this Christmas...

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Welcome, Dear Reader

Welcome to noseWEEK 5. We apologise for appearing late. Lawyers and, yes, a computer breakdown have played havoc with our time.

So the Viva Trust and more recent partner Kagiso Trust, are to join old enemy Ithuba and sign up with Ithuba's operating company, Games Africa Ltd. Viva chairman Dr Roland is, of course, blind - but hopefully his senses of smell and touch are that much more acute. Apparently the great lottery deal has been struck - leaving the baker and Pik's old Mr Moneybags, Taki Xenopoulos, unexpectedly out in the cold and a high dudgeon.

And, by-the-by, clearing the way for the ANC's shakedown department, Thebe Unlimited, to diversify from schoolbooks into lotteries — it has been given an "option" to take up shares in Games Africa.

Ithuba, we are repeatedly told, means 'opportunity' in Xhosa and Why? Why indeed. That piece of paper given by them to the men from Telaviv, without tender or public enquiry, is worth R200 million or more in private profit.

A while ago Games Africa placed a large advert in

the Sunday Times, headlined TRUTH. In it were statements such as "no other organisation in the history of South Africa has ever contributed so much" and "no other company in the history of South Africa has given so much to so many". The truth? One hundred and fifteen million tickets sold, yields R230 million.

Take off the prizes — How would we know if they were claimed, or by whome? — and the 14% donated in charity to "so many".

That leaves R82 million. Take off the cost of scratchcards (about R12 million), and the 5% commission paid to retailers (e.g. the Post Office and Pick n Pay), another R11,5 million.

Take off, say, a further R7 million for a few large salaries and consultants' fees. That still leaves a tidy little profit of R50 million for the shareholders in Games Africa - in just the first, tentative year of trading.

The Director of Fund Raising, Mr Jacobs, has written a report critical of Games Africa and Ithuba. He is not a very clever man. Apparently his report has some faults in it, so it won't be published.

Readers will note that, while they eagerly market smut, bookshops controlled by CNA/The Literary Group, which include all branches of Exclusive Books, Bookworm and Pilgrims, still continue to banish noseWEEK from their shelves "for business reasons". Many reputable, independent bookshops and newsagents do, however, stock us. Call us for the supplier nearest you — and remember this when you are shopping for books. Support independent booksellers and support freedom of speech.

LETTERS

To the Editor

THE FNB STORY

Dear Sir

We are an aggrieved creditor of KPL-ETSA in liquidation and commend your bravery in publishing an unabridged version (in your issue no.3) of the events culminating in the demise of that company. The absence of advertising in your publication, welcome as it is, is always going to make its future precarious and expensive. Our decision to subscribe is made in an attempt to enhance your ability to publish the truth and be damned — a dangerous course and probably, alas, a recipe for

trouble. Government, Big Business, the Establishment, call it what you will, do not suffer lightly fools who rush in where angels fear to tread!

We, for our part, have publicly pledged our company to a code of ethics and honesty. We wish you every success for the future.

E D Hinton
Company Secretary
O-Line Support Systems (Pty) Ltd
Johannesburg

Dear Sir

I am getting long in the tooth, out of touch and losing my scent, therefore on a visit to, of all places, Touws River, I was stimulated and revived when I came

across issues 2 & 3 of noseWEEK.

These have provided me with a great deal of entertainment, following the activities of some of our major African stars, gyrating amid their concomitant constellations viz.: Zac, FNB, LTA, Stals, Politicos, Basil Hersov & his royals, Kultural Chris and the lovely Lorna. Our orbits have all collided in the past.

Nature study should be encouraged, thus any research into the habits of the denizens of the deep must be a worthy objective.

Herewith an investment for one year's subscription — with good wishes for increasing success.

Sincerely
Kenneth Birch
Northlands

Dear Sir

Congratulations on a brilliant publication which we really enjoy. At least I know for definite that there is one day each month that I will smile in the new South Africa - the day that I receive my edition of noseWEEK!

J Michael Judin
Sandton

WRINGING THE NO-BELL FOR OUR FANNY

Dear Sir

re: The attack on Frances Kendall in the October issue of noseWEEK concerning the publicity given to her nomination for the Nobel Peace prize.

Let me offer you some facts: When [Norwegian GP] Dr Kai Stensrod decided that he would like to nominate Leon Louw and [wife] Frances Kendall for their work towards a peaceful solution of SA's problems he contacted Groundswell, an organisation formed in 1986 to promote the ideas in [Louw & Kendall's book] *SA: The Solution*. He asked us for details to support the nomination. We were delighted that Louw & Kendall were being nominated and wanted to send out a press release to that effect on the assumption that such publicity would be helpful to our work. One of our co-ordinators, Gail Day, wrote to Stensrod for details of the nomination, and he replied: "We never know until August who is nominated, but we know that ours is accepted. That means: only the Nobel Committee knows the total list, but the candidates are of course free to publish the fact that they are nominated. Please give my best regards to Frances and Leon — Kai."

Incidentally, Frances is also the author of a fifth book which was commissioned by Groundswell: *The Heart of the Nation: Regional and Community Government in the new SA*.

When you say noseWEEK is "banned" from bookshops controlled by the CNA/Literary Group, surely you mean the CNA *et al* choose not to stock it? Presumably they are simply showing their good business sense and good taste in not stocking it.

Sincerely

Gavin Weiman
Chairman, Groundswell
P O Box 92385, Norwood, 2117.

Readers may write to the Louws, their publishers, Amagi Books, and their support group, Groundswell, all at the same address. Unlike noseWEEK, their various books on The Solution for SA, the Sex-Y Factor and other important matters are readily available at all branches of CNA and their more upmarket Exclusive Books. But please consult us before you decide to send us one for Christmas.

The Nobel facts about Fanny: for ours, Maureen Barnes wrote to the Nobel Foundation in Oslo, not to some Norwegian country doctor. — Ed.

R1000 for us — A good word for Zac



Dear Sir

Thank you for forwarding the issues which I was unable to obtain at the CNA. Although I must congratulate you on having the guts to expose wrongdoing, I have to express my strong disapproval about the article on Dr Zach de Beer. To imply that he was involved in assisting the Pass Laws Act in any way is ludicrous. Add to this the enormous contribution he has made to social change in this country, and I truly feel you owe him an apology.

There can be no doubt that the time is right for a publication like noseWEEK which exposes the many wrongs in this country. The Investors' Guide has tried on several occasions to do the same. We consequently know how very frustrating this work is due to lack of co-operation. Nobody wants to

"get involved in a scandal". Consequently I enclose my cheque for R1000,00 to assist you with your aims and express the hope that a more accurate balance between good and bad will be forthcoming.

Sincerely,

Taco Kuiper
Managing Director
The Investors' Guide
Johannesburg

Thank you! — For R1000 we are prepared to strongly disapprove of that article about Dr Zac and the new headquarters his company built for the Department of Bantu Administration. We agree that it is preposterous merely to imply that he assisted the government's efforts to carry out the Pass Laws, when it is a straightforward fact that he did so only to boost his company's profits. — Ed.

HUSTLERS

Dear Sir

Guess who the funders and co-owners are of Hustler, the magazine that has been offending respectable ladies by asking them to expose their fannies? Likewise the major shareholders in TIM Marketing, previously operators of the 087 sex lines? None other than the respectable gentlemen at Syfrets, the trust company now controlled by Nedbank. I thought your readers ought to be told.

Financial Advisor
Meadowridge

Dear Sir

I have been tasked to monitor you. You failed to use the window of opportunity to

move the goalposts or to level the playing field. That's bad. You are also reported still to be taking medicine (under doctor's orders, of course) while all the sports stars and criminals have moved up to medication. Address the problem and work through your relationships.

Rudi Benecke
Johannesburg

Get A Move On

Mandela, Mandela,
You funny old fella
Why aren't you coming soon?
We waited for you at half-past six
You haven't arrived at noon.

- Martin Wright

PENSION BOSSES TRY TO SILENCE US

Letter 1

Hofmeyr Van der Merwe

Attorneys
13 October 1993

Dear Sir

MOTOR INDUSTRY FUND ADMINISTRATORS (PTY) LTD NOSEWEEK

1. We are instructed by the above company and the Motor Industry Pension Fund, and refer to the article published in your October edition under the heading "Secret Sins"

2. By its own admission noseWEEK has obtained recordings of confidential minutes. You are surely aware those recordings were removed from our clients' offices unlawfully. The same recordings were the subject of an urgent application in the Witwatersrand Local Division.

3. The article not only reflects a lack of perspective on the issue, but also contains blatant inaccuracies. We do not propose dealing with all the inaccuracies, save to refer to at least one thereof. It is alleged that:

"The funds are not accountable to the Registrar of Pensions and in practice there is no real accountability to the workers who are forced to contribute to them."

4. The pension funds administered by our clients are all registered with the Registrar of Pensions and annual statements are submitted to him.

5. The mere fact that we do not deal with the other inaccuracies in your article should not be construed as an admission of the correctness thereof.

6. We note that you intend publishing a further article based upon the information unlawfully obtained from our client. You are hereby requested to undertake in writing not to publish any further information so obtained. At the same time you are also called upon to hand over to us all tape recordings and transcriptions relating to the above matter. Unless we receive the undertaking by 16h00 on Thursday, 14 October, an urgent application will be launched for an interdict to prevent the publication of any illegally obtained information and for the return of the tape recordings and transcriptions thereof.

7. Our clients and their officials reserve their rights as to the defamatory allegations in your article.

Yours faithfully

Hofmeyr Van der Merwe
Johannesburg

Our reply:

15 October 1993

Dear Sir

Were the circumstances different, we might have ignored your letter and waited to "see you in court". But, in this case, such an approach would be entirely inappropriate. Once you have read this letter, we hope you will agree.

We trust that the threat of urgent court action is not to be taken too literally, since:

1. Publication has already taken place.

2. It would seem to us to be an unconscionable personal indulgence were we to embark on expensive litigation in defence of our egos, using other people's money collected for other, worthier, purposes: in your clients' case, money collected in trust from working people in the motor industry to secure a pension; in ours, money intended to promote an independent news magazine.

We note from your letter that "such" tape recordings were the subject of an urgent application in the Witwatersrand Local Division. However, it would seem logical that, having been accused of publishing "blatant inaccuracies" and of showing a "lack of perspective on the issue", and then being threatened with legal action based thereon, it would be extremely foolish of us to part with the evidence which we would require to defend the accuracy of our report and prove our innocence of such a "lack of perspective".

The recordings upon which our report was based were not removed from your client's offices unlawfully — regardless of what might have been alleged or found in another court case, based on evidence which we have not seen, or been able to answer or dispute.

You have misread our report: Nowhere did we say that the funds administered by your clients are not registered with the Registrar of Pensions. We say they are not accountable to the Registrar. This is not only so in terms of the law, but your client's board members state or agree as much — and make reference to the relevant section in the Act — in the recordings that are now the subject of their great concern.

Publication was clearly in the interest of tens of thousands of employers and workers who contribute to funds administered by your clients. It is also in the interests of the public at large to be able to critically re-evaluate a system and practices that have developed with the possible sanction of existing laws and public institutions.

These laws and institutions either have not operated in the public interest, or the

practices have been allowed to develop because of neglect, incompetence or corruption.

We are willing to publish a correction of any errors in our report. It is therefore extremely important — and in the public interest — that you be specific about the "blatant inaccuracies" you suggest are contained in the noseWEEK article, so that they can be addressed and, if they are, in fact, inaccurate, be corrected in the next edition. We are also prepared to give your clients a fair opportunity to offer a different view or explanation of the facts.

We will vigorously oppose any attempt to silence us.

Meanwhile please provide us with copies of any communications from your clients to pension fund members or employer which show that they have been informed of the serious issues raised in the tape recorded minutes, as, in our defence, we intend stating that they were never told.

We await your reply.

The Editor

Letter 2

Hofmeyr Van der Merwe

Attorneys
19 October 1993

Dear Sir

It is clear you are in possession of information of meetings of our client's Board of Directors, which information is confidential to our client. You are not entitled to be in possession thereof or to publish it.

Earlier this year recordings of meetings of our client's Board were illegally obtained and resulted in litigation between our client and, inter alia, Mr Martin Janit. The Court found that the recordings contained information confidential to our client and prohibited the use or publication thereof.

The information you have now published, and which article is to be continued, contains information of the kind which was the subject of the application between our client and Mr Janit.

You avoid giving any unequivocal undertaking in your letter not to make use of the recordings or transcriptions thereof in any of the future issues of noseWEEK.

A court has already determined that it is in the public interest that the confidential discussions of a Board of Directors should be secret and confidential.

Our client does not intend entering into a public debate with you about the contents of your article, or in relation to the that:

1. you will desist from publishing any further articles, comments or other items having their origin in the relevant record-

ings, transcripts or any of our client's confidential information;

2. you will deliver to us whatever copies of the recordings or transcriptions you may have in your possession.

Should you fail to do so, our clients will seek appropriate urgent relief.

Yours faithfully,
Hofmeyr Van der Merwe Inc.

Our reply:

After careful consideration, we wish to inform you that:

1. We reserve the right to publish anything that is newsworthy, truthful and in the public interest concerning your client in the future, and deny having published anything in the past that does not meet those criteria.

2. The tape recordings in our possession were not removed from your client's offices unlawfully as alleged; the copies and transcripts in our possession are our property and will not be handed to you or your client.

Yours faithfully
The Editor

Now read on:

Shortly after this correspondence took place, the Sunday Times took up the issue and published even more extensive extracts from the tapes on its front page. Thereafter M I F A appears to have lost its appetite for court action to recover the "confidential" tapes. Clearly it fears that court action would give the public even greater access to what has been going on behind the scenes for years with the administration of such funds. One need only pose the question: How come millionaire businessmen like Cecil Jowell, (Chairman of Mobile Industries Ltd and director of transport and investment giant, Trenkor), Graeme Anderson of Pretoria, and John Herdman of Port Elizabeth can, in their own companies ensure that investments are made with a high return, but when it comes to the workers Pension funds they administer, the investments are abysmal? Why are two

senior trade unionists, Mr L Kettledas of NUMSA and Mr Johan du Plessis of MISA, who in wage negotiations demand access to employer's books, now so determined that pension fund members should not be told exactly where their money is invested? noseWEEK will return to the "confidential" tapes.

Of particular interest are two buildings in which MIFA invested tens of millions in recent years - and what the return has been on those investments. The first is The Terraces in Cape Town, acquired from developers Equikor. Mr Jowell knows them well. And then we are curious about a Pretoria office block bought and sold within weeks to the pension fund, generating a substantial profit for the shareholder's of a private company. What income were these investments supposed to generate for the pension funds - and what income have they in fact generated? ■

SECRET REPORT SLAMS FNB

The secret commission of enquiry which investigated the circumstances surrounding the insolvency of KPL-Etsa (Pty)Ltd, which went into liquidation last year owing creditors more than R50 million [see noses past], has found that First National Bank was knowingly a party to reckless trading by the company.

In the Commissioner's view: "A court might well decide to look upon FNB as liable for all the liabilities of the company." The company's liabilities exceed its assets by R34 million. The report of the commission of enquiry, held in terms of the Companies Act, is also critical of KPL's accountant, Mr Allan Hedding of Arthur Anderson, and of the Public Accountants and Auditors Board, which failed to investigate or take action when informed that KPL was trading while insolvent. The

Master of the Supreme Court in Pretoria has refused permission for the report to be published. Since the report was filed, however, the liquidator of the company has issued summons against FNB in which the court is asked to hold the bank liable for the company's debts. The Commissioner, Mr H Z Slomowitz, SC, finds in his report that FNB contravened the Companies Act and that from April - and possibly from as early as February - to September last year, when the company went into liquidation, there was a "direct causal link" between FNB's conduct and persons granting credit to the company. "It is enough if the person in question knew that the company was trading recklessly and participated in that trading by active assistance. FNB did just that. In fact, it did not merely assist the company in trading, it insisted on the company trading in

order to lessen its [the bank's] loss," he says. He found that FNB had improperly maintained a "hidden agenda" in its dealings with the company and its other creditors. It had given favourable bank reports to creditors which were "to say the least" inaccurate. The purpose was to realise FNB's objective of minimising its own losses or risks. By getting the company to continue trading, the bank's exposure - on overdraft and as guarantor for the completion of contracts - was reduced by more than R10 million. The report concludes that further investigations are warranted in regard to the conduct of the directors of the company, the company's auditors and the Public Accountants and Auditors Board. The Auditors Board had been told "in no uncertain terms" that the company was trading in insolvent circumstances. "The information given to it [by FNB] was not of

such a nature as entitled it to express the view that the company was not trading recklessly," he found. At the very least the Board was required to make enquiries, but had avoided doing so. "Thereafter it seems to have shelved the matter," Mr Slomowitz says.

◆
Next month: Durban estate agent Roy Titcombe is obsessed - some would say he's mad. He wants justice. For ten years his life has been brought to a standstill by an ongoing battle to get FNB to pay him what it owes him.

◆



FASHION IN A FEEDING FRENZY

It all depends on how you look at it, says that veteran ex-mayoress of Cape Town, Anthula Markovitz. What we were looking at was the glittering fashion show presented for the past nine years by Mrs Markovitz. This year's show, called the Radio Good Hope Designer Collection, was held in aid of The Peninsula School Feeding Association. Or so the programme claimed.

Tipped off by our enquiries in other quarters, Mrs Markovitz had invited us to see her at the surprisingly dingy offices of her fashion company, Bianca. Unexpectedly also there when we arrived were her husband, ex-mayor, local millionaire property owner and power on the city council, Leon Markovitz - who announced that he was there "to protect my wife's interests" - and PRO Eddy Cassar, there to testify to her good intentions.

The question: Did Mrs Markovitz and the fashion industry once again do a magnificent job of raising R50 000 for that worthy charity, the Peninsula School Feeding Ass., with the annual glitzy gorgeous fashion show? That's how she would prefer you to look at it.

Or have Mrs Markovitz and her friends in the fashion business simply used the Peninsula School Feeding Scheme to, once again, persuade public-spirited companies and the people of Cape Town into providing R300 000 — not for a meagre meal of bread and soup for hungry children — but for mountains of prawns and fountains of champagne, lights, glamour and laughter with which to tempt the rich to view the latest fashions? Was their plan less to feed the poor than to find a way of funding an ever grander advertising campaign for the fashion industry? Justified only with the promise that after the fashion feast, the poor would be fed the proverbial crumbs that dropped from the table. It's a grotesque idea, we admit, but look at the figures and judge for yourself.

It all began back in 1985 when, as mayoress, Anthula found herself charged by tradition with having to raise money for the mayoress's Christmas charity fund. By tradition all she was given with which to do the job was a list of names and addresses of willing donors, compiled over the years, her status, her secretary and her city hall address. Most of her predecessors had set-

tled for a begging letter and the odd Spring Ball or garden party to raise the necessary for Christmas parties for the young and aged poor. Anthula, herself a fashion model, decided instead to present a fashion show modelled on one sponsored by the Daily News in Durban. Called the Mayoress's Argus Designer Collection, it raised more money than was required by tradition.

Her show was considered such a success by one and all that Mrs Markovitz was asked to present the mayoress's fashion show for four years running. Then along came Mayoress Joanna Stern, who said thank you very much, but she had her own ideas for fund raising. The Argus newspaper - which had provided its name and free publicity - was only interested in backing the mayoress's charity.

"I then had to decide: Do I carry on without the backing of the Mayoral Office? And do I do it for another charity - or as a business venture?" She got together with some friends in the fashion industry and they decided the answer to the first question was a definite yes: "Fashion is fashion and needs a show every year." They found a

PRO, Eddy Cassar, who found them a new media sponsor, Radio Good Hope. From here on the story gets a bit trickier.

Mrs Markovitz and friends decided against running their project as a commercial venture - it takes a lot of up-front money to set up a fashion show and, especially in depression times, it is a risky, nerve-wracking business.

So they decided they needed a charity. The director of the Peninsula School Feeding Scheme, Brem Jackson, was obliging. "She is an ex-mayor and had been very good to us with donations from her mayor's fund at the time," he explained to us later.

Said Mrs Markovitz: "All they had to do was provide us with some photographs [of hungry children] and some information about the charity. They were not involved in the admin."

So in May 1989 Anthula's traditional begging letters went out once again - now not from the mayor's office, but under the banner and official welfare number of The Peninsula School Feeding Scheme. Donations and sponsorships came pouring in.

But her basic approach, she says, is - and was - simple: The more money she can raise from the public and sponsors, the more she can "invest" in her fashion show.

Which might explain why, although the show has grown in size and glamour from year to year for nine years, the amount that has been contributed to charity has remained constant at about R50 000 - which is worth less and less because of inflation.

"We have to keep up the standard of the show, we can't go backwards. The reason people come to see the show is because of its quality and high standing," she says. "It has become the most prestigious fashion show in the country - it's a show with its finger on the pulse, there's nothing like it in Johannesburg. This year we've had offers to take it there, and we are seriously talking about that, although the expenses involved would be enormous."

But did all the donors and sponsors who responded to her letter see it

that way? Some of the sponsors have logical ties to the fashion world, and might happily have paid their "sponsorship" for the privilege of being seen at any prestigious fashion event - Straight advertising, in other words, not charity. In that category might be Estee Lauder, les must de Cartier and various companies in the textile and fashion industries - although several of these have insisted to us that they would not have contributed, had School Feeding not been the beneficiary. But what of The David Graaff Foundation and the Isadore, Theresa and Ronald Cohen Charitable Trust? Or Spur Steak Ranches Ltd? Or First National Bank; or the Bookmakers Association? Or Old Mutual and A



My sincere thanks to you, the business community and the public of Cape Town, for once again supporting this charitable event. Now, in its ninth consecutive year, the Radio Good Hope Designer Collection has become a glittering showcase for the very best fashion South Africa has to offer.

We, the fashion industry, are proud to be associated with the Peninsula School Feeding Association. Together we have succeeded in bridging the gap between all that is glamorous and opulent, and the harsh reality of providing a cup of soup and a slice of bread to the hungry children of our city.

I thank my committee for their outstanding commitment to this project and I wish you all a wonderful evening.

ANTHULA MARKOVITZ
Convener



The number of under-privileged primary school children that we are providing a supplementary "meal" for has this year increased to 190 000 and it is on behalf of these children that I should, once again, like to thank Anthula Markovitz and her dedicated team of workers for their magnificent efforts to assist our cause.

Our slogan "you can't teach a hungry child" has never been more relevant than it is today and our Association is more than ever committed to assisting these under-privileged children to utilize their true potential.

My sincere hope is that the public will continue to back Anthula's efforts with their customary generous support.

BREM JACKSON
Chairman
Peninsula School Feeding Association

& A Furnishers? - names taken at random from the more than one hundred donors listed in the programme and thanked specifically for each having donated enough cash to feed 2, or 5 or 13 children "for 365 days". And there were apparently more such donors who wished to remain anonymous, or whose donations came too late to be mentioned.

Might donors and sponsors not have been misled by being asked to make their cheques payable to "Peninsula School Feeding GHDC"? Was it their intention to help promote the fashion industry, when they responded to a letter which went out under the Peninsula School Feeding Association's welfare number? Faced with this question, Mrs Markovitz quickly assured us that all money pledged in response to

these letters - which were sent out months in advance of the fashion show - were regarded by her as "guaranteed" for School Feeding. But in her books these donations are not reflected separately from other sponsorship amounts received in cash. And none of the donors' cheques went to School Feeding. Unknown to most donors and sponsors, the magic letters GHDC they were asked to write on their cheques after the words "Peninsula School Feeding" designated a special bank account opened by Mrs Markovitz and her committee to fund their show.

According to Mrs Markovitz's books for this year's show - which she invited noseWEEK to see - donations and contributions by advertisers and sponsors totalling R100350 were deposited in this account.

This total does not, of course, include contributions that were received in kind - such as the R10 000 plus worth of printing by Caltex, the free airtickets for models from Comair, the many thousands of rands worth of food, wine and bubbly for opening night from Woolworths, and the thousands of rands' worth of free advertising on Radio Good Hope and in the Cape Times. A sponsor paid thousands for the special audio-visual effects used to open the show. Society florists, Petals, arranged R1000 worth of flowers bought wholesale - free of charge.

Among those thanked in the programme was "David Whitesman and staff of the Cape Town Civic Centre". We phoned Captain Whitesman to ask how much the Council had charged for renting the Civic Centre to the fashion event. His secretary referred us to his assistant - who referred us to Mrs Markovitz. He also immediately took the precaution of telephoning Mrs Markovitz to warn her that noseWEEK was making enquiries.

Since the Civic Centre is a public facility, the Council's public relations department eventually confirmed that Mrs Markovitz had been given the centre, including electricity and cleaning, for four

days at a "special rate for charity" - R3308,00.

"We get very good deals, because people know the profits go to charity," Mrs Markovitz said proudly. And what of the tickets sold for a show "in aid of" The Peninsula School Feeding Association? This year people who attended the show, paid R100 for an opening night ticket and R40 on the subsequent three nights. A total of R177 000 was raised from ticket sales - more, actually, but Computicket took off a (reduced for the sake of charity) commission.

The fashion designers featured on the show themselves paid a total of R29 000 to participate. But this year, with the R3001 000 raised in cash from donors, sponsors and the public in the name of "The Peninsula School Feeding Association", Mrs Markovitz and her committee were able to spend R18 500 on lighting effects, R20 500 on sets, and R21 696 on scaffolding to back up the sets. Anthula's friends and fellow committee members at Tramps - The Show Company - were paid a further R131 483 to do the production. PRO Eddy Cassar, charging at a reduced rate, was paid R10 500 for his services.

The 700 rich and famous who came to the opening night were invited to stuff their faces with more than R10 000 worth of prawns, methode champenoise bubbly and other top-of-the-range foods and wines from Woolworths and various famous wine estates.

Why, we asked, had everyone been asked to make their cheques out to Peninsula School Feeding? "It was so that there would be no confusion about the name," Anthula explained, confusingly. It was not the donors' more than probable confusion with regard to where their money was going - to feed the poor or to subsidise a marketing campaign for the fashion industry - that she had in mind, but another, historical, confusion. Apparently a mayoress of more recent vintage discovered that donors on the original mayoress's list were responding to Mrs Markovitz's solicitations, still under the impression they were contribut-

ing to the Mayoress's Christmas Fund.

And if a begging letter sent out months before the show was enough to raise the R50 000 for charity, why claim the fashion show was in aid of charity - unless you were relying on business and the public's charitable sentiments to, in fact, raise funds or get special discounts not for charity, but for a fashion show? To that question Mrs Markovitz says that "profits" from ticket sales were also meant for the charity. A pity then that, despite the R177 000 in ticket sales, and the tens of thousands in free printing, free food and wine, free advertising on radio and in the press, free airtickets etc etc etc, there was apparently less than R10 000 in "profit" left over from the show to give to charity. (By our calculation, at least R40 000 in pre-show donations was given specifically to "feed" a specific number of children.

To which Mrs Markovitz replies: "There's no ceiling to the amount we could give to School Feeding if we suddenly have a windfall." Unfortunately, for the ninth year running there has been no windfall, so School Feeding got the same R50 000, most of it pledged in response to a simple letter in aid of a good charity.

In the nine years she has run her show, she says proudly, she has raised R500 000 for charity. What she doesn't say is that in the process the people of Cape Town have been persuaded, in the belief that they were helping the poor, to donate as much as R3 million to the fashion industry.

We asked the Chairman of The

Peninsula School Feeding Ass., Mr Jackson, for comment: "We had a very vague arrangement with Mrs Markovitz, and had nothing to do with running the project, other than providing a few photographs and doing the odd publicity interview for Radio Good Hope," he said. "We had nothing to do with soliciting for funds and haven't checked the books of the project. We certainly did not give them permission to operate a bank account in our name. Maybe we were remiss in not keeping a closer check on what they were doing."

* A footnote on Radio Good Hope's generous sponsorship. Radio Good Hope has a working class listenership for Country and Western music, Gospel and Boeremusiek: Hardly the intended customers for couturier fashion - and certainly not les must de Cartier. They're more likely to be earning R100 a week than to be spending R100 on an opening night ticket for a fashion show. Yet throughout each day, for weeks leading up to the event, regular punts and reports were broadcast by Good Hope Stereo on the station's adopted Fashion Show. Why? Besides the fact that husband Leon likes the station - possibly because it regularly promotes the Waterfront, where he has substantial business interests, Anthula has another, unexpected reason: "The clothing industry is the biggest employer of people on the Cape Flats, where most of Radio Good Hope's listeners are. Our seamstresses' children are in the schools where the Feeding Scheme operates. Good Hope is the station they listen to on the factory floor, and it makes them proud to hear that their industry is promoting such a good cause." Hardly cause for pride, we would have thought, that the wages they pay are so poor that their workers are unable to feed their children. And that, just possibly - depending on how you look at it - money given by charitable people to feed those starving children, is being used to fund a glitzy fashion show and to feed prawns and champagne to the rich of Kenilworth and Bishopscourt. Pass the sick bag, Alice. ■

Party Girl



From: All Men Are Bastards, 1994 Diary.

The World's Favourite Airline

"It's The Way They Make You Feel"

You'd think wouldn't you, that British Airways, considering the amount they spend on advertising, could be just a little bit nicer to their passengers?

A Cape Town businessman, returning recently from a working trip to London, boarded a BA plane for the evening flight home. Midway across France the pilot announced that, due to a technical fault, they were returning to Heathrow.

It was 1 a m when, after dumping fuel, they landed back at Heathrow. Closing down the bar, the cabin crew began serving the delayed dinner — presumably so as not to waste the prepared food. Passengers were told that the plane would leave at 10 a m but were given no explanation as to the nature of the problem.

By now everyone was tired and irritated and someone suggested that it would be better if, instead of sitting on the plane and eating dinner, they disembarked and went to their hotels, so that the fault could be attended to without delay. This suggestion was ignored.

Eventually, five passengers, including our informant, demanded to be released from the aircraft. The staff then allowed everyone to disembark at 1.30 a m. Terminal 4, British Airways' much publicised entry point, was deserted apart from two employees, who told the passengers that the plane would now only leave the following night — 24 hours late. Nobody apologised or offered an explanation for the delays. Apparently only the captain could act as spokesman and he had gone off home.

The passengers were assured, however, that their families and contacts in South Africa would be advised of the delay.

In order to convey the 400 or so passengers to their hotels, BA ordered just one coach, so the operation naturally took a bit of time — our informant got to his hotel at 2.30 a m. He decided not to dis-

turb his wife in Cape Town by phoning her then but to speak to her later.

When he tried to phone her from his room, the switchboard told him that he wasn't allowed to make any calls from his room but could call from reception if he paid a cash deposit. He was even refused permission to make a local call to his London office to get them to cancel an important meeting in Cape Town which he would miss.

Furious, and feeling that BA could at least afford to let stranded passengers phone home, he contacted the public affairs department at British Airways. "A snotty bloke confirmed that we were not allowed to make any calls because, he told me 'you might be on the phone for two hours'. After making a fuss, he finally agreed to let me make the two calls," he said.

Unfortunately, the concession came too late for him to reach his wife, a working woman, who had taken time off to drive to the airport to meet him — so much for the airline's promise to advise families of the delay. Worse, when she got to D F Malan airport, she and other people meeting passengers had the frightening experience of finding no plane, nor anyone who could tell them what had happened to it.

"I've made at least thirty international business flights on BA in the past few years, most of the time using Club Class," says our passenger, "But I will never use them again."

Another ex-BA passenger is Johannesburg company director, Margarita Megson, who was returning from Britain in September. Her troubles began when she checked in at Heathrow for the Friday night flight to Johannesburg. "I realised something was wrong when the queue at the check-in counter didn't move," she said. "Eventually the news filtered back along the line that the plane had been cancelled as they didn't have enough crew to fly it. Apparently a

flight to Miami was also cancelled for the same reason," she said.

Rumour had it that British Airways were short of a co-pilot and rumour was all Ms Megson had to go on, as no official explanation was ever given to the hapless passengers. "We were taken to nearby hotels, but by then it was impossible for me to get in touch with my family in England," she said.

The hotel experience wasn't good. The passengers were allowed to telephone South Africa to tell people that the plane was delayed, but only if they paid for the calls themselves. "Seeing as they'd cancelled our plane without warning, you'd think they would have had the decency to let people at the other end know about the delay," said Ms Megson.

After a depressing day, all she wanted to do was to have something to eat and climb into bed, so she tried to get room service. "As a woman travelling alone, sitting at a solitary table in a hotel dining room is not a comfortable experience, so I decided to have something to eat in my room," she said. "But I was told that none of the passengers were allowed room service — everyone was completely inflexible and uncaring."

The plane eventually left the following day at 3 p.m. "The pilot was extremely apologetic and actually encouraged people to write letters of complaint to the Chairman of British Airways," said Ms Megson. "It seems that the company has retrenched so many trained staff that they haven't got enough people to run the airline."

The aircraft landed at Jan Smuts at 3 a.m. — a great time, especially if you've travelled many miles to meet someone on the plane.

Will Margarita book on the world's favourite airline again? "Never. Apart from this incident, the conditions in economy are absolutely disgusting. For instance, they have only two toilets for a whole section which is completely inadequate."

STATUS FOR SALE

It's not only aspiring souls in the fashion business who can buy fancy certificates (from the sharp ladies at *Femme Magazine*) with which to enhance their status and con the public into believing they are "leaders" in the industry. We have found an even cheaper way to the top for corporate bods.

South Africa's Chartered Institute of Secretaries, that august professional body that for decades has certified the qualifications of corporate managers entitled to add the letters FCIS or ACIS to their names, is into the certificate trade too.

The only difference is that the certificate the CIS offers to enhance your status and recognition costs only R200; *Femme's* "expertly crafted" certificate costs R500 [see nose4].

Like thousands of others through the years, Cape Town accountant, Ridgley Hall, spent months and years studying for the examinations he was required to pass to qualify as an associate of the South African Chartered Institute of Secretaries.

It is with some pride, therefore, that he writes the letters CIS after his name. Imagine his surprise when he received a letter telling him that he could "obtain further status and recognition" by becoming a Fellow of the Chartered Institute of Business Management. (This would entitle him to add five more letters to his name — FCIBM.) All he had to do was to fill in a form, giving his name, address and telephone number and to tick whether he was a Fellow or Associate of the Chartered Institute of Secretaries, or a graduate of the Institute of Secretaries and Administrators — and return it to CIBM, along with his cheque for R200 for the annual subscription. No exams to write, no courses to attend.

According to its letterhead, CIBM is a "subsidiary" company of the Southern Africa Institute of

From the Chartered Institute of Secretaries.

Chartered Secretaries and Administrators. The two organisations share the same directors and address. When Mr Hall telephoned the Institute's offices in Johannesburg to ask what the benefits of membership were, he was told that he would get "a very impressive certificate" to frame and hang on his wall.

Irritated at what he calls "qualifications by mail", Mr Hall wrote to the CIBM on 11 August, asking for further information on this special offer. He also asked for a copy of the registration document pertaining to the company number on the letterhead. He sent his letter by registered mail but, to date, has received no reply.

noseWEEK telephoned the number on the application form and asked for assistance with completing the form. The friendly operator asked us to "hang on a sec" while she dealt with another mem-

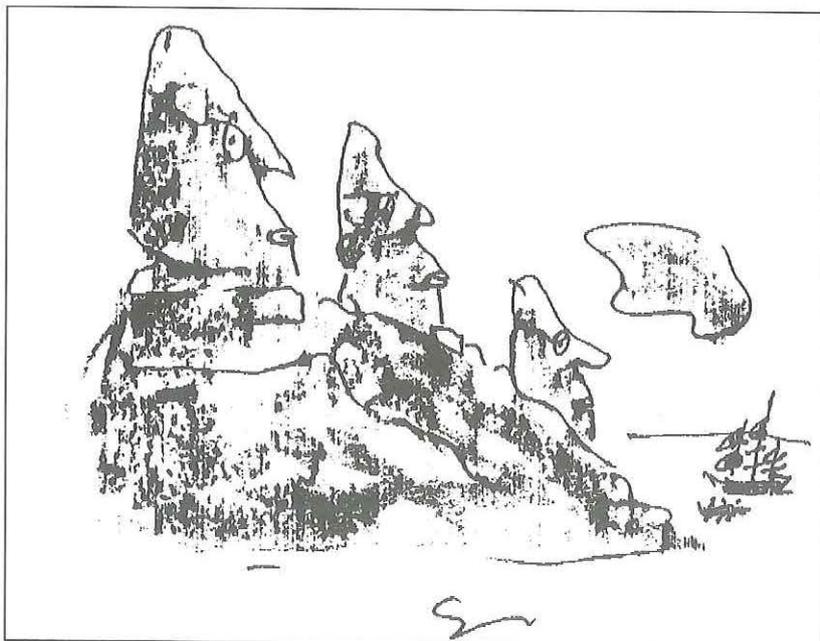
ber. When she returned she confirmed that, once the cheque was received, the member would be sent a certificate, and confided that it was "really just a status thing - the letters look good after your name".

The President, Mr David Sapseid, and the chief executive of the SA Institute of Secretaries and Administrators, Mr Alan Barrable, are apparently both concerned about their professional status and recognition in the community. Both have sought to enhance their status by adding the letters FCIBM after their names on company letterheads.

In the absence of any evidence to the contrary, Mr Hall is now of the opinion that the whole thing is a complete scam - something with which to fool the gullible.

It would be interesting to know: who's getting the money - and what do the directors of the parent body of the CISM in London feel about these Colonial Fellows? ■

GREAT MUNDANITIES OF THE WORLD



The Petrified Accountants: Easter Island

Maureen Barnes on RADIO & TV

RADIO :

Women and the Weather

When Marilyn Verster was replaced as editor of *Woman's World* by her youngish assistant, Hilary Reynolds, the appointment was enthusiastically endorsed by the popular women's magazines — hoping, no doubt, to get free publicity for themselves on the programme in return. Their dreams have been fulfilled.

After 15 months it is obvious that the well-educated and self-important Ms Reynolds has turned WW into a genteel disaster. The programme, liberally laced with “promotions”, advertorial and freebies-for-pals, wavers schizophrenically between worthy items of political correctness and items worthy of *Victoria's Empire*.

Take (please take) Georgie Donnelly, for instance. This South African ex-pat contributes frequent items from London and has a lovely time rushing about the most fashionable shops, microphone in hand, interviewing the rich and famous. She speaks in a little refined voice and actually says things like “I had to laugh, albeit wryly . . .”.

In-between she accompanies her sons, Sebastian and Crispin — or was it Torquil and Ninian, I can't recall — to Point to Point meets, riding lessons and tea parties. She told us one day how she now takes the lads to swimming lessons at the Dolphin Square private pool. So much nicer for the children, says Ms Donnelly, to go to the block of flats where Princess Anne lives, than to the overcrowded local council baths. “Public pools are an (sic) anathema to me,” she chirped. Recently she confided how she so much hated being buffeted by the “sweaty amazons” at the local gym that she organised a dance class at home for herself and a few of her closest chums. “We are tutored by a young black male ballet dancer, much to the amusement of our Spanish housekeeper, the window

cleaner and the plumber — who can hear the music echoing from the elegant confines of our drawing room.” I swear she said these very words.

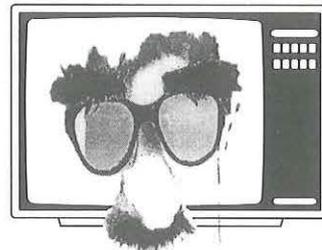
Another all-too-frequent contributor is local Eve van der Byl, whose accent is so South African posh that it is almost unintelligible. She too, speaks of a life littered with gardeners, domestics and nannies and regales us with ripping stories of the pranks she and the other gels used to get up to in the “senior dorm” — back in what she recalls as the good old days.

All of this pretentious rubbish should be relocated to a comedy slot where it belongs and Ms Reynolds replaced with someone more in tune with today's women and today's world. Actually, they don't have to look very far — they could bring back Marilyn Verster, who edited a first-rate WW for many years. As it is, Reynolds has made an art form out of mimicking her predecessor's distinctive voice and inflections. So why not have the real thing?

It has always been a mystery to me why Verster was sidelined after 14 illustrious years as editor and, according to one of noseWEEK's noses at the SABC, “forbidden ever to appear again on WW”. The most senior woman broadcaster on the English service, she now apparently sits in an office at the SABC's Sea Point studios, with no portfolio and no regular programme. What a waste. In her day it was a case of what you knew rather than *who* you knew that got you a spot on WW.

In addition to a change of editor, WW could do with a change of name — many of us have difficulty with “*Woman's World*”, which smacks too much of knitting and pickles for today's women.

In the meantime, we afternoon listeners have to thank heaven that once a month the entertaining and tough-minded Isobel Jones takes over with her *Consumer Hotspot* and gives us something to listen to.



It seems impossible, but the general quality of television seems to have dropped even lower, Mr Bean notwithstanding. Even M-Net seems to have fewer decent movies to escape into. So I thought to give it a miss this month, with just a nod to those two South African standbys — politics and the weather.

Mr Nelson Mandela was the star of the first edition of *Night Moves*, Dali Tambo's *Chat Show*. Looking as though he had just stepped off the flight deck of the star ship *Enterprise*, Mr Mandela was a real charmer.

When Tambo put it to him that he was regarded as a sex symbol, he modestly replied that a man in his seventies could hardly be. But he couldn't prevent a sneaky little grin.

While we seem to have far too many chat shows, with far too many non-personalities giving their facile views on everything but especially the future, I do think there is room for Tambo, with his droll and rather cheeky humour.

The introduction of Sky television — Dirty Digger Murdoch's latest attempt to control the universe — has given me a new interest — watching the weather. Many a morning the laconic weatherman points to an impenetrable cloud bank under which lies his country and says things like “. . . and as for Saturday, give it a miss.”

And the single word “bitter”, written across the north of England, sort of says it all — doesn't it? — and kills many a dream of emigration. ■

DE BUGGERS WHO FOUNDED DE BEERS

THE LAST EMPIRE. De Beers, Diamonds and the World, by Stefan Kanfer (Hodder & Stoughton).

Stefan Kanfer is a writer for Time magazine and it shows in his easy, entertaining prose style. But don't let the simplicity of his writing fool you - he brings a completely new insight and perceptiveness to a history we thought we all knew.

The result is a thrilling story which in turn entertains, enrages and shames. Well-known tales - to South Africans at least - are given a fresh perspective. Take jolly old Barney Barnato, who was treated then as many people treat today's fraudsters - as a lovable, rags-to-riches hero. But then, as now, it doesn't do to peer too closely. When his nephew, Isaac Joel, was arrested for IDB, Barnato tried to bribe the honest Head of Detectives, John Fry, by offering to buy the policeman's diamond stickpin for £5000 - it was worth no more than £200. John Fry coldly refused. Three days later Joel jumped bail and fled to London.

"Escape seems to have been Part One of Barney's plan. Retaliation was Part Two. With a vindictive spirit and unlimited funds he set out to destroy the detective who refused to be bought. The press and the politicians were all that Barney needed. He financed a newspaper, *The Diamond Times*, whose primary function was to lambaste the Detective Department... powerful officials were reached in Cape Town. Nothing in Fry's record indicated the slightest taint of corruption, so a charge was trumped up: he had been negligent in keeping the Detective Department's books. It sufficed. In February 1885, John Fry was dismissed and the Times stopped its attacks on the Department."

Three years later, at the age of 51, penniless and with a large family, Fry was dead. Of natural causes, the

doctors wrote.

In today's South African history books, Barnato is the hero and Fry is forgotten.

The story of diamonds is littered with such people. When the magnate J B Robinson died in 1929 at the age of 90, The Cape Times noted that his will omitted any gifts to charity. "His immunity against any impulse of generosity, private or public, was so notorious that the name of J B Robinson became during his lifetime proverbial for stinginess ... The evil which the dead man thus speaks of himself is terrible to contemplate." His descendants, the Labias, appear to have taken the reprimand to heart.

As for Cecil John Rhodes, whom you still hear venerated today - the damage wreaked by this cold, humourless man lingers on far more than his empire-building ever could. Not particularly intelligent, it seems that megalomania, rather than talent, brought him fame and riches.

Rhodes's many fans who quote his stated belief in "equal rights for all civilised men" should ponder on what he meant by civilised. Kanfer quotes from his speeches of the time: "there must be class legislation ... there must be Pass Laws and Peace Preservation acts ... we have got to treat natives where they are in a state of barbarism, in a different way to ourselves. We are to be lords over them."

Throughout, black people have been treated shamefully. Kanfer relates how in October 1877, Anthony Trollope, aged 62, paid a visit to Kimberley - then in the midst of its Diamond Rush. Kanfer calls Trollope's resultant book, *South Africa*, a "classic expression of Victorian liberalism". By the time his visit to this country is over, "Trollope has seen more than rocks and men; he has witnessed a brute system based on hypocrisy and money hunger."

At the time of his visit, Trollope was already a famous author and a man whom a friend called: "crusty, quarrelsome, wrong-headed, prejudiced, obstinate, kind-hearted, thoroughly

honest old Tony."

Trollope commented: "The stranger in South Africa will constantly be told that the coloured man will not work, and that this is the one insuperable cause by which the progress of the country will be impeded ... And yet during his whole sojourn in the country he will see the work of the world around him done by the coloured people ... When he gets to the Diamond Fields he will find the mines swarming with black labour. And yet he will be told that 'niggers' will not work." Trollope found the practice of flogging abominable. "It means always some other treatment for the coloured man than that which is given to the white man. There can be no good done till the two stand before the law exactly on the same ground."

South Africa, Trollope believed was "a black country and not a white one ... the important person is the Kafir and the Zulu, the Bechuana and the Hottentot - not the Dutchman or the Englishman."

The fact that it took over a century for history to catch up with Trollope was due in no small measure to the diamond and gold magnates.

When the brilliant Sir Ernest Oppenheimer took control of De Beers, he set about securing the family's interests. He formed a company, E Oppenheimer & Son, which would control De Beers, Anglo American and their many subsidiaries. Sir Ernest's beliefs, which were taken by the world at face value, echoed Rhodes's hypocrisy about equal rights. Meanwhile the civil rights of the black workers and the conditions under which they laboured went unchanged.

His son, Harry, inherited the secretive, elitist and sexist business - to this day South African males, brought up and educated as pseudo British public schoolboys, are given preference over men and particularly women, no matter how talented they might be. By the sixties Harry O had continued to build and diversify it into an empire of which only Rhodes could have dreamed, with an interest of 35% in Anglo.

"Under the Oppenheimer banner, gold and uranium prices continued to rise. From a modest start Anglo had built up its chemical and explosives division until it became South Africa's largest industrial company. Anglo's own merchant bank had grown into the seventh biggest bank in South Africa. A subsidiary company had made itself the country's biggest producer of synthetic fibres. Yet another division was South Africa's fourth biggest manufacturer of steel. The Argus Group, which Anglo acquired incidentally in a takeover, was shortly to take control of 17 out of 20 English-speaking newspapers".

And still the miners were treated as nothing more than a source of labour.

In the late sixties a black photojournalist, Ernest Cole, asked The Chamber of Mine's permission to interview some miner who had done well for himself. "Out of nearly

400 000 'boys', as the supervisors called them, the Chamber chose Joseph Wenene, who had worked his way up to 'boss boy' of other black men. On his pay — about one-sixth of what a beginning white miner would earn — he supported a wife and five children in one of the 'Bantustans'. The Wenenes were not permitted to come to his workplace, and he had not yet earned enough money to go home. He had not seen any of them for four years. 'I am happy on the mine,' he said gravely, 'but my longing for my family is always there.' A white official turned to Cole: 'You see, he has nothing to complain about.'

"Down the mine Cole found a hidden pervasive misery — worse even than in the worst slums of Johannesburg. Down in the shafts, supervisory tasks were taken by white men; black workers handled the heavy pick and shovel work and operated the loud drilling

machines."

The roots of today's hostel violence can be found in Cole's observations: "After hours the miners were quartered 20 to a room, in long brick-walled structures with corrugated iron roofs. They had no privacy, inadequate plumbing and nutrition 'like pig's food'.

"Sunday, the one day of rest, was attended by heavy melancholy and ennui. Separated from their wives and children, deprived of recreational facilities, the miners wandered around in circles, slept or chatted aimlessly.

Harry Oppenheimer was later to tell a reporter that he was "not very happy about the way things are being handled here (South Africa), but, as they say in the mining industry, it takes an incredibly bad manager to spoil a good mine."

This is an excellent book which must be read.

— Maureen Barnes

nosing about the Art World with Pince Nez

HEAR THE TILL JINGLE

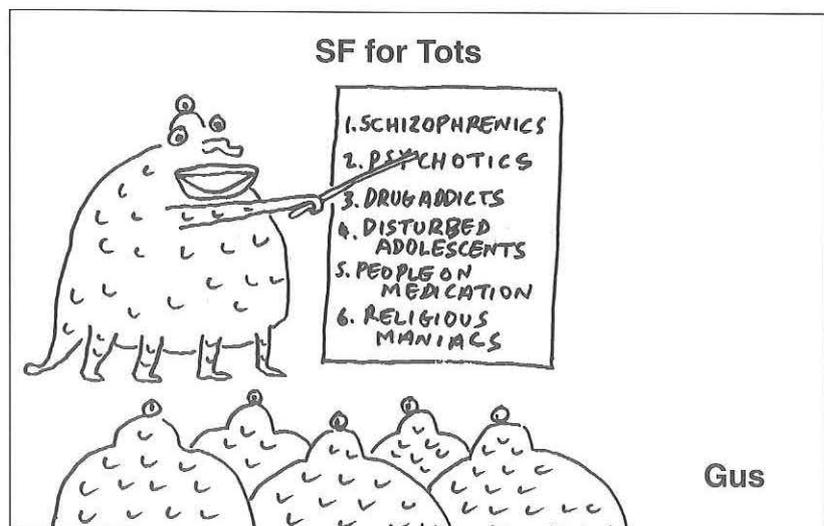
This month we've got more news from and about Johannesburg's Art Commissar, Christopher Till (see noseWEEKs past). But before we move on into sci-fi and the dreams of a salesman, some news about the real world:

The grand black-tie Johannesburg Civic Theatre Vita Awards function and rather less grand variety show at the end of September was fairly closely followed by an announcement that IGI had withdrawn its sponsorship of the 'Vita' programme. Phillip Stein, who invented and ran the whole affair, is currently negotiating for another company to take on the funding, and despite a few quarrels over the despotic procedures by which awards are made, it is devoutly to be hoped that he succeeds — the awards are the only real recognition given to practitioners of the arts and their loss would be a sad blow. However, it's no easy task for Phillip to hunt down a culturally aware and financially unem-

barrassed company to take over where IGI (under curatorship) and, prior to them, AA Life, left off.

In these days of striving for political correctness and pandering/catering to the "grass roots" communities, whomever or whatever they may be, the new Black Sun in Yeoville

has a refreshing approach to the works it stages. In common with Vaclav Havel it believes that in considering the work and its worth it is irrelevant to which political ideas the artist as a citizen claims allegiance, which ideas he would like to serve with his work, or



"In order to advance our research and frustrate detection, contact and communication is to be restricted to the following human types"

whether he holds any such ideas at all.

Would that all cultural groups and organisations held a similar belief in excellence and strove to do the best possible work with the best possible people.

A small and technically primitive space, but with a certain magic, the new Black Sun first opened its doors in 1986 and has always been dedicated to discovering and nurturing young untried talent. A number of prominent actors, playwrights and directors first made their appearance there, and now, under the artistic direction of the mercurial Ashraf Jamal, it promises to enliven and energise Johannesburg's theatre world. Eric Miyeni, iconoclastic writer and actor, is also a member of this irreverent and intelligent team, as is legal advisor Anthony Sher!

Whilst conferences and debates stutter on over the future of the arts, Capab made a quick deal with a number of those grass roots-based groups and must think it has saved itself from future purges. Vincent Kolbe, cultural worker and a somewhat disenchanted member of the Cape's delegation to the original National Arts Initiative plenary session last year, has his doubts. He wonders whether self-serving interests on both sides may have precipitated a decision to the ultimate detriment of the arts. He is probably right, but it remains to be seen who ends up serving whom.

A document emanating from "The Director of Culture, City of Johannesburg" should warn any sane person what to expect, but the one on Africus Johannesburg Biennale '95 exceeded any anticipated horror. You might say the title tells it all. But wait.

The said document was sent to noseWEEK in huffy response to my gentle reference (in noseWEEK 3) to the grandiose Biennale plans as "pie in the sky". Dear reader, it is much worse than we thought — but it is disguised in so much fart-speak that Till might just swing it. The purpose, apparently, of the Africus '95 "is to present after the April 1994 elections, a unique visual art event in Johannesburg". So

far so good. Thereafter the press release becomes unintelligible — possibly so that when Johannesburg ratepayers discover the bottom line, they can't say they weren't warned. Here's some of what this month's copywriting gem had to say: "The Biennale will introduce South African artists and public to contemporary international trends and ideas, and vica versa.

"This will be achieved by inviting acclaimed and emergent artists and administrators to exhibit and curate

A document emanating from "The Director of Culture, City of Johannesburg" should warn any sane person what to expect

alongside South Africans in such a way that artistic exchange and development can occur. It is envisaged that several artists will travel to SA which will stimulate both artistic and social interaction amongst artists."

Possibly local artists would find their interaction more stimulated by assistance with the cost of expensive art materials, or even a couple of square meals. And it must be a first for a hard-up country to invite "administrators" to "curate alongside" the lame-witted. Planners of the Biennale admit that they've covered all the ethnic exits. "Within the framework of the broadest outline listed below universal and specific perspectives of expressing individual and cultural identities will be illustrated through setting up exhibitions which investigate:

- the relationship of art made in South Africa to that produced in the rest of the African continent and to international trends
- the correlating currents in the art made by the African diaspora, eg. Afro-Caribbean, Afro-American, etc.
- the relationship of art made in South Africa by other diasporas, eg. Indian
- the art produced by marginalised peoples, and/or that on marginalised issues, eg.

land rights, etc.

- the relationship and effects of a "dominant" colonising culture on indigenous and re-emerging art forms
- the art of other international cultures in the process of cultural re-integration eg. Eastern Europe, Korea etc.

Funding for three proposed types of exhibition is given as: "Biennale and international funding agencies" and, for variation "International funding agencies and Biennale", or, if you prefer, "Same principle as above, except using identified funding Foundations".

Hidden away on a page which only trained athletes will have stamina enough to reach, is more on the curator story and we are told:

"The curatorial process which has been devised is innovative [we bet it is] and developmental. It is envisaged that each participating country appoints a curator who will lead and inspire a young 'trainee' South African curator.

"This is planned as a strategy revealing the curatorial process, to motivate youthful South African potential . . . It is also visualised that the reciprocal nature of the contact will allow the international curators access to a South African vision . . ."

Several more paragraphs follow about plans for an 'international curators' forum, ten-day tours, and "paradigms in relation to the South African artistic reality". Finally, it is hoped that South African "trainee" curators will be "invited for a brief period (say 4 weeks) to the international curators' countries to continue the curation process, meet foreign artists and administrators. . . and return to South Africa to assist the local artistic and administrative coordinators to have a better understanding of the planning of the Biennale."

Will the Director of Johannesburg Culture's creative writer please stand up and take a bow?

Now that the Nats are disappearing over the horizon, here come another lot of free-loaders. While the Tills of this world jingle on, may heaven preserve the struggling artist — and of course the Johannesburg ratepayer. ■

Pigging Out...



STYLE

This column had a memorable launch (noseWEEK 1) with a look at food critics, both sacred and profane, that have appeared in Top of The Times, the Cape Times' Saturday magazine. In the sacred category was a ToTT writer who had the misfortune of making nine factual errors in his otherwise complimentary review of The Fisherman's Cottage, one of Cape Town's best restaurants which, for several years now, has been rated one of South Africa's top ten popular restaurants in the Style/American Express Awards.

Our observations sparked an immediate response from one Tony

Jackman, who these days trades under the title "News Editor: Top of the Times".

Jackman devoted a whole column in ToTT to our column. While nobly defending what he called "my panel of restaurant reviewers", he repeated all our criticisms. Unable to contradict any of them he, instead, tried to ascribe deeper, more sinister motives to us. He would, of course, personally not do such a thing. He was, purportedly, merely reporting what "colleagues" had had to say about us.

"Do you know that Tori is actually Martin Welz and that he dines at the Fisherman's Cottage regularly?"

Which reminded us of what a lady friend - a pedagogue by training - remarked to her gynaecologist when asked if she had intercourse

regularly: "I think you mean frequently - regularly could mean once a year."

The Fisherman's Cottage is, indeed, one of Welz's favourite restaurants and, he says, he does go there regularly but, alas, not frequently. So if you're hoping to sight him amongst the rich and famous there, you'd better arrange it in advance.

And as for writing a food column - we (this columnist, "my partner and I") are still giggling at the very idea. Welz loves food, but it is as apparent that he is no expert - he absorbs his nosh rather in the manner of a cuckoo in the nest. So the last thing he would presume to write about is food.

Back to Jackman. His next point was rather obscure and presumably an in-joke of some kind:

"Another colleague believed it [this columnist] was Andrew Donaldson, but frankly is just doesn't read like Donaldson," he wrote, adding darkly in parenthesis: "(It had better not be)". Readers please note all italics are original Jackman.

More serious was the third bit he got from yet another "colleague" ...

"Later someone else whispered confidentially: 'He (Welz, that is) is a partner in the business you know.' Boy, did our ears prick up at that. But no, he's not. We know because we phoned and asked."

Come, come, Mr Jackman - because a criticism is accurate, it doesn't mean the critic is making something on the side.

Anyway all this was way back at the time of our first edition, and had all happily been forgotten. Until the matter was raised again recently in a rather ugly fashion when the annual American Express/Style Restaurant Guide, 1994, appeared. This prettily bound directory, which is given away with Style Magazine, contains details of over 200 Highveld restaurants, over 100 Natal restaurants and 163 Cape restaurants. It will no doubt be used by thousands of holiday makers over the summer holidays as a handy and reliable guide.

Naturally all the Style Top Ten Regional and the National de Luxe restaurants are featured. Except,

that is, for two in Cape Town - The Fisherman's Cottage and the Floris Smit Huis.

Now comes the interesting bit. We at noseWEEK, too, have our "colleagues". One, disguised in a false moustache, told us that the person responsible for this error was none other than Tony Jackman who compiled the Cape section of the guide.

We checked out the restaurants and both are really upset at the omission which can only be corrected in the February edition of Style - long after the holiday season has come and gone in the Cape.

The Fisherman's Cottage declined to comment - probably fearing that further praise from noseWEEK is the kiss of death at the Times.

Steve Moncrieff of the Floris Smit Huis said he was furious when he found out through regular diners that he had been dropped. "I like Tony," he said carefully, "and he is really apologetic about his mistake. Unfortunately that doesn't help business. To be left out having been in the Top 10 was surprising. I'm going to lose a lot of business through this.

"He said he lost all the 'F' restaurants on his computer, but I noticed that one F restaurant made it," Moncrieff told noseWEEK. Sounds FFFFunny to us. Could Jackman have shares in that solitary F restaurant?

Which brings us to what another of our colleagues told us: "Did you know," he whispered, "that Jackman spent his holidays as a special editor to the Platters, John and Erica, helping him with the wine guide and giving her comfort (and publicity) as she produced her first novel?"

We hadn't heard that one, but it did explain why the Platters are receiving even more coverage this year in ToTT than usual. And guess who is writing it all. Yes, Mr Tony Jackman himself. He confirmed it recently when he gave Mrs Platter's novel a rave review in a column rather mysteriously headed "Food and Wine".

He first devoted a column to her book before it appeared a few months ago under the heading

(continued on back page)

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LOST, LOST: we've lost touch with the following old nose subscribers. Can anyone help with their present whereabouts? If so please phone noseWEEK (021)614809. (Thanks to those who responded to last month's list!)

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Pigging cont.

"Wine Writer's Wife Writes Novel" - which must have caused Ms Platter some conflict between gratification for publicity received and resentment at being designated wife trailing in the wake of the Great Man.

After dealing with the novel, Jackman moved on to the Novelist's husband's 1994 South African Wine Guide which, he said "was edited by Erica ... with a little help from moi".

He went on to tell us that there are 406 new wines in the book. "I counted them," he says "and I defy you to prove me wrong." It's a pity our busy little *garçon* didn't count the restaurants for the Style guide while he was about it. - *Tori*

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