

news you're not supposed to know

# nose WEEK

R13,50  
incl. VAT

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Issue No 18



OOPSIE!



I Love her bed and breakfast

Room service for my Groot Krokodil?

LAW SOCIETY BOSS MAKES AN ARSE OF HIMSELF

HUGH MURRAY & LEADERSHIP: FAIRWEATHER FRIENDS TURN FOUL

AMWAY: NEW NAMES, OLD GAMES

**RINGS OF DECEPTION: WHAT WE WEREN'T TOLD ABOUT THE OLYMPIC BID**

ISSN 1025-1049



9 771025 104097



August/September 1997

Tel: (021) 61-4809 Fax: (021) 683-6706

E-mail: noseweek@iafrica.com

Editor: *Martin Welz*

Manager: *Marten du Plessis*

Editorial Consultant: *Maureen Barnes*

Journalists: *Gary Collins, Nick Paul*

UK Representative: *Lorana Sullivan*

Designed by *Dragon Fly Design Studio*

Repro: *Positive Image, Cape Town*

## SHEPSTONE & WILEY

Dear Sir,

I thoroughly enjoyed issue 17 - no other magazine that I read from cover to cover. However, on page 11, the article on Terence Egnos ended in mid-sentence.

Johannesburg

*Sorry, a computer glitch. We will correct the line, which should have read: "The matter is still pending." - Ed.*

## CAPE LAW SOCIETY PRESIDENT SPEAKS DOWN

Dear Sir,

I refer to your formal response to the Cape Law Society's response to the "ethical" issues raised in noseWEEK 16 headed "When the Accused Goes Out ...". The same issue contained an article headed: "When the Accused Goes to Court" to which I also wish to refer.

1. "When Lawyers Fail": The request gives no indication of the Datnows/Society's position in respect of which you state that the report deals with a dispute between members of the Society, which is under litigation. The litigation was commenced, two years ago. No action was taken in the litigation nor any action was lodged a complaint in respect of the subject matter.

2(A). "When the Accused Goes to Court": You open by stating that the notorious, secret minutes of the Society's meeting held in 1995, as you well know, the minutes of the Disciplinary Committee were not disciplinary proceedings. However, since October 1995, in an instance of its membership, noseWEEK had exposed the secret minutes of the Society's "secret affairs" - Ed.], the Society now publishes its rulings in respect of disciplinary matters where a fine in excess of R500 is imposed.

2(B). As far as the complaint against Susan Aird and her later appointment is concerned, the Messinger complaint was

investigated some months before the Society advertised the post of Director. The Disciplinary Committee ruled that there was no unprofessional conduct. When applying for the position, Susan Aird made full disclosure of the complaint. Council was satisfied that the Messinger matter did not present an impediment to her appointment as a Director of the Society. Your imputation of her integrity is objectionable - the more so because it is constructed with the flimsiest of information.

*Theuns Steyn*

that the Society apparently found nothing wrong with Ms Aird's conduct and appointed her a director of the Society with full knowledge of it (as recorded in your own minutes). Readers may judge for themselves whether your official minutes constitute "flimsy information".

Your letter is yet another demonstration that the organised legal profession's interests should never be confused with the public interest. - Ed.

Dear Sir,

With the recent resignation from Denelcor of Mr Johan Alberts in order for him to devote more quality time to his family, instead of to his daily routine of flogging old cars, trucks, 4x4's, RPG's etc, it crosses my mind that we have not heard a peep at the end of the road or about his predecessor, Mr Pieter van der Waal, despite his having played a prominent role in the Total Onslaught.

Johannesburg

## HOW, MR BRINK?"

The reference to Phillippe le Roux raises some curiosity for those UCT students in the early 1970s who remember him as a NUSAS leader and a so-called radical student who, when sought by the security police for a relatively minor offence, dramatically skipped over the Botswana border.

What role he has played as a sanctioning agent of apartheid South Africa, the company he has kept and his other nefarious activities [while MD of UK motorbike manufacturer, Norton] of course raise questions about his bona fides as a student leader. Could his dramatic flight (on a motorbike *nogal*) have been rigged? Was he an elaborately set up, long-term "sleeping" agent of the State security agencies?

Student

Johannesburg

## cover story

### Cupid strikes in Karoo




Former State President P W Botha's wife, Elize, died on June 6. Early in August he was ready to introduce his new love, Reinette TeWater Naude, to the world. She runs a charming Graaff Reinet bed-and-breakfast called The Kingfisher Lodge.

Common sense tells us there is something wrong with sending 250 South Africans to Switzerland just to hear if Cape Town is to stage the 2004 Olympics. Surely the IOC's decision doesn't depend on our last-minute efforts to prove that we are great free-loaders and party-goers?! Common sense and experience tell us there was something very wrong with our bid for the Olympics in the first place. Our cities are littered with expensive projects – academic hospitals where half the wards have been shut; symphony orchestras closed down because entire culture budgets have been swallowed up maintaining the grand operas we built to house them. Railway and bus services are falling apart – because we can't pay the fares necessary if they are to be maintained. Look at the state of these and you have an idea what our Olympic stadiums are going to look like in 2006. And what fools we will look as a nation.

Just like Olympian sport – note, not the franchise business – they are, undoubtedly, “a good thing”. All – if they worked – would make tourists feel more comfortable. In fact, if that's our priority why wait for 2004? Open the hospitals, re-instate the orchestras, provide regular, secure and comfortable metro-transport – now! People who suggest that a two-week rush of Olympic tourists using the trains will miraculously pay for it all, or that those visitors' experience of our services or the Cape's vile weather in September will encourage them to return, can't be taken seriously. Yet there has been an extraordinary lack of information which might have sustained our caution. Since our politicians – and mass media – appear to have failed us, noseWEEK here sets out to tell you first the What, then the How, Who and Why of the *real* “Olympic™” race for gold. Then prepare for a bang rather than a boom. – *The Editor*.

# RINGS OF DECEPTION



THE COST : YOU HAVEN'T HEARD THE HALF OF IT!

Things have really changed in the new SA. When Lennox Sebe built the (now derelict) Ciskei International Airport at a cost of hundreds of millions of rands, he could afford to be indifferent to public opinion – and real need: The very basis of his authority was indifference to both. But in an open democracy, as South Africa is today, public opinion can be inconvenient to those with grandiose plans. Fortunately, as Edward Bernays, doyen of the PR industry, has noted, “the engineering of consent is the very essence of the democratic process”.

The engineering of consent is at the heart of Cape Town's 2004 Olympic bid campaign. The privately funded Bid Company (Bidco) likes to present the bid as a patriotic undertaking in the interests of all South Africans, whereas in fact it is a public relations venture funded by and representing the commercial interests of its sponsors.

It would be foolish to expect a balanced view from people in this position, and Bidco has not attempted to provide one. Chris Ball – whose salary as head of Bidco has lent a whole new meaning to the phrase “going for gold” – has based his case for public support on the argument that the Olympics will provide significant economic benefits for Cape Town and South Africa.

His main weapon for doing so has been the report of the Development Bank of South Africa (DBSA), commis-

sioned by the Department of Finance when Bidco sought the cabinet's approval – and its guarantees – a precondition for the bid. But the DBSA report is dangerously flawed and Bidco has misrepresented its findings.

Ball cites the DBSA report in claiming that the Games would mean an additional 90 000 permanent jobs to Cape Town. He has repeated this figure on TV, Radio, in Newsprint and in Bidco handouts. Obviously, if true, this would be an extremely persuasive factor: the prospect of 90 000 extra jobs is really something worth getting excited about.

One small snag – the claim is false. The DBSA report actually only projects an additional 90 000 “*person years*” of employment, the equivalent of 9 000 jobs for ten years. Even this is thought to be optimistic. Barcelona – with *five times* Cape Town's projected capital expenditure – achieved the equivalent of an increase of 13 000 jobs for 10 years. Sydney projects a gain of 7 000 jobs for 10 years.

How could Bidco so have misrepresented the facts? Was the dour Mr Ball being unexpectedly playful, or did he just misunderstand the very explicit DBSA report – by a factor of 10?

The other mainstay of Bidco's economic argument is the DBSA's projection of an increase of R30 billion in South Africa's Gross Domestic Product (GDP) over the period 1997-2006, with concomitant rises in tax revenue to the government. To start with, GDP (broad-

ly speaking a measure of all economic activity in the economy in a year) is a badly flawed measure of true economic benefit. It measures only the monetary component of economic activity, and totally disregards values such as waste, lost opportunity, quality of life, and the sanctity of the environment. Hence, as New Zealand economist Marilyn Waring has shown, the formula used to calculate GDP results in an incident such as the Exxon Valdez oil spill disaster in Alaska being reflected as a major economic benefit! The GDP figure measured only the activity and expenditure generated by the clean-up effort, the hiring of lawyers, employment of insurance assessors and the building of a replacement ship. It ignored the damage to lives and property, and the devastated environment. The same argument applies to cancer and car accidents – they have a positive impact on GDP. Hence, while frenetic Games-related development in Cape Town may contribute to increasing the level of economic activity, serious questions need to be asked about the costs not included in the standard GDP calculation.

Increased GDP does, of course, result in increased tax revenue, so that Olympic GDP projections were vital in securing cabinet approval for the bid. If the increase in tax revenue offsets the government's expenditure, then the Games can be said to have paid off – from a public accounting viewpoint.

However, if the government's

Olympics-related expenditures exceed the resulting revenues, the economic consequences for Cape Town and South Africa are potentially very severe. The recently released Strategic Environmental Assessment (SEA) – the most comprehensive study of the potential impact of the Olympics – clearly states “if the predicted increase in GDP is not realised, serious concern is warranted.” An alarming 25% of government expenditure already goes towards the servicing of debt, and if Olympics related expenditure exacerbates this problem, the government will be forced to preserve high interest rates – and tax rates – leading to a reduction in the rate of investment with negative implications for employment, crime and social stability.

UCT School of Economics policy analyst John Stuart has identified several flaws in the DBSA report which make it unlikely that government will come out on the right side of the Olympic equation. He has shown that the DBSA report:

▲ ignores productivity losses as a result of the Games. Anyone who lived through the World Cup knows how significant this can be. Thousands of workers spend a ‘flu days at home in front of their TV sets, plus wasting endless hours in office discussions, combating hangovers or in traffic jams;

▲ dismisses the danger of a significant rise in inflation. The construction industry has a certain capacity, so that, when demand suddenly shoots up, so do prices. This is already evident in Cape Town. Potential home buyers or builders suddenly find prices out of their reach; homeowners find costs increasing to the extent that they can’t afford to do necessary maintenance. And a high inflation rate in construction has a knock-on effect in other sectors;

▲ assumes a positive impact on GDP of R16 billion as a result of an increase in direct foreign investment (DFI). This increase is predicated on favourable international media coverage, which is a bit of a leap of faith given the prevailing crime situation. The prospective tourist or investor is very sensitive to things like murders, rapes and muggings. Incidents like the one recently reported in the Argus, when a group of street-children descended on a couple of tourists “like a pack of wild dogs,” stabbing and robbing them, could, within hours, have a chilling effect on the economic effects of hosting the Games.

On the other hand, Government expenditure on infrastructure projects will take place years before the antici-

pated increase in GDP and tax revenues materialise – assuming they do at all. In the interim there are significant costs – conservatively estimated at an additional 25% of the projected total cost to government – in servicing the debt built up before the Olympic flame is lit.

In addition, as UCT economics professor Iraj Abedian points out, there is the risk to central government from its guarantees covering all Olympics-related expenditures – including the R2,5 billion cost of projects presently budgeted for the private sector’s account.

Bidco Director of Planning Peter De Tolley assured us that the private sector had been “very enthusiastic” in “private discussions” with Bidco, but, rather significantly, he confirmed that “they” had “not actually” committed themselves in the form of signed contracts.

As Professor Abedian points out, economics is replete with instances where perceived incentives – and businessmen’s resultant behaviour – before an event (in this case the announcement of Cape Town as Olympic City 2004), change radically after the event. While it may be a public relations coup to be seen to be a sponsor of Cape Town’s bid, if the bid is successful the private sector may well find more appealing ways of profiting from the Olympics than by investing in expensive infrastructure projects with doubtful returns – especially since government is already committed to stepping into any breach.

Recent South African history is also replete with worthy projects that have cost two or three times their originally budgeted amounts. This has also been very much a part of the Olympic experience. Montreal finally cost nearly 10 times its original budget. Atlanta 1996 ended up costing between three and four times its original budget.

As a direct comparison Sydney 2000 originally estimated the cost of their Olympic stadium at \$US181 million – as in the case of Cape Town’s bid, an estimate approved by Price Waterhouse and expert consultants. Sydney’s stadium cost has now escalated to \$US424 million, which works out at a per seat cost of R16 400. Atlanta’s stadium ended up costing approximately R10 800 per seat. Ominously, Bidco avers that Cape Town’s stadium will be of a comparable standard to these two – but has budgeted for a cost of only R4 420 per seat.

A strongly increased requirement for imports related to the Games would upset South Africa’s fragile balance of payments situation, further contributing to inflation and the necessity to pre-

# Western Cape go ‘losing vital staff’

CHRIS BATEMAN

THE Western Cape government is over-managed, is shedding vital frontline staff and is regarded with hostility because of essential “downsizing” operations.

These are among conclusions reached by a top task force set up by Dr Zola Skweyiya’s Public Service and Administration Ministry to probe the country’s nine provinces.

Running at a budget reduced by R1,25 billion over the previous year – a 20% reduction in real terms – the Western Cape had shed frontline staff to the detriment of service delivery.

Worst affected were the departments of health, education, housing and local government, transport and public works and social services.

Downsizing had created hostility within the administration and hostility between the providers and receivers of services, especially in education.

three Swedish ex-

adviser. They for control was spite of Ba enable his manage wi my”.

There a tration o: depleted a in spite of a ment capat ure”.

The W technical managers

At pre was, do r

Howe function the prov. appropr legislati funding carried o

The vol which 1

serve high interest rates.

So much for Bidco’s rosy economic scenario. Stuart comments: “In my opinion the Olympics are inappropriate for South Africa, or indeed for any developing country, especially one undertaking some form of structural adjustment as South Africa is at present. The Games are expensive, risky and very much a third-best way of generating sustained development. Costs to tax and ratepayers – or the subsequent neglect of essential infrastructure and services – should we win the games, will come as a shock.”

There are tremendous logistical and budgetary difficulties facing the Western Cape government in meeting the basic needs of its people (see press cutting). Against this background the idea of hosting the Olympics seems like a wishful avoidance of the arduous reality of limited choices, limited resources and slow, hard-earned progress. It is an expensive distraction which will immeasurably exacerbate the problems – rather like a tin-pot despot building a useless international airport while all around him things fall apart.

The Olympics are appealing in the way a party is appealing. It is not difficult to whip up a bit of enthusiasm for “the grandest of parties”, for the spectacle, drama and frensied excitement, for the intoxication of world attention. However, the morning after is often a time of bitter realities and futile regrets. If Cape Town wins the Olympics it may also be a time for the mother-of-all economic hangovers. – Marten du Plessis ■

# \$100 RINGS OF DECEPTION \$100

## SMOKE AND MIRRORS : HOW THEY SOLD US THE GAMES

If Cape Town wins, we all win. The message of Bidco's publicity campaign implies a darker subtext: if Cape Town doesn't win, we all lose. The Olympic bid has been presented not only by Bidco but also by its supporters in the press as a last chance, a sort of panacea for all social ills, from unemployment and crime to the housing shortage.

In many respects bid propaganda is reminiscent of Nat election campaigns in the days of Total Onslaught: opposition is portrayed as not merely stupid, wicked or mischievous, but as a serious threat to the community.

Like the Nats, the bid committee under the blandly spooky Chris Ball has not had to spend its advertising budget on a campaign aimed at bringing the public along. Like the Nats, it has enjoyed the uncritical, fawning support of sections of the media to get its word out. Big business financed the rest. The bulk of its advertising has been directed at influential foreigners – the billboards lining the N2 from the airport and the strategically-placed banners outside the Mount Nelson are a case in point here, as is the expensive Olympic Bid website on the Internet.

### The Book of Shaun

The Bid Committee, according to one of its glossy pamphlets, started off with an advertising budget of around twenty million. Through the generosity of its corporate benefactors in Nedbank, Pick 'n Pay and SAA among others, and the collusion of the media, it has made this not inconsiderable budget go a long, long way. It has played the press like a hooked kabeljou. Nowhere was this more evident than in a special Bid supplement that went out with the Argus in late May, shortly after Cape Town made it onto the shortlist. What really distinguishes the supplement from just another piece of promotional copy, is the visible involvement of *The Argus's* editorial staff, notably that of outgoing editor Shaun Johnson, whose contribution took the form of a 2000 word 'editorial comment'.

Throughout, his language was archaic – quaint and thunderous by turns, the tone you'd expect of an old testament prophet who earns a bit of extra cash writing advertising copy for timeshare on the sea of Galilee.

The piece is entitled A Letter To the Apathetic, The Ambivalent and The

Antipathetic – apparently the only three categories of people who stand in the way of the bid. In the moral universe inhabited by the bid and its fan club, opposition is exactly this: sheerest, wilfully ignorant wickedness. The tone of Johnson's piece is lofty and prescriptive, and insulting to the reader. Anyone who opposes the bid, he suggests, has simply not done his homework. Should the bid fail, he implies, Cape Town and South Africa will fail, too. This is an irresponsible message for a city with the shaky self-esteem of a Christ-complexed schizophrenic. "The final vote," he pronounces, "will do no less a thing than determine what kind of city – more, what kind of country – ours might be in the next seven years, in the next century, and beyond." The Olympics, he goes on, will be "a development which could have a greater historical impact on this region than any single event since Jan van Riebeeck dropped his fateful anchor in Table Bay" An unfortunate choice of comparison, really, considering what the arrival of Jan van Riebeeck did for the original residents of the Western Cape.

From these editorial heights he casts down dark threats about the downtrodden [black?] millions, who "see privilege unassailed and promissory notes unmet, and they wonder ..." No one in this town has seen anything like the unassailed privilege which will disport itself in pink and fleshy droves if and when the wealthy of the world descend on Cape Town in 2004. Finally Johnson, in full flood, goes all global on us: "Unpredictable history has tossed up into the scarred African sky a chance. It is a chance which says: Do this, and you do not have to give up on Africa for another hundred years." Which implies: if you don't do this, Africa will sink into the sea.

Johnson's impassioned rallying cry is supported nicely by the musings of his Boswell, Michael Morris, he of the Johnstonesque haircut and less biblical prose style. Morris writes a regular column on the bid for the *Argus*, and it generally reads like a Pathe newsreel during the height of the blitz. It is clearly company publicity posing as hard news, replete as it is with statistics, excitable quotes and press-kit factlets, yet his Olympic Bid stories have been known to occupy the lead slot on the front page. You'd have to look elsewhere for a more objective angle on the bid,

though quite where is uncertain. A senior journalist says that to express anti-bid sentiments in the gloomy newsrooms of Cape Newspapers is practically a sacking offence these days.

Thus the Independent group has thrown its weight behind the Bid as a sort of moral crusade. They have subverted the role of a free press, which is to seek and publish objective information, and to provide a forum for the discussion of what amounts to a highly speculative bit of business.

### Wallpaper

But back to the billboards and flags. Whatever their other merits, those clever ads where two bits of circular sporting equipment are substituted for the two O's in 2004 serve to draw one's attention away from the squatter settlements and bits of blasted Port Jackson heath in the background, particularly if one is an IOC official being chauffeured speedily past in a big, white, donated Mercedes with a natty Bidco logo on the side.

Even the billboards, it seems, have assisted in the noble if nebulous cause of job creation. The streetkid who appeared on the first famous billboard appears to have done quite well out of the deal. Granted, he is still a streetkid, and plies his trade on the corner of Buitengracht Street nearest the entrance to the Waterfront, just under the sign that says The Olympics Will Help Take Care of Unfinished Business, but he seems to be better fed, and is definitely better dressed these days, not unlike Chris Ball himself, what with all those baseball caps, fancy ties and lapel pins. Is it possible that the little fellow is being employed by the Bid Committee to be a cute streetkid? For such a tiny chap he seems to have the monopoly over an awfully big intersection, not unlike the bid committee, in fact.

### Smoke and Mirrors

The Olympic Bid website on the internet is a marvellous piece of virtual engineering. Designed by Cape Town hotshots Electric Ocean, it is characterised by a beautifully understated cleanliness of design, and just enough of the whistles and bells to impress the technophiles. It picked up a first in the Design Art Awards locally, and came second in its category in the prestigious Markham Awards in the States. There

are little virtual slide shows of the splendours of Cape Town at the top of each screen. There is a little virtual shop where you can buy ties, baseball caps and lapel pins, just like Chris'. Apparently, the committee has sold R35 000 in pins already.

The crowning glory of the site are live (well, live-ish) snapshots from two digital cameras, one that takes a picture every five minutes of Table Mountain, and one that looks down on Greenmarket Square. Neither present a particularly prepossessing outlook in the dark midwinter, but considering the timing of the Games, an all too likely one for any visitors to the city in September 2004. The cameras were donated by Reutech, a subsidiary of Denel, and are the same cameras used to spy on refugees along the Mocambique border. As is the way of these things, the Olympic site is linked, at the click of a mouse button, to the Reunert site, where Middle Eastern potentates can go shopping for military electronics and hardware - a curious association for the Olympian movement, with its commitment to the brotherhood of man and the striving between nations on the field of sport rather than the field of battle.

As for crime and poverty - why, all big cities have them!

#### Ball's Ups

Chris Ball could not be described as every big-haired PR lady's dream client. Like the head boy chosen for his physical stature and family connections alone (his illustrious career in banking

notwithstanding), he seems a bit dim, sometimes. In an early interview with the *Mail and Guardian*, he had this to say of community involvement: 'The other day someone brought a man into my office because I needed to consult with the coloured community. After we spoke, he asked what he could do to help the bid. I still don't know exactly who he was representing, but *there's* a man I can work with.' This, it seems, is the *grassroots* work the Bid has been getting up to - having 'men' 'brought in' to one's office for a bit of local colour. *Hie' kommie Alibama!*

And speaking of 'family connections' and 'consultation with the coloured community', the decision to get Rashied Staggie's mafia under the aegis of CORE (Community Outreach, a loose coalition of imperfectly reformed gangsters) to rid Cape Town's CBD of crime has been one of the most inspired blunders in the history of PR.

For a heady few days after its bizarre 'wedding ceremony' with the skollies of CORE, the Olympic Bid Committee stood revealed in its naked, throbbing glory. In a city where gangsterism is a greater scourge than anywhere else in the country, the Bid had thumbed its nose at local sensitivities, and at the local constabulary. [*Or was it a case of 'if you can't beat the thieves, join them'? - Ed.*] Of course, this misguided effort to clean up central Cape Town's image problem would never have worked, and would, it now seems likely, have precipitated all-out gang war from the Grand Parade to the Bokaap. Ball and his cohorts seemed,

for a time, to be the most naive, the most clueless - and the most dangerous mavericks.

The lack of sensitivity the Bid demonstrated during the CORE affair is unsurprising to those who remember Ball's disparaging remarks in the early days of the Bid about the dissenting ratepayers of the Southern Suburbs.

Still on the subject of dodgy PR, for the benefit of visitors to the Cape who marvel at the numbers of supporters the bid has, judging by the 'I Back The Bid' stickers on cars, the deal is this: if you slap one on your bumper, and it is spotted by the ever-vigilant Bid Committee, you stand to win R100 000. This "competition" enjoys the support, naturally, of the press and local radio station. In another town, perhaps, such vote buying would be the object of investigation, censure and scandal.

#### Salvation by the Stadium

The Olympic Bid is a dangerously, irresponsibly thin strand on which to hang a country's salvation. By presenting itself as our last hope, Bidco has muddied the waters of more realistic, sustainable programmes of social development and economic growth. In preaching its doomsday message, it has co-opted our politicians, our press, and our elder statesmen, Tutu and Mandela. And it has managed to do so in a way which brooks no opposition. It has created the very apathy it purports to set itself up against. The historical parallels for this are disturbing and obvious. - Nick Paul ■

\$1 

RINGS OF DECEPTION \$1 

## THE PLAYERS FOR OLYMPIC GOLD AREN'T SPORTSMEN

### *The Fascist, the Spy and their Italian Friend*

With only days to go before the IOC inner circle - which includes such luminaries as the indolent but pretty Prince Albert of Monaco - decide who gets The Games in 2004, Cape Town's bid company was pulling out all the stops to influence the outcome.

Transparency still being a bit opaque in the new S A, we are not privy to how much it was costing, but the local bid company's slogan has always been better than anyone else. And judging by the experience of other cities, the IOC gravy train does not come cheap.

It cost Atlanta R850 000 just to entertain Prince Albert (who recently also called to "inspect" Cape Town) when he called to "inspect" that city prior to its being awarded the 1996 Olympics - and he was only one of scores of IOC bosses who called.

In the run up to the 1992 Olympic Games, Barcelona spent R55 million to persuade just over 40 officials to vote in its favour, while in the same Olympics, ultimately unsuccessful bidder, Salt Lake



Chris Ball hopes his guest, Prince Albert, finds Cape Town to his taste

City spent R4,4 million bringing 60 officials to 'visit' their city.

Helicopter flips, sumptuous gala receptions, luxury hotels and personal gifts - all at the bid city's expense - have become standard practice. If this were ordinary politicking, such shameless attempts at buying votes would be criminal, but the sanctimonious air of athletic zeal associated with the Games somehow makes it okay.

In "The Lords of the Rings" (Simon & Schuster, 1992) British journalists Viv Simson and Andrew Jennings give a graphic account of the power, money and greed which drives the modern Olympics. [Curiously, the Cape Library service bought only one copy of this extremely topical book - and that copy has been unavailable for the past six months.]

### The Sweet Stench of Success

Revelations of irregular financial dealings have dogged the Olympics for years, but seem to have had little effect on the way they do business. The bid process has become so tainted by corruption that even *Time Magazine* (an Olympics sponsor), was moved to describe the exercise as "sordid". *Time's* special writer, Richard Witteman, claimed that, prior to the 1986 winter Olympics, a top IOC official "offered to buy votes from colleagues if [bid city] Anchorage could come up with the cash". *The Guardian* in London carried a report in 1992 that an IOC member wanted a R300 000 payment in exchange for his vote for Birmingham. This was declined. After Birmingham lost out to Barcelona, the British minister of sport recalled that "no limit was set upon the number of receptions, nor the money which could be spent, nor the gifts presented to them".

In the same year the German press revealed that the Berlin Bid committee, which competed against Birmingham and Barcelona, had drawn up a secret dossier listing each IOC member's sexual tastes, appetites for drugs or alcohol, and openness to financial inducements.

In an effort to curb growing disgust, IOC general secretary General Francois Carrard announced that IOC officials could only receive gifts up to \$200 (R900) in value. This, apparently, did not stop the practise. A senior bid official for Stockholm (also competing against Barcelona) said shortly after the IOC ruling that bid companies got around the limitation by giving less expensive gifts - at every available opportunity. The *London Daily*

*Telegraph* was moved to ask whether it was necessary for "IOC members to fly around the world first-class with their families, picking up gifts of watches, computers and Gucci handbags, to assess whether a city is capable of holding an Olympics".

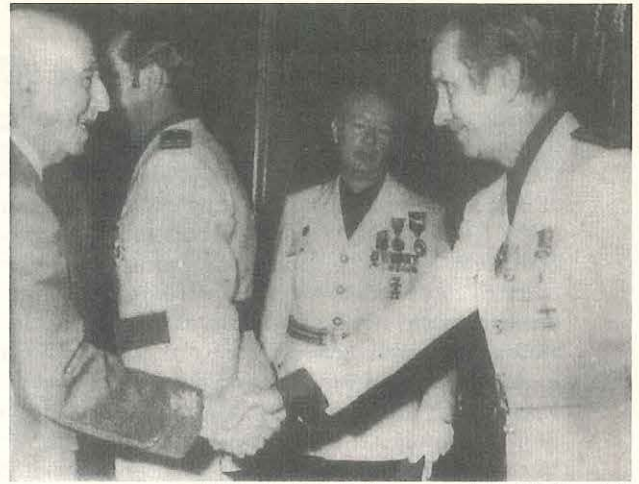
The Games are no longer the preserve of sports enthusiasts, but a multi-million dollar business for sale to the highest bidder. IOC officials get prestige and power as well as lots and lots of money.

The IOC boasts an annual budget of over R100 million and assets of over R540 million, including their luxurious headquarters at the Chateau de Vidy, on the shores of Lake Zurich. At the 100th centenary of the IOC in 1993, Chairman Juan Antonio Samaranch unveiled his masterpiece - a R178 million Olympic sports museum, paid for by donations from willing sponsors, who, in the spirit of the Games, all

**A secret dossier listed each IOC member's sexual tastes, appetite for drugs or alcohol, or openness to financial inducements.**

insisted on having their names incorporated in its name: the museum to the Olympic spirit is, appropriately, today known as the "Asahi Breweries, Sapporo Breweries, Kirin Brewery, Suntory Whisky, Hitachi, Dowa Fire and Marine Insurance, Coca Cola, Daimler Benz, Mitsubishi, Kodak, Korea Times, Seiko, Adidas, Fujitsu, IBM, Toshiba, Bertelsmann, John Hankok and Japanese Airlines Olympic Museum".

In 1993 alone the IOC's self-appointed commissions spent R10 million on first-class and chartered flights, while luxury hotel accommodation cost another R4 million. Compare this to the 'out of pocket' allowance given to athletes - many of whom come from impoverished countries - at the 1992 Barcelona Olympics: ten dollars a day. The sports administrators who had to judge which athletes would benefit, received \$100 a day.



IOC chairman Samaranch in his Fascist uniform greets General Franco

### The czars of sport

The 111 officials of the IOC are a motley bunch, composed of a handful of mostly minor European royalty - Britain's Princess Royal, Monaco's Prince Albert (he inherited his father's position on the committee) and the Grand Duke of Luxembourg - to add a bit of gloss to the selection of what is called "sports" officials but which more often than not are politically adept movers and shakers. South Africa's own Sam Ramsamy is one of the newest additions to the IOC elite.

These officials are not elected. They are nominated by the Chairman, and voted into office by existing members of the IOC club. Once in, they are seldom, if ever, moved from their posts. Membership of the IOC "family" is in many cases hereditary. The Güel family from Spain held the seat continuously for 63 years, while Monaco's Grimaldis have held theirs for three generations. And so the "Holidays R us" crowd pass the years between Games, travelling luxuriously around the globe; viewing potential olympic cities and attending countless conferences, answerable to no-one.

This remarkably undemocratic and indulgent set-up owes much to its chairman, the Spanish fascist Juan Antonio Samaranch. Under his leadership, the Olympics changed from a small organisation run by amateurs to a slick, multi-national corporate empire. Samaranch first joined the IOC in 1955, while at the same time making a name for himself as a powerful player in the fascist government of General Franco, the dictator who ruled Spain with an iron fist for 26 years. Samaranch, ever on hand to offer his leader the right-armed, nazi-style salute, had his loyalty rewarded when he was appointed to a cabinet post as Franco's minister of sport. After

Franco's death in 1975 Samaranch spent the next few years clawing his way through the ranks of the IOC before being elected chairman in 1980. *Daily Telegraph* columnist Robert Hardman described the IOC chairman as "a genius". "How else", wondered Hardman, "could a prominent fascist manage to preside over a self-perpetuating oligarchy amid allegations of free-loading and backhanders?"

While he is referred to as 'H.E.' ("His Excellency"), he describes himself as, first and foremost, a lover of sport who "just happened" to become involved on the periphery of politics. The reverse however, appears to be true.

### Autocrat in Waiting

It also seems that the trend of appointing autocrats is set to continue after Samaranch's departure. The man tipped by some to take over the top post boasts a shady past. Dr Un Yong (Mickey) Kim, Samaranch's right hand man, was a one-time presidential guard member during Korea's repressive years. Jennings and Simson claim that top American CIA officials suspected Kim of being a member of the feared Korean CIA during Korea's most brutal era.

Another IOC official tipped to take a top spot when Samaranch goes is athletics boss Primo Nebiolo, who was at the centre of a bribery and corruption scandal relating to huge overspending on Rome's 1990 world cup stadium.

However, the key to the IOC's survival and success undoubtedly lies in its professionally manipulated image, perpetuated by media and public relations companies. The transformation from the austerity of former IOC chairman Avery Brundage to a massive cash-soaked beaurocracy, presided over by unelected sports administrators-for-life, was largely mapped out by a man whose vision was to see the three stripes synonymous with his brand of sportshoes on every Olympic athlete.

Horst Dassler, chairman of Adidas, founded a sports marketing company, International Sports and Leisure (ISL), which turned the Games on its head, and became one of the most powerful forces in world sport. So powerful that Adidas and ISL remain top players in the Games eight years after Dassler's death in 1989. Together, Adidas and ISL "own" exclusive rights to the Olympic Games as well as the Soccer World Cup and dozens of other popular sports tournaments. They also play a pivotal role in negotiating the multi-million dollar TV rights for the Games.

Dassler's opportunity came in the late 1960s when he saw the potential of using sportsmen to promote his company by wearing Adidas products. Dassler's engaging style, helped by loose purse strings and comprehensive intelligence dossiers on the top sports administrators, quickly won him many friends.

Simson and Jennings quote IOC "insiders" recalling that Adidas always came up with the money to sponsor sports events and when international sports federations or the IOC held meetings or galas, there was always the inevitable lavish Adidas dinner. Dassler became a fairy godmother to the early sports administrators, especially in eastern Europe, dispensing cash freely which enabled them to fly first-class around the world.

## "When that money came in, my God didn't it change."

His next big break came through his association with the Brazilian soccer boss, Joao Havelange.

It was by marrying powerful, wealthy sponsors with sports administrators, that Dassler changed world sport.

The soccer federation FIFA was transformed almost overnight from a cash-strapped organisation to a multi-million dollar enterprise. The IOC watched greedily from the wings as Havelange, helped by Dassler, built a huge international headquarters for FIFA in Zurich.

It was not long before Havelange was invited to become a member of the International Olympic Committee.

### Win the Bid, Lose a Billion

By the time Montreal got the 1976 Olympic Games, Dassler's ISL held sway over lucrative advertising and sponsorship deals, some of which will continue into the next century.

Dazzled by the millions which were bandied about, Montreal went on a huge spending spree. After the crowds left however, Montreal mayor Jean Drapeau's grand dream of an Olympic city lay in shreds and the city was \$1 billion in the red. It was to take the Canadians over 20 years to pay off that massive debt.

Dassler's next goal was to secure Adidas' place as the central player in every Olympic Games.

He began by lobbying the General Assembly of International Sports Federations (GAISF), until then an informal gathering of sports bodies, outside the control of the IOC. Dassler set about transforming all of the various sports aligned to GAISF into commercial operations, along the lines of Joao Havelange's FIFA. Swimming, athletics and gymnastics – none of them knew anything about TV. "They were just a very innocent hard-working group of amateurs. But as that money came in, my God, didn't it change," Dassler's partner, Patrick Nally, observed. "Suddenly you had the political people who could seize the opportunity. A whole new breed of sports administrator suddenly appeared the moment it started to become a lucrative idea".

### The Five Ring Circus

Until 1983, every Olympic committee had the right to license the five rings in its own country. Dassler needed to get control of the marketing rights to the instantly recognisable Olympic Five Rings logo.

"Private discussions" between Dassler and Samaranch in March 1983, led to them concluding the sporting deal of the century. ISL had the exclusive right to sell the Olympics Rings logo worldwide. The stakes were raised and the Games had changed forever.

A commission set up by Samaranch's predecessor, Avery Brundage, to protect the Olympic Logo from commercial exploitation was replaced by a committee charged with selling the Olympic Rings to the highest bidder.

But the advertising and sponsorship fees are so exorbitant that many companies are no longer willing to buy a piece of the action. American Express was a major sponsor of the 1984 Los Angeles Games, but refused to pay the \$15.5 million which the ISL asked in 1988. Campbells Soup paid \$500 000 to sponsor the 1984 Sarajevo winter games and was again approached for the Seoul games. This time ISL asked for fourteen times as much – \$7.2 million. Campbells declined.

A far cry from the idealism portrayed in *Chariots of Fire*. But there was a time, just thirty years ago, when the five interlocking rings had an even rarer value. They could not be bought at any price. – Gary Collins.

*The Lords of the Rings – power drugs and money in the modern Olympics* by Vyv Simson and Andrew Jennings. (Simon and Schuster, 1992).

*The New Lords of the Rings* by Andrew Jennings. (Simon and Schuster, 1996) ■



# \$100 RINGS OF DECEPTION \$100

## IS THE SPORT BUBBLE ABOUT TO BURST?

### MOTOR RACING'S FALSE START ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE

Recent events indicate that sport may have been over-traded as a vehicle for the marketing and advertising industry, and that the bubble may be about to burst.

Which raises the question: Is South Africa bidding in the last Great Sale of the Games – only to be landed with a lot of obsolete and over-priced “goods”?

The budgets for Cape Town's Olympic bid all presume that TV networks will continue to pay hundreds of millions of dollars for the right to sports events because they generally attract large TV audiences. But what if the TV networks change their minds?

Developments in London indicate that investors may be poised to radically down-scale their long-term estimates of the profit to be squeezed from sport as an “advertising opportunity”. Ad sponsorships may have reached their peak, and may be set to decline.

First hint that all might not be as good as gold for the sport business came in March, when Bernie Ecclestone contemplated listing his Formula One motor racing business on the London Stock Exchange. He got such a cool reception, that he was persuaded not to proceed with his plans.

The controlling “body” of the F1 Grand Prix circuit is the Formula One Constructors Association – FOCA. It may sound like the male equivalent of the netball league, but no, FOCA Ltd is, in fact, not an association of sportsmen at all: it's a fabulous family business operated from Switzerland (for tax purposes) by Ecclestone and his new wife, Slavica, through another company called Formula One Holdings.

Ecclestone got his stranglehold over motor racing in the early eighties, after he realised that the future wasn't in motor racing at all, but in the admen's wish to exploit it for commercial gain.

He sold his Brabham team and started FOCA, ostensibly for the good of the sport. In fact it perfectly positioned him to sell off the sport to the highest bidding admen.

Ecclestone's own production unit, Global Village, now travels from race to race in two jumbo jets to provide the required digital television “feeds” of

races featuring men, cars and circuits plastered with ads for everything from tyres to insurance to, especially, cigarettes. In many countries where tobacco adverts are banned, motor racing is one of the last avenues open to them. FOH has cashed in by charging tobacco companies a 10-15% premium for advertising at racing events. Walter Thomas (of tobacco giant Philip Morris) sits on the FOH board.

FOH expects to make a R650 million profit this year and its analysts put its net worth, based on its 25-year rights to stage and market the Grand Prix, at around R14 billion. Or so they told the Stock Exchange.

But investors may not want to spec-

ulate on what TV audiences will be like for F1 races years to come. And it has not escaped the market's attention that it would be quite a blow for F1 (and FOH's cash flow) if TV networks were to be banned from televising motor races that serve as vehicles (no pun intended) for tobacco advertising.

They also doubt Ecclestone's latest assumption that millions of people will soon be willing to pay with their credit cards to tune in to his races.

To many it looked very much like the 67-year-old Bernie simply wanted to grab the cash and run. The listing was first delayed to June, then to September. Now rumours are that it has been withdrawn altogether. ■

### ...and a Tollgate Titbit

One of the interesting features of Ecclestone's business is the venues he chooses for his Grand Prix races. For years he appears to have favoured countries which just happened to have the strongest exchange controls, e.g. Italy, Brazil, Hungary, France – and, of course, South Africa.

From 1980 to 1984 the Grand Prix races held at Kyalami were about the only international “sport” events still to be staged in apartheid South Africa. Huge dollar amounts were transferred to the off shore accounts of Ecclestone and others associated with the event.

Now it is alleged the Grand Prix deals may have been used to illegally move money off shore. One of the deals is central to the criminal charges on which Mervyn Key, one-time master of Kyalami (and executive director of Tollgate), is presently on trial in Cape Town. While, Julian Askin, who later took control of Tollgate, is similarly charged, it appears from the evidence led at the secret Tollgate inquiry, that Key's strange dealings with Ecclestone and Kyalami had started already ten years before Askin's arrival on the scene.

Ecclestone bought the racetrack off Louis Luyt for a knock-down price in the late 70s, after it was revealed that Luyt had paid for it with money from the Department of Information's secret slush fund intended for establishing The Citizen newspaper. This immediately raised the question: might the deal have been used to move Info's secret funds off shore?

Now, hidden from the public eye, Key's long-time business partner (and also a former Tollgate director), Dave MacCay, has been telling the Tollgate inquiry an extraordinary history of dishonest dealing and intrigue involving Ecclestone and Kyalami.

A sample: In 1980 when it was ruled that motor racing team owners could not own racing circuits. Ecclestone put Kyalami up for auction. It was bought by local developer, Bobby Hartslief and his associates, Mervyn Key and Lawrie Mackintosh. In his evidence MacCay's alleges Hartslief and Ecclestone may secretly have been closer than the world was intended to know.

Rand Merchant Bank lent Hartslief the money to buy Kyalami, but, said MacCay (who was MD of RMB at the time), it would not have done so had Ecclestone himself not provided RMB with guarantees issued by his own bankers, the Union Bank of Switzerland, for the same amount. In effect, Ecclestone retained his interest in Kyalami. MacCay also told of “large payments to him (Ecclestone), okayed by the then Minister of Sport, F W de Klerk. They (the government) authorised the tax deals and authorised the payments abroad.” – Gary Collins

[Read more about MacCay's tale in a forthcoming issue] ■



Bernie Ecclestone

Cape Times

# HUGH MURRAY FRIEND FOR ALL SEASONS

*(unless it's raining)*

Some of our readers will have heard of Hugh Murray, the editor and publisher of *Leadership* – that beautifully designed glossy magazine which can be found in the reception areas of corporate headquarters throughout the land. Actually *Leadership* disappeared a couple of years or so ago in a lucrative deal Murray made with Mercedes Benz. He sold them the rights to the name, plus his services to produce an international version four times a year. They have since dropped the project. In the meantime Murray had started *Millennium*, a clone of the old *Leadership*. A couple of months ago *Millennium* disappeared and emerged again as *Leadership*, Murray having acquired the name back from the Mercs. Most odd.

As a Publisher Murray has style. Like a reborn Randolph Hearst, he likes to sit behind a large, glossy, empty executive desk in a large, glossy and glitzy office. He's usually a Publisher

but is very flexible. Sometimes he's a Journalist, at others The Editor. He has successfully weathered financial storms where, back against the wall, he has had to sell large executive desks and vacate glitzy offices, only to bravely set up San Simeon somewhere else.

Murray nurtures talent. Over the years he has had a succession of "alter egos" – journalists who can write, thus enabling Mr Murray to use the royal plural in his editorials. At one time it was award-winning Peter Wilhelm, now Associate Editor on the *Financial Mail*; currently it is Paul Bell.

In the August issue of *Leadership* Murray decided, for reasons which I still find difficult to comprehend, to retract his support of Julian Askin in the controversy that followed the collapse of Tollgate. Askin successfully resisted an application for his extradition from Italy to South Africa and, now back in London, is engaged in a lengthy legal battle to have his claim

against ABSA for R18 million in damages heard in the British, not South African, courts.

In a lengthy and convoluted diatribe Murray, in the guise of intrepid reporter confessing to an honest error; ditches Askin and his cause and repudiates the months of enthusiastic support he gave to the businessman. In the midst of his vituperative attack on his former friend – thinly veiled in mea culpa rhetoric – Murray reveals that he published material in *Millennium* on matters for which he had not seen any evidence. Then he does the journalistically even more unthinkable. He blames his source for this oversight, denouncing him in tones more reminiscent of a betrayed Victorian spinster than a hotshot publisher.

He seems to forget that it is the reporter's job to demand enough evidence to satisfy himself, to the best of his ability, that a story is truthful. Murray did not do this. Because of his



Makers of quality  
Legal, Clerical, Academic & Municipal  
**Robes & Accessories**  
including robes for Attorneys,  
Advocates, Senior Counsel & Judges  
as well as bibs, jackets & bags

Bespoke tailoring of suits, jackets & trousers  
Suppliers of fine quality accessories

**Davis, Stephens**

ROBE MAKERS & TAILORS ESTABLISHED IN 1903

40-44 HOUT ST, CAPE TOWN 8001 • TEL (021) 23-8323 • FAX (021) 26-1577

his ability, that a story is truthful. Murray did not do this. Because of his omission, Murray now states that Askin's version is a lie - without any proof to support this turnaround except the word of Askin's opponents. Once again, it seems, our intrepid reporter is publishing material without having verified the facts.

Murray should remind himself that the fact that a reporter hasn't seen a piece of evidence, doesn't mean it does not exist. It just means he's a damn fool for going ahead without it.

It is necessary to ignore Leadership's gloss and glitter to evaluate the veracity of its information. Just as it is necessary to look beyond Mr Murray's elaborately coiffed golden hair to evaluate the blond beneath.

It is necessary too, although difficult, to ignore Murray's intrusive ego. The gigantic decorative capital letters used to highlight paragraphs in his article would give Freud a quiet smirk or two. The first is THE, as in "The Journalist's (Murray) greatest concern...", the second is MY, as in "My first important discussion...", and the third is I, as in "I said I would return to my personal problem with Askin." He's patronising too: "there was much about Askin that we thought admirable..."

It is necessary also to ignore Murray's writing style: Starting with the title "How Green Was My Brolly" and descending to such gems as: "While Askin passed us a partly poisoned chalice, we would not have taken it, let alone drunk from it..." or, "It is the pursuit of the ever-elusive truth, no matter what, that makes the work worthwhile." Pass the sick bag Ethel.

No, we must look beyond the hyperbole, the condescension, the over-kill, to see the lack of substance of Murray's present allegations. Veiled references to affidavits, mysterious tapped phone transcripts, supposed defamation of "leading South African business figures" are all hinted at without any evidence.

Can it be that these "leading South African business figures" who Murray is now so concerned about might have expressed a little... how can one put it ... concern ... at his previous enthusiastic support of Askin? Without wishing to be unkind, one has to ask how long Leadership would flourish if these leading South African business figures withdrew their support. Balance that against one airmail copy to London. Go with the flow Hughie.

**ADBUSTERS**  
IN  
**nose** WEEK

# ABSOLUTE ON ICE.

NEARLY 50% OF AUTOMOBILE FATALITIES ARE LINKED TO ALCOHOL • 10% OF NORTH AMERICANS ARE ALCOHOLICS  
A TEENAGER SEES 100,000 ALCOHOL ADS BEFORE REACHING LEGAL DRINKING AGE

Another extraordinary aspect of Murray's behaviour is that, having decided to write his piece, he alerted the South African media to his intentions. The *Financial Mail's* Gerald Hirshon and Peter Wilhelm - Murray's former colleague - interviewed him on having seen the light of truth, calling him "the crusading editor-in-chief". Their analogy - "It's almost as if Woodward and Bernstein turned their back on Deep Throat" - is a good one, but it doesn't go far enough. It's more as if Woodward and Bernstein revealed the identity of Deep Throat, blamed him for Watergate, and declared Nixon innocent.

It is tempting to speculate on the nature of the pressure which brought Murray to perform this despicable act. But whatever the reason or incentive,

he has made Askin's contention that he is unlikely to get a fair trial in this country more valid than ever.

● Footnote: Murray recently wrote a letter to the *Financial Mail* following the two articles they wrote on him and his Innermost Feelings. In his letter he said: "Having had a nasty brush with certain facts recently, we know how awkward they can be. So we're not entirely unsympathetic to [FM writer Deon] Basson when he wrongly asserts that *Leadership* was previously *Millennium*. Neverthe-less, a telephone call to us would have alerted Basson to the fact that *Millennium* was another publication." noseWEEK made that telephone call and were told that "Leadership is the same magazine - they just changed the name".

- Maureen Barnes ■

# A M W A Y

## A BULL MARKET IN SCREWING THE HERD ... THE AMERICAN WAY

In mid August, Amway, a multi-level marketing organization originating in the States, launched in South Africa. Like Golden Products in the seventies and the grand-daddy of them all, Holiday Magic - since banished everywhere - Amway is promising vast profits to a sales force of inexperienced hopefuls - "Why make 100% of your own money when you can make 1% of one hundred other people's money?" Interested? Want to make a quick and painless buck? Here's how ...

You are invited to join Amway as a distributor by someone who is already involved in the network, who becomes your "sponsor." Through them, you buy a start up sales kit of Amway products, mainly soaps, detergents and cosmetics, for R400. You also have to spend R110 on an initial training seminar and rally. You then attempt to sell these products to your friends and neighbours, or recruit a number of them as Amway distributors, which will enable you to sell start-up kits to them in turn. You become eligible not only for bonuses on sales of product and business kits, but also for a percentage of the bonuses earned by your network of distributors - and for a percentage of those earned by the networks *they've* cultivated. Sound familiar? It's that first chain letter you got so excited about when you were ten years old! Free money!

The problem, of course, is that most of your friends and neighbours are still going to buy Handy Andy at Shoprite, and you soon realise that selling things to people, especially people you know, is an embarrassing way to earn extra cash. And assuming that you do manage to recruit a network of distributors, you'll realise that not all of them are pulling their weight, because they've realised how embarrassing selling things can be. So you have to keep them motivated, and ensure that they're keeping their networks motivated, and so on, if you're going to see any of the

money that you were led to believe was yours for the plucking.

Enter InterNet. Amway has been going in the States for the better part of four decades and has become the host body to a number of parasite businesses, thinly disguised as strands in the great Amway network. One such is InterNet, which has introduced itself locally as the "training and support system for the Yager Organization in the South African market." Dexter Yager, patriarch of the Yager Organization, is one of the founders of Amway. Recognizing the problems with keeping networks motivated, he started to develop and distribute motivational tools to keep those bonuses rolling in. *[Remember Holiday Magic's Leadership*

**It's that first chain letter  
you got so excited about  
when you were ten years  
old! Free money!**

*Dynamics Institute Inc. of 20 years ago?]*

Yager soon realised that it was easier to sell these cheap, pre-recorded tapes and badly written books to Amway distributors for a healthy profit than it was to sell soap and hand lotion to people who preferred getting theirs from the supermarket.

The beauty of the tapes, books and videos is that they sell themselves. Citizen X, a bricklayer, gets involved as a distributor in (Yager's) Amway Network. At his first meeting, he's given a list of training products which, if he buys them, will help him become a better salesman, a more rounded person, a success. One of the marks of success, according to these materials, is the abil-

ity to keep oneself motivated by buying more tapes and books. By joining the Tape of the Week Club. By reading a chapter a day. This frenzied consumption of "self-help" material soon becomes compulsive, and is supplemented by regular top-ups at Amway seminars, where speakers whip up the faithful into ecstasies of striving and aspiration. The speeches are recorded, and the tapes and videos offered for sale.

So Citizen X sells his TV and the Chevy in order to get more tapes, get more product, get more successful - or, at least, get to *feel* more successful.

Old man Yager is predictably cagey about the source of his vast fortune. He maintains that he is just a hard-working, successful businessman in the soap trade. In reality, he is the CEO of a vast, bizarre self-improvement empire, or "cult" as these things are sometimes called.

It is his branch of Amway that has recently set up shop in South Africa. It has been brought in by, amongst others, one Dr Pierre G. Steyn, a GP formerly of Mowbray, Cape, and now of Ontario, Canada. He specializes in family medicine and addictive disorders (including, perchance, the addiction to five dollar tapes?). In a poorly written letter to his first South African recruits, Dr Steyn assures them that "this business is legit, clean and pleasant" and encourages them with the rallying cry "Let's all make a lot of money!" His assurances are perhaps not surprising. In the States, Amway was investigated as a fraudulent scheme. The fact that the sale of product is involved, and that Amway distributors are charged for this product, rather than merely membership, is what saves it, technically, from being an illegal pyramid scheme. Nevertheless, the backlash against Amway in the US is becoming strident - in the grand American tradition there are now Amway survivors support groups, with members who tell tales of

broken marriages and bankruptcy. At a corporate level, domestic products giant Procter and Gamble have sued Amway for spreading bizarre rumours that P&G was an organization devoted to the service of Satan. Amway, naturally, was quite the opposite – an organisation in the service of the Lord. These rumours echo the recent South African 2H pyramid scheme, in which a couple of Bellville wide boys duped thousands of born-again Christians into buying shares in a spurious import enterprise on the grounds that only Christians were eligible, and that a percentage of the profits would be dedicated to the Lord's work.

Schemes like Amway and 2H have much in common with pop religion. There is the same blue collar, something-for-nothing hope for a distant salvation, be it material or spiritual. There are the men in shiny suits and the revivalist pep rallies. There's the exclusive membership of a club of millions. There are the miracles – the healed limbs, or the story of Bob, an electrician, who through the intervention of a higher power, Amway, now takes his vacations in the Bahamas. There is a certain smugness born of a sense of one's place in the great order of things. This is a common human need that Amway – and others before them – have successfully exploited. Their customers are buying a simplistic political system, a religion, even.

There's always an Upline of folks in ascending states of wealth and material grace. Any little thing you do for Amway, or to earn a slice of the fabled pie, you do for them, too. The way to make yourself feel good about this, is to recruit for yourself a Downline of worker bees or minions, whose every effort might swell your own modest coffers. It's like the Medieval feudal pyramid, with God at the top, the king one down, and serfs, peasants and villeins in an unsightly and malodorous mosh at the bottom. The classes above you, even have titles: "The Johnsons are our Diamonds, and Pat and Betty Mckenzie are our Emeralds."

The saints are the few who have made money. At the huge pep rallies (where sometimes 15 000 people at a time turn up to listen to hours of motivational drivel), the Amway success stories arrive in furs, diamonds and flashy cars, and are greeted rapturously by the distributors below them in the great Amway food chain. They are trundled out on stage where their stories of miraculous wealth are told. From a

glossy pamphlet depicting these saints, podgy middle-American couples who have "succeeded" through Amway, and their spectacular acquisition of such consumer durables as speedboats, tennis courts and mobile homes, it appears that a propensity for vulgarity and poor taste is a prerequisite for success.

The sinners, of course, are the vast majority of Amway distributors whose profits are negligible or who make a net loss on their investment of money and hours. (It takes ten hours a week, apparently, merely to break even.) To sustain the sinners, to keep them striving, there is the Amway litany, a lexicon of claptrap: "Be consistent and persistent!" or "Avoid stinking thinking!" Stinking thinking, according to Amway derives from that scourge of the faithful everywhere, The Media. Amway folk are discouraged from watching too much TV or reading the press, where they are in danger, presumably, of reading articles like this one.

The problem with a system like Amway, is that, like any other, it needs to grow to accommodate greed. And the place to do this is generally on foreign shores, the more poorly defended, the better. As with the empires of old, it's the theory behind Amway's expansion from the US, where it is largely discredited, into poorer, more ignorant countries, like Hungary and South Africa.

In the US, the Federal Trade Commission requires Amway to label its products with the message that 54% of Amway recruits make nothing, and the rest earn an average of \$65 a month. In Hungary, prospective recruits are told that the minimum income they can expect is \$9000 a month. "So this is capitalism!" they may be forgiven for thinking, at least initially.

South Africa is also a soft target, susceptible as we have revealed ourselves to be to the Power of the Pyramid. A source in Amway has revealed that they're aiming for a launch recruitment of around 10 000 distributors. Sadly, they'll probably get them. – Nick Paul ■

## SOUTH AFRICAN MASTERS OF MAGIC

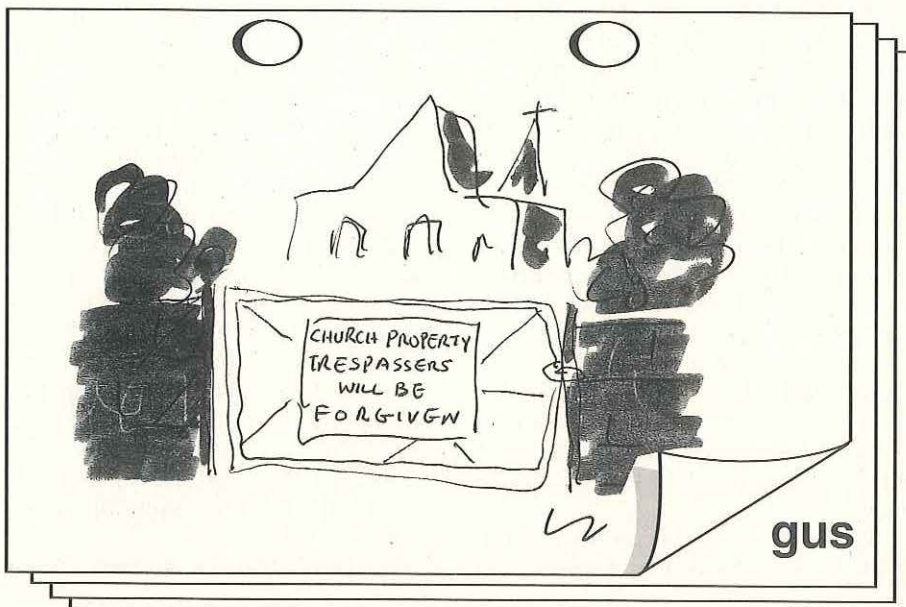
*Multi-level marketing and motivation fads are not new to South Africa; every ten years or so – about the time it takes for the last to be forgotten – a new one takes off.*

*In fact South Africa has some famous graduates of the original Holiday Magic school of the late Sixties and early Seventies: They include:*

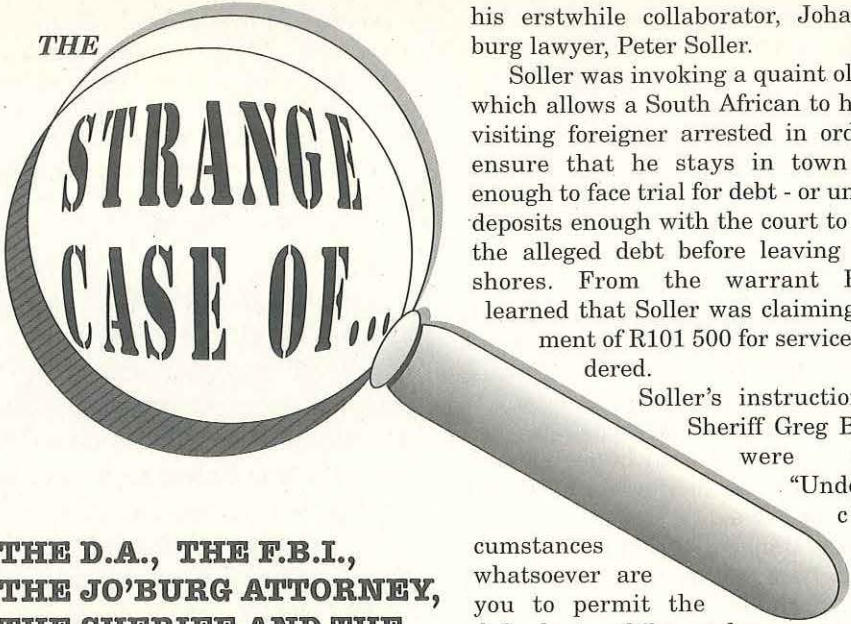
◆ *Dr Frans "Vloog" Theron, later jailed for two years in America for his role in launching the Kubus rotten milk pyramid;*

◆ *Miss Reeva Forman, who spent a year at the feet of the Master of Holiday Magic, William Penn Patrick himself, after graduating in psychology at Wits. A friendly judge later nearly closed down Style Magazine when it dared publish an article critical of her cosmetic marketing and motivational style.*

◆ *Jim Shorrocks, who became more famous for his involvement in the Salem scandal – the oil tanker that was sunk after it had offloaded a stolen cargo of oil in Durban.*



THE


**STRANGE  
CASE OF...**
**THE D.A., THE F.B.I.,  
THE JO'BURG ATTORNEY,  
THE SHERIFF AND THE  
CONSUL WHO WAS  
SUPPOSED TO BE DIVINE**

(not forgetting the Hit Man, two  
feud-to-the-death businessmen,  
and Agents "A" and "B")

**CHAPTER I**
**Drama at the Via Villa**

At 10 pm on the evening of April 25 1997, Assistant United States District Attorney, Larry A. Burns, tired after his inter-continental journey from San Diego, California, thankfully switched out the light in his R1800-a-night room at the small but exclusive Via Villa Hotel in Granger Bay, Cape Town. Tomorrow would be time enough to set about his business as law enforcer investigating yet another conspiracy to commit murder. He was just drifting off when there was a violent banging at his door. A little dazed, he staggered to open it ... to be confronted by a burly South African sheriff pronouncing the improbable words: "Larry A Burns, I have a court order for your arrest".

Burns paled as he read the official document the sheriff handed to him: "The defendant is to be taken to prison and detained there until security is established". The American law man had heard a bit about conditions in Third World jails. This was Friday night, and a weekend in Pollsmoor prison, sharing a cell with the gangster elite of the Cape Flats loomed terrifyingly.

The man responsible for his predicament, he was stunned to discover, was

his erstwhile collaborator, Johannesburg lawyer, Peter Soller.

Soller was invoking a quaint old law which allows a South African to have a visiting foreigner arrested in order to ensure that he stays in town long enough to face trial for debt - or until he deposits enough with the court to cover the alleged debt before leaving these shores. From the warrant Burns learned that Soller was claiming payment of R101 500 for services rendered.

Soller's instructions to Sheriff Greg Bagley were clear:

"Under no  
c i r -

circumstances whatsoever are you to permit the defendant, whilst under arrest, to use any ruse to enter the premises of the American Embassy". He also reminded the sheriff that the San Diego Assistant DA could not claim diplomatic immunity, nor could the SA police interfere.

**CHAPTER II**
**Enter the FBI, Syd and Ron**

The sequence of events which culminated in the dramatic arrest of the San Diego DA, began a year before when, on June 6th, 1996, Burns, accompanied by FBI Special Agent Kyle Lovern, arrived unobtrusively in the city on flight SAA 542, from the United States. They were met at the airport by Daniel Wutrich, regional security officer for the US embassy, who drove them to their Waterfront hotel.

Later that evening Wutrich drove the two US lawmen to the Cape Sun hotel in the city centre where, in room 2814, they were to meet for the first time South African attorney Peter Soller, who had come from Johannesburg especially to assist them. Thereafter, each morning for the next eight days, Soller would collect the Americans at their Waterfront hotel in his hired car and drive them to the Cape Sun, where his room served as their operations headquarters. Each night he would drive them back to their hotel - except on those nights when the cigar-chomping DA asked to be taken to a casino in Sea Point for a couple of hours of gambling, his favourite relaxation. Most days they would not leave Soller's room until well after nightfall, calling room service for meals.

The two Californian lawmen were in

Africa's most southerly city to investigate the alleged involvement of a defrocked Cape Town attorney, Ronnie Abel, in a bungled Mafia-style 'hit' on the life of his former partner, equally talented South African attorney and now fugitive from justice, Sydney Kahn, in La Jolla, near San Diego. Once better known for his involvement in the video and currency import-export business in South Africa, Kahn now runs First La Jolla Lenders Inc.

The San Diego Union-Tribune set the scene for the alleged "hit" in a neat description of a meeting that took place between the two former partners on a Californian beach in late 1995:

Last year a week before Thanksgiving, La Jolla financier Sidney Kahn sat on the beach with his old friend Ronald Abel.

They chatted about South Africa and mutual friends. But mostly, according to Kahn, they talked about a 10-year-old debt that Abel demanded be repaid.

Within months, Kahn narrowly escaped death at a gunman's hand, and three insurance policies surfaced showing Abel stood to gain more than a quarter of a million dollars if Kahn, his former business partner, were dead.

Now Abel stands accused of murder for hire.

The case that South African newspapers have dubbed "Kahn and Abel" is playing out in San Diego federal court, where prosecutors this week unsealed an indictment outlining their theory of the bizarre attempted murder of Kahn in his La Jolla office in February.

The indictment says Abel, a 56-year-old South African lawyer, hired Walter Nebiolo of San Remo, Italy, to kill Kahn, who owed Abel money from an old business deal gone bad.

Kahn, who was not struck by any of the four bullets fired from outside his window, suffered minor injuries from shattered glass.

Within no time at all the trigger man, Walter Nebiolo, was in custody in the US and had confessed to the shooting. In South Africa, Abel was arrested pending an application for his extradition to America to face charges of conspiring to commit murder. He has since been released on bail.

To prepare their case for the American courts, the FBI needed more proof of Abel's involvement. Some of the questions that needed answering related to the possible involvement of international organised crime. How might the services of a hitman in Italy have come to be offered to a businessman in Cape Town for a "job" in California, they wondered?

On hand in San Diego on the night of Nebiolo's arrest was South African-

born police reservist Richard Tessel. After two failed business attempts in Johannesburg in the Eighties – selling high-fashion ladies shoes, and straightening motor car chassis – he had decided life in the Californian sun might be better. As son and heir of the late Bennie Tessel, millionaire company director in the Anglo American stable, Richard could be expected still to have useful connections in South Africa. Indeed, said Tessel, he knew just the man to assist them in their inquiries in South Africa: his old chum in Johannesburg, Peter Soller. After calling Soller by telephone, Tessel faxed him a letter confirming the FBI's request for help in the case. Mysteriously, Tessel signed the fax with a codename – "Branch" – and ended with the request "once you answer this fax, please destroy it".

Who could resist a TV drama come to life; who could say no to the Feds? Certainly not our Peter Soller! He agreed to fly to Cape Town for a secret meeting. He also kept the fax.

## CHAPTER III

### The Plot Thickens

That night in Soller's hotel room, the four men plotted and schemed their next move till late, occasionally fortifying themselves from the mini-bar.

The Americans agreed it would be a good idea to put a 'tail' on Abel to see what he was up to. Soller said he knew a firm of private detectives who could help. He phoned O. Fourie and Associates, who immediately assigned two of their best men to the case – Agent "A" and Agent "B".

Within days Soller had their report:

#### Thursday, 11th July, 1996

**16h20** Agents left base for surveillance at number 71 Bree Street, Cape Town.

**16h25** Agents arrived at the above address and took up position to monitor parking area to establish if subject was in fact parked in the building.

**16h50** Agent B exited the above parking lot after establishing that subject's vehicle was not parked there.

**16h55** Agent A proceeded to Nino's Restaurant in an attempt to locate subject, whilst Agent B proceeded to 33 Church Street.

**17h07** Agent A arrived at the above address but could not locate anyone fitting the subject's description.

**18h40** Agent A arrived at Avenue St Leon and monitored the location of

subject's residence.

**22h35** Agent B proceeds to Ave St Leon

**22h50** Agent B arrived at above address and took up position with Agent A.

**02h00** Agents did not observe subject's vehicle enter or exit the area and discontinued surveillance.

**02h25** Agents returned to base.

#### Friday 12th July

**07h00** Agents left base for surveillance at 71 Bree St.

**07h30** Agents arrived at above address.

By 08h30 they had established that subject was not parked there, and proceeded to 33 Church Street, where they found his vehicle parked in the basement. They also managed to establish that he did, in fact, work there, so for the next eight hours Agent A and Agent B took up position to maintain surveillance of his vehicle.

Midway through the morning they were distressed to learn that he had left his office without them having observed his departure. They note in their report: "The subject must have gone out by foot or in another vehicle as the subject's vehicle had not moved."

Finally, there was Action! –

**17h15** The subject exited the above address in a white MG, registration number CA164597, registered to Mr Abel, 6 Ave St Leon, Bantry Bay, and proceeded along Wale Street. The subject turned right into Buitengracht Street, left into Strand Street which became High Level Road.

**17h25** The subject turned right into Ave Fresnaye, left into Kloof Rd and right into Ave St Leon.

**17h32** Agents observed the subject park his vehicle in front of his residence and enter the premises.

There was more excitement when, at 20h05, Agents observed the arrival of a metallic blue BMW driven by a "female with shoulder length dark hair". But, sadly, at 20h55 she was observed to leave again – long before the agents observed the lights in the house being turned off at 22h30. An hour later they discontinued surveillance in time to return to base at 24h00 – Of course! – Pumpkin time, when all good agents should be in bed.

On Saturday 13 July they concluded their surveillance and reported:

**07h00** Agents arrived at above address and took up position. They observed that the subject's curtains were closed, the lights were off and the residence was quiet and calm".

Soller paid them R9 899,76 for the report.

Next, claims Soller, the Americans went to "Telkom's top secret office – in the same building as the American Consulate" – where, according to Soller, they sat with technical experts bugging Abel's telephone calls. What luck, if any, they had there, we don't know.

After eight days, the Americans apparently had what they wanted. Burns and Special Agent Lovern returned to the States; Wutrich retired to the confines of the US consulate – guarded around the clock by at least five US marines – and Soller returned to his legal practice in Johannesburg.

In due course, Soller submitted an account to the FBI for his fees and expenses. Besides the bill for intrepid agents A and B, he had, he said, paid R2000 to a "source" in Ronnie Abel's office and another R88 000 for hotels, car hire, meals and telephone calls. Then there was his own fee for eight days – charged by the hour.

In September last year the Feds replied in appropriate lawyer speak: "We have carefully reviewed the facts surrounding this matter ..." wrote Senior FBI attorney, J L Beinash, before informing him that "we find no evidence of any agreement between yourself and the FBI that you would be compensated for any assistance with the FBI's investigation of Ronnie Abel".

And they didn't enclose a cheque.

Soller was incensed. He pointed out to them what they apparently did not know: that, according to South African law, an oral agreement is as binding as a written contract. And he kept himself informed of the US investigation's progress.

Then, in April, he heard that Burns was returning to Cape Town to tie up loose ends for the Nebiolo trial in San Diego. This time he was accompanied by Nebiolo's lawyer, Michael Burke. Soller was waiting at the airport when they arrived. He watched while Burns disembarked and followed the American to his hotel. Then he headed for the magistrate's court. Half an hour later Soller had his court order and had delivered it to the Sheriff for execution.

## CHAPTER IV

### Arrest in the Via Villa

Accounts of what then happened in Burns's hotel room over the next few hours may differ, but Soller tells us that Burns was so terrified at the ghastly prospect of going to Pollsmoor prison that he simply wept. He begged, he pleaded, he cajoled, but nothing

could move Soller to withdraw his claim.

Eventually, so pathetic was Burn's pleading, that Soller weakened and allowed him to telephone the American consulate. Less than an hour later their old comrade in arms, security officer Dan Wutrich arrived, but this time he was accompanied by the American Consul General, David Catlin Pierce Ph.D.

Pierce Ph.D. took one look at the tearful Burns and yelled at the sheriff to "get the hell outta here". "I'm sorry, I can't do that sir", replied the sheriff, "I have a court order for his arrest".

Pierce Ph.D. turned to Soller and said: "In the name of God, please let this man go. I give you my word you will be paid. Trust me". On the question of trust, Soller swears Pierce declared on at least three occasions that he was not only a good Christian; he had got his doctorate in divinity and was a lay preacher.

This heartfelt appeal in the name of God touched Soller - after all, who can you believe if not a doctor of divinity? He agreed to wait while Pierce Ph.D. phoned San Diego and, claims Soller, got "the third most powerful justice department official in America" on the line. She gave Soller the assurances he sought. And so, at 1 a.m. or thereabouts, he revoked the warrant.

A week later Larry Burns returned home. And when Soller submitted his claim to the US Dept. of Justice for a second time, he got the same answer.

Which just goes to show you shouldn't believe all you're told.

The "third most powerful official" that Soller believed he had been introduced to on the phone was in fact, Virginia Towler, just another lawyer employed in the FBI's civil litigation department.

## CHAPTER V

### I'm not a Preacher, I'm a Swimming Coach

It took noseWEEK a week to get the elusive Mr Pierce's account of the events on the night of 25 April. His version:

"I was called by our security officer and told that the Deputy Sheriff was holding Mr Burns at his hotel. I immediately telephoned the Justice Department in Washington and informed them. I then went to the hotel and spoke to Mr Soller and the Sheriff".

Once there, he recalls, "I used my cellphone and called the number of the US official named in the offer of settlement Mr Soller had received. I was

informed that he was out, but that his boss, Virginia Towler, would phone back. Thirty minutes or so later she phoned back and I immediately handed the phone to Mr Soller, who spoke to her for about 20 minutes. When he eventually hung up, without discussing the matter further with us, he took the court order and wrote on it that he was releasing the Sheriff from the obligation to arrest Mr Burns for the time being. He then asked various others to sign it."

Now we at noseWEEK, alas, weren't part of the exciting events which we have related above. But we have Soller's sworn statement that they did take place, and we have had sight of the original warrant for the arrest of Mr Larry A. Burns. It is noted:

*"Without prejudice the parties here have reached an interim settlement of this matter. The Sheriff is authorised not to proceed with this matter."*

*Signed: P. Soller. L. Burns, D. Wutrich R.S.O., D C. Pierce, Consul General."*

To date the FBI have offered Soller a paltry \$3700 (about R17000) to settle his claims.

"Mr Soller believes he has a claim against the US government for services he says were requested on behalf of the government, but I have seen no formal request in writing," Pierce told us. "I sympathise with his frustration."

Pierce believes Soller either misread the offer of settlement or just finds it unacceptable. "I explained to him that the offer of settlement by the Justice Department did not mean that the US government was categorically denying any liability. They were obviously discussing the claim with him. They had simply made him a settlement offer which contains the standard legal disclaimer (denying all liability) which one would expect to find in any settlement agreement which is aimed at extinguishing the claim."

But that, of course, isn't quite what the letter from the FBI said.

Anyway, whether the Consul General was introduced to Soller as a divine or not, he certainly does a mean impersonation of an ambulance chaser.

Does he have the divine qualifications which Soller claims he was persuaded to rely upon? we asked Pierce. "Normally diplomats do not discuss their own or anyone else's religious affairs; it is regarded as a private matter," the consul said.

"I have been a diplomat for the past 24 years. Before that I was a swimming coach. I have never been a preacher, lay or otherwise. I do recall that, during

the night in question, after we had finished sorting out everything and Soller and various others present had already signed his document, we went on to chat about other things. It was then that Soller asked me whether I had my doctorate in Religion. It was not germane to anything, but I said, no, I had a doctorate in International Political Economy.

"I may have told him he was probably confusing me with the Ambassador who, indeed, before becoming a diplomat, was a student chaplain and religious advisor at a US college. He is a licenced preacher."

While Pierce might not be a preacher, he must have sounded suspiciously like the Rev. Jim Bakker to Soller that night. Pierce does also recall that "at some point" Soller said to him "I can't trust anybody". "I am pretty sure," Pierce told us, "that I then said to him 'I'm a diplomat. In negotiations with governments, all we have is trust.'"

But Soller was right: Even Uncle Sam should not be trusted. Unexpected support for this view now comes from Consul Pierce himself: "Soller says, and I understand in South African common law this is legally possible, that he had an oral agreement on the basis of which he incurred substantial expenses. It surprises me that a lawyer would do so. I, myself, when I am dealing with government, always try to make sure I get it on paper."

noseWEEK contacted Larry A. Burns, now risen to the rank of Judge in San Diego, to see how he felt about the dramatic events of the night of April 25. "I deny Soller's claims," the judge said. Which claims, exactly? "I really don't wish to discuss this matter any further," he said, before hanging up.

Ronnie Abel remains on bail in Cape Town, awaiting possible extradition to the US to face charges relating to the murder attempt on Sydney Kahn's life.

Whether, in turn, Sydney's extradition to South Africa to face charges related to his financial past will be sought, depends on what his cousin, Cape Attorney General Frank Kahn, decides.

FBI Special Agent, Kyle Lovern, is now on special assignment in Texas.

Daniel Wutrich has just been transferred to a new assignment.

US Consul General David C. Pierce Ph.D., still spreads the word from his Consulate in Cape Town.

And Peter Soller doesn't feel quite the same about the FBI, the US Justice Department - or Doctors of Divinity.

- Gary Collins and Maureen Barnes ■





**TREKking: IN SEARCH OF THE REAL SOUTH AFRICA**  
BY DENIS BECKETT (PENGUIN).

This is not a thriller in the customary sense of the word, but whether you're a fan of Beckett's *Trek* or not, you should enjoy Denis Beckett's printed version of his popular TV series. First of all he's a good writer and secondly, there's more scope for pithy comment – another of his talents – in the written word.

He has, he writes, taken two seriously unregrettable steps in his time: "One was committing matrimony in 1973 and the other was, at much the same time, abandoning a legal career in favour of the wilds of journalism".

He loves finding out about things and people and he loves writing about them. And it shows. I loved the variety of South African places and faces about which he always has something to tell us. I like the irritation he displays at the load of old drivel which coats so much of the new South Africa – as it did the old. Above all, I like his humanity and the way he loves his homeland, warts and all.

This book, which covers the trek of the first TV series, contains much material which was edited out of the video, and lots of thoughts too, which weren't there in the first place. Besides being a jolly good read and a dippy-into sort of book, it's a super gift for overseas visitors or friends who have emigrated – after they've had a good laugh, they'll shed a quiet homesick tear or two.

I won't ramble on. Denis tells me that we all suffer from verbal diarrhoea and I couldn't do better than to quote his example of how South Africans end a conversation:

"Okay so bye hey.  
Ja see you.  
Right drive safely hey.  
Ja and look after yourself.  
Okay, so long, don't do anything I wouldn't do.

Right, bye.  
Ja, bye now.  
Okay, bye.  
Ja, bye."

Delicious

**A THIN DARK LINE** by Tami Hoag (Orion)

My first encounter with Hoag, and a memorable one. She is described on the cover as a best-selling American author. I am not surprised, and am now determined to find her most recent novel before this one, "Guilty as Sin".

*A Thin Dark Line* is cast in her favourite setting – Louisiana's French Triangle. "It is," she writes "a place like

no other in this country – ecologically, sociologically, culturally, linguistically." And she brings to life the moody, steamy, bayou with its Cajun French patois and exotic people, food and customs.

The victim is Pamela Bichon, ... "thirty-seven, separated, mother of a nine-year-old girl. Brutally murdered. Eviscerated. Her naked body found in a vacant house on Pony Bayou, spikes driven through the palms of her hands into the wood floor; her sightless eyes staring up at nothing through the slits of a feather Mardi Gras mask".

The case against Marcus Renard is dismissed. But the whole town think he did it. He's a loner, a quiet architect, unmarried. More than a little weird, he lives with his mother and retarded brother in a gothic house.

Detective Nick Fourcade, clever and volatile, recently moved to the small South Louisiana town of Bayou Breaux from New Orleans, where he had a reputation for more than his violent temper, is working the case, but gets himself suspended before he can discover the truth. He teams up with Annie Broussard, the town's only police-woman, who spends as much time fighting vicious sexual harrassment from her colleagues as she does on solving crime. At first enemies, then friends, the two reluctantly collaborate to delve into the murky waters of the bayoux.

Exciting, well-written and tense, with as unexpected – but credible – an ending as any good thriller ought to have.

– Maureen Barnes ■

## from another world

£3 000 (R23 000) will buy one person the chance to go to a few hours of lectures spread over two days at The World Management Summit being held in a London hotel. The conference on how to become a transnational corporation is fully subscribed and includes talks by the high priests of globalism and laissez-faire capitalism. (The Milton Friedman model of monetarism is out; the principles of the borderless world, of open access to markets, of governmental retreat from social affairs ... are now Establishment.) Here at the conference are Nobel laureates in economics; business leaders, professors and wannabe legends. The gurus of market globalism are billed to talk on how to "take charge of the world's future". Everyone wants a slice of the global pie, and such is the hype that many people are here because they fear being left out. Inside the ballroom, 120 suits are buttoned up, there is a fog of corporate jargon and Bernard Fournier, MD of Rank Xerox, is talking at a fee of £2 (R15) a second. The

title of his talk is "Ensuring That Your Business Plan For Sustainable Profitable Growth Into The 21st Century Exploits And Leverages Your Core Competencies To The Maximum." It isn't meant to mean anything, says one of the conference organisers. Who thought it up? She did, she says. "The words were just randomly chosen. It gets them going. They love it, don't they?" Fournier flashes questions on a screen. This is globespeak, accessible only to advanced students of the corporate world. "Is there life after the quality journey?" he asks. Eyeballs shift. "What is the Rank Xerox 2000 Vision Team D?" No one murmurs. Suddenly the few impartial observers in the hall hear words they think they recognise: "Face the truth, live the experience, involve change agents, be flexible," Fournier advises pro-globals. All too soon it is over. The screen above him flashes 'thank you' three times. – John Vidal: *McLibel: Burger Culture on Trial* (Macmillan, 1997) ■

## WE'RE HALFWAY TO OUR TARGET!

Since our last issue, a further 120 subscribers generously responded to our plea for help in funding the relaunch and expansion of noseWEEK, after the costs of a court case - that we won - wiped out our reserves. They contributed a further R40 510 this month, so that we have now raised a total of R145 500 for sponsoring subscriptions for Members of Parliament, educational institutions and friends. Can you help us raise the remaining R145 000 we still need? If you haven't yet sponsored a subscription (or ten!), please do. If you have, think of another worthy recipient or two! To sponsor a subscription as part of this drive costs R100. Send the recipient's name with full postal address, phone number and any gift message, together with your cheque (payable to Subscription and Syndication Services), to noseWEEK, P.O. Box 44538, Claremont, 7735.

**A:** A L Alperstein, Cape Town, R100; Anon., Newlands, R100; R L Antrobus, Johannesburg, R110; A Asher, Johannesburg, R200; Avenues Guest Lodge, Stellenbosch, R100; **B:** P Bairnsfather Cloete, Somerset West, R100; D E Balkwill, Bellville, R100; Graham Barends, Camps Bay, R200; H & D Bargholz, Kensington, R200; Tony Beamish, London, R130; D N Bednall, Hermanus, R100; A Benjamin, Library Gardens, R100; B Bergh, Mowbray, R200; Wendy Bloom, Sea Point, R110; P J L Botha, Claremont, R100; N M Brodie, Hyde Park, R200; R A Brown, Parc-du-Cap, R100; A Bullen, Rondebosch, R100; **C:** C Campbell, Cape Town, R100; R LCheifitz, Cape Town, R100; M L Clarke, Kalk Bay, R110; Dr A Cohen, Kenilworth, R110; M Cohen, Johannesburg, R200; J D Cook, Claremont, R100; Gavin Cooper, Cape Town, R800; W Cooper, Cape Town, R200; R C Corder, Plumstead, R110; Mark Courtney, Midrand, R200; Lynette Croudace, Constantia, R150; **D:** J Dahl, Cape Town, R100; E R David, Johannesburg, R975; D J De Gersigny, Pietermaritzburg, R200; L De Waal, St Georges Mall, R100; De Wet Bros., Ashton, R100; S de Wet, Durban, R100; C De Wit, Springbok, R290; Harry Dilley, Simon's Town, R100; Margot Doyle, Port Elizabeth, R110; Dr J P G du Plessis, Morningside, R300; J H Du Toit, George, R100; R A Dyer, Durban, R500; **F:** Fabig, Wynberg, R100; G D Field, Rondebosch, R100; P Fish, Cape Town, R100; N Fisher-Jeffes, Rondebosch, R100; R B Flanagan, George, R100; S A Flesch, Cape Town, R100; Dr H Franssen, Claremont, R40; K J M Frater, Wynberg, R300; R F Frayne, Cape Town, R200; **G:** S C Goddard, Cape Town, R100; R B Godfrey, Bantry Bay, R100; D Goldstein, Durban, R300; Norman Goodfellow, Rosebank, R110; **H:** N C R Haarhof, Somerset West, R100; M L Hatz, Dunkeld, R140; C A S Hayne, Constantia, R100; P Herr, Fish Hoek, R100; G Hoffman, Johannesburg, R100; D F Hutson, Springs, R100; **I:** M Ingle, Philippolis, R200; **J:** P Jackson, Johannesburg, R100; S Jeffery, Claremont, R200; **K:** Marjorie Kirby, Mid Illovo, R90; G Q Kling, Cape Town, R100; B Kopfer, Simons Town, R100; **L:** W T Lake, Durban, R100; A Lapp, Lynnwood, R100; Lawrence Nissen &

Associates, Rondebosch, R500; Jenny le Roux, Claremont, R300; W Levitt, Cape Town, R100; J Lewis, Emerald Hill, R100; Simmy Lewis, Oranjezicht (Again! - Ed.), R100; E R Liefeldt, Hermanus, R100; Lining & Textile Design, Epping, R150; **M:** A J & S A Maartens, Paarl, R250; D Maartens, Claremont, R100; MacAdams Bakery Supplies, Salt River, R100; P F MacNab, Hermanus, R200; Z Maister, Cape Town, R80; P & M Mars, Pretoria, R100; U H M Martinussen, Cape Town, R100; Mason & Gordon, Rosebank, R200; C D Meredith, Pretoria, R110; B Meyer, Sea Point, R110; R J S Moffatt, Cape Town, R100; **N:** M Nathan, Bedfordview, R110; Julia Nicol, Observatory, R100; Nick Taylor Studio, Marina Da Gama, R100;

**O:** M Olivier, Tsumeb, R540; S O'Reilly, Wilderness, R90; **P:** R H Peart, St Francis Bay, R100; R E Peffers, Cape Town, R100; J

*Thank you!*

Piaget, Stellenbosch, R40; J Pitman, Cape Town, R55; H P J Pretorius, Johannesburg, R300; Project Tax Management, Petervale, R100; **R:** S Rappoport, Cape Town, R100; Rauch Attorneys, Ceres, R100; W Richter, Durban, R300; Marie Roux, Ceres, R200; Gerald Rubenstein, Johannesburg, R200; S L Reaper, Jeppestown, R100; **S:** Sachar & Stevens, Cape Town, R500; J Sachar, Constantia, R110; J Saner, Parkwood, R110; Michael Scher, Tamboerskloof, R100; A M Schonland, Sea Point, R150; Bernard Seeff, Johannesburg, R100; L Shoolman, Cape Town, R100; M J Silver Rothbart & Cohen, Orange Grove, R200; H S Singer, Sea Point, R100; Mary Slack, Johannesburg, R200; P H Smith, Umhlanga, R100; M Starck, Somerset West, R100; J Steer, Oranjezicht, R500; P Stewart-Smythe, Kenilworth, R200; Mona Steyn, Newlands, R110; S Stockley, Durban North, R200; **T:** J Thomson, Wynberg, R200; G H Tinker, Wynberg, R100; S L P Tomes, Stellenbosch, R100; **V:** P A M van der Spuy, Constantia, R100; J W S van Zijl, Cape Town, R200; J R van Zyl, Cape Town, R150; **W:** L H Walton, Grabouw, R200; E Ward, Bryanston, R100; M P Waterkeyn, Hout Bay, R150; D Williams, Cape Town, R200; S J Woods, Sea Point, R100; H M Wright, Somerset West, R100 ■

## RISC

### RISK ANALYSIS, INVESTIGATION AND SECURITY CONSULTANTS

How good is your company security? We conduct security audits and offer expert advice on security management, closed circuit TV surveillance and video camera installations.

Amongst our other services: criminal investigations, debugging and electronic counter-measures, commercial competitive advantage analysis (competitor intelligence), background checks on employees, selection of experienced senior security personnel, company risk analysis, stock and loss control, polygraph testing and VIP close protection services.

Based in Cape Town, we conduct investigations nationwide.

Telephone: (021) 72-2145 Fax: (021) 75-8011

RISC, P O Box 597, Constantia 7848.



by Michael Olivier

Host at Parks Restaurant, Constantia.

This grape is what in horticulturists' rose-speak would be referred to as a late bloomer. Bred in 1926 by Professor Perold, a cross between Pinot Noir and Hermitage (now known as Cinsaut), Pinotage has passed through all the stages of life from being ignored as a baby, ill-treated in early childhood, rejected and consigned to being hidden in Blanc de Noir during the pimply stages of youth. As a red wine, at times it tasted and smelled of things usually confined to a painter's workshop, unless it was left lying around in dark and damp cellars for years. Now in young adulthood, it is reaching cult status as the National Grape of the New Democratic South Africa, the darling of the export marketeer even if it fills only three percent of the national vineyards. No longer can it be passed over as a serious quality wine grape, especially in

the seasoned hands of the likes of wine-makers Norma Ratcliffe, Beyers Truter and Oliver Parker of Altydgedacht.

The consensus out there is that there are three types of Pinotage, the most frivolous of which is called "tutti frutti" – and that sounds like something an Italian ice cream vendor sells you in a cone.

For me there are only two kinds of Pinotage - the drinkable and the undrinkable.

Some of the eminently drinkable ones which I have had the pleasure of tasting recently come from Beyerskloof, Warwick, Uiterwyk and Beaumont. **Beyerskloof 1996** is a revelation and was very gluggable as early as October when I tasted it at the Stellenbosch Wine and Food Festival. It's still a favourite, dry, yet sweet-fruit juicy, smooth and soft and oh-so-easy to drink.

Norma Ratcliffe's **Warwick 1995** is made from Old Bush Vines. To those of us not into pruning and trellising, this is a plus - vines are low on the ground making use of the heat, usually not irrigated and therefore struggling to produce, yet producing quality in the struggle.

Giving Pinotage the sort of elevation and respect in the Cellar usually given to the so-called Classical varieties like Cabernet and Merlot, Norma makes one of the best around. Perhaps not as accessible in extreme youth as some, it's worth waiting a bit for and not committing infanticide on a too-young Warwick. It has a wonderful mouthfill-

ing and wide and intense spectrum of Summer berry fruits with genteel oak in the background.

The **Uiterwyk 1994** was a real find. We had it one Sunday lunch and it went down so easily. Superbly coloured in the glass, lots of ripe berries with a faint "Pinotage" nose and soft tannins, it filled the mouth with all manner of pleasing sensations.

The **Beaumont 1996** is like Raoul and Jayne Beaumont, the people who make it, generous, outgoing, easy to get on with. I don't really associate that wonderful fullness with maritime vineyards, but Niels Verburg has honed his trade in Chile and Western Australia and he knows what he's doing. He's a dab hand at Chenin Blanc too, by the way, making it with a touch of oak as they do at the Houghton Estate near Perth on the Swan River. When I first tasted his Chenin it took me straight back to my visit to Terra Australis last year - I sat sipping under a trellis at the lovely Houghton estate, watching the parrots munching on the syringa berries, and narrowly missing being "bombed" by a passing Kookaburra.

There is a shortage of good Pinotage which is forcing up the prices, so the recommended retail price may vary considerably. The prices that follow are estimates, so shop around:

✓ Beyerskloof (1996)	R20
✓ Warwick (1995)	R35
✓ Uiterwyk (1994)	R27
✓ Beaumont (1996)	R30 ■



Basically our menu is nouvelle cuisine  
with second helpings

*The pleasure of dining at Rozenhof,  
the historic, award-winning restaurant  
on the edge of Cape Town's CBD*

*Rozenhof*

18 KLOOF ST GARDENS CAPE TOWN  
TEL: (021) 24-1968 FAX: (021) 236058

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

## PERSONAL

**MARC AND INGOLA:** Cute! Thanks, Sandy.

**THORA:** Happy 80th birthday from all the Mcleod and Lombard clan members, with love.

**HAPPY BIRTHDAY** for Ellen and Rosemary. Enjoy! Enjoy! Love Thyra and Pat.

*To noseWEEK:* Good stuff, soldier on. Gerard

**LINDA, AMY, Justin** - Ups and Downs - you're the best. Love Dad!

**HAPPY BIRTHDAY** Pam. I know you will enjoy this gift.

**NIKKI AND PAUL.** Now you can read your own copy. Love U. [1210]

**PAUL.** I trust your rising fame will never get you into noseWEEK. Janek.

**KENT.** With best wishes for the coming topping-up season. From Ronnie. [3791]

**MABABE:** from one to another. Happy Birthday!

**TO DAN DILLEY.** Happy Birthday for October 26th. Best wishes and regards. Harry.

**ADELAIDE, ENJOY** reading noseWEEK - That way you might just find out what your organisation is up to! Love, Joy.

**TO RAEPH** the raver. Get your boat off the rocks. Not a penny more... [3828]

**WATCH SOUTH** Peninsula new Nats' land deals at Ruysterplaats, Leichtenstein castle, Noordhoek beach, Smitswinkel and more.

**CALLING ALL** lovers. Apples increase your attraction. Ask Adam and Eve for proof. Nigel Appleseed.

## SERVICES AND SALES

**BOOK WANTED:** The Sid Vicious Family Album (out of print). Desperate. Phone Julia (021) 47-6601 [3804]

**GENUINE STAINED** glass. Phone our 40 yr old company. (021) 438-8813.

**CLASSIC CAR** investment - MGTC concours award winner. Full weather equipment, many spares. R104 500. Ph (021) 466944. [3802]

**UMHLANGA ROCKS** has a superb, exciting art gallery. Africa art gallery. Ph(031) 561-2661.

**ON ROUTE** to Oudtshoorn? For genuine country cooking, discover no.63 Restaurant, Church St. Ladismith, W.Cape. Ph(028) 5512710

**SUBURBAN GUNS** - Ph (021)787-8787. The Smith & Wesson people. [3483]

**THE AUTOMATIC** Sprinkler Inspection Bureau is the South African inspecting authority for fixed fire protection. Ph (011) 3312727

**SUNBIRD GREETINGS** - its a card, its a work of art. Ph (011) 447-2828 [3460]

**KLOPPER, JONKER** Inc. Alberton. (011) 907-9813. Attorneys, notaries and conveyancers.

**HAND PAINTED** cloth and cushion covers made to specification. Ph June (011) 787-2022.

**BIG POSTAGE** Savings. Let Datawise clean your customer database to new PO standards. Ph (011) 886-6705. [3831]

### GENIE GARAGE DOORS & AUTOMATION.

10-year warranty available on doors and automatic openers. Tel (021) 511-5670

**W. H. PROJECTS** CC Building contractors of note. Ph(031) 207-1357; Fax (031) 207-1358

**DR S KAYE.** MBChB (UCT). Special interest - micro-acupuncture. Relieves migraine, anxiety, tension, chronic pain, nicotine addiction. 1 Bradwell Rd, Vredehoek. Ph (021) 4613410.

**DON'T GET** "Fired", get Saphire Flameproofing. Ph (021)471041. [3482]

**DEXTER FURNITURE:** for fine traditional joinery and upholstery Ph (021) 474-818 or fax (021) 477-402 [3843]

**CASPARI INTERNATIONAL.** Textile agents. Ph (021) 455803 fax (021) 4618009. e-mail - salo@iafrika.com [2396]

**FOR THE** long-nosed connoisseur. Andrew Duncan & Assoc., Attorney's. Simonstown Ph(021) 786-1583. [3837]

**VICTORIAN BATHS** and Brass Accessories - Bath Enamelling, fax/ph (021) 511-6591. [3833]

**H.A WYLLIE & SONS.** Manufacturers agents. Ph (0431) 26260

**PIETERS INSURANCE** Brokers. For all your investment life insurance and short-term assurance needs. Ph (021) 7821127.

**BRONZE AND BRASS** and nameplate to order. Tel (021) 948-1771. Dowd and Turner.

**VVM.** For professional property law services - call our property hotline for more information - 082 4925305

**DAISHO MARKETING** - Competitive marketing strategists. The development of strategy and

sales training that aids increased growth and sustained profitability. Ph (011) 6401469.

**CAPRICORN NURSERY:** the new spot for garden lovers - super seedlings, shrubs and trees. Next to Keurboom Park, Newlands. Tel (021) 683-8728

**COMPASS BUILDING** for industrial projects and buildings. Compass bakery for topclass confectionary and biscuits. Ph (021) 9031171.

**PUT YOUR** nose into Al Dente Mediterranean Restaurant, 88 Kloof St. Tamboerskloof. Tel (021)23-7617.

**AMY LEDGER.** Friendly attorney, notary, conveyancer. Reasonable rates. Suburban practice Tel (021) 6808920

**SEQUOIA OUTSOURCING** services. Professionally managed debt recovery for corporates. 083 6258173 [3767]

## PROPERTY FOR SALE / TO LET

**CLIFTON FLAT.** Recently refurbished, overlooks 1st beach. R4400 per month. Minimum lease, 12 months.

**HOLIDAY COTTAGE** in Scarborough. Cape. (021) 782-3978

**TO LET** signs on your property? We rent properties! Manprop Ph (021) 246120

**CAPE TOWN:** Brand new fully equipped flats, stunning mountain/seaviews, R350/day, sleeps up to 6; R250/day, sleeps 3. Available now. Call Michelle 082-6584096

**NEWLANDS.** One bedrm garden cottage overnight or short stay. Mountain view. Secure parking. No smoking, kids, pets - sorry. Ph (021) 685-2273 [2324]

**THREE ADJACENT** 2 bedroom flats in new complex next to Waterfront for sale R800 000. Ph Dave (011)726-3036 [2797] ■



*Situated near the wilderness area in the Kosi Bay Coastal Forest Reserve, this Luxurious 16-bed lodge offers canoeing on the Kosi Lakes, snorkelling, birding in the Raffai Palm Forest and salt and fresh water flyfishing.*

RESERVATION AND ENQUIRIES

Telephone: 0354 - 75103

An iSiBiNDi AFRICA eco-development

**Registered as a newspaper. Printed and Published by:** Chaucer Publications cc, PO Box 44538, Claremont, 7735.

Subscription rates **RSA only:** R120 for 10 issues. Send cheque and subscription form, to Subscription and Syndication Services (Pty) Ltd, PO Box 44538, Claremont 7735. **Overseas subscriptions (airmail) - UK and Europe:** £30.- / **USA, Canada & Australasia:** £30 - cheque or bank draft drawn on a UK bank in favour of SUBSCRIPTION SERVICES, to be sent with subscriber's full name and address, to: SUBSCRIPTION SERVICES, PO Box 38, Hitchin, Herts. SG5 3BR, England. **Copyright:** All material in this issue is copyright, and belongs to Chaucer Publications cc, unless otherwise indicated. No part of the material may be quoted, photocopied or reproduced in any way, or be stored by any electronic system without the prior written permission of the publisher. While every reasonable effort is taken to ensure the accuracy and soundness of the contents of this publication, neither writers of articles nor the publisher will bear any responsibility for the consequences of any actions based on information or recommendations contained herein.