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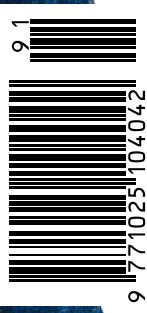
noseweek

91

MAY 2007



Why the Israeli mafia killed Winnie's friend



Fifa's corrupt fiefdom ■ Rian Malan on Ronald Roberts and Mbeki



MR. JACK DANIEL PASSED AWAY DUE TO AN INJURY HE SUSTAINED WHEN KICKING HIS SAFE EARLY ONE MORNING AT WORK.

MORAL OF THE STORY: NEVER GO TO WORK EARLY.

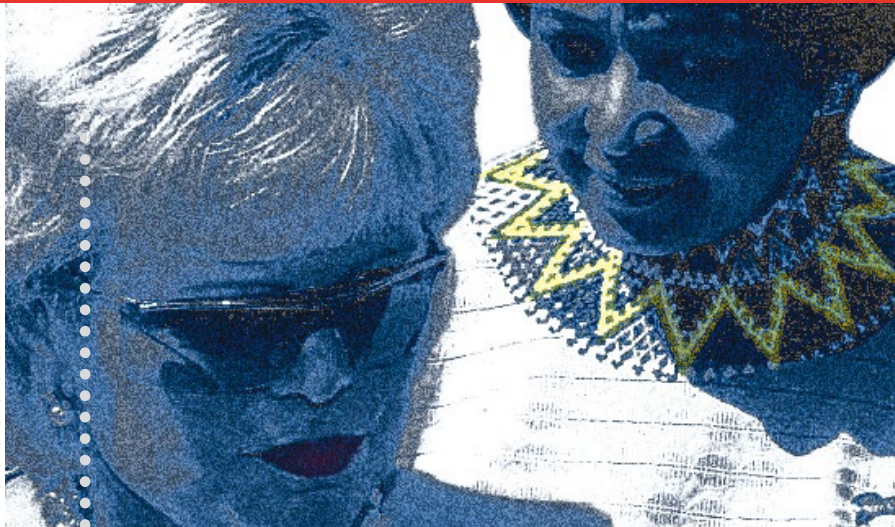
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8 WHY THE ISRAELI MAFIA HIT WINNIE'S FRIEND

- 4 **Letters** ■ Crime shame ■ Standard Bank: innovative rip-off; inspired to make money ■ Direct democracy ■ Home Affairs: don't phone us ■ Rabbid headline ■ Chewing on Prendini Toffoli ■ Fit to print ■ Four Jacks and over the hill? ■ Dronkie serenade
- 6 **Dear reader** Fifa's corruption runneth over
- 7 **The plot thickens** Selebi's chum linked to terror case
- 14 **Here's Johnny! (Again)** An amazing investment opportunity in a Cape Town property turned out to be just another Ray sting
- 17 **Updates** St Francis Bay tries to shake off that sinking feeling ■ Nightmare over for dream-car lady
- 18 **The book that hasn't arrived** Rian Malan takes a peek preview at Ronald Suresh Roberts' treatise on Thabo Mbeki's native mind – and finds the tome a whole lot less entertaining than its author
- 22 **Why did Thembela die?** Police probe the avoidable death of a young mother
- 26 **Perfect pitch** How Absa almost canned the sound of music
- 28 **Bites and pieces** Social commentator Hilary Prendini Toffoli gets down at the Cape Town International Jazz Festival
- 30 **'De la Rey' under analysis** We've heard lots about the purported politics behind that song, but what about the music? asks Herbert Kitchener
- 32 **NoseArk** More heat than light
- 34 **Wine** Wages of wine
- 35 **Web Dreams** Up the Rumpole
- 36 **Law of the B@nd** Socket to me!
- 38 **Last Word** Fifteen bob

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Crime shame

The reluctance of the government to confront the criminal fraternity is quite understandable. Who, in any democracy, would wish to alienate such a large and growing constituency?

Hugh Farquharson,
Forest Town, Johannesburg

Innovative rip-off

I have been Motivated (by Dave Robbins, Letters, *nose89*) to write to you about the Innovative way that Standard Bank has been Inspired to increase profits.

for this facility that we did not want and have never used.

If we had borrowed the R600 from them, at 20% this would have cost us R120 per year, or R10 per month.

So the charge for not using the facility is more than two and a half times the interest we would pay if we did use it. Talk about Innovation!

Cedric Edwards
By email

Inspired to make money

Your story about Standard Bank (*nose90*) brings to mind my experience when, some

an offshore fund via the bank in Jersey or Guernsey. He explained to me that these investments were “opaque” as far as the Reserve Bank was concerned and how I might take all my holiday allowance and place it in this account, and various other tricks of a similar nature. It immediately became evident to me that I was being enticed to contravene all the Reserve Bank regulations and that, in fact, I was being asked to commit a criminal offence. I threw young Hallett out of my office and phoned his boss, Mr

On the money

It follows from your article on Standard Bank (in *nose90*) that its financial planner, Le Riche (how appropriate!) is clearly suspect. Aren't financial planners supposed to be registered with the FSB – and have qualifications to do this job? Why does this person have no qualifications or training and yet get employed by a leading bank as a financial planner? If this is so, should not the bank's directors be called to account? And why did the bank's financial planner not offer his clients a fixed bond rate on the bonds he persuaded them to raise for capital to invest in the bank's loss-making offshore schemes? Oh, of course – then the bank would itself have lost money!

Pam Herr
Fish Hoek

Yup, he's not a fool, he's just a sheister salesman. – Ed.

Direct democracy

I don't profess to know anything about the Free Market Foundation's funding these days or its stance on global warming. However *South Africa: the Solution* and Frances Kendall's other books on the subject of local government were the blueprint for a practical alternative to our current, increasingly centralised, system of government and what I believe is a deeply flawed constitution.

The advantages of real power at local level in a multi-lingual and multi-cultural country are obvious: mother tongue education, politics becoming issue-driven rather than party political, empowerment through local radio and television.

In short, using taxpayers' money for services instead of for the WaBenzis a centralised system inevitably throws up.

Even conservation and ecological matters would benefit. The best direct democracy is still being able to take the offending official (who backs development on wetlands and the like) by the scruff of his neck and kick him out of the local council.

I'm with NoseArk on ecolog-

David Klatzow
Rondebosch

On the unpainted walls of Wynberg Home Affairs there's a poster which reads: 'WE CARE'

I am the treasurer of a small collectors' club. We have had a cheque account with Standard Bank for about 10 years and were granted, without request, an automatic overdraft facility of R600 when the account was opened. We have never used it.

In January Standard Bank introduced a monthly fee of R25

years ago, my wife had a small inheritance which she wished to invest overseas. As I was banking with Standard at the time I asked their advice.

Within the hour they'd sent a young man called Jason Hallett to advise me. Without going into all the details, he gave me advice on how to invest in

Rhett Groome, who was too busy to speak to me but who miraculously became un-busy after I explained to his secretary that I was about to phone the Attorney General to lay a formal complaint.

Mr Groome became so un-busy that he came over immediately to see me and brought with him all the proper papers to open an offshore account. I declined, however, after reading the third clause in the small print which gave the bank carte blanche to screw up on your investment without incurring any liability to themselves.

Oh yes – I was also advised at the time to take out an increased mortgage on my house to invest it in some cockamamie scheme that the bank had dreamed up.

It seems as though the bank are not so good at giving financial advice which benefits the client but, boy oh boy, are they good at making a fast buck at your expense. Happily I did not follow their advice and after I'd experienced spectacularly poor service on a number of occasions, I closed my account with them. So, the subtext: Inspired (to make money out of hapless gullible clients); Motivated (to cover their own interests); Involved (in some very questionable advice giving).

Gus



“What a load of Godswallop!!!”

ical issues but this collateral damage to Louw and Kendall is undeserved.

Nick Taylor [yes, the one],
Verlorenvlei, West Coast

Your view appears to be based on the assumption that local electorates are less gullible than the national electorate, and that the temptations of the latest Merc and the quick buck to be made from uncontrolled development are less at local level than they are at national level. Experience suggests otherwise. – Ed.

Don't phone us

My wife and I applied for renewal passports at the same Wynberg Home Affairs office described by Mr Nose ("Home Affairs pulls the plug", nose89). After waiting the suggested six- to eight-week period we phoned the number given to us at the initial meeting. Sure enough, we had dialled "Wynberg unplugged".

So, back to the Wynberg office, where, after a 1.5 hour wait in the "collection" queue, I was advised that my passport had been posted; my wife's was still in "printing".

When I phoned again the following week – surprise – after just 5 minutes the phone was answered. (She's back from sick leave!) I was now told that, while my passport had been mailed, my wife's was only "in fingerprints". (I was advised that "fingerprints" precedes "printing".)

After another week and another visit to the offices, I am told my wife's passport is now also in the post.

Neither has arrived.

On the unpainted walls of Wynberg Home Affairs there's

a very prominently displayed poster which reads "WE CARE".

I don't think they could give a Tinker's Cuss.

Julian Seymour
julians@coastair.co.za

Rabid headline

Your headline "Cops and Rabbits" (nose90) gives the impression that Jewish religious leaders are implicated in shady dealings, something that one soon sees is not the case. It is unfortunate that you chose to sacrifice strict accuracy for the sake of a clever pun. There is a difference, surely, between being outspoken and hard-hitting and on being needlessly offensive.

David Saks
SA Jewish Board of Deputies,
Johannesburg

The end is nigh: the Jews, too, are losing their sense of humour! – Ed.

Gender bender

To the admirer of Hilary Prendini Toffoli's column who makes the sweeping statement that it is "just what the ladies need", I say: "Nonsense!" I am a woman and read everything in *noseweek*, except that column.

Reading (or not reading) this column and/or *noseweek* has nothing to do with gender.

Christelle
csw@wbs.co.za

Quite right. Although it is possible to write presuming a male – or female – readership, we do not. I never miss Hilary's column. It's better than an afternoon at the zoo – and it's written with style! – Ed.

Feeling better

Having just forked out for my monthly fix of *noseweek*, I have to thank you for your letter advice to Ingrid Luyt (wishes, nose90). I have skipped pages 32 and 33 as prescribed by you and I feel a lot better now.

Jane Austin
pexall@xsinet.co.za

Yes, but what will Mr Darcy have to say when he hears what you've done? – Ed.

Drivel and gossip

I'm glad you've been made aware of the fact that most readers purchase your magazine for its controversial content, and not for the crock dished up in the "social" pages.

I note your suggestion to Ingrid Luyt that she skip the two pages she does not want to read – but I must point out that the "Drivel and Gossip" portion of *noseweek* now covers the last seven pages of the magazine.

V Ruppung
Parow

If this goes on for much longer, I'm going to have to skip reading the letters page. – Ed.

Fit to print

Please note that I am no longer involved with Financial Fitness Consulting (noses53&86) and have not been for the last four years. Any misdeeds by Jim Millar, imagined or otherwise, are his and his alone.

Iona Minton,
iona@credithealth.co.za

Four Jacks and a Jill

I am trying to contact the pop group of the 60s Four Jacks and a Jill – mainly Clive and Glenys. I am a friend from the

USA and unfortunately lost contact with them many years ago. Can you help, please?

Beryl Middleton
Bluebell2838@aol.com

Dronkie serenade

A friend of mine caught the 10am train from Cape Town to historically romantic Matjiesfontein last week, and had an interesting experience. There is apparently only one class these days – third class – so everyone sits shoulder to shoulder as if on a bus. Once the train leaves CT station it becomes a mobile shebeen, with people coming round plying the passengers with beer, brandy and coke – and the odd snack, like chips.

No bloody wonder so many people are killed by trains, when they've poured themselves out of the train at De Aar. Interestingly, I happened to be editing an article on foetal alcohol syndrome last week and De Aar has the highest rate in the country. I just cannot imagine in whose interests it is to have a trainload of drunken, belligerent passengers traversing the countryside each week – wouldn't be at all surprised if the beer and brandy is old, or the beer and in other ways unsaleable via conventional means... Maybe I'm just a conspiracy theorist but it smacks of exploitation and greed to me.

Lynne Stafford
Tableview

Letters

Letters offered for publication in *noseweek* should be sent to The Editor, *noseweek*, PO Box 44538, Claremont 7735 or emailed to editor@noseweek.co.za. Submissions should be no longer than 150 words.



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Fifa's corruption runneth over

THE *Daily Mail* in London describes it as “an astonishing story of bribery and vote-rigging.” “Mismanagement, misbehaviour and the pursuit of personal gain seem to have had few consequences for its leaders,” declares *Transparency International*. “The evidence and findings will certainly be fodder for further investigations.” The *Columbia Journalism Review* calls it “... a corrupt fiefdom rife with bribes”.

What are they talking about? South Africa's arms deal? It could well be, but no.

Some more clues: “Multi-layer corruption ... shocking electoral dishonesty and byzantine power tussles ... this sordid account, moving from Europe to Africa to the Caribbean ...” writes the *Statesman* in Calcutta. “A tapestry of lies, deceit, and fraud ... permeates its governing body,” adds *Sport 100*.

“Will make uncomfortable reading,” is the ever-cautious opinion of the *International Sports Law Journal*.

Yes, you guessed it. It's the next bunch of gangsters to hit our shores. After the arms dealers come Fifa, masters of world soccer – the shady operators that have persuaded us to mortgage our future (or what's left of it once the arms dealers have been and gone) to build mega-stadiums that we'll use for a week but take a lifetime to pay for.

And, of course, they're talking South Africa's new best friend, the Fifa don of dons, Sepp Blatter.

They use such crass language about Fifa – with such confidence – because they have all read a remarkable book called *Foul! The secret world of FIFA: bribes, vote-rigging and ticket scandals* by Andrew Jennings (Harper Sport). An updated paperback edition is due in bookshops as we go to press. South Africa features prominently in many of the chapters – and we are clearly set to star in quite a few chapters yet to come.

Lest you think this is the loose talk of credulous journalists, here's what international credit card operator MasterCard – a longtime soccer sponsor – told a Manhattan court last year: “Any company should have grave concerns about doing business with Fifa ... [where] lying and deception and bad faith are standard operating procedure.”

Competing credit card operator Visa was no less damning about Fifa in its submission to the same court: “No lie was too brazen, and no excuse too contrived for these people.” We are talking about a \$195m (R1,4bn) sponsorship deal here.

At the end of the case, New York Judge Loretta Preska found that Fifa's negotiators lied repeatedly to MasterCard and to Visa. And when they came to court, “the evidence of Fifa witnesses was generally not credible”.

BACK in Zug, Swiss magistrate Thomas Hildbrand is still investigating what International Sport and Leisure (ISL) executives did with more than £50 million paid by the Brazilian network Globo to the ISL company for television rights to the World Cup in 2002 and 2006. The money should have been passed on to Fifa. It wasn't.

When ISL went bankrupt in 2004, the

liquidators discovered that ISL had been paying massive bribes and kickbacks to various senior men at Fifa (and other international sporting bodies). Which might explain why Fifa was so lax in collecting the Brazilian payment: what hadn't gone into Fifa's bank account had gone into the personal bank accounts of its senior executives.

It emerged ISL had been making payments for “Additional Rights” – when there were no additional rights. They were bribes. Sometimes they went through law firms, sometimes through numbered Swiss bank accounts to accounts held abroad, to offshore companies.

An ISL official has named a famous sports leader to whom ISL paid more than R10-million a year for more than a decade. Another regular beneficiary was from Africa, four were from Latin America; an Italian, now dead, was the second biggest recipient. In total, about twelve individuals were on permanent kickbacks. ISL also made one-off payments “to make certain things happen”.

As soon as the Fifa contract was signed in 1998, ISL set up the Nunca Foundation in Liechtenstein. In 1999, ISL sent about 20 million Swiss francs – about R100 million – to Nunca, to take care of future bribes. Nunca moved the money to Sunbow SA, a shell company in the British Virgin Islands. Sunbow had the list of names who should be sent money.

When, in 2004, the ISL liquidator demanded repayment of the first \$2,5m bribes he was able to identify, the money was secretly paid into an attorney's trust account – by Fifa itself!

IN EARLY June last year, just before the Germany World Cup, Jennings and a television crew confronted Blatter at Zurich airport. As Blatter emerged from his presidential Mercedes, Jennings appeared in front of him with a microphone. “Good morning, President Blatter. Why did Fifa pay back the ISL bribes?”

Blatter took his briefcase and said nothing. “Did you ever take bribes from ISL?” asked Jennings.

Blatter looked through him and said nothing. “Can I ask you again: why did Fifa repay the ISL bribes?”

Blatter struck off towards the private charter building. Jennings trotted after him. “President Blatter, I must ask you, are you a fit and proper person to control world football?”

Blatter slipped inside the building and the door closed silently behind him.

HOLD your breath. The trial of the ISL executives accused of embezzling around R500 million from Fifa is scheduled to begin in November. And magistrate Hildebrand's second investigation, into who paid the bribes, continues.

Tick. Tick. Tick...

Get the book. Meanwhile, you should know that any politician who supports Fifa's 2010 World Cup programme in South Africa is irresponsible – at the very least. – **The Editor**

The plot thickens

Selebi's chum linked to terror case

POLICE INTELLIGENCE OFFICERS have been assigned to establish the whereabouts of Imran Ismail, the smuggler, crime boss and fixer whose close and allegedly corrupt links with National Police Commissioner Jackie Selebi were revealed in the last two issues of *noseweek*.

One former member of the forex/grey goods scam syndicate was subjected to a four-hour grilling last month as the sleuths sought to establish the current abode and *modus operandi* of the mysterious

Ismail. Clearly Selebi and friends are anxious to get to Ismail before the Scorpions do.

As for the whereabouts of the elusive smuggler, investigators from either unit might consider taking a trip to India and dropping in at number 58 Pali Hill, in the Mumbai suburb of Bandra. For Imran Ismail may well answer the doorbell.

58 Pali Hill is the home of the legendary Bollywood film star Sanjay Dutt, whose career has been blighted by his association with Imran's other friend, global terrorist Dawood Ibrahim. Dutt, 47, is one of 123 people charged after the 12 March 1993 serial bomb blasts in Mumbai that left 257 dead and 1400 injured.

He sat in prison for 15 months before getting bail in 1995 – and he's been out on bail ever since. Last November Judge Pramod Kode, sitting in the special Terrorist and Disruptive Activities (Prevention) Act court in Mumbai, cleared Dutt of conspiracy and destroying evidence, but found him guilty of the lesser Arms Act offence of illegally possessing one AK-56 assault rifle – a cousin of the ubiquitous AK-47 – and an unlicensed 9mm pistol, plus ammunition.

At Sanjay Dutt's latest court appearance in February this year – he's still to be sentenced and has applied for probation in lieu of a prison sentence – who should be at the star's side as he entered the court but his close friend and frequent house guest from South Africa, Imran Ismail!

The occasion, recorded for posterity by a cameraman from India's NDTV, was hardly a surprise to those members of South Africa's Indian community who watched the news on Multichoice. A couple of years ago, when Dutt's father, the veteran



Wanted: Imran Ismail with Potch, his favourite lady of the night – when in Singapore

Bollywood actor-turned-politician Sunil Dutt, died at the age of 75, NDTV filmed mourners gathered at the family home – and there again was Imran Ismail.

One member of our own Great Forex Scam syndicate recalls meeting Sanjay Dutt in Singapore in the late 90s. "Imran took us to the premiere of Sanjay's latest film and we all had a meal together at the Hyatt. Sanjay and Imran were like brothers," he says.

In *nose90* we recounted Ismail's close ties to the global terrorist Dawood Ibrahim, and how police commissioner Selebi and the dreaded Ibrahim had both been the honoured guests of Ismail at a World Cup cricket match at Centurion in 2003. Now let's examine the Sanjay Dutt/Dawood Ibrahim connection.

Initially the film star was charged with acquiring three AK-56 rifles, nine magazines, 450 cartridges and more than 20 hand grenades, all part of the consignment of weapons smuggled into India shortly before the Mumbai bombings by underworld crime boss Dawood Ibrahim and his lieutenant Tiger Memon.

Questioned by police a month after the blasts, Dutt conceded that he had been in possession of an assault rifle and some ammunition, both of which he had received from Dawood Ibrahim's brother Anees. Why? "Because I have Muslim blood in my veins. I could not bear

To page 28



Picture: Punth Paranjape / Reuters / the Bigger Picture

Bomb suspect Bollywood film star Sanjay Dutt

THE LIFE AND DeATH OF Mrs Big



The woman sitting next to Hazel Crane when she died in a hail of bullets reveals for the first time how an extraordinary gangland fallout over a R5-coin counterfeiting racket led to the crime diva's bloody death

EVER SINCE THE colourful so-called socialite Hazel Crane was assassinated in a gangland shooting more than three years ago, there has been much speculation over the identity of the mystery woman who was in the passenger seat of Hazel's white 320E Mercedes-Benz that fateful morning.

All that police would say at the time was that she was 48 years old (incorrect), had been wounded in the hand as the fusillade of shots that killed Crane poured through the passenger window – and that her identity would not be revealed.

noseweek can reveal that the mystery passenger was Hazel Crane's long-time friend Margaret Turner – now a 58-year-old grandmother of four, with a chilling story to tell of death and deception within the Israeli mafia crime ring in South Africa. Her

Hunted: Hazel Crane with her husband, Israeli mafia boss Shai Avissar, both of whom met their deaths in gangland killings

Picture: Sunday Times



Wanted: Amir Moila, believed to be Hazel Crane's killer, is still at large

story also explodes the myth of Hazel Crane the glittering socialite. The self-styled "Queen of Diamonds", according to Margaret Turner, was a brazen thief and arch criminal who flourished for years as an underworld crime queen in Johannesburg under the protection of still-serving top policemen.

It's a story that also explodes the accepted version that Hazel was killed for trying to track down the killers of her former husband Shai Avissar, the Israeli mafia boss who was murdered four years previously, in October 1999. Hazel Crane was killed, claims Margaret Turner, because she squealed to the police about the masterminds behind the fake R5 coin scam.

Remember the R5 coin scam? It hit its peak around 2002, when millions of the counterfeit coins – as much as R50-million worth – flooded the country. According to Margaret Turner, Hazel Crane was in it up to her neck.

"Hazel was not killed because of her involvement with Shai Avissar, or for the tentative evidence that she was going to lead against prime suspect Lior Saadt," says Turner. "Hazel was killed because she and her Polish boyfriend

Threesome: Hazel Crane (front) flanked by Margaret Turner and Winnie Madikizela-Mandela arriving at the Johannesburg High Court in October 2003 for the extradition hearing of Lior Saadt, accused of killing Crane's husband

Voitec sold out a very dangerous man, a man they were both making money out of.

"Hazel and Voitec were marketing the fake R5 coins, using the proceeds to go on holiday to Ireland, Monte Carlo and Australia. They lived the high life on the proceeds of the R5 coin.

"When Voitec was arrested, Hazel did a deal with Kruger [Superintendent Hans Kruger, from a police undercover unit in Soweto, who was chief investigating officer probing the fake R5 coins]. Voitec would turn state witness, take a Section 204 – and she would not be arrested. They told the whole story."

Voitec, real name Wosiewich Pierun, was used by police in a sting operation towards the end of 2002, when he drove Hazel Crane's second car, a Mercedes-Benz convertible, to a service station in Norwood. It was staked out by police. On arrival, according to Margaret Turner, Voitec met an Israeli mafioso named Simon Kachlon, who was promptly arrested.

"That's correct," says a former police officer who was part of the investigation. "Kachlon had people who were in the vicinity, who made a quick exit. During the arrest Kachlon was on his own."

A second Israeli gang member, Zion Malka, was arrested elsewhere. Malka, who had fled Europe, where he was sought by Interpol for fraud, was living in South Africa under the name of Dave Cohen. Both Kachlon and Malka were regarded by police as extremely dangerous.

In February the following year – 2003 – police raided a property in Benrose, east of Johannesburg (where they discovered a coin-making machine) and a house in Kya Sand, Randburg. Fake R5 coins "worth" R20 000, were confiscated. However, the property searches missed a second coin-making machine which the Israelis promptly moved to the Western Cape. According to Margaret Turner, it is busy there to this day, churning out fake R5 coins.

Simon Kachlon, alias Reuven Tovim, escaped from the holding cells at Johannesburg magistrates court the following month, on 25 March. His ankles were too thick for leg irons, and he paid a policeman R1000 cash to walk free.

Zion Malka escaped from police custody through an hotel window on 8 November 2003. He had persuaded Supt Kruger to take him to Cape Town where he promised to pinpoint the location of the second coin-manufacturing



machine. Margaret Turner believes Malka paid money for his police escort to turn a blind eye.

The day after Malka's escape, a Sunday, a member of the R5 coin investigating team, Johnny Aylwood, phoned Hazel to give her the news of Malka's escape. He warned her to be careful. The following day, four-times-married Hazel Crane was dead at the age of 52.

Now, from Margaret Turner, for the first time, an account of Hazel Crane's last minutes. But first, who is this mystery grandmother who, from a secret location whose whereabouts are unknown even to *noseweek*, is today tapping out an explosive exposé on the Israeli mafia in South Africa?

Both Turner and Hazel Crane hail from the Zimbabwe town of Bulawayo, although they didn't know each other there. Hazel, who was born in Belfast and later moved to Rhodesia left the country at independence in 1980 with her two young children, following the death of her first husband Anthony, in the bush war. Margaret Turner came to South Africa with her two young children in 1982, following her divorce.



"I met Hazel in Johannesburg through a mutual friend, many years ago," she says. "We just had an affinity, we found synergy, we became friends. I saw Hazel quite a lot socially; we used to go to do's together."

While Hazel and Shai Avissar lived in style in the elite Houghton pocket of Abbotsford, Turner's home was in Benoni, where she worked as procurement officer for a precious metals recycler. She says of Avissar: "Shai was fine when I first met him, but when he got involved in the Israeli mafia circle he became a very, very horrible man.

"You must understand that there is a huge mafia operation within South Africa. You're talking Israeli mafia, Russian, Italian – and the Triads. They're all operating here and this is what's frightening."

TURNER AND CRANE'S friendship soured in 1999, after Avissar had disappeared but before his body was found the following January. Before his disappearance, the crime boss had dumped Hazel for the vivacious young

Belinda Pew. Turner took Belinda's side and Hazel saw this as betrayal. The two women didn't see each other until the eve of Hazel's slaying, when Hazel asked Turner to accompany her to court for the Lior Saadt extradition hearing.

Turner dutifully did this twice. Hazel was killed 14 days later.

Recalling the 10 November bloodbath, Turner says: "I drove to Abbotsford from Benoni and left my car there. Literally seconds later we were driving [Hazel at the wheel] down First Street, to turn left into Atholl Oaklands. I saw this fellow standing on the corner. He had sunglasses and I thought he was wearing a yarmulka, although it could have been a baseball cap. He looked lost and I said to Hazel: 'who's that fellow on the corner?'"

"Hazel said: 'Oh, those are St John's lads; they take the bus from there to St John's [the pricey Johannesburg boys' school]."

"Then, as we were going to turn left, I saw this fellow's right hand go into a satchel slung over his left shoulder. That's when I saw his curly black hair. He had a green bomber jacket. I saw his white hand going into that satchel – and I saw the gun.

"Before you could do anything he shot

Paper trail: A recent photograph of Margaret Turner taken at an unknown location

“

You must understand that there is a huge mafia operation within South Africa. You're talking Israeli Mafia, Russian, Italian – and the Triads

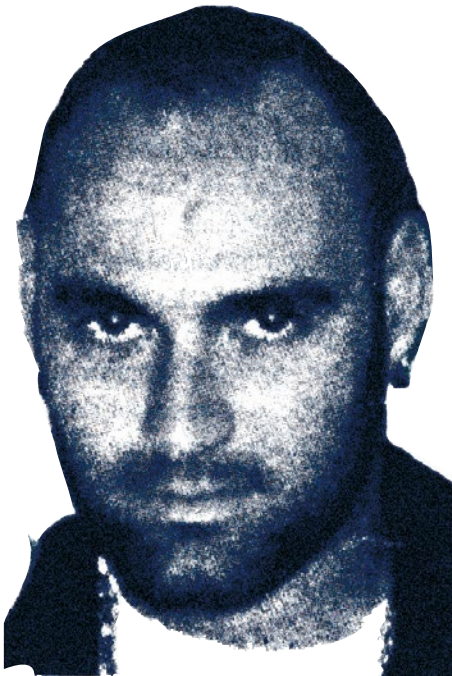
Margaret Turner

”

from my side. The passenger window exploded, then it was just gunshots and gunshots and gunshots [six shots from a .38 Special]. I must have put my left hand up to protect my face. My index and middle fingers were virtually blown off.

"I heard Hazel say 'Jesus Christ!' Then it was deathly silence. I can remember coming up from somewhere; I must have been under the dash. The car was rolling slowly diagonally across the road and I saw this lamp post coming towards us. I went 'Hazel, brake! brake! brake!'"

"We just rolled into the post. Then I looked at Hazel. Her head was back, her little hands were next to her and I could see bubbles, but no blood, coming from her mouth. I realised her lungs



Free: Charges against Lior Saadt, accused of beating Shai Avissar to death with a baseball bat, were withdrawn after a succession of witnesses died

must have been damaged.

"There was blood everywhere. She had holes everywhere: her legs, her chest. One eye was gone. She was very badly damaged and couldn't speak. I think she was brain dead already."

"I didn't see the killer's face. He had sunglasses on. According to witnesses he strolled to a waiting car and got away."

The women were rushed to Milpark hospital and the following day Turner's son told her that Hazel had died. Turner remained in hospital for 10 days, under police guard, and underwent several operations on her shattered hand – until the hospital discovered she was not on medical aid, and discharged her. Reconstructive surgery reattached her fingers, but both are permanently paralysed.

Turner claims that her investigations have identified Hazel's killer – an Israeli mafia hitman named Amir Moila, alias David Milner, who is wanted in Israel on charges of murder and bombing. She had met Moila, who she knew as David Milner, once, before Shai Avissar's killing. "He was a slim, short little guy and a very dangerous man," says Turner. "The only difference was that David always had a number one haircut and Hazel's killer had a lot of curly black hair."

"I certainly can't stand in a court of

law under oath and declare that it was David Milner on the side of the road. But from information I have received I have no doubt it was him."

There's no mention of the R5-coin scam in Hazel Crane's book *Queen of Diamonds*, which was published a year after her death. But there was mention of Amir Moila, alias David Milner. Hazel recounted how she paid R100 000 to a mob member who told her how Moila and Lior Saadt beat Shai Avissar to death with a baseball bat and had him buried near Hartbeespoort Dam.

When Hazel was murdered, Lior Saadt was challenging the jurisdiction of the Johannesburg high court to try him for Avissar's murder, claiming he had been kidnapped by police and brought to South Africa illegally.

Witnesses against him died like flies. Israeli mafia member Julio Baselli was shot in the face while sitting in his BMW at a deserted petrol station in November 2000. Fellow mafioso Carlo Binne was gunned down in the driveway of the Gecko Lounge club in Johannesburg in April 2001 – seven days before Saadt was arrested. Then Hazel.

In December 2003 Judge Geraldine Borchers ruled that the Johannesburg high court had the jurisdiction to try Saadt for Avissar's murder. The trial was set down for March 19 the following year. But in January the remaining witness, investigating officer Inspector Wayne Kukard, died, apparently of a heart attack, and charges against Saadt were withdrawn. Moila, aka David Milner, was never found.

But back to Hazel Crane, the media-pampered "socialite" who in reality, according to Margaret Turner, was a top notch villain heavily involved in organised crime. Such as the black dollar scam.

Turner explains: "During the Vietnam war the soldiers' salaries were sent over in camouflaged form to prevent theft. The \$100 notes were dyed black. In South Africa, the scam was operated by Africans from Nigeria and neighbouring countries. Punters were told the minimum investment was \$500 000, which would generate \$2m of camouflaged notes; the gang would take 40% of the \$2,5m total and the investor would receive 60%."

"Of course, the camouflaged notes were just bundles of black paper."

In her book, Hazel Crane named Shai Avissar as one of the black dollar kings, but shrugged off any involvement herself. Margaret Turner says this is nonsense. "Shai and Hazel were working with these blacks, stealing money from everybody in and around South Africa," says Turner.



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“Part of the scam was inserting investors’ genuine notes in blocks of the black dollars to “get the right colour” when expensive chemicals were employed to wash the black dollars.

“Of course the whole thing was nonsense and one big con. But when the gang got their hands on the genuine mixed notes they had to wash them clean using good old soap and water. They dumped the genuine \$100 bills in Hazel’s bath.”

Those to be featured in Margaret Turner’s upcoming literary exposé of the Israeli mafia include police intelligence head Commissioner Raymond Lala; former policeman Superintendent Hans Kruger, investigating officer in the R5-coin scam; and Cape Town security firm boss and feared debt collector Brandon Treger.

So what do professional investigators make of Margaret Turner’s theory that Hazel Crane died after informing on the Israeli mafia over the R5-coin scam?

“It’s correct,” says one. “Hazel and Voitec had been marketing the fake coins, taking them by the sack-load to games

centres that had coin-operated vending machines, and casinos, getting genuine notes in return from their managers.

“The problem came when certain players became aware that an undercover operation was focused on them. It was time for them to start applying damage control.

“Brandon Treger was giving Zion Malka protection in Cape Town. But Treger also undertook to infiltrate the R5-coin syndicate.

“Hazel Crane was extremely well connected through her links to Commissioner Raymond Lala. Lala was a personal friend of Hazel’s and every time she had problems she phoned either Winnie Madikizela-Mandela or Raymond Lala. There was a specific incident in 1998 when a raid was launched on Hazel’s residence.

“The info was hot: there were narcotics on the premises – Mandrax just arrived from Zambia. A lot of people knew about Hazel’s contraband dealings: Mandrax, diamonds and stolen vehicles over the border – she was a high profile criminal.”

The raid was carried out by officers

from the Drug Desk of the police Organised Crime Division, jointly with officers from the Narcotics Bureau, escorted by armed men from the police Task Force. The information was that the drugs were concealed in one of Hazel’s secret stashes, behind a panel in her swimming pool pump room.

As a police helicopter hovered overhead, entry was gained to Hazel’s heavily fortified property. Hazel furiously confronted the 30-strong raiding party and demanded their warrant for being there. She was told that under Section 11 of the Drug Act no warrant was necessary and that police could act on information received.

Hazel then demanded the right to make a phone call. She called Commissioner Lala, who issued orders by phone and radio for the raid to be called off immediately.

This investigator confirms that Hazel Crane was involved with Shai Avissar in the black dollar scam. He says Avissar was killed over greed. “He was playing big with conflict diamonds; he had his fingers all over the Joburg under-

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A lot of people knew about Hazel's contraband dealings: Mandrax, diamonds and stolen vehicles over the border

Margaret Turner

”

world; but he wasn't paying the middle men and his own people started turning on him.”

Another source, a former police officer who was part of the R5-coin investigation, agrees it is “plausible” that Hazel was killed for ratting out the coin syndicate. “But Hazel was involved in so many scams that it's very difficult to pinpoint the exact reason. The black dollar scam was Hazel and Shai [Avisar].”

Margaret Turner does not speak these days to Hazel Crane's two children, Anthony, now 30 and Hailey, 34. She says the most shattering aspect of her hospital stay after Hazel Crane was assassinated was when Hailey flew in from London. According to Turner, Hailey's first words were: “Margaret, was my mother wearing her diamond H?” [a massive gold pendant studded with diamonds shaped in an H].

“Her mother had just died and this

was all she could ask me!”

Adds Turner: “I adored Hazel. She was a great friend – a humorous giggling little person, and I miss her. But she should have told me her life was in danger and said ‘if you come into my car you could also be killed’. She owed me that responsibility. This is what I'm angry and disappointed about.”

Turner says her medical bills eventually exceeded R500 000, but when she asked Anthony to help out, he refused. She wanted to launch a claim against Hazel's estate, but was forced to drop the action when her attorneys demanded R150 000 up front.

Anthony Crane is now an attorney in Johannesburg, specialising in telecommunications and competition law. He scoffs at Margaret Turner's claim that she was just a social party-going friend of his mother's. “I don't really want to comment on this, but they did business deals together, definitely,” he says. “Margaret knew probably a lot more than my mother did.

“My understanding is that Margaret had a business relationship with Shai [Avisar] over the black dollar thing.”

It must have been an extraordinary upbringing, in Hazel Crane's Abbotsford household? “Well, we [Anthony and sister Hailey] didn't really get involved with that side of things, we just flew under the radar – and that's how we like to leave it.”

Anthony doesn't “think highly” of Margaret Turner. “Yes, they [Hazel and Margaret] did fall out and quite miraculously she came back into my mother's life and then quite unexpectedly this incident [Hazel's murder] happened. I will tell you that she is suspected of involvement in the entire incident.”

Told that Margaret Turner is now writing a book about the Israeli mafia, Anthony observes: “Well, she's playing in very dangerous waters. But we all make our own beds at the end of the day.”

■ In January 2005 Israeli national Zion Malka was sentenced to eight years' imprisonment by the Johannesburg regional court for minting and issuing fake R5 coins. Wosiewicz Pierun (Hazel Crane's Voitec) gave evidence against him. In August 2006 a Sierre Leone refugee, Momo Kamara, alias William Jackson, was jailed for seven years in the Port Elizabeth commercial crimes court for duping a Humansdorp couple out of R1,3m in the black dollar scam. There have been no other convictions for either scam. To this day the killers of Shai Avisar and Hazel Crane walk free. **W**

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Here's Johnny! (Again)

An amazing investment opportunity in a Cape Town property turned out to be just another Ray sting

MARK LOUIS RAY (aka Johnny Ray) and co (wife Arendina aka Jane, and son Trevor) were recently sent a fuck-off message by *noseweek* – in response to a summons alleging defamation and claiming R100 000 in damages. It seems our *nose89* exposé of their rip-off travel agency franchise business, 0861Travel, hit the spot. Our message was duly translated by our attorneys into more polite legal language.

In the meantime *noseweek* can entertain readers with further glimpses into the Sting Ray family's colourful business dealings, and since Mr and Mrs Ray have been involved in no less than 33 companies and close corporations over the years, there's plenty to tell. We'll settle for a quick tour of one of their more recent exploits, which, as usual, has left a string of investors miserably out of pocket.

This little soap opera begins with the formation of AfriTourism Limited, which listed on the Botswana Stock Exchange in March 2003. AfriTourism was an umbrella company representing tourism businesses which had sold their assets to ATL in exchange for shares in the company. Ray-owned companies Jabulani Africa Travel and Tours, Travcon Travel and Tours, 0861Travel and Multivisual Travel Communications all operated under the Afritourism banner.

That same year AfriTourism invested R15-million in the purchase of the 122-bed Planet Africa Lodge in Sea Point, Cape Town. A subsidiary company called LAV Trading was established to hold AfriTourism's South African property investment. Mrs Ray

was appointed as a director of LAV Trading and also ran the lodge as general manager. But all was not well. AfriTourism was dogged by mismanagement and in-fighting and was eventually suspended from the BSE in July 2004, pending an investigation into its business practices.

At about the same time, AfriTourism, in an "attempt to control what had become an uncontrollable situation", insisted the Rays buy back their companies. "There were numerous things that came out eventually which made us cancel our business arrangement with Mr Ray. It did not end amicably," confirmed former AfriTourism director Tim Fincham.

AfriTourism went into voluntary liquidation, eventually delisting from the BSE in September 2006.

It had also not been smooth sailing for the company's South African subsidiary. Mrs Ray was fired as general manager of the Planet Africa Lodge and had resigned as a director by June 2004. Her dismissal, according to a former senior manager of LAV Trading, was "chiefly on account of alleged fraudulent practices engaged in by Mrs Ray, by which she was allegedly party to the unlawful enrichment of her husband's businesses at the expense of LAV Trading". He stresses that these allegations were never proved and that Mrs Ray later (unsuccessfully) challenged her dismissal at the CCMA.

Following Mrs Ray's dismissal, LAV Trading was also placed under liquidation. The irrepressible Rays, however, saw this as a good opportunity to turn



Bottom feeder: Mark Louis (aka Johnny) Ray

the tables in their favour and jumped back into the fray. By March 2005, Deloitte and Touche's Botswana office had been appointed to oversee the liquidation of AfriTourism and its subsidiary LAV Trading. Auditors Terry Brick and John Stevens began evaluating offers for LAV Trading's full shareholding, which would effectively give the buyers ownership of the Planet Africa Lodge.

An offer for R11m came in from Totality Leisure Corporation (TLC), which has Jane Ray as sole director. Steven says that, although they knew the Rays were behind the offer and were aware of the acrimonious parting of ways between Mr Ray and AfriTourism and Mrs Ray and LAV Trading, they accepted the offer "on principle" in March 2005, because "it was my responsibility to negotiate the best deal for the creditors and their offer was

the best at that time.”

With the offer provisionally accepted, subject to TLC securing financial backing for the deal, the Rays got to work on their new big plan. They would retain ownership of a large portion of the Planet Africa Lodge, but 16 self-catering apartments within the complex would be sold on a rental pool basis. Integrated Travel Services (ITS), yet another one of Mrs Ray’s companies, would act as the “central reservations agent”, letting out the apartments to holidaymakers. The Rays would earn additional income by charging a 22% monthly fee for ITS’ services.

Son Trevor Ray began selling the units with gusto, ensuring all 16 (priced at R410 000 each) were snapped up within two weeks by 10 investors. How did young Trevor pull off such a feat? He got a little help from some friends.

When Trevor Ray told his best friend Steve Brown about his parents’ amazing new investment opportunity in April 2005, Brown jumped. This was someone Brown knew and trusted, a guy he’d shared a flat with, lent money to, had jolly times with... he was often a guest at the Rays’ large abode in Rondebosch. “I was sure it was all above-board,” he says.

Brown called his brother Mike in London to go in with him, together buying seven of the units. And needing extra cash for the R280 000 deposit, they mortgaged their mother’s house for the balance. Brown was so certain this was truly a lucky break that he persuaded his girlfriend, Prudence

Pregolato, to buy a unit.

Ray junior also sold a unit to another close friend, who prefers not to be named, who in turn told his colleague Peter Klocke and his wife Zoë about the investment opportunity. They too bought a unit, and so it went until every unit was sold to Trevor Ray’s friends or friends of his friends.

But there was one small hitch: the Rays weren’t actually legally entitled to sell the Planet Africa units because they still belonged to LAV Trading. Mrs Ray’s Totality Leisure offer on the property had only been provisionally accepted. “We never gave them possession of the property. We allowed them to evaluate the assets, but they never had formal possession,” confirms auditor Terry Brick. “Since they never paid for anything, at no stage were they entitled to start selling off units,” adds Brick’s colleague Stevens.

A sale agreement was only signed on 3 June 2005 – more than a month after the units had sold out and the Rays had collected R640 000 in deposits. And – the sale agreements for the units named LAV Trading as the seller, with Trevor Ray signing on behalf of that company! At no time was Mrs Ray the owner of LAV Trading, nor were her husband or son entitled to act as its representatives, let alone sign sale agreements on its assets.

Needless to say, their investors, who had paid their deposits into the bank account of ITS, didn’t know this. “Trevor said they needed the funds in ITS’ account to show they had the basic funding so that the deal would go through more quickly,” explains Mr. Klocke. “We hesitated, but because he was a good friend of my colleague and we all knew each other, we decided to go ahead.”

It’s a little confusing how money in ITS’ account would have speeded up a bond application made by TLC – but the bulk of the money didn’t stay in the ITS account for very long anyway. Bank statements in *noseweek’s* possession show that on the same day investors deposited over R190 000, cheques totalling over R180 000

Gulled: Zoë and Peter Klocke bought into the Rays’ scam



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were cashed. And as the various investors paid their deposits, transfers were rapidly made to pay off credit cards and car instalments. Direct transfers to Johnny Ray's personal bank account were also made, as well as R160 000 to 0861Travel's account.

Then Rand Merchant Bank rejected TLC's bond application and the entire deal fell through.

By early August 2005 the 10 investors were getting anxious. They had paid their deposits and secured guarantees for the balance, but the Rays had been quiet. On 10 August 2005 some of the investors met with Ray and his son at their Rondebosch residence, where Ray confirmed that the deal was not going ahead. The meeting got heated when the investors challenged him on his story. "It almost turned into a fist fight," recalls Klocke. Ray eventually promised they would get their deposits back by 12 August, one of many promises that would be made over the next year.

In her official letter to the investors, Mrs Ray said the problem lay with an old sectional title bylaw: "We tried ex-

Ray's attorney. To date only two deposits have been repaid.

The Rays' game is, as ever, to hide behind their companies. The Planet Africa purchase was suddenly not their deal, but TLC and ITS' indaba – with Mrs Ray simply acting as the sole director of both companies and Mr Ray merely acting as an appointed representative.

They also tried to exempt themselves from any further claims – civil or criminal – should the repayment terms be breached. They argued that since the money was paid into ITS' account, any further action should be taken against that company. Wisely, the investors refused. After the Rays failed to back-up their last settlement proposal, Van Zyl realised that "Mr. and Mrs. Ray only intended to frustrate and to delay the claimants and there is no intention to repay the deposits". He thus laid a charge of theft and/or fraud on behalf of his clients on 22 March 2006.

Considering that the entire saga was



Punch drunk: A great investment opportunity turned into a learning experience for Steve Brown

another charge if the docket does not appear soon, but this is small consolation for eight of the 10 investors who have been waiting for more than two years for their money. Peter and Zoë Klocke realise the chances of getting

“The Rays’ game, as ever, is to hide behind their companies. The Planet Africa purchase was suddenly not their deal any more”

tremely hard to overcome the problem, but to no avail. It is therefore with great disappointment that we inform you that delivery of the sale of the unit cannot be achieved. Accordingly, all deposits will be refunded and guarantees cancelled.” She didn't mention that her company's bond application had been rejected – the actual reason the sale wasn't made.

Despite the Rays' promises, no deposits had been refunded by September 2005. And the Planet Africa investors were not the only ones knocking on the Rays' door: chartered accountants Moore and Stephens BKV were seeking over R87 000 for conducting a due diligence on LAV Trading.

Peter and Zoë Klocke had also had enough of the run-around treatment and approached attorney Deon van Zyl for help. The other investors soon joined in and tedious back and forths then ensued between Van Zyl and the

documented – including documentation of the many times the Rays had reneged on their promises to repay the investors – the victims were more than a little surprised when the state prosecutor declined to take up the case in July 2006. The reason, according to the response from Rondebosch police station, was that there was “no evidence” and “Mr. Ray has made an undertaking that all monies will be repaid by December 2006”!

Van Zyl appealed to the senior prosecutor at Wynberg Magistrate's Court, who agreed that the case should be reopened in September 2006. After receiving no word for a couple of months, Van Zyl followed up with the state prosecutor on 23 January this year, only to be told nothing was happening because the case docket had gone missing.

Van Zyl is determined to proceed with criminal charges and will lay

their money back are slim, but they are determined to follow through with the criminal charges. Steve Brown, now Trevor Ray's ex-best friend, has recovered from a period of intense emotional distress after losing his life savings, and his brother and mother's money to boot. The drama also caused so much stress in his relationship with Prudence Pregnolato that they split up after she was one of the two investors to be repaid her deposit. (The other was Anthony Hartgill, who happens to be a credit manager at First National Bank.)

Brown, a personal fitness trainer, is back in shape mentally and physically and says he will carry on fighting.

“I can't rest until this thing is sorted out,” he fumes. “I may not get my money back, but I need to follow this through to make sure they don't carry on hurting more innocent people. It's just not right.” ■

St Francis Bay tries to shake off that sinking feeling

THE CONTROVERSIAL St Francis Bay Beach Trust (*nose89*) was disbanded at a residents' meeting held on 10 April to find a way forward. The "retired and tired members of the community", as Pat Kelly, one of the trustees, called them, finally arrived at an acceptable procedure to tackle the problem of the resort town's eroding beaches.

The community was incensed that the Beach Trust purported to represent them without a mandate, and that the Trust, like its founder, Alan Tonkin, is insolvent. The Trust's bank account has no funds and owes close to R450 000 to the New Zealand firm Amalgamates Solutions and Research Ltd. The Trust had also made commitments to the Municipal Council and INCA bank – committee members believe these would be unmanageable in the long run.

During the meeting, Mike Simms, a long-serving executive of SABMiller, blamed *noseweek's* March report for causing a major drop in property values at St Francis Bay. Contacted for clarification, Simms said: "I didn't read that article because I don't like *noseweek*."

He tells *noseweek* that he is through with the Bay and is moving on.

Rob Simpson, who has published a book on the erosion of the bay, comments: "I found the article well-balanced. It showed the people of St Francis Bay what they should have known from the beginning. People don't like being told the truth and *noseweek* was bold enough to do just that. The community opposed being forced into a project without due consultation."

Community members unanimously agreed to contribute a minimum of R100 each to fund a referendum that will seek a mandate for a new trust, and determine if residents would accept a R5000 levy to fund a pilot project to test the proposed reef method – it turns out that the New Zealand contractor hasn't actually built an artificial reef before. Meantime, the erosion of the beach continues. The council has lost a road and a car park in the process, and more properties are threatened. Ryan Donnelly has written to *noseweek* to say he is looking for an electric car to help fight global warming. **W**

Nightmare over for dream-car lady

AKHONA BAMBATA, the dream-car lady (*nose90*), finally has a reason to smile and drive her Mercedes A170 in peace. Soon after our April edition hit the streets, DaimlerChrysler was at work sorting out her car insurance woes. Ms Aradhna Padayachie, of the company's corporate affairs in Pretoria, called to assure us that a refund had been effected. "We pride ourselves on building sound relationships. It is therefore regrettable that Ms Bambata has had this experience with us. The incident has been investigated and the unfortunate breakdown in communication between departments has been addressed. We are pleased to say that this issue has now been resolved. A refund was deposited into Ms Bambata's account on 4 April 2007. I chatted to Ms Bambata on 5 April 2007 and she is satisfied with the outcome."

Ms Bambata confirmed receiving both the refund and the phone call from DaimlerChrysler's head office. "All's well that ends well. Thank you *noseweek* – I am now happy with my new car and new insurance provider." **W**

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The book that hasn't arrived

Rian Malan takes a peek preview at a draft of Ronald Suresh Roberts' treatise on Thabo Mbeki's native mind – and finds the tome a lot less entertaining than its author

OKAY – CARDS ON THE TABLE: I wouldn't say Ronald Suresh Roberts is exactly a friend, but I have had the pleasure of sitting opposite him at a few dining tables, and he is outrageously rude and opinionated in a very witty way. Roberts loves ideas, especially his own, but his *pensees* are provocative and there's something totally disarming about the delight he takes in formulating a deadly argument and detonating it in your face. Not everyone's cup of tea, of course, but in my book there's nothing like an uproar to get a party really going. So the truth, then: I like the famously unlikeable Ronald Roberts.

And furthermore: I like the fact that Roberts has rendered himself particularly unlikeable to the pompous and self-regarding English-speaking left-liberal elite. Arriving in SA in 1994, he had the smarts to realise that the Afrikaner horse had long since been flogged to death, so he proceeded to suck up to and then fight with some very prominent English personages – then newspaper editor Ken Owen, Cabinet Minister Kader Asmal and anti-apartheid novelist Nadine Gordimer, who made the mistake of anointing Roberts her official biographer.

Roberts says he reveres Gordimer, but nevertheless found it necessary to disclose some minor inconsistencies and peccadilloes unearthed in her papers. At one of the aforementioned dinners, he spoke for instance of a letter in which The Struggle's literary queen complained that her black domestics were stealing the sugar. The high-minded Nadine objected to the inclusion of such lowly tittle-tattle, and when Roberts declined to excise it, withdrew her blessing, whereupon Roberts' US and UK publishers dropped the book. Roberts charged hypocrisy and censorship. Nadine claimed breach of faith. It was a most amusing literary scandal.



Brought to book: Ronald Suresh Roberts

Shortly thereafter, Roberts famously lost his libel suit against the *Sunday Times*, which had run an article describing him as “unlikeable.” Judge Leslie Weinkove sided with the paper, finding that Roberts was “venomous,” “vindictive,” “grandiose,” “arrogant” and “obsessed”. Roberts' enemies were delighted, but I saw no reason to revise my opinion: it is precisely such qualities

that I value in the man.

It therefore pains me to say I am disappointed by Roberts' latest endeavour, a corporate-sponsored opus on the thoughts of President Thabo Mbeki. No, you haven't seen it yet. The manuscript that turned up on *noseweek's* doorstep was emblazoned with warnings reading, “Personal and confidential. Strictly no distribution.” One gathers it is a near-final draft of a work commissioned in controversial circumstances in 2003 or thereabouts and delivered to the presidency more than a year ago. According to STE Publishers' website, the book – titled, *Fit to Rule? Thabo Mbeki's Native Intelligence* – should have been in the shops long ago, but something appears to have gone wrong somewhere. Could it be that Roberts' political sponsors were shaken by the Weinkove judgment and are waiting for the dust to settle? More interestingly, could it be that persons in high places feel Roberts has failed to put the president's critics to the sword in the manner envisaged?

At the outset, Roberts appeared to be the ideal swordsman. He was combative, abrasive and very clever, with degrees from Oxford and Harvard and an almost pathological abhorrence for liberals, especially white ones. His thesis is that the downfall of apartheid forced these hypocrites out of the closet. While the Boers were in power, they could pose as friends of the native, but now they stand revealed for what they really are: reactionaries bent on undermining the Mbeki presidency.

Roberts takes his title from a 2001 editorial in which the *Mail & Guardian* opined that Mbeki's curious views on Aids rendered him unfit to rule. Roberts has conniptions about such statements, ascribing them to a disease he calls “Eurosis”, short for Eurocentric neurosis. In his view, Eurosis permeates SA's mass media,

which “represents the views, values and interests of the white minority” and therefore denies the native intellectual a fair hearing. Thus stymied, the President was forced to resort to “cyberspace samizdat” in order to get his views heard. Here we refer of course to the President’s weekly internet letter, which Roberts lauds as a noble attempt to defy “the guile-and-spin culture that has vulgarized politics elsewhere and has enslaved western political leaders to media moguls.”

Roberts is at pains to stress that Mbeki is no mere politician, just as he himself is no mere biographer. “There are people who are interested in writing what is called Mbeki’s ‘biography,’” he says. “I am not one of them.” The reason for this is that, “No soul is knowable by another.” In Roberts’ view, it is thus futile to dig into Mbeki’s life; all that is knowable is “his intellectual and political tradition.” Focusing on this is good, says Roberts, because it forces us to turn away “from personality to discourse, from individuality to lineage, from the sectional to the capacious, and from the parochial to the global”.

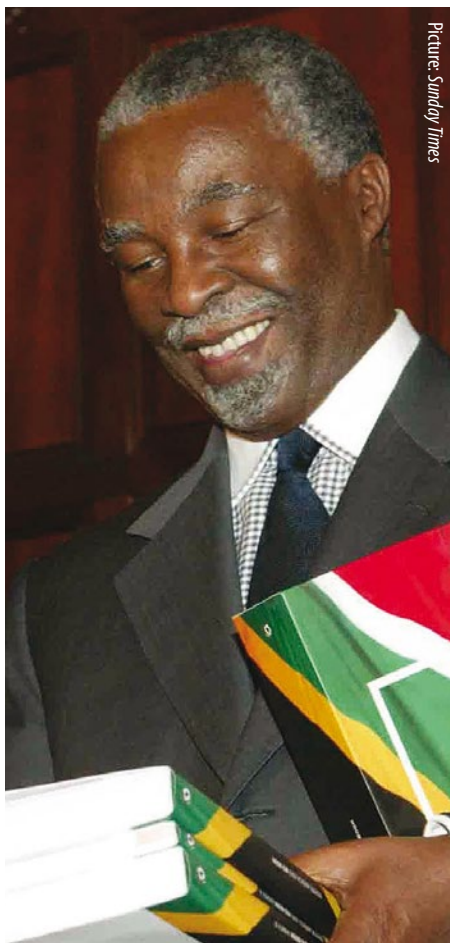
This then is a work on the thoughts of Thabo Mbeki, as laid out in his weekly column and elsewhere – a dull idea if ever there was one. The president’s writing style is solemn and ponderous. Any writings about the presidential writings were therefore doomed from the outset to be ponderous to the power of ten. Roberts attempts to liven the proceedings with attacks on Mbeki’s enemies, but these are so overcooked and poorly executed that they serve only to irritate. But what the heck, let’s give them an airing.

Those who would judge the President are very confused, says Roberts. Some call him “stubborn”, others say “pragmatic”. He is a “black Englishman”, and also a rabid Africanist. A “dangerous Marxist”, but also “the clubbable confidant of captains of industry”. A Stalinist bully – and a conciliator. On occasion, he’s “just plain mad”. Roberts undertakes to unravel this enigma and reveal what really drives the man, but his answer is even more complicated than the question posed, so let’s turn to DA researcher James Myburgh for a pithy summation: anyone who imagines Mbeki is a centrist is “mistaking patience for moderation.” Roberts loathes Myburgh, but their conclusions are similar: the President is a leftist intellectual, working patiently towards radical transformation.

Roberts believes that whites (including lefties like those at the *M&G*) are very uncomfortable with Mbeki’s veiled

radicalism, and that some self-loathing blacks don’t like it much either. These “Eurotics” believe that in a “proper” democracy Mbeki would long since have been thrown out of office, and it irks them beyond endurance that he should continue to head “a movement that has the largest democratic mandate in the world”. Roberts goes on to compare Mbeki to Franklin Roosevelt, who was also denigrated as a potential dictator and “clinically insane” by his right-wing enemies. But that was just politics. Attacks on Thabo, says Roberts, are a larger crime. “They are attacks upon the native mind.”

Ouch! What a pompous and stupid



Between the lines: President Thabo Mbeki

thing to say! It occurs fairly early in the draft manuscript, and Roberts never quite recovers. This is a pity, because he makes some telling points in the President’s defence. It is true, as he says, that “Thabo Mbeki is weirdly on trial,” and that some of the charges laid against him are false. Likening his leadership style to Stalin’s, as the *M&G* once did, was far-fetched, and

The Economist erred in calling him “Africa’s Intolerant Leader.” After all, if he was truly intolerant, I wouldn’t be writing this, and you wouldn’t be reading it. Rising to Mbeki’s defense is a worthy endeavour, but Roberts puts a noose around his neck with that remark about “the native mind”. Why? Because it dooms him to argue Mbeki is beyond reproach, while all criticism is the product of racist dementia.

Consider, for instance, the contortions to which Roberts subjects himself in his efforts to pillory DA leader Tony Leon. We are informed that Tony delighted his mother by proclaiming, at age six, that he intended to be prime minister when he grew up. In time, Tony realized this was impossible. According to Roberts, Leon’s life therefore “looks like a failure from its inside ... unless he can change his goals and prove that it is the world that is out of joint, for only a world that is out of joint could deny him a job that was predestined to be his. Therefore, the post-apartheid world must indeed be out of joint, and this self-appointed Samson must pull its pillars down. Therefore, the agenda is relentlessly negative”.

What did Ronald tell his mom about his future plans when he was six, one wonders. Anyway, it’s all a bit rich, coming from a writer who a few pages earlier was trashing William Mervyn Gumede for resorting to similar pop-psych “mind-gazings” in a rival work on Mbeki. Putting such rubbish into print, says Roberts, is “an exercise in mere invective.” Well, exactly. It would have helped if Roberts cited a few examples of irrational negativity on Leon’s part, but the closest we get is a passage where Leon has the gall to demand that government protect citizens from crime. Roberts sniffs: “I suppose he meant the piecemeal barbarity of suburban crime rather than the far larger and systematic crime against humanity of which his intellectual forefather, Lord Acton, was a notable backer.”

Acton is the man who made up the famous saw about power corrupting and absolute power corrupting absolutely. It irks Roberts no end that white liberals are forever throwing that line in Mbeki’s face, so he starts by noting that Philistines like Leon inevitably garble the quote – Acton actually said, “Power tends to corrupt,” not power corrupts. After this pedantic flounce, Roberts explains that Lord Acton was actually a “grossly authoritarian” fellow who supported slavery and thought fondly of despots like Frederick the Great. In other words, Acton wasn’t a liberal at all, and yet his aphorism has become



The sycophantic Roberts strives to read moral grandeur into this, but of course it's just politics as usual. The president has come down from ideological outer space to press flesh



“the crux of the so-called liberal agenda in SA.” One concedes this is an amusing irony, but to offer it as a retort to concern about crime is ... demented?

But then Roberts isn't really interested in crime, or in the ANC's performance in office. He is interested in thought. Most of the “action” in his book takes the form of a theoretical dog-fight in ideological outer space, where Mbeki's impi (featuring Franz Fanon, Edward Said, Mao, Marx, Robespierre and kindred “progressive” intellectuals) squares off against imperialist reactionaries like Churchill, Rhodes and Lord Macaulay. These Tories are the bad guys, while Mbeki exists “within another leadership tradition, beyond the supposed politics of personal merit, Western spin-culture and parliamentary careerism”. From this lofty position, he looks down on his critics with amused compassion, referring to one as “our white politician”.

Roberts loves this “plural possessive gesture”, which serves “to domesticate that politician as one contains a pet; *our* curiosity”. It is incidentally insulting, says Roberts, but what is really telling here is Mbeki's “larger dismissiveness towards the role of mere politician”. When it comes to assessing Mbeki's greatness, Roberts continues, “other criteria are necessary”. And what are these? “Drawing upon the spirit of Paulo Freire in *Pedagogy of the Oppressed*, Mbeki in fact sees the vocation of the intellectual as a humanizing one that it is committed to the power of thought to negate accepted limits and open the way to a new future.”

Phew. Okay. Now we know.

It is not nice to critique a fellow writer on the basis of a work in progress. Maybe Ronald is aware that his MS is boring and, in parts, impenetrable. Maybe there is a later draft in which these defects are corrected. So why run a story at this point? Because this is no ordinary book. In 2004, the Opposition asked cabinet heavyweight Essop Pahad if the presidency had facilitated a book deal for Roberts. Pahad said, “No.” Now Pahad stands accused of lying to parliament, because it turns out that he did indeed write a letter to ABSA inquiring if the bank would be so kind as to pay Mr Roberts a lot of money to write a book about Mr Mbeki. ABSA agreed, and a contract was drafted. Roberts was to get an office in the presidency. He was to be allowed “unprecedented” access to presidential activities, and his work, when done, would be submitted to Pahad for approval. ABSA's role was to foot the bill. As of last year, it had paid out a

reported R1,43m . (And, by implication, Pahad had approved the manuscript – at least for payment.)

Was the exercise worth it? I think not. If anything, this book is another setback for Mbeki, at least to the extent that it makes him seem a world champion bore. Is he really as drear as Roberts paints him? I doubt it. There is a passage in this book, about five typed pages long, where the leaden procession of ponderous ideas suddenly bursts into Technicolor. It is 2004, and Mbeki is on the campaign trail, jacket slung over his shoulder, sleeves rolled up, visiting poor

whites in Pretoria. Oddly, they are very pleased to meet their native president. Little old ladies get all tearful and say, “Jesus went to the poor. It is good that you, like Him, come here”. A *dronkie* runs to fetch a whisky bottle when he sees the President coming, because he's hoping that he and Bra Thabs can have a dop together. Mbeki even cracks wry jokes at his own expense. “Do you play golf?” “In theory, yes.”

Mbeki and the poor whites get along so well that he invites three of them to come with him to meet Charlize Theron at some glitzy function. The sycophantic Roberts strives to read moral grandeur into this gesture, but of course it's just politics as usual. The President has come down from ideological outer space to press flesh and kiss babies, and so help me God, he seems to be enjoying himself. What's more, we like him! For a moment, he comes across as a *lekker ou*, relaxed and charming. But then the clouds of obfuscation close in again, and we return to the leaden plodding.

Let's accept Roberts' premise that souls are unknowable, and Mbeki is best judged by writings that offer insight into the processes of his vast mind. If this is indeed the case, there were grounds to hope that Roberts would at last reveal the logic underlying Mbeki's two most famous policy conundrums – Aids and Zimbabwe. I mean, for what did ABSA pay R1,43m, if not an explanation of presidential thoughts on these critical issues?

Alas, Roberts fluffs it. By the time he gets to Aids, he's exhausted, prose degenerating into a confused shambles. He makes a half-hearted attempt to show that ANC policy on Aids has always been “progressive”, tosses in a few quotes about Victorian superstitions regarding Africans as vectors of disease, and then turns the spotlight on RW Johnson, the “hysterical neo-colonialist” who informed readers of *The Spectator* that Mbeki's utterances on Aids were causing some to mutter that the President was “off his rocker”. Johnson is revealed to be a dubious character who believes that “relaxed acceptance of things that are crazy, macabre or wildly alarming is very African”. Can't have that, can we? It's an insult to the native mind. “This racism,” says Roberts, sidestepping the issue entirely, “has defined us who are Africans as primitive. It has left us with a legacy that compels us to fight for the transformation of ours into a non-racial society”.

As for Zimbabwe ... by the time he gets there, Roberts has had it; the horse refuses the jump. In the present draft, the Zimbabwe chapter consists of a

single quote, spoken by Mbeki after a 2002 meeting at which Mugabe gulled his fellow SADC leaders into believing that he would allow free elections. "Our peoples across our common border see one another as brothers and sisters," said Mbeki, "linked together by history, a common suffering ... They know we will not abandon them in their greatest hour of need."

This is entirely fanciful, but I can't help thinking Roberts suffered a nervous breakdown after typing that paragraph. I imagine him sitting for hours, days, staring at those words and coming slowly to the realization that he would never be able to write his way around them. He'd spent the previous 353 pages shitting on Eurotics and hammering home the message that Mbeki is an unrepentant progressive whose commitment to democracy in its truest, deepest sense, is beyond all question. And then comes the moment everyone is waiting for, the moment where Roberts reveals how our thoughtful president came to think that "quiet diplomacy" served our brothers and sisters beyond the border. And it simply can't be done.

But what do I know? Ronald is a resourceful chap. Perhaps he took a holiday, returned refreshed, and proceeded to write a masterful passage demonstrating how critiques of Mbeki's Zimbabwe policy are actually attacks on the native mind, whatever that

means. Or perhaps he just accepted the consequences of selling out, and asked the presidency to dictate the Zimbabwe chapter. We'll see when the finished product arrives on the bookshelves.

Meanwhile, I find myself struggling to reconcile this tedious manuscript with the electric personality on display at bibulous dinner parties. Roberts is not ashamed to liken himself to Oscar Wilde, but man cannot live on *bons mots* alone. He must have funds to maintain his style. Since arriving here, "Ron the Con", as columnist John Matshekiza calls him, has proved uncannily adept at ingratiating himself with the rich and powerful and manipulating them for personal advancement. In several cases, the benefactors have emerged sadder but wiser, with bitten hands. But they were relatively small fry, and easily containable, as one might contain a pet. Thabo Mbeki and Essop Pahad are far bigger game.

If it is true that Roberts has occupied an office alongside theirs for several years while enjoying "unprecedented" access to their activities, one assumes he is now privy to secrets that could truly unravel the Mbeki enigma. Has he shared them? Clearly not. Talking out of turn could be risky, so Roberts did the sensible thing – wrote a load of impenetrable academic hooley, and walked away with nearly R1,5m.

Clever boy. I look forward to our next encounter. **▮**



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Why did Thembela die?

*Police probe hospital death
of young mother*



Cold comfort: Baby Makaziwe beside a photograph of the mother she will never know, taken by her father Paul Mkhize

THE ENTIRELY AVOIDABLE death of 33 year old Thembela Matiwane, during a Caesarean operation, should have drawn fire down on the Mowbray Maternity Hospital. It should have sent the medical profession into morbid self analysis and the Department of Health into rigorous examination of its management and distribution of resources.

Instead, the cause and circumstances of Matiwane's death were neither investigated nor reported upon by the hospital authorities. It has been left to us to ensure that her story is told – and to ask the questions that remain to be answered. Those responsible are still there; they may be dedicated, they are no doubt overworked – but they owe Mrs Matiwane's family and the general public a full explanation.

Here's what we know: When a very-pregnant Thembela Matiwane left Durban in February 2004 for Cape Town, she was on her way to enrol her two children in Western Cape schools. Her husband Paul Mkhize, still employed

in Durban, would follow in due course. Paul says that his wife had attended the prenatal clinic at Kloof, but because of problems with her pregnancy – she was diagnosed as suffering from Gestational Proteinuric Hypertension, commonly referred to as GPH or pre-eclampsia – she was referred by the clinic to St Mary's hospital in Pinetown. When she told them she was leaving for Cape Town, a doctor at St Mary's gave her a letter of referral to Mowbray Maternity Hospital. (Dr Tanius Zingoni at St Mary's says he recalls having done the referral.) Pre-eclampsia is a condition in which pregnant women suffer from back-ache, abdominal pains, headache and swollen feet and hands. It can result in the death of mother and unborn infant.

Once in Cape Town, on 9 February, and after a sleepless night of severe pain, suffering from these symptoms,

Thembela called her brother-in-law Progress Mkhize to take her to hospital. But after a long wait at Mowbray Maternity she was turned away. In pain and desperation, she called Paul in Durban, to ask for his intervention. "She was crying in pain," Paul tells *noseweek*. "I didn't know what to do. I should have been there with her, but I had to work."

According to Paul, the receptionist and nurses at Mowbray's Ante-Natal Care Unit had told his wife to return to the village where she had gotten pregnant: "You rural women, you go getting pregnant then run to get high-class treatment in cities! Go back to KZN!" A hospital source confirms that hospital staff routinely turn away patients whom they believe should have gone to a "primary care" township clinic or day hospital, but who regard themselves as "too smart" to do this. Mowbray is a "second tier" hospital that generally treats only private (paying) patients or those referred to it by "primary" clinics.

The cries of his loving wife prompted Paul to call the hospital to enquire why she had been turned away. He tells *noseweek* that when he got hold of the sister in charge (the hospital has declined to disclose her name), he was told that for his wife to be attended to at Mowbray, she should produce a bank statement, proof of residence and of her husband's employment in Cape Town, and a hospital or clinic referral letter (which she had, only the staff at Mowbray Maternity hadn't bothered to look at it, possibly because she was identified as not being a Capetonian). The referral letter is now not to be found in Thembela's medical file at Mowbray.

To ensure that his desperate wife would receive treatment as soon as possible, Paul began gathering the required documents to be sent to Cape Town. He also asked his brother to get an affidavit from the police in Cape Town confirming a Claremont resi-



Single parent: Paul Mkhize with daughter Makaziwe, who turned three in March

dence, which was obtained at Mowbray Police Station on 10 February. In the meantime, the suffering Thembela moved in with her parents at Gugulethu. Paul sent the documents by fax on Saturday 14 to his brother's workplace, but Progress could not access them till the following Monday.

With the necessary documentation in place, Thembela, still in pain, once again visited the hospital on 17 February. After examination, her blood pressure and general condition was declared normal, and she was told to return the following week for an examination to determine the cause of the pain that wracked her body. During subsequent visits, an ultrasound scan was performed, and her blood pressure was again found to be normal, though she continued to suffer from back-ache and swollen hands and feet.

Thembela visited MMH at least two more times before her final visit on 29 March. On this day, Thembela, again suffering from severe symptoms of GPH, was allegedly not attended to for hours. Her cries for attention were not responded to by MMH's staff. Once again she called her husband who was still in Durban. Paul claims he immediately called MMH and talked to the same sister, demanding to know why

his wife was not being attended to, despite her critical condition. "The sister asked me who I was to tell them how to do their work." He tells *noseweek* that when he called Thembela an hour later, she told him that she was being attended to.

The staff at Mowbray apparently now realised her condition was serious, and she was formally admitted to the hospital. Her blood pressure was discovered to be higher than normal. Another ultrasound scan was ordered.

Thembela spoke with her husband later that evening. That was the last time the two talked. The next call he received from Mowbray was not from his wife, but from the hospital administrators summoning him to Cape Town. By the time he arrived in Cape Town, on the morning of 31 March, Thembela Matiwane was at Groote Schuur Hospital's Intensive Care Unit. Her hospital file does not state what conditions had brought her there. Thembela died later that day.

Paul was given what he believed to be her entire medical file, but *noseweek* has discovered that some sections of the file, like the referral letter from Durban, are missing. Some hours aren't logged in either, so she was either not attended to for several hours or someone has removed log sheets from her file. To understand the content of the file, *noseweek* sought the advice of independent medical experts. They agreed there are several issues that need to be clarified by the doctors and nurses at Mowbray who attended to Mrs Matiwane. The doctors found it strange for a seemingly normal pregnancy to develop into a fatality within two days, especially when the patient is under hospital observation. If Thembela's condition was rated stable on the night of 29 March, what could have triggered the deterioration?

Dr Ingrid R Grauls, one of the independent physicians, after studying the file with us, explained: "The diagnosis of her condition is called Gestational Proteinuric Hypertension, commonly referred to as GPH or pre-eclampsia." This has been confirmed by Dr David Bass, the medical advisor to the Western Cape's Department of Health. Dr Grauls tells us that this is a condition that is easily manageable. There had to be a trigger for the sudden reversal. And this is where Paul comes in, with a statement allegedly made to him on 26 July 2004 by Professor Susan Fawcus, senior specialist at Mowbray hospital. "She told me that Thembela fell from her bed in the morning of 30 March and that a student doctor who was attending to her broke a leg while trying to

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help her,” he told us. Dr Fawcus has since denied ever making such a statement.

But, yes, says Dr Grauls, if there was a fall it could have triggered the condition. A check of Thembela’s medical records show unsigned entries made on 30 March at 09h25 stating: “Unclassified Proteinuric Hypertension...with BP 170/110, frontal headache, additional protein ... not relieved by Panado ... unusual disturbances...”. The entries conclude with “poor ANC” (Ante-Natal Care).

What concerned our consulting doctors are that some entries were not signed – and that reference to “unusual disturbances”. Was this the fall? As the dead tell no tales, we may never know, unless Dr Fawcus and her 2004 team at MMH decide to come clean. Dr Fawcus has declined to answer our questions. In an email reply to *noseweek* she says: “I referred your request to Dr David Bass, medico-legal advisor to the provincial health department. He is the appropriate person to respond to you.”

Now why would someone who wasn’t present at the time be able to provide the best answers? Might Dr Fawcus be

afraid of something? Dr Bass began his response to *noseweek* by declaring that since the matter is being enquired into legally, “the department has to safeguard its interests”. Those of the patients, or those of the possibly negligent and misdirected hospital staff? What interests would those be Dr Bass? That of the patients? Dr Bass then admitted that it was he who had closed the file after considering the interest of the Department of Health.

After the unusual disturbances of 30 March, indicated in the progress file by unidentified staff, Dr Fawcus returns to the scene at 11h20, this time prescribing medication for induction of labour and Magnesium Sulphate to control the GPH. Why was it important to induce labour two weeks early? Dr Fawcus found the patient’s progress report worrying. According to the file, she summoned the GPH reading ten minutes after ordering the induction of labour. The trail thereafter goes faint, until over an hour later when fresh bouts of treatment started ... this time with morphine.

Over twelve hours after the induc-

tion of labour instruction, Dr Fawcus ordered a Caesarean section to deliver the baby. All this time, as shown in her file, Thembela was semi-conscious, delirious, non-responsive. The procedure was performed and a live baby girl was delivered. The patient, however, did not awaken from surgery.

Dr Grauls, like his other colleagues, noticed a question of magnesium sulphate toxicity raised by examining doctors at Groote Schuur where Thembela was transferred some hours later. (The ambulance was summoned before 2am, it arrived to transport her from Mowbray to Groote Schuur, barely a kilometer away, only at 4.30am.) Could the nurses have given her an overdose of the medication meant to control GPH?

The only way to confirm this would have been through toxicology analysis immediately this was suspected. But her file shows no request for such a test. Dr Fawcus declined to explain why this was never done. Dr Bass simply writes: “It was considered but later ruled out.”

Our consultant, Dr Grauls, further noticed this remark noted during the Caesarean section, at 02h52: “Respira-

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tory compromised under general anaesthesia". Dr Grauls emphasises that with patients suffering severe GPH, the anaesthetist must be very cautious. But when *noseweek* went seeking the anaesthetist involved ... none was to be found. The Theatre Summary Sheet (TSS) in our possession lists Dr Fawcus as the surgeon, assisted by SI Haarhoff, while the place for anaesthetist is left blank. Was the procedure performed without an anaesthetist? "Due to shortage of anaesthetists in the country, in rural areas, surgeons often double as anaesthetists, but that shouldn't be the case at MMH," says Dr Grauls.

Shouldn't be. But was it the case – or did Dr Fawcus simply not bother to find one? Further examination of the file shows more discrepancies; on her admission at MMH, Thembela was listed under Still Birth Clinic. Why? We asked Dr Fawcus. She once again referred the question to the Department's trouble-shooter, Dr Bass, who called it "an administrative error".

Since the Department, and the staff at MMH, have not been forthcoming with convincing explanation, Paul Mkhize has petitioned the Cape Magistrate Court to open an inquest docket, which has since been granted.

Mrs Petersen Badlen of the NPA is heading the inquiry, while Detective Inspector Jones is the lead detective. Badlen confirmed to *noseweek* that the docket has been opened, but required permission from her seniors to answer any more questions. Detective Jones, on the other hand, confirmed that he has had problems getting documents from the MMH, but his investigations are otherwise proceeding well.

He also confirmed that no post-mortem examination was performed. How then did Dr Susan Fawcus come to sign a death certificate stating that Tereza Thembela Matiwane had died of a "natural cause"? Provincial spokesman Dr Bass maintains that it's "normal" for a certificate to be signed stating the cause of death to be either natural or unnatural before any autopsy has been performed, and that Dr Fawcus thus acted correctly.

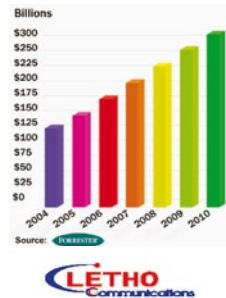
What Paul and his daughter, Maka-zwe, who turned three last March, would like to know, is what really happened to Thembela. Was it true that she was being treated by student doctors when her condition changed to critical? Paul wonders how many other expectant mothers have died "naturally" at Mowbray Maternity Hospital. Finally, is Mowbray Maternity a second tier hospital – or is it simply second class? **W**

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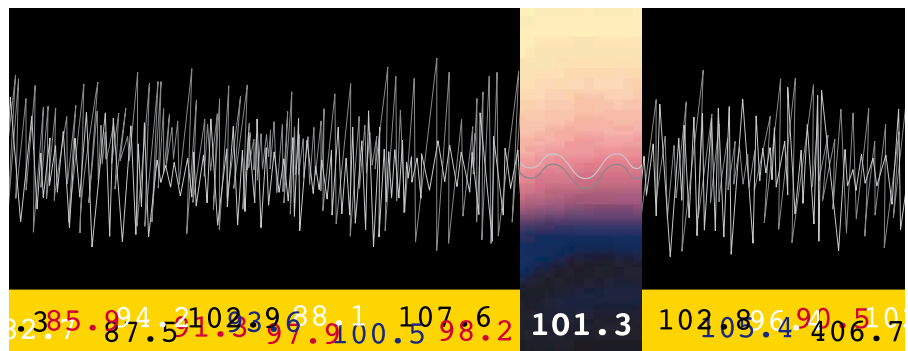
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Perfect pitch

How Absa nearly canned the sound of music

ANDRÉ HANEKOM HAS tidied his garage especially for our visit. Nevertheless, he apologises for the mess. He means the strange apparatus strung across the floor; a trail of electrical cables connecting a series of boxes bearing switches, dials and needle gauges and ending in a specially-adapted hotplate, on top of which sits a small casserole dish, incongruously decorated with ribbons and flowers.

It's the anodizing machine. Hanekom made it himself to coat and colour the aluminium shafts of his patented phono cartridge – that's the bit at the end of the record player arm that holds the needle. Record player? Yes, really. Hanekom has tapped into the tiny but obsessive market of analogue audiophiles; people who prefer listening to their music on LP rather than on CD or iPod. Unlike a vinyl-scratching dance mix DJ, audiophiles like to sit very still and feel waves of pure sound wash over them, preferring Rachmaninov, the Rolling Stones and Ray Charles to rap. Unsurprisingly, these listeners are extremely picky about every component of their hi-fi systems. Most especially the cartridge, which picks up the vibrations from the squiggly grooves on the vinyl disc and “transduces” them into electrical energy that can be amplified and delivered through (preferably) the best speakers money can buy.

And Hanekom makes a beautiful cartridge – customers in the US and UK are happy to pay the equivalent of R35 000 a pop for his unique design. The Blue Angel Mantis Moving Coil Phono Cartridge, the only audio cartridge made in South Africa, has been enthusiastically received by the international analogue audio press. *The Absolute Sound* magazine gave the Mantis its Editor's Award last year. Respected analogue expert Michael Fremer, writing in *Stereophile Magazine*, described the Mantis as “a gem”

for its “coherence and balance”. Renowned British reviewer Ken Kessler wrote: “The Mantis gives off no hint of being hand-made in someone's home workshop.”

To the uninformed, the Mantis doesn't seem especially remarkable. It's a 25mm long snub-nosed wedge which looks a bit like the head of a small rodent, complete with screw-head eyes. But every angle, plane and cavity of each cartridge body is sculpted with

such precision on Hanekom's dangerous array of machines that they could all have come out of the same mould. “It has to be absolutely precise, 100% straight, square and dead centre,” he says gloomily. “There's no other way.”

Apart from aluminium, Hanekom also makes cartridge bodies from indigenous hardwoods like Royal Zulu Pink Ivory (traditionally used for Zulu knobkerries and spears), which fetch premium prices but are “a bugger to work with because the wood splits unless you are very careful”. For all its precision, the cartridge exterior is crude work compared to what's inside. There's a tiny armature, hand-wound with copper threads that would make the finest human hair look coarse. There's an almost invisible dot of damping rubber, a miniature magnet encased in a tiny tube and screws so small Hanekom has to make them himself.

Except for the imported stylus, every part of the tiny, complex gadget is created right here, milled, machined, lathed, anodised, damped, wired and assembled by this 64-year-old man



Blue Angel: Sound fundi André Hanekom in his workshop with his precision audio cartridge

with failing eyesight. Working alone from his garage in Cape Town's leafy Upper Kenilworth, he can churn out cartridges at the rate of two a week. That's your ten or twelve hours-a-day, seven-days a week kind of life.

Starting a business in a garage is all very well if you're a 17-year-old geek who needs nothing but a PC and a lot of coffee. But when you're married with two dachshunds, heading for retirement age, have no experience or formal training in the arcane field you have chosen, and have to invest tens of thousands in equipment, it sounds pretty intrepid.

Although he's a life-long tinkerer, Hanekom had never worked as a professional mechanic, engineer or artisan. Before he started making cartridges, he owned an import business which supplied and serviced the gold watches the government used to hand out to retiring public servants. Before

that, he spent more than a decade as advertising manager for Robert Bosch South Africa. Both jobs provided ample opportunity for tinkering, or watching others tinker, but none offered the kind of intensive, all-consuming, fiddly, lone, all-night tinkering that Hanekom clearly craved.

And yet it was quite another interest, a rediscovered love of serious music, that set him on his current path. "About ten years ago, I saw an ad in *The Argus* about a classical music society which met in Sea Point. I started going along, and I met all these people who were analogue enthusiasts. I realised there was this new, worldwide interest in vinyl."

For Hanekom, the production of the sound was as wonderful as the sound itself. He began collecting old analogue equipment, taking it apart, refurbishing it and putting it back together again. "I got interested in the mechanics of it, and then I had this idea for a new kind of cartridge so I thought I'd see if I could make one." Determined to do it right, Hanekom turned to another bunch of enthusiastic amateurs for help: the Cape Town Society of Model and Experimental Engineers. "About 40 old blokes who still play with train sets. But absolute boffins when it comes to machine tools. I knew absolutely nothing. I didn't even know how to use a lathe. They taught me all sorts of stuff – lathing and milling and all the different tricks."

In 2000 Hanekom sold his watch import company in order to make cartridges full-time. Seven years of late nights later, his shoulders are bowed from hours hunched over his workbench, squinting at tiny things. He has been gashed by cutting tools and splashed with acid. He has seen hours of painstaking work brought to nothing by an invisible flaw in a piece of wood, a weakness in a wire, the blink of a tired eye.

He has had to source new materials, adapt old tools and invent new ones for jobs so specialised, he may be the only person in the world who has a use for them. Along the way, he has built up a network of skilled, knowledgeable friends, including various hobbyists and audiophiles, junk shop owners and professional technicians, like the rubber scientist who helped him develop the material for the dot of damper.

In contrast to this helpful lot are what Hanekom calls his "rogues gallery": people like the jobsworths at the SABS and the CSIR, custodians of millions of rands-worth of analogue testing equipment, who blocked his

attempts to hire their machines. "I was willing to pay. I wrote to them to tell them I was making this high-end audio product for export and that I needed to provide precise measurements before I could put my cartridge on the overseas market or submit it for review. They weren't interested. They're not using that equipment. But they wouldn't take my money."

The SABC wasn't much help either, until Hanekom met a technician working at the Sea Point studios who shared his passion for analogue audio and arranged for him to use the testing suite there. He also counts among the rogues CapeMail, with whom he entrusted one of his precious cartridges, to be sent registered airmail to an anxious overseas customer. "They sent it by ship. And now they can't find the ship," Hanekom says, showing me the one-off, two-tone cartridge he has created as a replacement to pacify the now angry foreign audiophile.

The most recent addition to the rogues gallery is ABSA. Hanekom has been a client of the bank, or one of its predecessors, for 30 years. His house is paid off, and he has a modest overdraft facility for which the bank holds more than sufficient security, including an endowment policy, shares and title deeds to his plot in Betty's Bay. Yet when he asked for a credit boost after illness slowed down production, they were less than helpful.

"Hell, it's terrible when you can't even afford a packet of fags. I showed them my overseas order book. They weren't interested." Eventually, ABSA let him know that they had kindly decided to let him have an additional R10 000. "I was so the hell in, I didn't want it. But they just put it in my account."

The crisis is over now. But it's the kind of thing that can wear out the most passionate entrepreneur. "I've spent years getting this thing right. I don't need the extra pain. Now I just want to make enough so I can go and build a cottage in Betty's Bay and sit on a rock and fish all day." And he places the Blue Angel Mantis gently on a spinning vinyl disc so we can listen to Nat King Cole the way he really sounded. Which is quite splendid.

The Western Cape manager of the ABSA Small Business Division, William Nel, said the bank "wishes to apologise to Mr Hanekom if the actions of our employees offended him in any way. We will take the matter up with the relevant employees and arrange for a meeting with Mr Hanekom to provide him with feedback and advice." ■

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The plot thickens

From page 7

what was happening in the city," was his damning reply.

(In the months leading up to the 1993 bombings, Mumbai was rent with wide-scale Hindu-Moslem riots after the demolition of the Babri Masjid mosque. An estimated 1800 people, mostly Muslims, died, and thousands of families lost their homes and livelihoods).

Dutt's film actress mother Nargis was Muslim. In a (later retracted) statement that he gave to deputy police commissioner Krishnalal Bishnoi on 26 April 2003, Dutt told how he was introduced to Dawood Ibrahim when the gangster visited the set of the film *Yalgar*, on location in Dubai in December 1991.

"Dawood introduced me to his brother Anees during another film shooting session," ran the statement. "After that meeting, Anees used to visit us regularly during the shooting and also where we were staying. I got to know him quite well."

Immediately after the Mumbai bomb blasts, telephone records revealed, Dutt made seven telephone calls to Ibrahim's house in Dubai (where he enjoys the protection of the Sultan).

As police started making arrests, the film star panicked and had two of the AK-56s and the hand grenades removed from his house. Of his original cache, Dutt retained one AK-56 and some ammunition.

Many Indians feel that Sanjay Dutt has got off lightly in court. Co-accused Manzoor Ahmed, whose car was used to remove the arms from Dutt's house, and Zaibunissa Kazi, who had allowed her house to be used to hold the returned arsenal for a few days, have both been convicted under the far more serious Terrorist and Disruptive Activities (Prevention) Act and face jail sentences of anything from five years to life imprisonment.

Same for two other co-accused, Samir Hingora and Baba Mussa Chauhan, who both testified that Dutt was talking with Anees Ibrahim when they arrived at 58 Pali Hill to deliver the arms.

The epic trial – it's been trundling on for 14 years – has so far seen more than 80 of the original 123 defendants convicted. Sentences were expected to be passed on April 19 – after this issue went to press. Dawood Ibrahim and Tiger Memon are still being sought. ■



Picture: esafrika

Randy Crawford

THE TROUBLE WITH the Cape Town International Jazz Festival is that there's not nearly enough jazz. And where there is – in the two, seated venues – everyone's so flippen well-behaved, even the youngsters, that the impact is somewhat diluted.

Where's the passion? The jazz wackos you see leaping out of their seats at concerts in places like Verona, shouting "Wow! He could make that guitar lay eggs!"?

We're in the city's Convention Centre. About 40 groups from all over the world – across the music spectrum – are performing at five venues. The place is overflowing with parliamentarians and their minions.

Kader Asmal and Pallo Jordan have brought their wives. Patricia de Lille's tenacious blond side-kick, Independent Democrats' Simon Grindrod, has brought a bombshell in a fur cape that doesn't hide her décolletage. He swears Lee-Anne Benjamin is just a colleague.

Ebrahim Rasool's administrative side-kick, the former radio P4 DJ Shado Twala, has also pitched, almost unrecognisable without her shaved head. Did someone tell her that bald looks better on the Bald Eagle?

More shiny-eyed than ever is Iqbal Surve, the Siemens/Sekunjalo

(Holdings, not the poor-man's version) tycoon who bought 51% of this jazz festival last year to ensure its survival. "The founders and shareholders had reached a point of extreme hostility, but I couldn't allow this festival to be lost," he tells me, sounding dangerously like Prince Valiant. "It ranks as number four in the world and there's no reason why it shouldn't be number one, now that we've brought our expertise to the table."

With all these financial and political pressures, you'd expect



Hilary Prendini Toffoli



them to be letting their hair down. Being a little disorderly. But here they are, as *ordentlich* as

Mark Lottering's Aunty Beryl from Belgravia, munching languidly around the tables of the corporate lounge area, which is a large farmhouse plus garden set-up with upstairs section, and crawling with men in black on cell phones.

Not that the rest of this 15 000-strong horde of music-lovers of every age, class, race, nationality and sexual persuasion isn't having fun. In the airplane hangar venue known as



Simon Grindrod and Lee-Anne Benjamin

YFM's Sanza and Pallo Jordan

Iqbal Surve

Festival director Rashied Lombard with M Baloyi

Kippies, the city's leftover hippies are standing dreamily waving their arms above their heads, impersonating an undersea kelp forest. Onstage is everyone's favourite Senegalese maestro, Ishmael Lo, flanked by screens, apparently oblivious of the jiggling ravers below, stabbing their index fingers in the air and giving restrained yelps whenever the camera crane threatens to decapitate them. Eish! Missed!

In Baseline upstairs – a dark, high-decibel venue with bar tables and a club vibe – there's a tangled knot of dancers in front of the stage. Bikers, musos,

and pieces

critics, foreign fashion types, dropout copywriters, freelance hacks. Indulging in outlandish middle-aged versions of the boogie, inspired by the French-Arabic fusion sounds of lute-and-banjo-playing Algerian virtuoso Fethi Tabet and his band of hotties.

Over at Rosies it's a different scenario. You pay an extra R25 on top of your R290 day's pass to sit in this plush womb-like auditorium. Many of the audience for pianist Themba Mkhize and his band are men on their own, in the defining headgear of the hard-core jazz lover, the poor boy cap. Expensive slouchy variations in everything from lethal black leather to edgily retro, intellectual-looking Harris tweed.

Joe Sample at the jazz festival

Rosies is where, last year, who should file into the row behind me just before the lights went down, but Trevor Manuel, Maria Ramos and Deputy President Phumzile Mlambo-Nguka? They'd come to hear Nat King Cole's brother Freddy, still touring the world with his smoky 74-year-old voice and bluesy vibe, four decades after the death of his brother.

I search in vain for Manuel and Co this year. This jazz boff never misses the festival, but I don't spot him anywhere. One politician who is here, however, attracted by this year's high standard, is the President.

It's his first visit, and he's an immediate target for the media battalions.

They're here in force, faces on press passes round their necks, courtesy PR Marilyn Thompson, who's famously tight with her press accreditations, but obliging. One of her Pied Pipers takes a trail of media people like a string of obsessive rats in search of the elusive Mbeki, with the

help of the men on cell phones.

When we're about to give up – all except the *Voice of America* correspondent, a gritty young black South African headed for great things – word reaches us that the President is on his way.

We position ourselves in a circle, cameras cocked. The *Voice of America* readies himself for a pithy soundbite. Suddenly we hear a whooshing noise, and a small crowd of men in suits appears. As they rush past, we spot the small bearded President being jostled along in their midst, smiling that embarrassed little smile he always gets when he finds himself on a platform with Jacob Zuma.

They vanish into a Very VIP restaurant upstairs. We decide there's no point in missing the music. So does the President. He gets his henchmen to take him into the photographers' pits later – after the pix have been taken – unlike like his Deputy, who the previous day had the pits cleared so she could hear Randy Crawford. The photographers just had to eat cake. You should have heard them in the Media Room. **■**



Picture: esparika

'De la Rey' under analysis

MUCH INK, webspace and energy was recently expended on the "De la Rey" phenomenon, with columnists rattling on endlessly about Koos de la Rey the peacemaker, the general, the bitter-ender, the really very nice guy we can all look up to, and about singer Bok van Blerk – whose ideal-son-in-law face is paired with a mildly attractive voice, and whose naïve charm can't be dispelled, no matter whom he pops in to see at his local C-Max. The *De la Rey* song, we learned at length, was really about a lack of leadership in the Afrikaner community today – though given the ones they chose for over forty years you'd think they'd realize we'd be better off without them.

What we haven't read much about is the music to the song. Which is a pity, since it's precisely because music itself doesn't "say" anything, that it helps us to understand what the song is really telling us.

Bok van Blerk's homely baritone doesn't offer the stridency or the raw energy we expect of a "freedom song". Nor is the slow triple time of *De la Rey* likely to inspire nationalist fervour. But it's perfectly timed for the swinging and clinking of beer bottles at Loftus Versfeld. In fact, it sounds like a lopsided march that an excess of beer turned into a languid waltz, and sent an octave lower than intended. Nor does the tune have many notes, though that doesn't signify a lack of quality – pop group REM has enjoyed many hits with songs that are as restricted in their melodic compass as *De la Rey* (these are admittedly of far greater complexity in harmony and arrangement).

Why then is *De la Rey* so catchy, so appealing? Why does even Koos Kombuis tell us it makes him want "to go back to Sunday School and read the Children's Bible once more"? The melody is banal with hardly any notes at all; there's no real rhythmic interest to it; the harmony could hardly be simpler – mostly tonic and dominant, with about three other basic chords for good measure; and the melody itself is sung in thirds, as a child might do it. Furthermore, the text is so repetitive

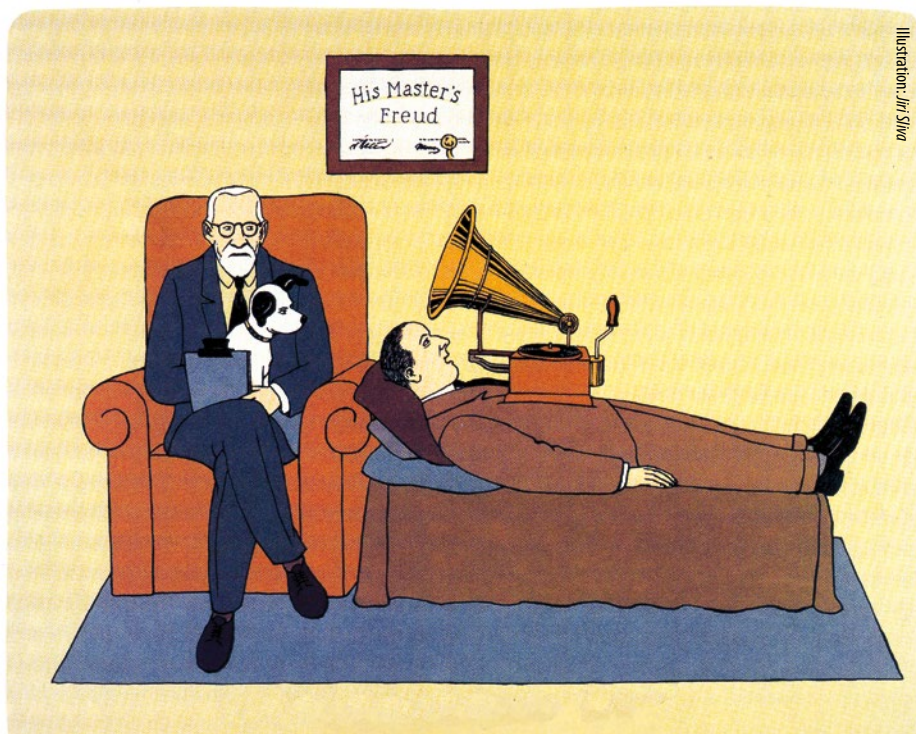


Illustration: Jiri Sivo

We've heard lots about the purported politics of that song, but what about the music? asks **Herbert Kitchener**

it's like a mantra.

There is nothing "superb" about it; in aesthetic terms, it's insistently mediocre, and its unashamed "catchiness" is on a par with *Twinkle Twinkle Little Star* or *Baa Baa Black Sheep*. And here we come closer to the appeal of *De la Rey*: it reminds us subliminally of a type of music that we all know from childhood – a simple type of music that's often in a slow waltz time, never has many notes, a complicated harmony or a catchy rhythm, and whose texts are repetitious to soporific. *De la Rey* is really a lullaby. It even uses the vowels that the cradle fixed in the subconscious of Afrikaans and English speakers alike – *lullay, lullay, sal jy die boere kom lei, doedoe De la Rey*.

This isn't a call to arms; it's a tuneful admission of acquiescence in

defeat – which is utterly appropriate, of course. For all his worthy qualities listed for us recently, Koos de la Rey has two defining attributes: he was on the losing side, and he's dead. What does this say, one wonders, about a supposed "desire for leadership" amongst the Afrikaners, when the best example they can come up with is a dead loser? Antjie Krog, speaking in a Stellenbosch seminar, remarked that the song is devoid of "father figures"; there are the singer's peers – his *pels, meisies*, and grandfather figures – "*Oupa*" and even "Mandela", but the real apartheid generation, that of the actual fathers, is completely absent.

And just as the song isn't a call to arms, nor is it actually about Koos de la Rey. If Hendrik Verwoerd or BJ Vorster had sported a three-syllable surname that rhymed with "*lei*", it

could just as well have been about them. “De la Rey” just happens to scan better than the others. And if the song isn’t about De la Rey, then it isn’t about the nasty English either. Bok van Blerk’s ditty is, in fact, precisely what so many are so assiduously denying: a statement about today’s Afrikaners and how they see themselves.

To see this, think of the song as carrying a whole series of displacements. Because it can’t sing about 1994 when the Boers lost “their” country yet again, the action is shifted back a hundred years to the battle lost against the Brits. The song refers to them only as “*die kakies*”: the enemy, in other words, becomes a people “of colour” – of brown colour, *nogal* – who are “*n hele groot mag teen ’n handjie van ons*” (“a great force against a handful of us”). The implied, contemporary enemy that outnumbers the Afrikaners is of course another people “of colour”, though of a darker shade of brown. If one runs through the song replacing *die kakies* with another k-word that has the same two vowels, one gets closer to its real subtext. This manner in which one colour slides into another is nothing new, nor is the way in which they all seem to end up signifying the same one. If one watches the Afrikaans movies from thirty years ago, still shown occasionally on *Kyknet* – the ones that have innocent whites kidnapped or hijacked by communist terrorists – the enemies may be “the reds”, but they’re always all somehow “black” anyway.

OF COURSE, ONE could argue that the video to the song reinforces a strictly Boer War interpretation. But its images are really the only ones that the text itself could ever allow to be shown on South African TV screens today. And the preamble on the video as sold with the CD, which features images of imprisoned Boers and statistics about combatants, is so crass, so overdone, so heart-on-sleeve, that it has to be compensating for something – for the fact that this is exactly what the song isn’t about. (Of course the “concentration camps” in which the Boers today feel imprisoned by the *k[akies]*, are the ones they’ve made for themselves, with their high walls and electric fences.)

What’s striking about the video itself – which reinforces a more contemporary interpretation – is its crass depiction of a “them” and an “us”. And the “them” are present only as some vague, impersonal, “coloured” (khaki)

Bok would seem to want to have his melktert and eat it

threat somewhere beyond Bok’s defensive trenches. The “*k(akie)s*”, the video implies, may outnumber the Boers but they are to be seen and not heard – indeed, the “*k(akie)s*” role in the video is one of sheer subservience.

How does *De la Rey* the song fit into *De la Rey* the album? It’s not the only political song, for that adjective can apply just as well to both *Jy praat nog steeds my taal* and *So waai die wind*. The former tells us “*dat ek trots kan gaan waar Afrikaners staan, want jy praat nog steeds my taal*”, while the latter waxes lyrical about the singer’s “*oupa... ’n goeie man*”, who reminisces that “*die jare toe ons mense vir beskerming gepleit het, was ’n broederbond gebore*”. He asks “*of ons nog ons taal praat want hy weet dis uit ons boeke*”. But this contribution to the *taaldebat* is diluted by hybrid phrases in other songs, like “try *daar* my luck”, “*wat daai ou sal doen* in teenage movies” and “*ons check net girls in bikini’s*”. Bok would seem to want to have his *melktert* and eat it.

Apart from these three, the songs on the CD are little different from the pseudo-semi-macho, drink-and-sex bakkie bakkie stuff that Die Campbells do much better, and with much more energy. They’re about “vodka en OJ”, about getting *poep dronk*, and about the post-pubescent lost love of “*nou is jy so ver van my*”. But the jolly song about getting “high school girls” drunk in Hatfield for obviously predatory reasons is really a little tasteless, given its similarity to the “non-rape”

case that rocked a local university campus just a couple of years ago. Then there’s the oddity of a love song to Walvisbaai, which is the kind of town that makes one long for the desert outside it. Someone has to like it, I suppose.

Van Blerk’s voice is not without charm, though the tessitura of the songs isn’t always chosen too well, and he sounds at times as though he’s mimicking Joaquin Phoenix mimicking Johnny Cash in *Walk the Line*, with the soporific effect of *De la Rey* permeating much of the album. There is little overall structure to the songs, besides a vague key scheme at first, based on the circle of fifths, that is abandoned towards the end.

Inevitably there is a myriad of influences, some stronger than others, but the most striking (besides the odd spot of *boeremusiek*) seem to be the Paul Simon of *Graceland*, and Johnny Clegg – above all in *Habana!*, the tribute to the black rugby player that is the final song, and which is seen as proof of the album’s non-racial stance. Now, in a country with one of the most vibrant popular music scenes in the world, is it not odd that Bok and his fellow writers should draw their “African” influences not directly from the music of the townships, but filtered through their fellow whites? As so often with the Afrikaner pop one gets on Channel 89, it is as if the whole of South African black music had passed by unnoticed (like the *kakies* on the video – seen but not heard).

This is not to assume that the creators of this CD are racist: the point is simply that this generation – the generation that, we are told, “won’t say sorry any more” (did they ever?) – has so absorbed the codes and signs of previous generations that they simply can do no other. But they certainly are keen to ride the wave of resurgent Afrikaner cultural nationalism demonstrated in the pages of the Afrikaans newspapers, at *Woordfese* and elsewhere, even if their own vocabulary simply confirms the language’s slow defeat at the hands of the khakis.

Should we be afraid of *De la Rey*? No – though it’ll probably spawn a whole series of Afrikaner pop songs about the Boer War over the next two years.

But when, on TV, I see the drunken hordes swaying dreamily out of time to the song, I can’t imagine any of them ever being sober enough, or awake enough, to take any real action at all. *De la Rey* has all the revolutionary energy of a nation that has never had to mow its own lawns. ■



More heat than light

ARK HAS RECEIVED A VIGOROUS RESPONSE TO ITS article on the Free Market Foundation's long-standing opposition to mainstream climate science. Andrew Kenny, FMF co-spokesperson on climate change, has called us "scientifically ignorant" and "spiteful", while some readers are unhappy at our raising the issue because they find it "divisive" – presumably within the ranks of the FMF.

Climate change is a complex issue and never easy to deal with, particularly so in the pages of a non-technical journal. Some of the evidence advanced for it is highly technical, and there is a small but vociferous group of "climate change sceptics" that demands to be heard. Many reporters avoid the problems this raises by adopting the old "tell both sides of the story" tactic, also known as "BBC Objectivity":

1) Irrationally assume that every story has only two sides. 2) Find someone who has an extreme way of expressing one of them. 3) Find someone else who disagrees, to represent "the other side". 4) Report a few quotes from both. 5) Walk off with your Objectivity Halo shining, forgetting that you've probably left your readers confused or misinformed, and that at least one of your interviewees may be lying, or just dead wrong.

Our approach is rather to learn something about the subject before writing about it, and then thoroughly investigate the various viewpoints, and their spouters – even if time and research budgets are limited, and magazine space is tight.

The explanation for current, human-caused global warming seems clear enough. Not even the US government, long a dissonant voice at international conferences, argues its basic premises any longer. But that hasn't slowed some climate change "sceptics" or their efforts to discredit it. By spreading doubt, denialists slow and blunt action to reduce greenhouse gas emissions which might hurt the profits of the companies who fund them.

The curious thing about many of these people, such as the FMF's Andrew Kenny and Kelvin Kemm, is that the majority of their arguments are so extraordinarily flimsy and utterly ridiculous. They don't serve up meaty points that demand careful consideration – they spend their time spewing out spineless straw men that can be knocked over and binned incredibly easily.

For now, the overwhelming odds are that anyone who doesn't take human-caused climate change seriously is a fool



We're told by Kenny, for example, that there's no credible science behind the mainstream understanding of global warming and that it's actually some sort of hysterical, unscientific conspiracy by "pressure groups, big media, politicians and vested interests screaming that climate change will bring catastrophe". By any conventional definition of "science" or "scientists" there is a large body of scientific evidence supporting man-caused climate change, as a quick flip through any relevant academic journal will confirm. He also clearly doesn't have even the vaguest understanding of how the Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change (IPCC) functions.

Kelvin Kemm insisted repeatedly in an interview with *noseweek* that the so-called Oregon Petition was signed by "17 000 climate scientists" – an outright untruth, easily exposed. (The petition is a well-known fraud – and there aren't as many as 17 000 climate scientists working in the world today.) We're informed that temperature isn't a significant component of climate (a marvellous idiocy courtesy of Prof Will Alexander) and so on, and on...

This is not scepticism (as in, questioning of facts or assertions by addressing them) but plain, simple, vanilla-flavoured denialism – Andrew Kenny, Kelvin Kemm, Will Alexander and their ideological cotmates the world over simply ignore or totally misinterpret many facts and arguments before them, assign characteristics to their critics that aren't even vaguely accurate, and often generate fabrications to support their fantastical positions.

Surely there are better points to debate? You wreck your credibility by engaging in this nonsense.

Actually, there is method in it. For the denialists it's not important to be correct, but only to attract attention and create the impression among the general public that there are serious doubts and differences around climate change theory. Truth isn't necessary to denialists; by making false statements (often in "scientese", the pompous jargon-speak of cartoon professors everywhere) they force their targets to react and, voila!, instant public controversy arises, bringing doubt about the reality and seriousness of global warming into the minds of people who don't have time to look further into the issue. (When you're not bound by the truth, your range



"Gentlemen, it's time we gave some serious thought to the effects of global warming."

of arguments becomes larger and more interesting, a great advantage over your "reality-based" opponents.)

Why do they do it? One simple answer is that many of them are paid to, or are linked to organisations that benefit from denialist propaganda. As we've previously pointed out, the Free Market Foundation is strongly linked to oil company-funded "think tanks" and PR-generating institutes in the US, and they work in the same way. British journalist George Monbiot has documented at length how the fossil fuel industry has used "free market" advocacy organisations and PR men to deny global warming, using the same strategies that tobacco giants used to deny links between smoking and cancer. (Exxon hired a prominent tobacco industry PR guy, Steven Millroy, to advance a climate change denialist agenda while he was a "junk science" consultant at Fox News. Andrew Kenny writes a column for *The Citizen* where he punts similar views, although it's not clear who pays him to do this).

When FMF councillor Jim Harris writes to *noseweek* that "global warming is one of many interesting issues rather tangential to fundamental freemarket concerns" and that it is "unfair to well-meaning FMF sponsors that NoseArk accuses them of taking sides on some current issue," he's clearly missed the point or is bullshitting along with the best of them. (He seems not to realise that we predicted

his response in our original story.)

Harris is wrong, firstly, because fundamentalist freemarketers like the FMF oppose government regulation of industry of virtually any sort. Dealing with climate change means regulating the output of greenhouse gases. Why does the FMF devote many pages of their website and two spokespeople to climate change? Because it's tangential to their concerns? Come on! Secondly, Harris appears to suggest that funders and councillors of the FMF have no interest in what it does. Do they really say: "Here's some money. Carry on denying climate change in a completely unbalanced fashion – see if we care?"

Some people call the heated arguments around climate change an example of the unfortunate politicisation of science, but maybe it's the reverse. Daniel Sarewitz, a US academic, points out that because of the high status of scientific knowledge in contemporary democracies, politicians and ideologues grab hold of scientific language and concepts to promote themselves and their ideas. Because they're not good scientists, but highly subjective self-promoters, "science" is used to polarise people, not to help them agree on a rational course of action.

The more "scientific facts" and questions that are tossed into a debate the more complex it becomes, and the further it recedes from a reasonable conclusion. In this way science ends up preventing the resolution of environ-

mental problems, reinforcing ideological positions rather than questioning them.

Now that we've got the denialists out of the way, how do we know that global warming is not some weird religion designed to give us the willies for the ego benefit of a few underpaid climate scientists?

Perhaps the best clue is that the UN's Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change, the most authoritative body on the subject and the denialists' favourite target, says that it's not 100% sure that the observed rise in global temperatures is being caused by human emissions of greenhouse gases. It is only more than 90% sure that this is the case. How many religions say they're only 90% sure of their faith? Their scientific work – and there is a lot of it now – points to the fact that human-emitted greenhouse gases are unnaturally warming the atmosphere and oceans. However, being cautious scientists under heavy scrutiny from literally thousands of report reviewers (they are obligated to respond to every review criticism received in the years that it takes to compile their reports), and aware that paradigm shifts sometimes happen in science when we discover dramatically new things, they leave the door open for their own possible omissions. (IPCC reports are available at www.ipcc.ch – readers could do worse than look for themselves.)

Imagine a ten-chambered revolver with nine chambers loaded. Spin the barrel. Put the gun against your temple. Will you pull the trigger? Will it be "click" or "muffled report from the bedroom"? Closed coffin or big sigh of relief?

Yes, friends, it's all about risk assessment. We can't 100% understand and predict complex systems like the climate system – there are simply too many variables at play. Science cannot give us "the" answer. It can sometimes, if used properly, help us move beyond crippling doubt and on to action with likely, but not guaranteed, outcomes. Most decisions, after all, are based on assessments of probabilities, which in turn are based on imperfect knowledge.

Nature bats last, if you'll excuse the corny analogy. It's up to us to understand her, not the other way around. No amount of nonsense and misunderstanding, however aggressively packaged, will stop us being hit for six if we bowl a bad ball in the crucial last over. So, for now, the overwhelming odds are that anyone who doesn't take human-caused climate change seriously is a fool. ■



Wages of wine

OSCAR WILDE SEEMS to have said nothing useful, or even witty, about workers on wine estates, but it might surprise some people to learn of his interesting contribution to the theory of socialism: its chief advantage, he suggested in *The Soul of Man under Socialism*, would be to “relieve us from that sordid necessity of living for others which, in the present condition of things, presses so hardly upon almost everybody”.

Whether that “almost everybody” includes your average Cape wine farmer is a little doubtful – except insofar as everyone is, of course, really trying to make “icon” wines, or crack international markets “for the sake of the industry”, rather than for personal glory or enrichment. There are, though, gentle souls, within and without the wine industry, who, if not living for others, are concerned about them. But charity gets short shrift from stern Oscar: “The proper aim is to try and reconstruct society on such a basis that poverty will be impossible.”

Wilde’s suggestion that charity creates “a multitude of sins” is grandly ignored by some wine producers, particularly when the charity of others helps them avoid expense. The current Platter Guide notes approvingly of one such person that “social responsibility is close to his heart”. This tender organ was “gladdened” when a charitable organisation came along to fix up the farm’s crèche. How distressingly sad the heart of this property owner must have been when helplessly looking on and seeing the children on his farm suffering! No doubt he must bravely wipe away a surreptitious tear when he sees their parents sweating in his vineyards for a pittance...

The charity involved was the Pebbles Project, which aims to help poor children in the Western Cape with special educational needs – especially those suffering from foetal alcohol syndrome, or otherwise victims of the winelands’ chronic alcohol abuse. I think Oscar might have given them a handsome cheque, as part of the sordid necessity of substituting charity for social justice. But he’d more surely have felt a surge of anger at some properties that this charity has been assisting.

One such estate (nameless for now, at Pebbles’ request) I visited a few years back for the launch of a prestigious, expensive

wine. Champagne flowed, and oysters offered us their tender, lemon-sprinkled bodies – well, they didn’t have much choice, much like the alcohol-thwarted children in the shoddy crèche somewhere tucked away so as not to spoil the view from the terrace. (We wine writers have trouble focusing beyond the bottles, anyway.)

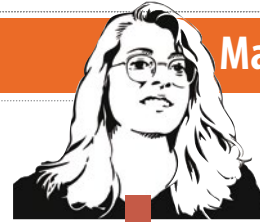
Grim conditions for winery workers and their families are not found everywhere in the Cape, fortunately: a few employers do provide better situations than others. Nor, it must be said, is the rest of the world in any position to sneer too much at the general misery here, as migrant Mexican vineyard workers in wealthy California and many others could attest. Bizarrely, one of the forces encouraging at least a minimum standard of labour conditions is British supermarkets – not usually to be seen as progressive institutions, but some of their customers are getting restive. Ethical trading, it’s called, designed to make purchasers in the richest countries feel less guilty about exploiting the rest of the world.

Their local agent is the Wine Industry Ethical Trading Association (Wieta), which audits, monitors and accredits wineries against its code – which, Bacchus knows, is pretty modest in its stipulations. Little more is demanded than that wineries obey the law – with regard to such things as health and safety, forced labour, child labour, minimum wages, and housing security. (Full information is available at www.wieta.org.za.)

Despite the low standard, remarkably few seem to be able to meet it easily. The list of accredited wineries is short, but some are apparently working on improvements in response to the initial audit. Getting accreditation is most important for the big producers (mostly co-ops and the wholesalers – though KWV and most Distell components aren’t on the list yet), as they are the ones who most need to sell to fussy foreign supermarkets. The few private producers with Wieta accreditation (others might have as good or better standards, of course) are La Motte, Rupert & Rothschild, Rustenberg, Spier, Vergelegen and Villiera.

The current relevant minimum monthly wage, incidentally, is R989-R1041, with which handsome amount most wine farm workers could just about afford a case or two of a moderately priced wine they help produce – so long as they don’t need to eat, or anything extravagant like that. **■**

*Ethical trading
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the rest of the
world*



Up the Rumpole

LIKE MANY, I have more than a passing interest in the events that transpired on 11 September 2001. My sister-in-law was attending a conference at the Marriot Hotel in lower Manhattan that day. She saw the hopelessly desperate jump from high-rise windows ... she joined a confused crowd walking north to escape the noxious cloud but turned in time to see the second tower fall. A first-hand account can personalize events. It was a bad day.

Given the above, I was intrigued when I received an unsolicited email regarding one "Lucky Larry".

The article purports to explain how real-estate tycoon Larry Silverstein made \$4bn on a \$124m investment in six months. He did so by purchasing and insuring a 99-year lease on the World Trade Center complex just six months before the 9/11 terrorist attacks.

In addition, the security company contracted by Silverstein was controlled by members of the Bush family and was also responsible for the electronic security of Dulles International Airport and United Airlines – both used by the terrorists in the 9/11 attacks...

The email goes on to explain that the WTC complex was supposedly a condemned "asbestos bombshell", and that Silverstein made sure the complex was insured against "terrorist attacks". It also addresses the 21st century version of the "grassy knoll"... the mysterious collapse of "building seven".

To get to the nutmeat, the email is blatant in its suggestion that the events of 9/11 were either an inside job, or that certain people had foreknowledge and took advantage of it – making a king's ransom in the process.

Personally, I like stories critical of big business and George W Bush. Through the years, I have even nurtured this prejudice. It is now a comfortable and effortless attitude to assume, like putting on an old pair of slippers. But as much as I tried to become incensed at this story, my old slippers felt a couple of sizes too small... and had a funny smell.

So I googled "Lucky Larry Silverstein" to investigate and got 20 200 hits. I dipped into the shallow end. The very first site I opened (www.heartcom.org/LuckyLarry.htm) appeared to be the source. Thomas R Ascher writes: "I have received numerous questions about the article entitled Lucky Larry which I recently forwarded. First, who

I want to show the readers of this website that behind this sweet talk is a malevolent agenda to control the world and make us slaves in a global society run by a World Dictator

– Illuminati News

wrote the article? Not me! It was written by an aeronautical engineer and retired airline pilot. His life has been threatened and so he asks for anonymity. He writes under the pen name of Ryan Rumpole."

Wasn't he the little guy who tore himself in two after trying unsuccessfully to con some princess into giving up her firstborn? But I digress.

Ziopedia (<http://www.ziopedia.org>), claims to provide "all there is to know" about Zionism. In addition to "Lucky Larry" it links to stories purporting to reveal "Jewish Power" and that "Judaism is Nobody's Friend."

I moved on. I opened Information Liberation (www.informationliberation.com), where I found links to stories of secret cults whose objectives all seem to be world domination. Their slogan: "The news you're not supposed to know." Thieves, surely! One by one, all the "Lucky Larry" sites I opened revealed the me of modern versions of *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion*.

On the Illuminati News (<http://www.illuminati-news.com/index.htm>), a "mission statement" declares the following: "I want to show the readers of this website that behind this sweet talk is a malevolent agenda to control the world and make us slaves in a global society run by a World Dictator. Their purpose is to create a Super Socialist State, with a micro-chipped population, who can be tracked and controlled remotely from a Super Computer, located in Brussels, Belgium."

Belgium? What have the Belgians done to terrorize the world since Leopold died? Had I reached the lunatic fringe?

The Four Winds website (<http://fourwinds10.com/index.php>) links to "Lucky Larry" and to articles such as: "Feminism can be cured – if diagnosed early". I read it. I fell about laughing. Then I picked myself up off the floor, wiped the tears from my eyes and decided I'd read enough.

There's a Japanese proverb that advises: "When the character of a man is not clear to you, look at his friends." The same can be said of information found on the internet. The Lucky Larry piece certainly lurks in some strange and malodorous places.

The internet can be a wonderful source of topical information. But always take time to remind yourself that politics can indeed make for strange bedfellows. As for myself, I wouldn't touch "Lucky Larry" with a Ryan Rumpole. **W**



Socket to me!

READERS OF THIS COLUMN are, by and large, creative types – technophobes even. We understand this affliction, so we seldom do toggles. But in recent editions we've been discussing the vexed question of how you monopolise a product shape. And the Appeal Court recently handed down an important judgment on registered designs. So obviously we have to tell you about it. Apologies for the offensive language – but the case, we're embarrassed to say, dealt with cover plates for wall sockets.

A company called Clipsal has a registered aesthetic design for this usually hidden object, which must nevertheless be identified to the public for the protection of their own interests. Yes, we are talking about that black or white cover thing of the thing you stick your plug into (this is technical, but please concentrate and you'll get it). A drawing of the socket cover design is attached to the court judgement and we have to say that it's kind of underwhelming.

A competitor had brought out a similar-looking product. That's nice, said Clipsal, we always welcome competition, here's to a healthy working relationship – then sued for design infringement. The competitor said we're not infringing your stupid design, and anyway your registration's a load of ... so you can stick it right up your ... (some attorneys do have a slightly more elegant way of phrasing this sort of thing, but we can't quite remember how it goes).

As it was, the court disagreed. The registered design is kosher said the court, as kosher as ... well something very, very kosher! Why? In the first place the design was new – it didn't matter that various elements of the design had been seen before: the particular design hadn't. It was not simply an ordinary trade variant of a well-known object but something totally original, meaning it hadn't been copied from anyone else. Whereas the competitor's design was such a variant.

The court then held that there was an infringement. This was because the competitor's design was "not substantially different" from the registered design (isn't legalese wonderful at avoiding a boring term like "similar to"?). Is the

A competitor brought out a similar-looking product. That's nice, said Clipsal, we always welcome competition, here's to a healthy working relationship – and then sued the competitor for design infringement

Appeal Court, which has done its best to discourage trade mark registration for shapes, now trying to encourage design registration? Who knows.

Here's our advice on product shapes:

If you have an existing product, you obviously can't get a registered design for the shape because it's no longer new. If you're wanting to register the thing for its aesthetic distinction, you could



Cartoon: Meg Jardi

"I prefer that one."

try trade mark registration, but you may have to show that the shape is regarded as a brand by the public. So start telling the public about your product's shape – see *nose90* for full details.

If you're planning to bring out a new product, you can go for a registered design for the shape, but it will only be

valid if it's new and original. When the registration expires (which will be after 15 years in the case of an aesthetic design), you can go for a trade mark registration. By which time the shape may be sufficiently distinctive.

For those who are really keen, the case is Clipsal Australia (Pty) Ltd v Trust Electrical Wholesalers, and the Supreme Court of Appeal's judgment was delivered on 27 February 2007.

A reader has written to provide some interesting background on this case. It seems that Clipsal (which is part of the Schneider group), has, along with a Bill Venter company called Crabtree, dominated the electrical socket market in South Africa for many years. According to various sources, the companies were clearly colluding on price.

A few years ago this cosy little situation came to an end. The company which was sued, Trust Electrical Wholesalers, began importing socket covers from China, as did a number of other companies, including Voltex, which is part of the Bidvest group, and CBI, which is a Reunert company. A

Funnily enough, there's no mention of price collusion or legal proceedings and price rises

company called Lesco also entered the market, but it manufactures locally, using mentally handicapped labour.

As a result of all this glorious competition, prices fell significantly over recent years. Presumably, Clipsal's and Crabtree's profits followed this trend. There are rumours in the marketplace

that Clipsal, brandishing its shiny new Appeal Court judgment, will now be going after the other distributors and manufacturers. According to our source, the various products all look terribly similar. As he says, how many ways can you make a socket cover?

Clipsal MD Mark Jenkins was unavailable for comment, and communications manager Carlo Romao told us that the company would be issuing a press release and that it would be inappropriate to answer our questions. The press release came out a day later. It notifies the public of Clipsal's legal victory and warns electrical suppliers who hold stock of Trust Electrical's Lear G-2000 series not to sell the product. Funnily enough, there's no mention of price collusion or legal proceedings and price rises.

Shimon Botbol, the man behind Trust Electrical Wholesalers, seemed keen to talk to us, but decided he should first confer with his lawyers. Which is a guaranteed conversation-killer. Needless to say, we've heard nothing from him since. **W**

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Fifteen bob

WHEN I WAS FOURTEEN I had these two old aunts in Durbs, you see, who'd had a bit of money left to them and quite a nice old house near that little zoo at Mitchell Park. The zoo was a modest spread, though along with assorted small creatures, parrots and monkeys and things, they did have a bloody big Indian elephant, name of Nellie, so when I went down from Maritzburg for the odd weekend of wildlife drawing it was fun in bed to imagine I was on distant safari, with all these beasts squealing and trumpeting and stomping around just outside my tent.

I took my pal Loonybin Bettleham along once, an event he hasn't forgotten in 77 years. These aunts had neither kids nor husbands, you see, but two Scotch terriers instead, named Donald and Dougall because the aunts were both McTavishes, Jean and Jessie. One dog each, vegetarians, fed upon Marie biscuits and lettuce and stuff, also jubejubes and chocolates, so by the time they achieved adulthood all their teeth had either fallen or been pulled out and their testes had shrivelled up entirely and people thought they were girl-dogs. But that was okay because they fought bitterly over a certain pink blanket, and bit each other mercilessly, and buying a second (blue) blanket didn't help, for each now claimed both blankets.

But then their claws fell out too. Jean was the alpha-auntie, she did the praying in times of crisis, like when Auntie Jessie was doing that thing again with her green peas and mashed potatoes and Auntie Jean would cry For pity's sake I wish you wouldn't push your peas around your plate like that with your fork, it drives one off one's head! Whereupon Auntie Jessie would go into crisis and her hands would tremble so, the peas would fly off both plate and table and Auntie Jean would have to Know the Truth, which is what praying was called in her church. Well anyway she had to Know the Truth now, about the claws falling out.

Indeed I myself perceived a certain problem, for D&D now had no defence whatever against their parasites. But that also turned out okay after sufficient Truth-knowing, for all their hair fell out too, and their indigenious vermin baled out upon the carpet; living on D&D was like walking on the surface of the moon, exposed to every hazard of the universe. Fearing for their pets' comfort my



Illustration: Harold Strachan

My tart tells me all about family life in Potchefstroom while the other two pound about on a squeaky mattress

aunts knitted two jerseys, blue and pink, also rubbed them down with vaseline, which didn't count as medicine in their church so that was okay too, though I must say their appearance put one off, like those shiny stuffed leather armchairs in a posh London club for gentlemen, polished by a thousand bums.

They hated Loonybin instantly, deeply. As he entered the gate they flung themselves at him from under the house, each fixing his boneless gums to an ankle, hideously snarling, wrenching and jerking till Loonybin was like to split in two. I beat them with my bag before the aunts appeared. OH SIS! cried L/bin, my shoes are full of spit! Clean saliva! cried the aunts, They don't lick their bottoms,

you know, we wash them. He rinsed and wrung out his socks and hung them up in the bathroom, and settled himself cross-legged on the couch whilst A/Jean calmed him down with readings from her scriptures. Selecting a chapter called Animal Magnetism, Mesmerism and Necromancy Denounced, she fell into *recitativo* mode, measured and sonorous, and L/B fell into deep sleep. Hey! said he when A/Jean went off to fetch tea and Marie biscuits, Hey that mesmerism thing's bloody nice, man, I've just had a lovely little ziz! Garn shurrup, man! said I, it's supposed to be AGAINST mesmerism, f'Chrissakes!

But the memory of it remains, vividly. We went our ways, three years, maybe four. Now I'm 18, the spectre of *das Drittes Reich* looms, I brace up and kiss the flag, and betake myself to Pretoria to prepare myself to wage war on A Hitler, from above. And down at the Kerkplein on my first weekend pass, whom should I bump into but ol' Bettleham, himself, trainee navigator, SAAF. Loonybin! I cry, it's been years! Indeed, says he, the memory of our last meeting remains vividly in my mind, off have I thought of trying a bit of mesmerism on somebody, preferably a woman. Therefore let us approach these two tarts 'neath the statue of Pres Kruger and apply our skills.

I'm not too good at this, I say to my tart, I haven't tried it before. Shame, she says, quite motherly, Never mind, we'll have a nice talk for five bob instead of ten. L/B stares into his tart's eyes something ghostly and waves his fingers about and murmurs You will go wiz me and you do not know...and she droops her eyelids and droops her wrists too and somnambulates off to a crummy hotel room with two beds and turns off the light. My tart tells me all about family life in Potchefstroom while the other two pound about on a squeaky mattress, then all falls silent and after a bit a voice says That will be fifteen shillings, please. But you said ten bob! replies another voice. Ja, says first voice, the extra five bob is for the hypnosis. **W**

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THE SINGLE MALT *that* STARTED *it all.*

When GEORGE SMITH
established THE GLENLIVET
distillery in 1824, his SINGLE
MALT WHISKY reflected his



CONVICTION *that only the*
BEST WOULD DO and was
acclaimed as the HIGHEST
GUARANTEE *of quality.*

SINGLE MALT SCOTCH WHISKY

GUARANTEED

12

YEARS OF AGE



The single malt that started it all.™

NOT FOR SALE TO PERSONS UNDER THE AGE OF 18.