

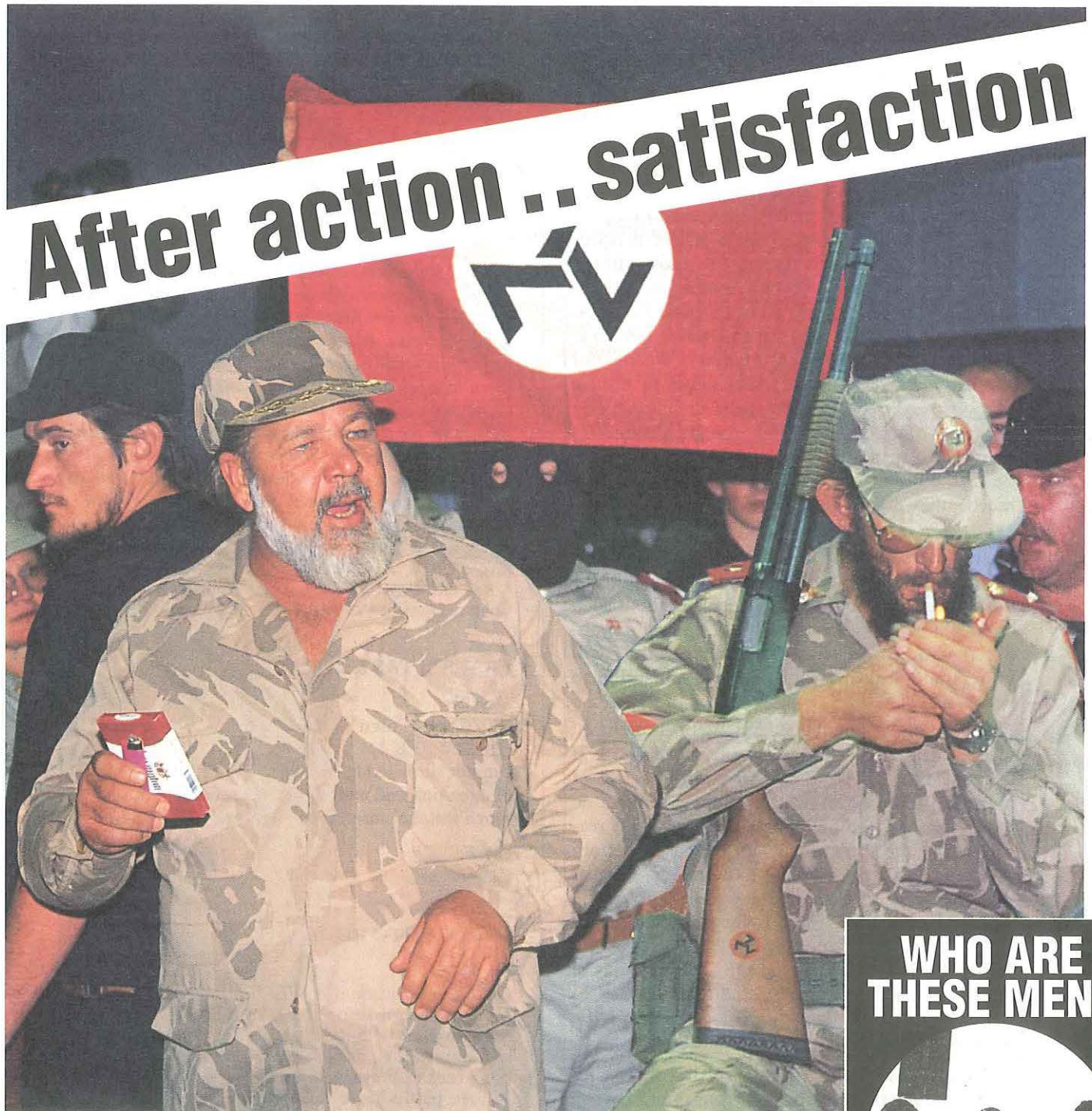
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# nose

# WEEK

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

31 JULY 1993 issue No 2



After action ... satisfaction

WHO ARE THESE MEN?



AND WHAT ARE THEY DOING?

WARNING: Cigarette smoking may lead to birth defects.



## noseWEEK

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

31 JULY 1993

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PO Box 44538, Claremont, 7735

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## Welcome, Dear Reader, to noseWEEK 2

Sorry, no nudes this month. After an illustrious career in noseWEEK, Jane's going into interior decorating. We wish her well in her new venture.

Next we need to clear up some apparently common misapprehensions about noseWEEK. We often tease; we occasionally caricature to emphasise a point; we at least try for a giggle; it is our intention to write with passion, as most human beings communicate with one another, not in the bland and bloodless style so often used by newspapers. But we never set out to slander (which is to maliciously and falsely malign). We do not invent "facts". We make every effort to ensure that our news reports are true, as unbelievable as they may often be. Our reports might defame (as opposed to slander), insofar as the facts may not be to the credit of those concerned. But then, maybe, they do not deserve credit.

Many readers thought we must have invented at least most of the story about Sonnenbergs and Webber Wentzel. Why else, they asked, would the mainstream press have remained silent about such an incredible case? Readers would do well to ponder that question, and then, maybe, they will understand why it is necessary to subscribe to noseWEEK.

And why did Sonnenbergs and Webber Wentzel, whose business is, after all, to sue, not sue? Is it because they all have this incredible sense of humour? While we know at least some of them do have a sense of humour, surely the more likely reason is that the story is true. In which case, from their point of view, the less said and the quicker everyone forgets about it, the better. Those who wish to know more may, for a start, check the court records in Cape Supreme Court case no 11906/89, and the records of the District Court of Harris County, Texas, case no.88-855972.

The similar silence from Murray & Roberts? Well, that will have to wait until next time.

Meanwhile we hope you enjoy this issue and appreciate the rich American flavour of our cover.

## LETTERS

### To the Editor

#### COSMOPOLITAN JANE

Dear Sir,  
re the Cosmo covergirl (noseWEEK 1): Your frontal page does wonders for the reader's circulation!

Ben Coetzee  
Roodepoort

#### BANKER'S RESERVE

Dear Sir,  
I acknowledge receipt of the first issue of noseWEEK. For obvious reasons, eg cover page and page 9, I cannot associate myself with your publication. Kindly remove my name from the circulation list.

Sincerely,  
C. J. Swanepoel  
GENERAL MANAGER  
SA RESERVE BANK,  
Pretoria.

*Editor's reply: It is obvious that you are at an age where you are so obsessed with sex (cover page) and rude jokes (page 9) that you failed to notice pages 3,4,5,6,7 and 8 of our first issue, which should have concerned you more, both professionally and morally. Your much appreciated letter, together with the Reserve Bank's failure to stop the illegal flight of billions of rands from South Africa, lends support to the long-held theory that the wankles\* at the Reserve Bank generally look at the wrong pages.*

*Regarding your request to disassociate yourself from our publication, regrettably, with things being as they are at the Reserve Bank, we are, as usual, unable to promise anything. We trust this month's cover is more to your taste.*

\* For meaning, see after "wanker" in Chambers 20th Century Dictionary. — Ed.

#### FRANK'S TASTE

Dear Sir,  
Re: Cape Town's mayor, Frank van der Velde (noseWEEK 1):

I'm not surprised he swims so happily off Green Point in a sea polluted with municipal sewerage - he talks so much shit, he's used to the flavour.

C. J. E.  
Claremont

#### HELLO, VITO ROBERTO

Dear Sir,  
Congratulations on noseWEEK.  
How about pursuing the tale of Mr Palazzolo, the Mafia banker who, far from leaving the country as he was supposed to do, has purchased not one, but two, properties in Fresnaye on the slopes above Sea Point. Whose palms have been further greased in order for him to flout the law and maintain his luxurious



lifestyle in SA? I eagerly await further issues of noseWEEK.

*Curious*  
Cape Town

**HELLO, DOLLY!**



THE MEDIA SERVICE  
OF TBWA AND CARAT

*Dear Sir,*  
I haven't really had much time to do a response to your article about me. What I would like you to do is to run the photograph again and include this caption in the words of Oscar Wilde:

"There is only one thing that's worse than being talked about and that's not being talked about."  
Hope to meet you when I am next in Cape Town.

Regards

Eurospace Africa.  
*Your wish is our command — Ed.*



Lyndall Campher

**BREAK-IN AT NO. 10**

*Dear Sir,*

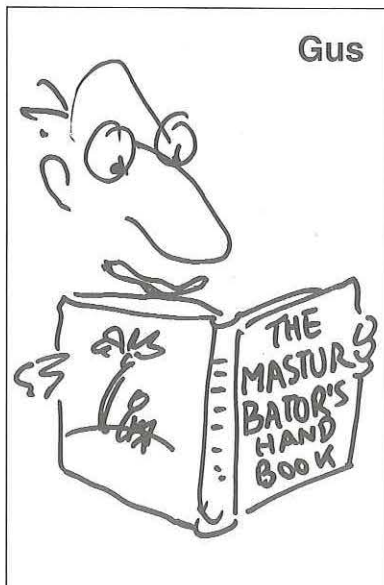
The Department of Foreign Affairs is still in a quiet sweat about a most unfortunate break-in at their offices at 10 Hamilton Street, Pretoria, in mid-March. Minister Pik Botha and other high-profiles share the President's august offices at the Union Buildings, from where, with boring regularity, statements are issued denying South African involvement with Angola's Unita movement. Less well-known is the "Angola section" of Foreign Affairs which is installed in rented accommodation at 10 Hamilton Street.

*M*  
Johannesburg

*Dear Sir,*  
Good luck with your resumed venture. What a relief it is to read of good, clean, old-fashioned dirt, instead of the new South African politics. Are you going to do something about the number of foreign millionaires (their millions usually of obscure origin) who are buying up properties around the country? There's one in East London, for instance, that becomes curiouser and curiouser, buying more and more. Is there bullion on the banks of the Buffalo?

*JDL*  
Cathcart

*Hmm. — Ed.*



**D**r Eschel Rhoodie, who died in America this month, was, as Secretary for Information in the Seventies, one of the most influential and well-connected people in senior cabinet and security circles. Through his close connection with General Hendrik van den Bergh and the powerful inner-circle of the cabinet: John Vorster, Connie Mulder and Dr Nic Diederichs, there was little he did not know about the government's secret strategies and international connections in security and world affairs.

noseWEEK now publishes, for the first time, an interview with Dr Rhoodie that was secretly recorded in America on 26 October 1987. In it he gets the closest he ever did in his lifetime to revealing the Nationalist Government's biggest secret project ever — and hints at who might have been responsible for the gruesome assassination of Dr Robert Smit and his wife Cora, in October 1977.





# DR RHOODIE TALKS ABOUT "S. AFRICA'S BIGGEST SECRET"

**Q.** *It has often been suggested that Dr Smit was murdered because he was threatening to expose the Department of Information's secret projects -*

I believe Dr Smit would have supported most, perhaps not all, of our secret operations. Did not P W Botha himself say it would be the height of irresponsibility to stop many of them? Everyone supported these projects while they were secret. It was only when the opposition press was fed information by some traitor in our midst that everyone ran for cover. That's understandable. Cowardly, but human.

**Q.** *Why, then, the link created between Info and the murder of Dr and Mrs Smit?*

Timing. The press had had success in exposing some of our projects; once they were in full cry, no rumour was going to be left unpublished. The liberal wing of the National Party were determined to use the Info scandal and all they believed went with it, including the Smit murders, to eliminate the conservative element. They were bloodthirsty. The fact is, there was a deliberate attempt to present the public with a link between Info and the murder of Dr and Mrs Smit, based on empty rumours and malicious gossip. Some reports contained the barely concealed innuendo that Dr Smit was killed "because he knew" — not exactly what he knew about Info, just that he knew.

We heard the rumours before the newspapers published anything. The story that Dr Smit was murdered on orders from General Hendrik van den Bergh was circulating amongst the children at the Menlo Park High School, a posh Pretoria school attended by the children of senior officials and-

members of the Broederbond. The Security police got involved and our security liaison officer, Charles More, brought me the transcript of a telephone intercept between two SAAN newspaper reporters in which it was said that Smit had uncovered the secret funds allocated by the Department of Defence for use by the Department of Information, and that, on Vorster's orders, General van den Bergh had had Dr Smit killed.

The telephone intercept — I received many. Few people realise how the telephone conversations of journalists and opponents of the government, even friendly critics, have been, and probably still are, tapped. None that I heard of could qualify as a threat to the state. My conversations were tapped. I have read transcripts of my own telephone conversations, from my home. I held *verligte* beliefs and I had access to top secrets in several fields outside my own department. That guarantees surveillance. I have seen photographs of other senior officials with access to state secrets, taken while they were overseas at the wrong kind of night club. Some of the tapping was done by BOSS, but most was done by the Security Police and - interestingly enough - Military Intelligence. That really surprised me. You might think I am wandering off the track, but it all ties together.

Anyway, I brought this shocking bit of slander [the conversation in which a link between Info and the Smit murders was alleged] to the attention of General van den Bergh, and to the attention of the Commissioner of Police, General Geldenhuys. I immediately ordered an investigation in my own department to uncover every possible contact we might have had with Dr Smit. We found only one letter

- written to us by Dr Smit from Washington, in which he asked us to arrange a visit to SA for a contact of his. Dr Smit was never employed by us, or used by us in secret. All subsequent enquiries have confirmed this.

There was only one serious attempt to establish a link between Smit and Info: Ken Owen told the Erasmus Commission that a senior Info official had told him that he had had contact with Smit shortly before his death and that they had spoken about the Department's secret activities abroad. Owen refused to divulge the name of his source. However, the police eventually got to hear of Owen's evidence and came down on him like a ton of bricks. When the source eventually agreed to be identified, the lead turned out to be useless — the source was a real Walter Mitty character.

I met Dr Smit only twice; never socially. Once I met him at the International Monetary Fund meeting in Washington, when we were introduced. The second time was at a public meeting in Johannesburg of a group called Pyl 77. Tertius Myburgh (then editor of the Sunday Times) and I were the speakers. Dr Smit asked us some questions - I cannot even recall the nature of the questions; something about foreign policy.

**Q.** *But if Dr Smit had no connection with the secrets of the Department of Information, has it not occurred to you that, with all that smoke, there might be a fire? Somewhere?*

Oh, yes, it did occur to me that, while the fire was not in my department, maybe it was coming from somewhere else; that he may have come across secret funds abroad - coming from somewhere else in the government. Remember, there was



a great deal of confusion at the time with all the warring factions in the National Party.

Just for the record: if he had come across my department's funds abroad, the ones held in the secret numbered Swiss bank account, he would only have discovered what the State auditors later found, namely that all expenditure was logged and all moneys were accounted for.

Let's assume that Dr Smit did uncover some massive secret fund that was there illegally, or for no sound moral or political reason, and that he thereby threatened the secrecy of the funds and the position of the people administering, or maladministering, that fund ... Have you ever wondered why not one Afrikaans newspaper has ever bothered to research and list all the secret funds which exist? If you took the situation as it existed in the Seventies you will find that there were only a few important secret funds: Military Intelligence, under the Defence Budget; the Security Police, part of the Police Budget; the Bureau for State Security, part of the Prime Minister's Budget; and, lastly, the special procurement fund of the Department of Defence.

Legally the Department of Information had no secret budget. Parliament is the only body that can legally designate secret funds that are not subject to debate or external audit - and Parliament never voted secret funds for Information. The funds were legally part of Mr P W Botha's secret defence procurement budget. Mr Botha passed the money to the Bureau for State Security, who in turn passed it to Volkskas or the Reserve Bank. That was the constitutional illegality of the whole business, and what made the Erasmus Commission a bunch of jokers when they found only Mulder, Vorster and Rhodie were to blame. P W Botha actually signed the certificates assuring the Auditor General that the funds were expended for the purpose for which Parliament had provided them — a blatant lie.

The so-called Defence Special Account was established for the purchase of weapons abroad after the UN Security Council imposed an arms embargo on South Africa. The law, introduced in 1974, specifically removed these funds from scrutiny, even by the Auditor General. The Defence Fund was paid out at the sole discretion of the Minister of Defence. His discretion was not circumscribed and was, therefore, legally unlimited. The only minister he might have had to consult was the Minister of Finance. We even have an example where the Minister of Finance exercised the discretion: Dr Diederichs gave orders (in 1977) for R22 million to be transferred from the Defence Special Procurement Fund to Thesaurus in Switzerland (a front used for Info's undercover investments in overseas newspapers etc.). His orders were carried out without question. Three individuals therefore had access, total control and legal protection in the use of these secret funds: the Prime Minister, the Minister of Finance and the Minister of Defence. Their discretion was so wide that I have heard that a certain advocate was paid in cash from this source to take care of the legal problems which some cabinet members faced.

**Q** *Where could mismanagement or misappropriation have entered on a scale large enough to have alerted Dr Smit — and to have signed his death warrant?*

**I cannot tell you more than I have, but all the secret funds of Foreign Affairs, Information, MI, the Security Police — all pale into insignificance when we talk of the Defence Special Procurement Fund. I am being very cautious about what I am saying here, since I do not wish to contravene the Official Secrets Act.**

**Q** *What can you tell us indirectly, or what speculation has come to your ears?*

Perhaps it's no longer just speculation. There were rumours, at first

just rumours, that the fund, which ran into hundreds of millions every year and over the past 15 years (up to 1987) probably totalled three billion rand, was not always used for the purchase of weapons. For instance, it was used to give R75 million to the Department of Information for its secret operations.

Well, let me say there were a few things that struck me as strange. At first I thought I was the only one that had these thoughts, but then one day General van den Bergh remarked casually — that was his style when he was into something serious — he just dropped the point into the conversation and then waited for the reaction: Given the known facts about the black market for weapons overseas, we seem to be spending two to three times more than we should.

**Q** *How could General Van den Bergh tell?*

Easily. He had a shopping list for purchases. He and I both served on a subcommittee of the Security Council on Economic Warfare and we all knew that the black market was, in fact, not black but a highly-organized grey market. The weapons merchants had inch-thick glossy sales manuals ready, I have seen these myself in Tel Aviv, Paris and Brussels, containing the most detailed description of armaments and their prices, available to all who needed this information. One could figure out pretty accurately how much you would need to pay for helicopters, jet engines, armoured cars, parts for tanks, night scopes, missiles, smart bombs and what not. Rumour took on substance when Coert Pretorius (then deputy, later Secretary for the Treasury), who was a really close friend of mine for more than 20 years, told me that he was very concerned about the way in which huge amounts were being allocated and that Defence Force officers had told him there was vast overpayment for certain items. In addition I saw some reports about investigations made by the Bureau for State Security of payments



made for items that were never delivered. Apparently the so-called "fruitless expenditure" heading in some years totalled more than R100 million

Well, we figured out that, even with all the markups which one must have when buying in secret, even allowing for third parties who are always involved in the process of covering your tracks, allowing for excess commissions and *bona fide* fruitless expenditure, that about R200 million more was going out each year. That was just a guesstimate. But even if we were way off by R50 million a year, there could be a fund sitting out there amounting to a billion or two. If not, our buyers have been milked to the point where they are the biggest suckers in the world. And I don't believe our people are that stupid or unqualified..

**Q.** *A massive secret hoard abroad!. What for?*

It could be structured as a reserve fund for the purchase of weapons. There is no law which states that unspent secret funds have to be returned to the treasury in the way that other funds must be at the end of each financial year. [Even if there were such a rule, there would be no way of enforcing it.]

**Q.** *Is there anything sinister about such a fund? Would Dr Smut have been upset about it if he came across this and were told of its purpose?*

No, he would probably have supported the idea. That is, if that was the real purpose of the fund. What other purpose could this fund have had? I know for a fact — don't ask me to provide the evidence, because I will not — that the security agencies of the West are split down the middle as to what to do about the conflict in South Africa. The Western world simply cannot do without the strategic metals and minerals of South Africa. Now, one group is saying let's get a black majority government in power who will be so grateful to us for helping them get rid of white baasskap that

they will continue to sell the crucial material to the West. People just don't realise how high the stakes are in the struggle for South Africa. The Canadians, the French, the Scandinavians, the Australians, they think this way.

On the other side we have the Americans; not the politicians but their security agencies; the West Germans, the British; most of the Nato countries believe that a black government, if it turns socialist (as almost all black governments in Africa seem to do), may end up entering into an agreement with others which could strangle the secondary and military industries of the West.

**These people in the intelligence and security agencies of the West are saying that it is not impossible that, someday in a conflict situation, the West would have to move in and impose a constitution upon South Africa, like the one they imposed on Japan after World War II. That's where the rumour of a government in exile comes in. And a contingency fund for it's survival.**

A government in exile that would be returned to power to implement the new constitution.

I understand how people in South Africa will feel about what I have just said. But during the Second World War there were several governments in exile and huge amounts of money were moved secretly, in time, to help sustain them. What makes you think that the South African government has not taken out insurance? The government thought themselves under an all-out onslaught; in the midst of a revolution. It seems to me to be precisely the time to think of all possibilities.

As we have seen, it may not even have been a cabinet decision. It could have been decided by just a few individuals with the authority, the power and the legal protection.

**Q.** *If Dr Smut had somehow come to know of such a secret fund,*

*would he not have agreed with its objectives?*

I can't answer that. Maybe, maybe not. He might, for instance have found himself in a terrible spot if, later, he discovered that the fund itself, or a part of it, had been destined for a less worthy objective.

**Q.** *Can you elaborate on that?*

No. Public disclosure of the facts and the involvement of prominent leaders would have had a totally demoralising effect on the Afrikaners as a people. If that were the case, his life would have been weighed, could have been weighed up against the interest of all the Afrikaners and the security of the State. And by security of the State I mean what that term came to mean from the days of Verwoerd, when the security of Cabinet Ministers became, was made, synonymous with the security of the State, just as the National Party thought that the party's interest was that of South Africa. In that case, if a person or persons in the State's upper power structure were threatened, it would have been designated a threat to the State who had to be removed.

**Q.** *Who would have had the power to order such an act?*

I don't know. I can only theorise or guess. The Afrikaners might fight dirty in politics, like politicians everywhere, but in my opinion it is not in their nature to stoop to assassination. Character assassination, yes, easily. Destroy you politically — yes, they're professionals. But murder, I doubt it. If there was one man, he would have to be a very tough and powerful character.

**Q.** *Do you believe the Smits were murdered by some criminal; or assassinated because he stumbled on a great big dirty secret?*

Assassinated.

**Q.** *And the guilty party?*

I think he, or they, or it, may still be around in South Africa. ■



# Dr Zac de Beer: *Dr Zackyll and Mr (Take you for a) Ride?*

**How, one asks oneself, have they got away with it for so long, selling Anglo American and De Beers's corporate strategies as if they were liberal values? By cleverly substituting money for morality?**

*When you look at the pictures reproduced on the next two pages, you may well ask: What credibility can the Democratic Party — as representative of liberal values — have at Codesa, with Dr Zac de Beer as its leader and chief spokesman?*

Dr De Beer joined the Anglo American Corporation in 1968 and did the standard tours of duty in the Corporation's African outposts before returning to Main Street. Almost at once he was the glamorous darling of the Houghton Prog set (that oh-so-light touch of the Afrikaner, so bravely and considerately covered with a posh Northern suburbs — or is it Northern Rhodesian? — English accent, making him just that much more endearing); he also became Helen's white knight, sent by Anglo to rescue her in her darkest hour in the Seventies as Parliament's only surviving Progressive member. Seen in retrospect, Anglo and De Beers had become so cosy in their dealings with the Nationalist Government, that the reasoning had probably been: Why spend more on promoting the Progs when one token liberal in Parliament (especially if it happened to be stubborn, fiesty, supremely articulate Helen Suzman) was enough to keep the entire Nationalist Parliamentary flock bleating. But with only one (female) Prog in an all-white "Parliament", it was a great deal more difficult to con the outside world into believing that the flame of hope and liberty still flickered in South Africa — and even harder for Anglo to justify making most of its money here by exploiting the system.

Anglo, it seems, then realised that, seen as an international public relations exercise, maybe they had over economised. So next election, in 1977, they not only budgeted a bit more for the Progressive Party's election campaign (don't we all remember it — all those full-colour, professional posters!), but also sent some of their favourite sons in to bat, to push the number of Prog MPs up to a sporting dozen or so good white men in Parliament. Zac, of course, was amongst them as MP for



Parktown, and remained in Parliament until early in 1980. The enlarged party was still no threat to the system, but was not quite so transparently ridiculous; And it was large enough to be able to entertain foreign diplomats and politicians to dinner and conversation, while giving Helen the occasional maid's day off.

On 9 November 1980, Dr Zac, as chairman of LTA and Anglo American's insurance companies wrote in the Sunday Express:

"White South Africans have historically taken the [free enterprise] system for granted. ... That is why it came as a great shock when, quite recently, it became clear that many Blacks ... were rejecting free enterprise entirely. Even us liberals (sic) who like to think we are reasonably close to Black opinion, were surprised and upset by the strength of the emergent hostility to 'capitalism'."

Liberals like himself, he said, had always reckoned that, while Black people would obviously want to

destroy the political and social aspects of apartheid, they would want to join the free enterprise system and share its benefits. They were now horrified to discover that there was a very serious danger that when Black South Africans came to power, as they inevitably would, they would "throw out the baby of free enterprise along with the bathwater of apartheid".

"This danger should be seen by every businessman as his greatest challenge," he said. Both because "we believe in free enterprise, and because we have a duty to protect the value of our shareholders' investments against possible nationalisation", businessmen would have to ... persuade especially Black people that "our way of life" really did offer the best chance of prosperity for everyone.

To have any hope of success with this campaign, however, Dr Zac said, they would have to "make manifest the undoubted truth that free enterprise is totally unconnected with, and indeed totally incompatible with, apartheid and discrimination as these have been known in South Africa" [Hallelujah! cried the audience, overcome with emotion]

"If business people will gird up their loins and do all the things I have indicated: if there is a campaign to make the free market system and its benefits fully available to our black citizens now; ... if it can be shown that free enterprise, so far from being allied to apartheid, is fundamentally inimical to it, then I believe we can succeed.

"But the approach has to be both urgent and radical: free means free, and free enterprise cannot be reconciled with pass laws, Group Areas Acts, and the like."

But scarcely six months later, that very same Zac de Beer went on an extraordinary mission to Pretoria.

*Turn to next page.*



# Historic pictures record how . . .

**On 22 May  
1981  
Zac de Beer  
attended a  
very special  
opening in  
Pretoria ➔**



**1.** *At the main table, he shared a glass of wine and a joke or two with Dr Piet Koornhof and Advocate Mills, respectively the Minister and the Director General of Bantu Administration .*



**2.** *Then the LTA (and others) made a jovial speech to them on their new heads of state, sharing their wisdom in getting the job done. He hoped they would .*

**Lo! The Co-operation Building was open for business. A massive project, it had been hastily planned and commissioned after the 1976 Soweto riots. LTA completed construction in record time.**

Notwithstanding its name, the building was specially designed and engineered (and built by LTA for R12 million — *real* money at that time) to withstand any Black revolutionary onslaught. For the building had to secure the massive computers that recorded the racial and tribal classification; the movements and employment records of every Black South African. It was

the very heart and nerve centre of the apartheid system - the brain without which the pass laws and the Group Areas Act would cease to function. \*

While the close relationship between government and most branches of the Anglo empire remained obscured by secrecy laws - arms, uranium, gold - the sheer visibility of LTA's business — large construction projects — made that impossible. As white South Africa spawned black homelands, so LTA spawned subsidiaries to match: LTA Transkei, LTA Ciskei, LTA Venda, LTA Bophuthatswana ... in the hope of collecting its share of

taxpayers' millions that were being diverted to the construction of palaces and parliaments there.

In October 1986 it was Dr Zac back on stage again — this time writing in *The Star* :

"Influx control in South Africa is discriminatory and offensive to human dignity. It negates the principles of free enterprise. It obscures the facts essential for proper planning.

"I put it to you: the only thing we should, can or dare say is that influx control must go."

What about Zac de Beer himself?

\*The computers in the Co-operations Buildings have since gone — to Home Affairs.

**5.** *All the while the Bantu boys in the brass band played on.....and on*



**6.** *.....and on ...and on.*







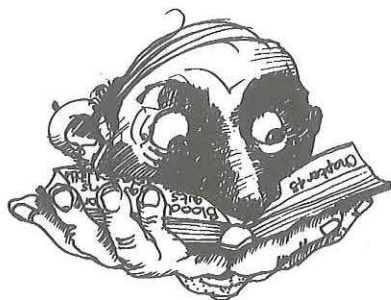
(Prog) chairman  
h congratulating  
quarters, and on  
his firm to do the  
be happy in it.



3. Finally, a happy dr Zac handed over  
the keys to the new building to  
advocate Mills.



4. Only then did Dr Koornhof (as he  
was then still respectfully known)  
draw the velvet curtains to unveil the  
cornerstone and declare the Co-operation  
Buildings officially open for business.



*nose in a book*

**TINY ROWLAND, A REBEL TYCOON** by Tom Bower (Heinemann)

ANC and other politicians contemplating taking a ride into the future with Lonrho's Mr Tiny Rowland, would be well advised to first rush out to their nearest bookstore and buy this book, just out.

"If I know who your father is," Rowland himself once explained with typical arrogance, "where you went to school, what you studied at university, who you worked for, then I'll know all about you .... you'll become an open book to me." This book

provides an object lesson in that dictum.

In it his latest South African fans will read such insights into the character of Britain's Buccaneer Businessman of the Sixties and Seventies as: "Self-sacrifice for any ideals other than his own self-advancement was not on the agenda."

Besides insights into this strange man's character — a lifetime spent denying his German birth, background and early Nazi sympathies; affecting the appearances of an Englishman, while hating the English — the book records how he spent most of his life building a fortune by scheming and conniving, not paying tax, and bribing politicians.

His first real money maker was a scheme to break Britain's post-war rationing laws and then to evade tax with fraudulent ruses. It came unstuck when there was a fall-out amongst thieves. That was when he moved on as a typical immigrant to the then Rhodesia.

Bower records how Rowland early in his career became "fixated" on the idea that Lonrho's growth

depended upon the favours of politicians, and then goes on to tell how President Hastings Banda of Malawi was his first favourite — perhaps not so co-incidentally, of course, Banda was also Verwoerd and Vorster's great favourite.

Roland, intimidatingly energetic, successful at getting rich, but really a thoroughly nasty man, has spent a lifetime in search of an identity. While apparently knowing no loyalty, he sees himself as a new age emperor with his throne in a tax haven and his subjects spread wherever he can find them — but mainly in Africa. The perfect embodiment of so many of the nastier values of his time.

Almost in passing the book observes that one of Rowland's great ambitions was to beat Oppenheimer's Anglo. Which casts his gift of a Houghton mansion to the Tambos, and the promise of finance for an ANC newspaper in an entirely new light. What an intriguing thought. Maybe the race is on again — right on Anglo's home ground! ■

— Martin Welz



# How the Malans went in for Time-share

**A** small miscalculation with your creditors (who, by means of a few simple manoeuvres you had otherwise hoped to send away empty-handed) could land you with having to share your house with a stranger.

That's what's happened to Wanda Venter, wife of Casper, President de Klerk's personal assistant, and herself a daughter of the illustrious Malan family of Paarl.

The Malans, readers will no doubt be aware, include Springbok long-distance runner, athletics boss and wine farmer, Danie Malan (Wanda's brother), and Esther, wife of the Professor Bernard Lategan (lately aspirant principal of the University of Stellenbosch) and herself once DP parliamentary candidate and currently chairperson of the National Institute for Crime prevention and the Rehabilitation of Offenders (NICRO).

The father of this famous brood is Oom Wynand, who was, of course, Nat MP for Paarl for many years.

The saga, which culminated in such unwelcome co-habitation, began in January 1991 when a T-shirt and tracksuit company, Venetti, (in which Esther and Wanda and some friends, including a certain J Thorn and one Jacoba Louw, held shares), was threatened with liquidation. The insolvent business's debts totalled R1,2 million. Its creditors included various banks, such as Stannic for leases and the inevitable Trustbank for a R600 000 overdraft. To obtain these credit facilities, various shareholders, including the Malan sisters, had provided personal guarantees based, presumably, on the assumption that they had sufficient assets to back their guarantees.

But last year Wanda cleverly sent the sheriff away from the Venters' Pretoria home with the assurance that nothing in the house belonged to her. She, in fact, owned nothing

he could seize to settle her R60 000 debt to Stannic - a debt she had incurred as guarantor when the business failed.

Wanda was, presumably, only following the example of clever sister Esther, who a short while before had successfully persuaded her creditors that she, too, no longer owned most of the assets, such as Wenning and Pierneef paintings, previously listed as hers. Esther, however, did offer a few household items for sale and her creditors accepted 12 cents in the rand in full settlement of her debts.

But in Wanda's case things were not to be that simple: next thing she knew, the sheriff had formally seized her one-sixth share in the Malan family's seaside house, right on the beach at Kleinmond. Other shareholders in the house are her sisters, Esther, Johanna (Viljoen of Caledon), and Helena (Vorster); her brother, Danie, and their father, Wynand.

Wanda Charlotte (for that is her first name) rushed to Pretoria's well-known Mr Fixit, former deputy Minister and advocate Mr Louis Nel, for help, and he wrote to the attorneys acting in the matter to suggest they should immediately abandon the idea of a sale in execution as, he assured them, no-one would want to buy a one-sixth share in another family's holiday home. Maybe, maybe not. Attorneys Findlay & Tate pressed on, and a notice advertising a sale in

execution appeared in local newspapers.

The cold, grey day in May when the auction took place, was hardly a day for the beach. But the weather was a fair reflection of the atmosphere as the deputy sheriff of Caledon and Grabouw called for the first bid. "R10" said Mr Johan Heyns of Cape Town. "Fifty," said Wanda's brother-in-law Viljoen, coldly. "Ten thousand," said Mr Heyns. "Ten thousand one hundred," said Viljoen. "Twenty thousand," said Heyns, apparently warming to the occasion. "Twenty thousand one hundred," muttered Viljoen. And so it went, Heyns climbing by ten thousand for every one hundred bid by Malan brother-in-law Viljoen. Wanda's one sixth share of the house with six bedrooms was knocked down to Heyns for R60 000.

A meeting has since been called to establish a "fair and workable" arrangement between the shareholders for weekends and holidays. Heyns appears unperturbed by the warning that he may not use the Malans' furniture when he is in occupation. In fact, happy rumour has it that Heyns plans to use his weekends to entertain his more eminent friends and clients (who include members of all South Africa's ethnic groups) to braais on the veranda, where they may enjoy by the passing beach parade of holidaymakers from Paarl and Stellenbosch; Caledon and Pretoria.



**Gus Ferguson's  
BUDGIES IN BUSINESS  
Strategy No. 1**

*"Remember, when we get to the meeting, listen carefully"*



# A PIECE OF IMPERTINENCE

## Own correspondent

We might not have royalty of our own, but in South Africa we have many pretenders to that status. Most of our politicians and public servants act as though their roles entitle them to the royal treatment. They are not accountable to us ordinary folk, they are special. Take Cape Town's mayoress, Trish van der Velde, for example. If you were to read the local papers (particularly the social pages where she and Alderman Frank feature so prominently - see noseWEEK 1) you'd be forgiven for believing Trish to be a cross between Princess Diana and Mother Theresa.

Besides being wife to the somewhat flamboyant, fun-and-fame seeking Frank, Trish - a qualified social worker - is Director of the City Council's AIDS Training and Information Centre (ATIC) which has its offices in the Civic Centre.

Trish, a journalist recently wrote, "works tirelessly" for AIDS awareness, her particularly form of good work. But surely, I thought, the post of Director is a paid one - and why not? So, there being a lull in nosework, I phoned the Council and spoke to the Public Relations Officer, the professional Teddy Doman. No problem, he said, the info was a matter of public record. He would in due course, however, as a matter of courtesy, ask the mayoress, who was away or a while, if she minded noseweek knowing. Someone from the Council would ring me back.

A few days later we got a call from a woman in the PR Department. She said she was Mrs Dolce Perks but I truly believe she must have been Trish's loving mummy in disguise, so vehement was her defence of the Cape's first lady.

"Are you the person who wanted to know the Mayoress's salary?" she snarled.

"Yes."

"Well the Mayoress says your question is impertinent and she certainly won't answer it. She says it is a private matter and you wouldn't



Andrew Brown, Cape Times

*Cape Town's Mayoress, working tirelessly.*

ask Adele Searll what she earns." "But," I explained carefully, "my taxes don't go towards Adele Searll's wages."

Well, Trish, I've got news for you. It took me ten minutes to find out your salary - and I'm not surprised you get agitated when impertinent members of the press ask what you earn. R78 660 is not a bad whack for a flexitime job which has mostly been fitted in while you prance about as mayoress, often in fancy dress and posing for pix with Frankie.

It was nice of the Council to let you keep your job as Director of the Aids Centre for the two years you chose to act as deputy mayoress and the two years you have been Mayoress.

There've even been kind comments about how you fit AIDS awareness in with your mayoral duties. "Whenever she gives a speech anywhere, the topic is always AIDS," a Councillor told us, rather wearily, I thought..

We tried to establish the extent of this tireless public speaking, but according to her office she had no

such functions scheduled for July. "She doesn't do much of that sort of thing," said a spokesman, "and this month she will attend just a few cocktail parties and civic receptions". All very confusing. I'll bet, though, that there won't be anyone leaving those cocktail parties who is not more enlightened about AIDS after chatting with Trish.

We kept missing the mayoress when we called at the AIDS office too - but it is difficult to catch someone who's working tirelessly on flexitime.

And although it wouldn't have occurred to us to bring Adele Searll into the story had the Mayoress not felt so strongly about her; we then felt obliged to do so. noseWEEK had no problem asking Adele Searll what she earns as patron and fundraiser for the Drug Centre she founded in Cape Town and for which she works really tirelessly, as well as for a brace of other local charities. She is also one of the Trustees of the Viva Trust. And for all this, quite properly, she neither expects nor gets paid anything at all. ■



*nosying about the Art World with Pince Nez***ARTS SCRAMBLE**

The more things cultural try to change the more they stay the same.

The Arts Councils scramble to reposition themselves, and in attempts to make their Boards look more representative, members are added, others subtracted, managers fired and hired. Productions thought to be more politically correct are mounted (though the odd expensive and very dreary opera still slips through the net) and all theatre managements have to deal with the harsh reality of slashed budgets and, worse still, the realisation that no matter whom they aim to please - still audiences stay at home.

Pieter Toerien's audiences have emigrated and the Market Theatre in Johannesburg has to battle white perceptions that the city is not safe to visit, and black fears of leaving their homes at night. What has happened to the City Council assurances of money and effort to be spent on renewing the inner city? So far all empty promises, and yet the Market precinct has the potential to be Africa's most exciting cultural centre. Even Christopher Till, recently seen swanning around Venice with his beautiful new colleague, Lorna Ferguson, is not making a reality of Johannesburg's new slogan "The City with its Act Together". My bet is that the present discordant overture to cultural change will be played out by the same tired old orchestra for some considerable time. Each participant squabbling (though all use fine-sounding words and politically correct phrases) over who will control the purse strings - now a salvo fired by Mike van Graan of the National Arts Initiative, (unfortunately titled NAI) then a riposte from the ANC or its so-called independent Arts Board, and interjections thrown in by Arts Councils, Unions and an assortment of interested parties. In the end there will probably be a change of faces rather than policies - obviously a fine example of that expression "cosmetic change".

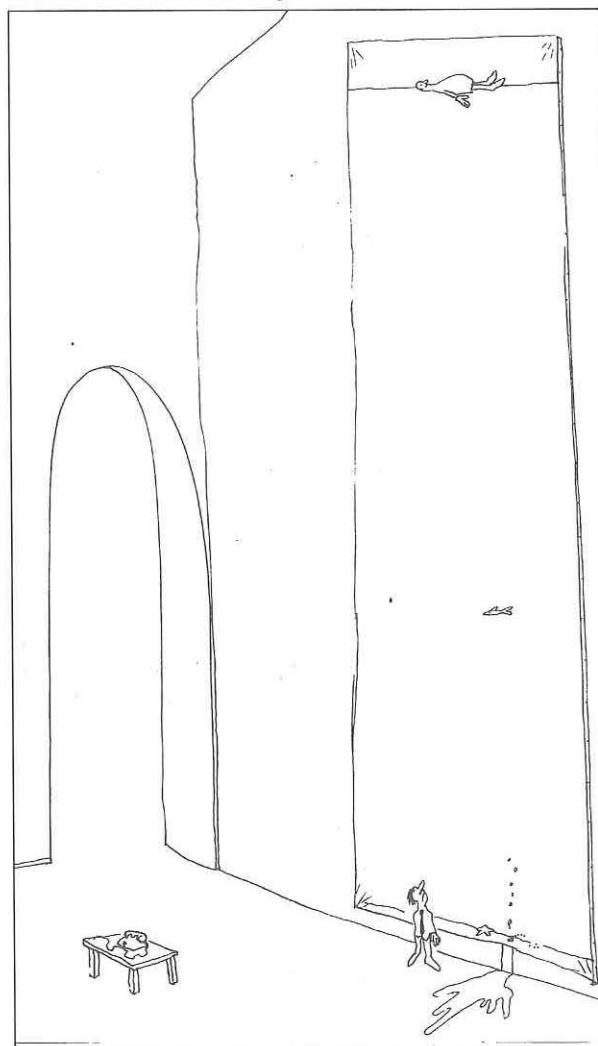
The ubiquitous Nedbank has announced another cultural coup. This time a historic tour by the London Philharmonic Orchestra. The tour nearly didn't happen, though the Orchestra had been planning the visit for some time. They had mistakenly left all the arrangements in the eager paws of promotor, Peter Mancser who, it is understood, was placed in possession of considerable up-front funds for the purpose.

Orchestra Chairman, the attractive and energetic Davic Marcou, was forced to make two frantic trips to South Africa to save the tour from becoming a fiasco. White Knight Nedbank assisted in rescue operations and the orchestra will play in all the major cities and conduct the obligatory workshops. What became of Mancser is still to be explained.

It is interesting to note the role of the big four banks in supporting the arts: Standard, whose Grahamstown

Festival represents a huge investment in culture, leads the way in terms of name attachment value; Nedbank, as we've noted before, is another big investor; ABSA funds the odd project, but where, oh where, is First National? If they do anything pro arte, they certainly do it very quietly. Perhaps their arts budget is confined to the purchase of expensive European arts works to decorate their offices.

Finally, in tune with the general malaise, the rot appears to have set in quite literally at the Johannesburg Art Gallery. No-one at the gallery or in the Council is saying a word, but my nose tells me there is something rotten in the gallery basement, which might explain why certain paintings have not been exhibited for so long. In the course of gallery renovations some time back, the gutters were removed from the building. The less-attentive gallery staff did not notice until months afterwards that water had flooded into the basement where hundreds of paintings in the gallery collection are stored. So the story goes. If it is not fungus and rotting canvas we smell, what else might have died there?

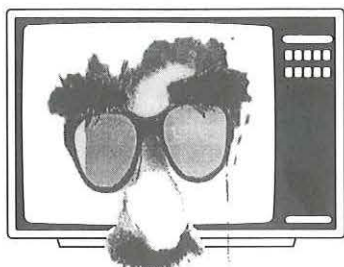
**A leak at the Gallery?**

© N. THARG



# Maureen Barnes on TV & Radio —

## nose on screen



### AT THE TOP

*The Lawyer, the Farmer and the Clerk* — the episode of Weekly Mail Television's excellent series, *Ordinary People*, on the events at the World Trade Centre on June 25, was an example of the sort of local news feature we should be seeing, but rarely do. Among those responsible were creator Harriet Gavshon, director Clifford Bestall, editor Thabo Nel, and cameramen Richard Atkinson, John Parr and Edwin Wes. Their film showed clearly, simply and movingly the clash between civilisation and savagery.

### GOING DOWN

**"Helter Skelter: Brackman's watch is stolen; Becker's help continues; Benny loses Lincoln; Gwen receives a parcel."**

This teaser for the once terrific *LA Law* sums up where it all went wrong. When series creator Steve Bochco was actively involved, the private lives of the lawyers were secondary — and merely gave colour — to the court cases in which they were involved. While being riveted by the court battles — most of which were based on topical, real life cases — we were left curious about the personal doings of the characters; which is as it should be.

Instead of realising that they'd got the balance right, the teams that took over from Bochco built up the characters in the law office, making them so bizarre that the programme has become little more than a silly soap. They've all gone so nutty that retarded Benny in the post room seems the only sane one left among them.

### COMING UP

Bochco fans, of course, will have discovered the latest courtroom series in which he has a hand: *Civil Wars* on CCV on Mondays at 21h12. This time the law firm is a modest one headed by Mariel Hemingway and specialising in divorce. She has a partner but the tension of legal practice got to him and he had his nervous breakdown in the first episode, stripping off in front of a client. Still not fully recovered, he is now on light duties, leaving the way clear for Charlie, played by short but very, very sexy Peter Onorati, to move in. But so far all these goings on have not taken over from the court cases. Bochco's balance again.

### FADING AWAY

Another old favourite, *The Golden Girls*, seems to have lost some of its fizz and it's time the scriptwriters took a long break. Blanche's sexy jokes are now more often crude when they used to be funny; Rose frequently seems unhinged, not just naive, and even old Sophia is no longer the original she once was. No wonder Beatrice Arthur has resigned from the series. I'm about to follow her example.

### BOWING DOWN

We had a surfeit of royals on M-Net which screened six documentaries on the British royals and two dramatic tales about them in a week-long bonanza. The documentaries, the most uplifting of which was billed in the M-Net Guide: Diana — *The End of a Fairy Tale? Presented by Royal Baking Powder*. Anyway, they all made for ideal escapist viewing. You could just lie back in a coma and admire or snigger at the royal apparel while the chaotic realities of life and death receded for a while.

Laugh of the week was "Diana: Her True Story", the dramatised version of Morton's bestseller. They'd tried to get look-alikes for the Royals and ended up hiring most of the rubberised puppets

from *Spittin' Images*, except for Diana, played by a pretty blonde, who wore a Sixties' hairstyle and giggled a lot when she wasn't vomiting into the loo.

### SCRAPING THE BOTTOM

TV1 also did its royal bit recently, with a report on our ambassador to London, Kent Durr, seen bowing and scraping to Prince Michael of Kent making "the first royal visit to South Africa House since 1933". Mini-royal Kent was Kent the Durr's guest of honour at a "charity event" promoted by another, equally predictable friend of the old South Africa, minor British banker Richard Hambro. (noseWEEK will return, in due course, to Mr Hambro).

The event naturally included a tasting of South African wines. According to one of the wine people, the princeling liked the taste so much "he came back for more". He would. It was free.

The princeling and his wife, Princess Michael ("Pushy" to her friend and acquaintances), are known in England as the spongers of the nation. By royal standards the Kents are poor relations and they simply love South Africa and the freebies we pathetically heap upon them. The late Mario Chiavelli donated a Rolls Royce to the Princess, and last year the regal pair were invited out to escape the British winter. After catching a tan at Hermanus, and lending some class to the Hersovs' holiday salon, they moved on to the Mount Nelson for a few days; posed for a photo session, graciously planted a tree and scarpered off home.

If I lived in the UK, I'd make a few royal visits myself if I found a dopey country that would give me free de luxe trips to the sunshine in the middle of winter.

It is rumoured that Cancer Relief intend bringing the Kents to South Africa on a further "fund-raising" jaunt - so we have even more royal balls to look forward to.



**RADIO :**

**BAD ADS**

A great many of us listen to radio all day. My particular band is Radio SA, or whatever they call it now. I stick with it, even though it has degenerated over time, mainly due to the introduction of dreadful ads. Have you heard the Toktokkie one that's had cancer sufferers jumping off bridges after being told that "almost 50%" of cancer victims won't die from the disease? Thanks a ton. If a Toktokkie comes round collecting from this house, we've got the Doom ready. Then there's the ad where the couple decide to snitch on their neighbours for a reward, or the dreadful kid that wants to grow up to marry someone "very rich" like daddy.

**GOOD NEWS**

Despite its decline, the radio still has many rewards — Jane Bramley's production of *News Brief* at noon each weekday being one of them. It contains far better reports than ever appear on SATV, as does radio generally. But why it is scheduled at lunchtime and not late in the afternoon, I can't imagine. The *Woman's World/Audiomix* slot would reach a far wider audience.

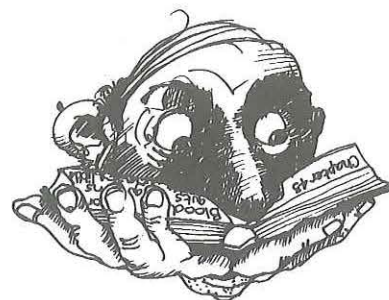
**PADDY O'BORIN'**

Talking of over-exposure brings us to Paddy O'Byrne, who has really cracked the system of self-promotion. How? By camping up the passage or oozing down the airwaves. He makes close personal friends with everyone. According to SABC-ers, he is forever pottering around the building, nosing into everything, popping in everywhere, generally acting like an endearing old buffer. His efforts bear fruit when colleagues plug him on their programmes. "Dear old Paddy" or "Paddy will be in later". Even sweet Judith Krummick on "Laymlayt", the Arts programme she does rather well, mentions him occasionally in tones of deep affection.

There is no place to hide, he's everywhere. His music programme takes up the morning; he reads the news; announces programmes; has a later night music programme. After he has driven even the most pacifist among us to grab a knobkerrie, pipes up every five minutes to recite a schmaltzy ad for peace. It's not that O'Byrne is just an old bore, or that his brogue comes and goes at will. He's the biggest name-dropper ever: "I popped in the stage door to visit an old friend - a knight of the realm who shall remain anonymous" was one gem. "When I worked at the Beeb", another. He upstages his guests; caps their anecdotes; finishes their sentences and is gleeful when he proves them wrong. Now that's not only arrogant, it's unkind too. And even more nasty, he's joined the throngs of liberals who are suddenly coming out of the closets. About the only topic he's kept his mouth shut on for years has been politics, but now he is full of liberal remarks and attacks on the right. Very brave. What did you do in the war Paddy?

**TAKE A CHANCE**

Treat of the month has been the re-broadcasting of the most intelligent and funny English radio comedy ever produced in this country. The late lamented Darryl Jooste and Michael Mayer's "Take a Chance" first appeared in the seventies, and it still remains, as really good comedy should, amusing and relevant today. It's had me chucking away in happy nostalgia for a few weeks now. Apparently only a few tapes from the original three series have survived. Anyway, Bruce Millar got hold of a few home-made recordings and, by the imaginative use of new linking material, has produced about half a dozen episodes. He's called the result "Totally Ridiculous" and scheduled it in the "On the Bright Side" slot at noon each Saturday this month, except, this being South Africa, the final episode has been replaced by an important, sacred programme - a Rugby match. Meanwhile, has anyone out there got some taped versions of the original series? Call Bruce Millar .



*nose in a thriller*

**GRIEVOUS SIN** by *Faye Kellerman* (Headline)

**Faye Kellerman** lives in Los Angeles, has four children and indulges in music and gardening, and beside writing detective novels, she is married to best-selling thriller writer and psychologist, Jonathan Kellerman. Life must be pretty hectic (or perhaps silently word-processed) in the Kellerman household!

*Grievous Sin* is the sixth and latest of her novels featuring Jewish-but-brought-up-Baptist, LA Detective-Sergeant Peter Decker and strictly Orthodox Jewish widow Rina Lazarus. Now married, after surviving several books of murder and mystery, the couple have produced a baby girl. Mazel tov! But wait, wouldn't you know it, there's something very wrong in the hospital.

Within hours a baby and a nurse are missing. The nurse's burned-out car is found, and Decker and police partner, Marge, are thick in another mystery.

Always original, Ms Kellerman writes well and deserves her increasing popularity.

Read it in good health.

**One for your pocket in paperback:**

**WALLFLOWER** by *William Bayer*. (Coronet)

A passionate filing in Venice ends for Lt. Frank Janek of the NYPD when he hears of the brutal killing of his student goddaughter back in the US. He fights his superiors to handle the case, which is one of a series of similar murders. Gripping psycho drama for a weekend read. Unusual too.

**STATE V. JUSTICE** by *Gallatin Warfield* (Headline)

Don't be tempted by the cover of this first novel if you are a fan of the current spate of thrilling court cases. The story starts off well and continues that way for roughly four pages. Avoid.



# Pigging Out...



## Johannesburg

### DARUMA

Japanese Gourmet Cuisine  
Park Galleries  
Cnr Athol Oaklands Road and  
Corlett Drive  
Melrose North, Johannesburg

Tokyo is the world's most expensive city; air travel too is costly, and the rand/yen exchange rate unmentionable. Daruma offers you the opportunity to enjoy Tokyo's prices in Johannesburg without the inconvenience of having to travel. Not that one is necessarily spared the excitement or the challenge of communicating one's order in pidgin English with the staff. The waitresses may not be Japanese but, nevertheless, they seem to struggle with simple English. Has James Clavell replaced Barbara Cartland as the primary literary influence on Kingsmead school-girls?

One is often confused by subtle cultural differences. Perhaps there's something Zen in the slowness of the service.

Daruma, like all Japanese restaurants, is famous for serving raw fish. This is very trendy. A single piece of Red Tuna Sushi costs R7,80. One piece of Tuna Cho Toro R9,80 and a piece of Tuna Oh Toro R13,80. Might one say Toro, Toro, Toro? Why a few miniscule slices of raw tuna or yellowtail should cost more than a full portion of fish costs at Le Canard or Linger Longer is beyond me. A simple calculation illustrates that a

single 3 kg yellowtail at Daruma costs more than a new Corolla at Sandton Toyota - and that's including a sunroof and tape deck (to get a CD player included, one would have to look at the Tuna).

Daruma has developed a novel approach to keeping inflation down. The prices, remarkably, have risen very little over the past two years. The portions have, however, shrunk to become nouvelle cuisine for fasting monks.

We ordered Sukiyaki, which is meant to be cooked and kept warm on a gas cooker on the table. Perhaps even South African industry has a fighting chance against the Japanese if that gas 'cooker' was the best they had to offer. It cooked slowly - very slowly - and kept going out. Our waitress eventually emerged, Halley's comet-like, extracted the gas bottle and gave it a shake. She then tried to turn it back on. Flames leapt across the table. Whilst I had suspected that a potjie would be more efficient, I had never anticipated using the table as kindling and my guest's hand as an ingredient.

The conflagration sadly disturbed one of the seldom-seen inhabitants of Daruma (not counting the waitresses). Out leapt an enraged cockroach which angrily assumed a karate stance and menaced the ladies in our party. Was this to be the revenge of the Ninja Cockroach? Stanley, the charming head waiter, devoid of cultural weapons but wielding a wrapped-up napkin like nunchukas, tried to get the dreaded roach. Darting hither and thither on the table in a remarkable display of martial arts, roach-San made his escape to the floor.

It may not be Politically Correct to be sexist, but some of our party were worried about Mr Cockroach crawling up their skirts. (I suppose that it could have been a girl roach but this is a review of Daruma, not Elaine's. And is a girl of the species still called a cockroach?)

Unwise in the ways of oriental warfare, we beat a hasty retreat.

Unlike General MacArthur: we shall not return.

—Jo Tori





PUBLISHED MONTHLY

# SMALLS

Small advertisements to be received by 1st day of month of publication. Charge: R10 for up to 15 words, thereafter 75 cents per word.

**EMPLOYMENT:** Plaasworkers required for Portugal, free mieliepap rations. Contact Hendrik Schoeman [1170]

TO the tycoon of Geneva Drive - Happy Birthday, Robbie, for 28 July from yr loving Aunty [0912]

THANKS Pik, for R1000 000 plus per month rent for dead duck World Trade Centre - from your buddy's arse, Neels Swart (owner) [1169]

WORLDPHONE cuts the cost of international phonecalls from home or abroad. Toll Free access in 49 countries avoids hotel surcharges. Call (011) 884-1223 or Fax (011) 884-1734 for details. [1159]

WANTED: Looking for Midwinter Stonehenge "Moon" tableware, plates mainly. Reply w phone no to RS, c/o noseWEEK [1256]

EV: The worst thing about oral sex is the view - BAP [1182]

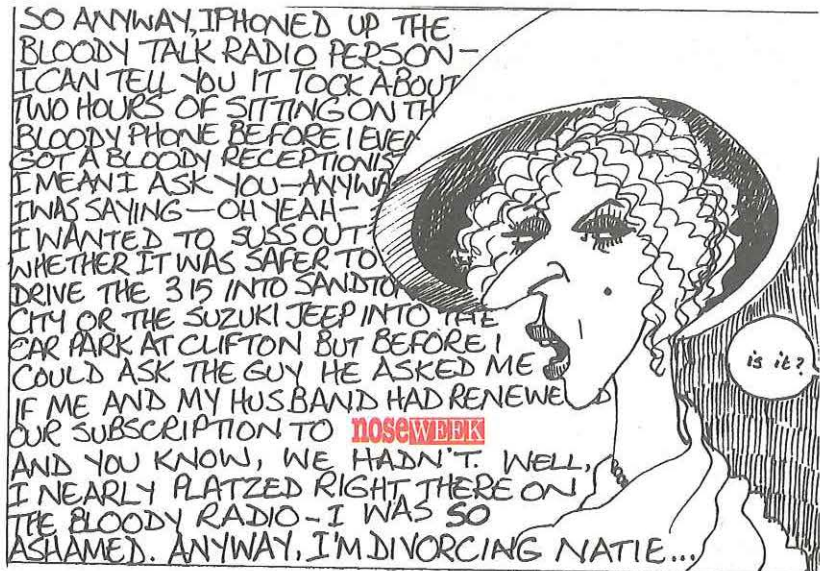
JERRY, Happy hundredth or so birthday on July 23, from your family [0909]

NEED a day off work? Phone ANC or COSATU — Protest marches available daily. [1177]

MANY Happy Returns, Jane for 30th - you're definitely still the best covergirl in SA! From all of us [0952]

TO MIKE on 9 August. Keep the tides turning. Happy Birthday from M&M [0973]

SEMI-BROKE PHOTOGRAPHER still seeks manual-focus Nilon body (eg FM, FE) ph (0146) 23500 ask for Adam.



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