

news you're not supposed to know

nose WEEK

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Exclusive: Spice Girl speaks!

You don't have a clue
who I am, do you?

Well, not
exactly, no

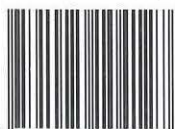
When a Hofmeyr goes insane in Pretoria

Heidelberg Massacre - New Twist in the Cop Conspiracy?

Is that a pistol under your apron?

– Masonic castaway tells all

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Maritzburg Professors Talk Trash

EDITORIAL

EDITOR

Martin Welz

MANAGER

Marten du Plessis

EDITORIAL CONSULTANT

Maureen Barnes

JOURNALISTS

Gary Collins, Nick Paul

UK REPRESENTATIVE

Lorana Sullivan

DESIGN

Karen Lightbody

REPRO

Positive Image, Cape Town

Issue No. 20

editorial

Whenever the embarrassing subject of Mafia banker Vito Palazzolo's continued residence in South Africa is raised, the official line is that "we have to respect" his South African citizenship - or rather his Ciskeian citizenship, which automatically qualified him for citizenship of the "new" South Africa. (Let's ignore his since-acquired citizenship of Paraguay.) The Bantustan of Ciskei was run as a Military Intelligence project. Its rulers were installed, deposed or assassinated at the whim of MI. Palazzolo was an MI "asset" when the Ciskei "Parliament" passed a special Act - the Palazzolo Citizenship of Ciskei Act - within weeks of his escape from a Swiss jail, where he was serving a sentence for laundering drug money. These facts, strangely, are of no consequence to our new rulers. It gets worse: See our report on page 4. Why might our new rulers be so sympathetic to this Old South African cause?

Insanity is a misfortune that strikes terror into most hearts. We are consoled by the fact that the people who undertake to care for the interests of those incapable of caring for themselves, will perform the task professionally and with what the law describes as "utmost good faith". In this issue (p 5) we carry Part One of Maureen Barnes' account of Chris Hofmeyr's appalling experiences. What will the relevant professional bodies do in the months ahead to uphold standards? Will they be brave, or will they grovel and obfuscate like their arrogantly shameless colleagues of the Cape Law Society? Watch this space. - *The Editor*. ■

letters

LETTERS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO PO BOX 44538 CLAREMONT 7735

HERSOV AND AA LIFE

Dear Sir

noseWEEK 19 exposes Anglovaal Chairman Basil Hersov by quoting statements he made in Matthew Curtin's interview entitled "Anglovaal does not see what the fuss is all about." (*Business Day* 1 Nov 1993).

What you do not mention is that in this same interview, Mr Hersov comments on Anglovaal's Life Company, AA Life, as follows: "The company's in profit, and raring to go."

Why, therefore, 2 years later when AA Life was disposed of by Anglovaal, was there nothing for shareholders? Furthermore, why did AA Life declare dividends which were not paid?

A Reader

Rosebank

AMWAY

Dear Sir

I was very disturbed to see your response to Amway. It is clear that you are not fully informed about the workings of this fine corporation.

Amway has been cleared by the highest courts in the world and has been set as the standard by which all other Multi-Level Marketing Organisations are judged. Now if the chance to change your life and start your own in-home shopping business is not worth R400.00, then that is up to you. What would it cost you to set up a conventional type of business: R50 000, R60 000, R500 000??

As with any franchise, there is no guarantee that you will be successful. Amway gives you the opportunity and teaches you how to do it. If you fail

DON'T BLAME AMWAY! When one finger points forwards, three point backward. For MP David Graaff to invite people to get in touch with him "if they get their fingers burned" is ridiculous. He may as well offer to help anybody who has tried to go into business and failed.

Irrespective of what people might say, as far as the prices and quality of the products is concerned, Amway offers a unique guarantee that is most "UNPYRAMID" like. You have a 100% satisfaction guarantee on all their products for 90 days. You may also return your "Starter Kit" should you not be satisfied.

As happens throughout the world, Amway gets the blame for the failure of those distributors who don't do what needs to be done to succeed.

Typically, one of those who have failed (as in letter #3, nose19) has to blame something, so it is his "upline" and the products. The fact that he has not bothered to dilute the products as recommended is an illustration of his frustration. The manufacturing policy of Amway is "high concentration".

I have personally done extensive tests on those Amway products that can be used in "measured" doses and have found that there is nothing else out there that compares.

I do not speak for Amway. I speak for myself and from my own experience in the few months that I have been involved with this opportunity.

Peter D. Joffe

Amway Distributor

Parklands, Johannesburg

We recommend you re-read nose19

MARILYN AND ART APART

Dear Sir

"Art and Politics cannot be separated" is a quote which could well have come from the censorship years of apartheid S A. It was, in fact, written by Marilyn Martin, Director of the National Gallery in 1997, and reflects the undue influence of the gallery's policies on art in this country.

What future is there for the natural development of an indigenous art culture in such a climate?

While Ms Martin also states in her introductory article to the exhibition of gallery acquisitions from 1985 to 1995 that '...they (artists) cannot be coerced to toe any line, politically or aesthetically', the Gallery's purchases belie this, and artists know that survival may well depend upon toeing that very political line, with creativity and artistic merit a very poor second to political content.

In a small market such as ours, the National Gallery in general, and Ms Martin in particular, play a disproportionately large role in the artist's progress. Ms Martin is an awesome influence in the art arena. Not only is she the director of the most important state gallery in the country, she is on the selection boards of a number of corporate collections; she selects works for various exhibitions abroad, and she is to be found on the lists of judges in innumerable competitions.

Should one person wield so much power?

We have seen the negative outcome of state control of art content in Russia and Germany. Documenta, a regular exhibition like Johannesburg's Bien-

nale, was established as a desperate measure by the German art community to re-establish control of the arts after WWII. Artists here had hoped that art would fly free in the new South Africa. We need to ensure that it does.

The Nightwatchman
Noordhoek

causes birth deformities in rats and mice but not in rabbits or humans; penicillin kills guinea pigs but is safe for most humans.

Remember Thalidomide? Declared safe by vivisectionists, it resulted in tens of thousands of children being born with deformities.

Pam Herr
Fish Hoek

SERMON ON THE MOUNT CONTINUED



Blessed are the badly drawn.....

PALLO'S ANIMAL CIRCUS

Dear Sir

It is despicable that animal experiments are still being conducted - and condoned - by people in high places (Animal Crackers, nose19). The development of a human rights culture is a great achievement, but it should not override the rights of other living things.

Solzhenitsyn said: "Nowadays we don't think much of a man's love for an animal; we laugh at people who are attracted to cats. But if we stop loving animals, aren't we about to stop loving humans, too?"

The embattled Ministry of Health could save a fortune by enacting legislation to outlaw the testing of drugs on animals. There are about 400 alternative methods available today which are far more scientific, more cost-effective, and far more reliable. They include things like cell, tissue and organ cultures, computer simulation and the use of human volunteers. You always have to test a drug on humans anyway.

In many drug tests, animals respond totally differently to humans. For example: parsley kills parrots; caffeine

GANG BOSS TOOK LIBERTY

Dear Sir

Your article "How Standard helped gang boss Stanfield solve his big financial problem" in nose19 presents, to my knowledge, a materially correct account of events on the day of the Stanfield Family Trust's R4 million investment with Liberty Life.

However, the tone of the article may create the impression that Liberty Life and myself erred in accepting the investment. Although I am no longer in the employ of Liberty Life, I feel obliged to correct this impression.

When Liberty, like most assurance companies, accepts business via outside intermediaries such as Standard Bank Financial Services, it does so to a large extent reliant on a relationship of trust. If there is no mutual trust between assurer and intermediary, the relationship is unworkable. It appears that in this case, the "facts" as they were presented to myself and to other Liberty staff on prior occasions, were nothing less than an effective cover story.

Furthermore, at least one Standard Bank branch manager was intimately involved and present at the deposits into Liberty Life's bank account. This did not lend an atmosphere of illegitimacy to the proceedings.

Within Liberty Life, the first indication that the origin of the investment in question might be suspect arose after reports of certain police actions surfaced in the press, many months after the investment was concluded.

Nick Pothier
Sea Point

THE WRATH OF MUHAMMAD

Dear Sirs

We need not despair because Texans have chosen to maintain sanctions against South Africa! By God, The Prophets and CNN, El Nino is going to flood Texas by New Year's Day, and I will rejoice in the justice of the Laws of God and physics.

Thanking You
Yours Faithfully
Muhammad Jadwat
La Mercy Beach, KZN



Love amongst the middle-aged Gus Ferguson

If your world encompasses **Prozac**, **modern parenting**, **Alexander Technique**, the **Sixties**, Wittgenstein, **sex** and **death**, this collection will make you **drink**. If not, there are enough **rude** drawings, **puns** and **scatological jokes** to force a nervous giggle. If you're **alive** at all, these **hilarious** cartoons will make you groan in pain. **R39,95**



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BUGGING HARKSEN

It is not only the legal profession who have discovered that billionaire conman Jürgen Harksen is a useful source of ready cash (see nose19). Catering to Harksen's paranoia, and his obsession with security, appears to have become something of a cottage industry for policemen stationed at Wynberg police station - and big business for some security companies, as private investigator John Titterton learnt in 1994.

Titterton was in his office at SA Management, when someone phoned to ask how much the company would charge to "sweep" the home of "a prominent businessman in Constantia". SA Management is not a carpet cleaning company and, in the lexicon of the security industry, a "sweep" could only mean one thing: the caller wanted him to check a client's home for listening devices and other bugs.

The mystery caller eventually identified himself as FNB's Goodwood Branch assistant manager, Jean Louw [now foreign exchange department head at FNB Salt River - are we surprised?!], who also insisted, in a somewhat conspiratorial tone of voice, that "no records of any quotes or services must be kept". [*Ah, a man after FNB boss Basil Hersov's own heart! - see noseWEEK 19.*] Louw agreed to SA Management's fee, and the next day Titterton arrived at FNB's offices in Voortrekker Road, Goodwood, armed with all the electronic equipment he needed to do the job.

As they proceeded from there in Louw's car, Titterton recalls that the assistant bank manager appeared to be enjoying his new role as cloak and dagger operative - no doubt a welcome break from the sullen queues to be found nursing their aching corns between the ropes in every FNB branch. True to his new-found craft, Louw was tight-lipped when it came to revealing where they were heading.

Only when they turned into the leafy suburb of Constantia did he finally

disclose their hitherto secret destination: "We're going to Harksen's house".

Titterton takes up the story: "Security was tight, with armed guards patrolling the property. Two guards at the gate, two in the front garden, one in the back and several in the house.

"About half an hour after we arrived, Harksen, accompanied by more armed guards, arrived. I noticed that his car was escorted by a white Opel Astra which, I was later told, was a police car assigned to protect him. [Could this be the explanation for Harksen's R20 000 "donation" to Wynberg police station? - see nose19.]

"Harksen disappeared into his office with Louw, and I was taken on a tour of the house by the German security manager, Gerhard van der Horst. "Thereafter I scanned the office and house for listening devices and checked whether the telephone lines were being monitored. A South African security officer accompanied me while I did my work," said Titterton.

"His (Harksen's) office was a hive of activity, everyone was German-speaking, and his three secretaries were hard at work. There were laptops on every desk and I also saw that he had a

Readers will also be pleased to know that the don of South Africa's much-treasured criminal immigrant community, Vito Palazzolo, has made it onto the official list of Italy's 100 most wanted men. The list, published each year by the Italian Department of Justice, includes Palazzolo in the category "Mafia". According to the document, warrants are out for his arrest on charges of "association with the Mafia", trafficking in narcotic substances - and murder.

However, it is unlikely that Palazzolo will ever be extradited to Italy. It seems the Italian police are getting about as much co-operation from the ANC government in their efforts to prise him from his luxury Franschoek villa, as they did from the old National Party regime.

collection of thousands of CD's in his office.

"While I was working outside, I spoke to the security officer accompanying me. He turned out to be a member of the SA Police. I asked him how he came to be with Harksen. He said that he and all other security officers were SAP members who had been placed on 'long leave' whilst working for Harksen. He also told me that it was far better than doing normal duties because Harksen gave each guard 'one or two thousand rand, in cash' every week for 'doing a good job'."

While Titterton was checking for bugs (which he didn't find), Louw and Harksen had other business. While he was in the garden, Titterton saw Louw hand Harksen an envelope. The two men then sped off, with their security detail in hot pursuit. Next day they were pictured in the Cape Times shaking hands with staff at the Red Cross Children's Hospital, to whom they had just presented a cheque for R100 000.

*** There are growing fears that Harksen might flee South Africa to avoid extradition. According to informed sources, the most likely destination for a once more fugitive Harksen would be Mauritius - thanks to an extraordinary amendment to Mauritian law engineered by that friendly island's crime and spy-boss, Mario Ricci. [Our own dirty tricks spook, Craig Williamson's "business partner", remember?] The amendment gives an immediate stay of extradition for one year to foreigners who arrive in the Indian Ocean's latest hot money haven. The only condition is that they must have \$1 million or more to invest.**

The present government's lack of enthusiasm in sending Palazzolo packing may have something to do with its shared commitment to Armscor's continued prosperity - and the head of Thabo Mbeki's special crime investigative unit, Andre Lincoln, who finds it more lucrative jetting around Africa on after-hours missions for his other boss - you guessed it, Vito Palazzolo - than doing the police job of carrying out the Interpol warrant for Palazzolo's arrest.

And then, of course, Palazzolo (aka Robert Von Palace Kolbatshenko) has recently reminded us that he, like Mr Harksen, long ago took the wise precaution of raising generous donations to both ANC and police funds. A friend in need is a friend - indeed!

■ Gary Collins

When a Hofmeyr goes insane ...

they knock him out and call in the Valuers

"Never in my legal career have I come across a case which constitutes such a travesty of justice and a blatant disregard for human rights.

Mr Hofmeyr has dared to take on the Afrikaner establishment in Pretoria and for that he has been shunned, hounded and lied to by the legal community.

I am embarrassed to be connected to the legal profession and I feel very strongly that not only should Mr Hofmeyr be permitted to state his case in front of an impartial court with fair legal counsel, but also that the Law Society and the Bar be compelled to investigate the conduct of their members. Conduct such as this brings the administration of justice into disrepute."

Letter to the Minister of Justice from Helene C Löt, attorney.

PART 1

of a two-part
noseWEEK special

An unexpected attack of acute depression and anxiety one morning in June 1988 was the beginning of a hideous nightmare for a leading Pretoria businessman and member of a prominent South African family. Before his illness had run its course he had been abused by the medical profession, by the closest members of his family and by the legal profession; he was addicted to prescription drugs, declared insane, incarcerated in a mental hospital and physically attacked. He had been stripped of all his possessions by his family, who were assisted by various prominent lawyers. The fact that Chris Hofmeyr has emerged from the unbelievable horrors that he endured is a tribute to his indomitable spirit, his intelligence, and a few loyal friends.

One day in early June 1988, 46-year-old Chris Hofmeyr awoke in his large home on Muckleneuk Ridge, overlooking Pretoria, feeling inexplicably depressed and anxious. He drove his three daughters to school and continued to his office. A successful businessman, Hofmeyr was marketing director of Martin Jonker Motors, the largest Nissan agency in South Africa, based at its head office in central Pretoria.

He is a member of the illustrious Hofmeyr family whose ancestors include such luminaries as "Onze Jan" who, a century ago, had the law changed to give the Dutch language equal rights in the Cape Parliament; Christoffel, the miserly moneylender, whose fortune still funds the salaries of the organist and dominees of Cape Town's Groote Kerk (on condition that they don't preach in English) and Jan Hendrik, the genius liberal intellectual who became

principal of Wits University and Administrator of the Transvaal before he was thirty, later serving in the Smuts government as Minister of the Interior and Minister of Finance.

In the New South Africa the clan is represented by Willie Hofmeyr, activist lawyer and senior ANC MP.

Chris Hofmeyr's father, Professor Beyers Hofmeyr, remains very much part of the Old South Africa. He is a well-known and widely respected former Dean of the Veterinary Faculty of Pretoria University and Head of the Department of Surgery at Onderstepoort. He has four doctorates and has lectured at universities all over the world. Professor Hofmeyr is also the longest serving Board member of the Afrikaanse Akademie vir Wetenskap en Kuns, generally accepted to be the intellectual arm of the Broederbond.

By ten o'clock that June day, his son Chris Hofmeyr was feeling so ill with

anxiety that he went home and made an appointment with his GP, Dr Paul Lombard. It was by then obvious that Hofmeyr was seriously sick and Dr Lombard, after satisfying himself that there was nothing physically wrong with his patient, suggested that he see a psychiatrist.

The psychiatrist he saw, Dr J L Venter of Waterkloof, immediately prescribed the following daily medication:

Valium - 10 mg three times a day
Serepax - 30 mg three times a day
Librium - 50 mg three times a day
Ativan - 1 mg in the evening
Rohypnol - 1 tablet in the evening
Fluanxol - 1 to 2 tablets per day
Stellazine - 2 mg three times a day

The first five drugs are benzodiazepines, then already known to be addictive. Venter was to keep Hofmeyr on this treatment regime for the next three and a half years.

"These massive doses cause the worst type of addiction," recalled Hofmeyr. "He gave me ten times the accepted dose of benzodiazepines and I became acutely addicted without realising it."

No dispensing chemist ever queried the prescription.

The drugs had no positive effect, and he continued to deteriorate despite having 140 consultations with Dr Venter. Venter certified him as 100 percent incapacitated.

Three months after the onset of his illness, Hofmeyr's wife sued him for divorce. He was too ill to resist, and the divorce went through unopposed.

THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME

After losing his home to his wife in the divorce settlement, Chris moved in with his parents, Beyers and Augusta Hofmeyr. The professor was not pleased.

"My mother cared for me," said Hofmeyr, "But my father became aggressive; he was enraged and embarrassed by my condition. He expects Hofmeyrs to be clever and to perform, not to be insane." In 1990, Hofmeyr tried to return to a life on his own. He bought a townhouse at Golf Gardens, and spent R250 000 on top quality furniture, carpets, paintings and electronic equipment. But even a home of his own didn't help: "I was afraid to live alone, or even to drive my car, and soon had to give up the townhouse," he says. So the townhouse was sold. His friend George Theron was there when everything was packed up and taken into storage by Barons. It was the last time Hofmeyr was to see most of his goods.

Unable to function normally, he had no option but to return to his parents' home. He was unable to carry on a conversation, to write a letter, to read a book or newspaper or leave his room.

During this period, his father arranged for the sale of his new BMW 535i for R140 000 and deposited the money, along with over R80 000 from the sale of the townhouse, in Chris's bank account. Or so he said. Later, Chris could find no trace of it.

One day in January 1991, the professor came into his son's room and angrily accused him of having taken an overdose of drugs in an attempt to commit suicide. Bewildered, the sick man denied this and asked how his father could say such a thing. The professor pointed to the floor, where two tablets lay, presumably spilled. "He told me not to argue, but to get up and get into the car. By then I weighed only 60 kilos and was too weak and disorientated to resist him," says Chris.

Professor Hofmeyr took his son to the HF Verwoerd State hospital and left him there, telling the staff of the alleged overdose, but omitting to tell them of Hofmeyr's medication regime, prescribed by Dr Venter. Chris was given a stomach pump and treated as the victim of an overdose, although no evidence was found to confirm this. He was given no drugs. Within three days he was in a catatonic state, and showed signs of acute drug withdrawal. Mistaking these for psychotic symptoms, the doctors transferred Hofmeyr to Weskoppies mental hospital.

THE SICKEST PATIENT IN WARD 20

A former patient in Weskoppies recalls his arrival there: "I was in ward 20 when Hofmeyr was carried in on a stretcher. He was severely ill and he had pipes in his bladder. He was not aware of where he was. He could hardly speak and his situation deteriorated. Shortly thereafter, pipes were inserted through his nose into his stomach. Fluid was given to him in this manner. He was completely disorientated and for weeks was not able to eat without help. Later on, I helped him to walk ... he was not able to move without help. He had completely lost contact with the outside world. There was no doubt that he was by far the sickest person in ward 20. In the five months I saw him, there was no improvement at all."

Much of this time remains a blur for Chris, although he does remember the pain and terror he endured as a result of the untreated drug withdrawal. "I lost the ability to swallow, I could not walk, I got heart cramps and had massive sweating episodes, I became dehydrated and had electrolyte deficiency and the catheters gave me bladder and kidney infections, which added to the pain. I was completely psychotic and acutely depressed. I didn't know where I was. I

didn't know it was possible to go through such hell."

Meanwhile, Hofmeyr had regular visits from his daughter, Brenda, and from a few friends, including the young George Theron, who never deserted him and continued to visit him two to three times a week. "George is the son of my best friend at University," said Hofmeyr. "His father died in his thirties of cancer, and his son is a wonderful man. He was sitting his final accounting exams while I was in Weskoppies, and needed to get away to study. I was so sick I used to plead with him not to leave me, and he would stay two and three hours by my side."

Professor and Mrs Hofmeyr used to visit their son. "My mother could not drive and had to depend on my father. She always brought me something, a sandwich or something small, but my father always said something unpleasant to me and then was anxious to get away. I think he only came because everyone knew who he was and would think it odd if he didn't come."

It took Dr Venter four months before, in April 1991, he visited his patient in Weskoppies, and then it was to declare Hofmeyr "100% incapacitated" for purposes which became clear later.

ENTER THE VALUATORS

In February, an application for the "voluntary surrender" of Hofmeyr's estate had been made in the Pretoria Supreme Court. While he was stated to be the applicant, he was in fact lying helpless in Weskoppies and knew nothing about it. In April, on the strength of this application, the court declared him insolvent. The application did not disclose that his assets were in fact worth R600 000 while his liabilities totalled only R100 000. The judge duly declared him insolvent.

Attached to this extraordinary application was a valuation of his moveable

SOME FAMOUS HOFMEYRS



Courtesy: NGK Archives

Christoffel 1829-1898
NG Kerk benefactor



Courtesy: NGK Archives

"Onze Jan" 1845-1909
Dutch language campaigner



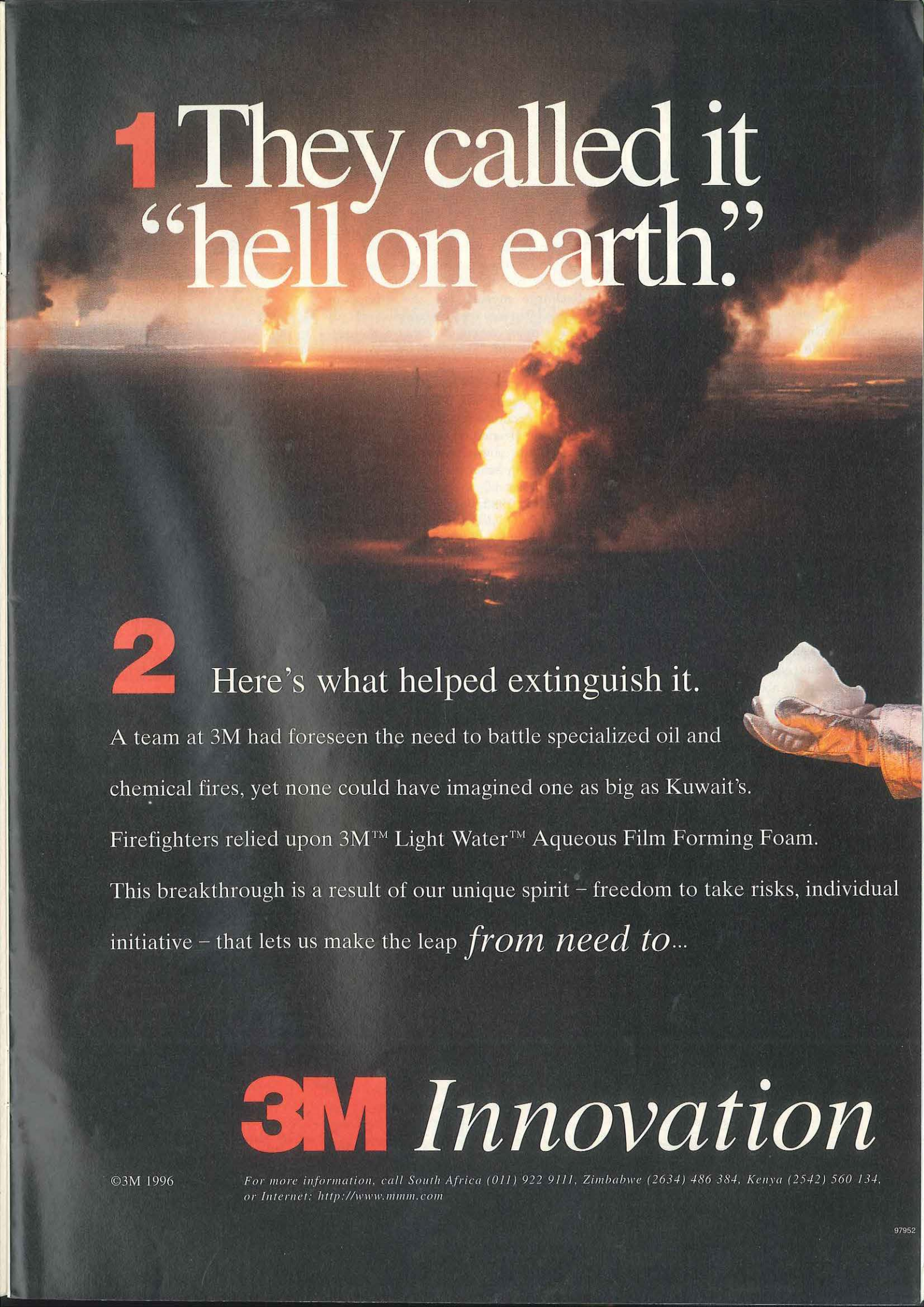
Courtesy: SA Library

Jan Hendrik 1894-1948
Wits Principal & Minister in
Smuts Cabinet



Courtesy: Cape Times

Willie
ANC MP



1 They called it
“hell on earth.”

2 Here's what helped extinguish it.

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3M *Innovation*

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assets by Mr T U Bernardi of Bernardi Brothers, well-known auctioneers and sworn appraisers of Pretoria. Other documents indicate that they were later sold at auction.

Four years later, another Sworn Appraiser for the Master of the Supreme Court, Mr Ernst L Bester of Verwoerdburg, was consulted on behalf of Chris Hofmeyr. After comparing Bernardi's valuation list with the (shorter) auction list, Bester concluded that "it would appear that certain items have been substituted or omitted altogether". He reported: "If the facts, available invoices and statements by friends and acquaintances are accepted as correct, then the entire valuation by Messrs Bernardi is fictitious, unethical and a total misrepresentation of the true value, quality and number of Mr Hofmeyr's assets on that date ... In my opinion, the documentation [presented by Bernardi's] is incomplete and does not tally with the conduct of an expert." The Bernardi valuation had been arranged by the prominent firm of Pretoria attorneys, Rooth & Wessels, whose clients include the Reserve Bank. "It was a fraudulent valuation arranged by my father and his attorneys without my being aware of it," says Hofmeyr. "That February my father sold my imported racing bike and banked the money in his account. He removed about 40 of my suits from storage at Barons, and a further R100 000's worth of watches and cameras were not even included in the valuation."

A DANGEROUS PLACE TO BE

While in the outside world, his property, his power and even his identity were being systematically erased, life inside the Weskoppie walls was proving hazardous. One weekend Hofmeyr, lying weak and helpless in bed, was attacked by another inmate. His face was badly bruised, his glasses were smashed, his clothes, shoes and wristwatch were stolen.

"I then discovered that I had not been formally committed and could, in fact, discharge myself. On the advice of George Theron I signed myself out in early June. Weskoppies was a dangerous place to be," said Hofmeyr.

Unfortunately, the only refuge he could think of was the the home of his parents. He was again seen regularly by Dr Venter. From June 1991 onwards, his daughter Brenda visited him at least three times a week. She always found him lying in his room, "incredibly tense and depressed."

In January 1993, Professor Hofmeyr took his son to a doctor who declared him legally insane. "I was found to be a paranoid schizophrenic - a life sentence," says Hofmeyr. Three days later, he was taken to a Pretoria District Surgeon, Dr A F Ferraris, to have this certification confirmed - a legal requirement before someone can be committed to an institution for the insane.

Meeting Dr Ferraris was the first piece of good fortune Hofmeyr had had in a very long time. He clearly remembers the meeting. "At first he didn't look at me," says Hofmeyr. "But I was desperate and I said to him: 'Please, please, listen



Prof Beyers Hofmeyr
then Principal of Onderstepoort

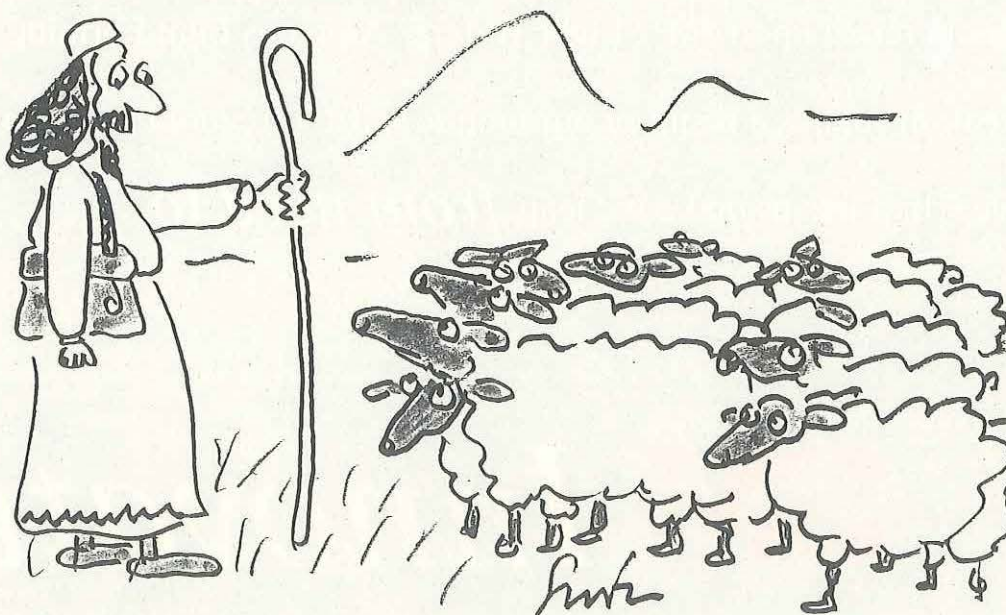
to me,' and he raised his eyes, looked straight at me and listened. He called in another doctor and they spoke together, while I waited. He refused to declare me insane and had me returned home." Afraid of what his father might do, Hofmeyr accepted an offer of shelter from a friend, Professor Hennie Grobler, and moved in with him. "I was supposed to stay a week, but I stayed seven," said Hofmeyr. "It was awful for the Groblers, I realise now. I had hallucinations, I talked to myself and I must have been disturbing to have around."

- Maureen Barnes ■

NEXT ISSUE: DON'T PHONE YOUR BANK

When he left the family home, Chris was warned by his father not to telephone his bank under any circumstances. "He told me that if I phoned them they would have me locked up. I didn't understand this at all, but I was too nervous to do anything." - *To be continued.*

gus



OK, who's in charge here?

IT'S OK, NOW, TO BLAME IT ON FLUORIDE

Plummeting sperm counts in the Western world have lent new impetus to the age-old controversy about the fluoridation of public water supplies.

Now the debate and controversy about the fluoridation of public water supplies has gained significant momentum in the health community

American opponents of fluoridation did their cause immeasurable damage in the Fifties when they joined the red-under-every-bed brigade by suggesting that the plan to fluoridate water was part of a communist conspiracy to destroy the brains of American youth.

For others of like ilk, it was only a short step to suggest that fluoridation was part of a diabolical plot aimed at mind control. However, even for your average, everyday paranoid, blaming it all on fluoride seemed a bit of a stretch. But now the debate and controversy about the fluoridation of public water supplies has gained significant momentum in the health community. The weight of scientific evidence is swinging firmly behind the anti-fluoride lobby. In her regular newsletter, doyenne of the far right, Aida Parker, is now able to quote such august bodies as Sweden's Nobel Institute, France's Pasteur Institute, the renowned Mayo Clinic and the US National Cancer Association – when questioning the benefits of fluoride and

the effect of the long-term build-up of fluoride in the body. As of April 7 this year, the US Food and Drug Administration has required a warning to be printed on the packaging of fluoride toothpaste. The warning states: "If you accidentally swallow more than used for brushing, seek professional help or contact a poison control centre immediately."

Sodium fluoride is undoubtedly an extremely toxic substance. It is a by-product of the manufacture of aluminium and some fertilizers, and is generally transported in drums marked with the skull-and-crossbones. According to the handbook, *Clinical Toxicology of Commercial Products*, fluoride is more poisonous than lead and only slightly less poisonous than arsenic. Originally,

the problem with sodium fluoride was how to dispose of it – when it was poured into rivers it had a savage effect on the environment. Anti-fluoride lobbyists now contend that including it in toothpaste was a nifty way of disposing of an extremely toxic waste substance – at a tidy profit. Another commercial use for sodium fluoride has been as the principal ingredient in rat poison.

In SA, opposition to fluoridation, has kept its former right-wing overtones, largely centering around the Safe Water Association, headed until recently by Leon Louw. Apart from the health issue they believe that the fluoridation of water supplies violates the sanctity of individual choice, since everybody who drinks water in any form will be forced to consume fluoride. Health Minister

Great whites



Add Zymafluor to your baby's diet for strong, healthy, sparkling teeth



Your baby's dental care begins long before her teeth begin to show. Fluoride is carried by the bloodstream to the teeth before they appear through the gums. Once they've erupted, they're coated with a protective layer of fluoride, which prevents decay while building strong, healthy teeth.

Fluoride is crucial to dental health, but because its levels in water supplies vary greatly around the country, it may be necessary to supplement your child's daily intake. Zymafluor is a fluoride supplement for infants, available in tablet or drop form – it's your way to invest in their future dental health.

For more info on Zymafluor or the fluoride levels in your drinking water, write to The Zymafluor Information Service, Ciba-Geigy Sell Medication, Private Bag X10, Rivonia 2128, or ☎ (011) 803-4135. Zymafluor tablets and drops: 500 mg fluoride as sodium fluoride per tablet and 10 mg per drop. 1000 mg and 500 mg.

Hella baby, FAIR LADY, 5 FEBRUARY, 1997

A Zymafluor promotion which appeared in a recent issue of *Fair Lady*.

Nkosazana Zuma's drive to fluoridate water supplies is, on the other hand, driven by a left-wing public health ethic. Proponents of fluoride say that there is a safe level of ingestion that benefits teeth, especially those of children. Opponents say that the dental benefits are highly questionable and short-term at best. They link long-term fluoride intake to cancer, genetic hazards, damage to the immune system, the deterioration of bone strength and a host of other health problems. As for dental health, in some areas of SA there are such high levels of carbon fluoride occurring naturally in the water that many children get dental fluorosis, which is the discolouration, pitting and sometimes loss of teeth due to too much fluoride.

The Ministry of Health seems set on proceeding with a plan to make the fluoridation of water supplies mandatory. Water providers will be compelled to fluoridate water, except in areas where they are able to put up a good case for exemption. The process is budgeted at an annual cost of approximately R30 million.

As part of Dr Zuma's process of consultation - a requirement of the Medical and Dental Act - a report was commissioned from Dr Seamus O'Hickey, former chief dental officer for Ireland. Although Dr O'Hickey is a strong proponent of fluoridation, a close analysis of his findings indicates that even if the health arguments against fluoride are rejected, the proposed benefits are very doubtful in the South African context.

IFP MP Dr Ruth Rabinowitz, a strong opponent of the fluoridation of water supplies, says she experienced great difficulty and delay in getting hold of a copy of the O'Hickey report, in spite of her membership of the parliamentary portfolio committee on health. She claims there has been a lack of genuine consultation on the issue. "We are being snowballed into a populist campaign. The Department of Health is conducting

matters in its usual fashion - apparent consultation - then doing what it likes," she says.

The regulations governing the fluoridation of water supplies will be gazetted in December, and implemented three months later. If the fluoridation lobby had planned to minimise the opportunity for opposition, this would be perfect timing. Parliament will be in recess, and people are generally not interested in complex controversies at this time of the year.

Dr Rabinowitz maintains that in the poor rural areas, dental caries (bad teeth) is not of major significance. In fact, the O'Hickey report states that it is urgent that the levels of fluoride in many rural areas actually be reduced, as present naturally high levels are responsible for many instances of fluorosis.

In the urban areas, dental decay is a major problem, largely because of poor diet. But in these areas there is also the problem that once fluoride is added to the water supply, recycling could lead to what O'Hickey regards as "dangerous levels" of fluoride in the water. Dr Rabinowitz points out that a better approach would be to target school children directly for nutritional supplementation.

The Journal of the American Medical Association recently commented that the growing body of research and evidence clearly called for a review of the policy of water fluoridation. The fluoridation of water has been rejected as unsafe in Germany, France, Sweden and the Netherlands. Japan has reduced the level of fluoridation to an eighth of the levels proposed for SA.

In Canada, the country's Dental Association recommends that fluoride supplements should not be given to children under the age of three. In South Africa, however, new mothers are still frequently given a gift of Zymafluor Fluoride Supplements when leaving the maternity home, and publications like *Fair Lady* carry advertisements for Zymafluor.

But changing attitudes to sodium fluoride are already reflected in the local marketplace. Nature Fresh Fluoride-free toothpaste is on the shelves - as an experiment - at Pick 'n Pay branches in the Western Cape. Depending on market response, it could soon go nationwide, perhaps opening the door to a whole new way of looking at dental care.

- Marten du Plessis ■

Maritzburg Professors talk trash

On the 25th of October, Julie Dyall, a columnist for the Natal Witness, Pietermaritzburg's grand old independent daily, wrote an amusing account of a disturbing encounter she'd had the previous Friday. Late that afternoon, when the pleasantly wide, Jacaranda-lined streets of Pietermaritzburg were beginning to cool down, her husband had answered a knock on the door to find two men on the doorstep, one bearded, the other armed with a large Alsatian. Each held a bulging black garbage bag. "Is this your rubbish?" asked the bearded man. On this point Mr Dyall was perhaps understandably uncertain, one black garbage bag resembling another under most circumstances. The man with the dog then assumed the role of "bad cop," dumping the contents of his garbage bag on the verandah and repeating his colleague's question. As it turned out, among the empty milk cartons, cigarette butts and banana skins, there was an envelope addressed to the Dyalls. The game was up. The garbage, it appeared, was theirs.

Apparently, the Dyalls' domestic worker, arriving late for work one day, and

having missed the municipal garbage round, had deposited the rubbish on an adjoining street which, she believed, the truck visited some twenty minutes later. Unfortunately, she'd missed the truck altogether, leaving the bags stranded outside the house belonging to one of the two gents who were now frothing at the door. Mrs Dyall came out to investigate, and the slanging match, as is the way of these things, escalated. Sensitive readers need not continue at this point. "You fucking bitch!" shouted the man with the Alsatian, after further words had been exchanged, "you fucking shithead! If you put your fucking garbage up the fucking street again, I'll fucking kill you!" His companion, entering at last into the proper spirit of things, strewed his bag of garbage liberally (Pietermaritzburg has long been known as a hotbed of liberalism) over the verandah and the flower-bed. Strong action, strong words. And stronger still if one considers their speaker, who turns out to be one Professor Michael Cowling, teacher of law and the Proctor in charge of Student Discipline at the local campus of the University of Natal. Among his concerns,

no doubt, are outbreaks of anger, threats of violence and the strewing of garbage by students on campus. His colleague is Professor McGrath of the Economics department. The University administration are unable to take disciplinary action against the wayward dons, as, they point out, they are not students. ■



après l'épiphanie

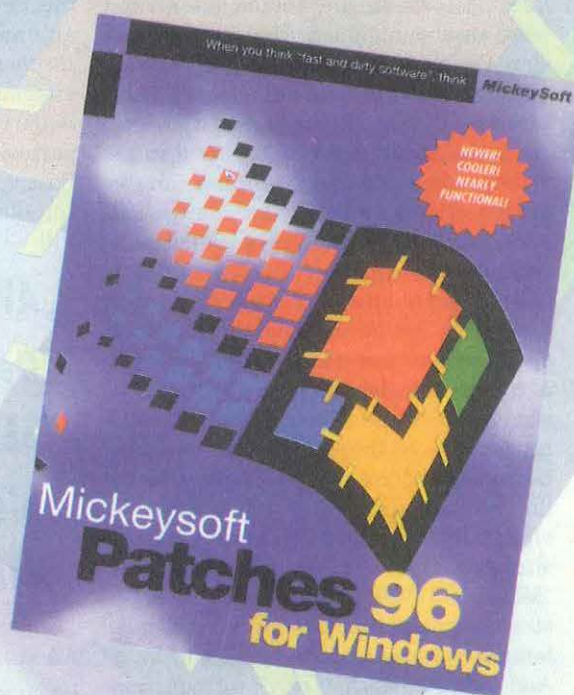
People everywhere are

jump- ping

out of WINDOWS

ADBUSTERS
IN
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An Ad parody

Patches 96



\$350 million dollars worth of advertising.
Years of consumer research.

Too bad our programming wasn't as
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Introducing **Patches 96** from **Mickeysoft**,
the bundle that exterminates, one by one,
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a feature that can fix all of your problems
with a **single click**.



Mickeysoft

WOULD YOU LIKE TO RESTART DOS 6.2?

Happy have we met,
Happy have we been,
Happy may we part,
And happy meet again.

- traditional Masonic farewell

He ain't Heavy, He's My Brother

the strange and chilling tale of the Montagu Masons

"If I were to tell you the secrets of Freemasonry," says Hasler Gray, "you'd be deeply disappointed."

Gray is a neat, compact man, bespectacled and good-humoured, with blue eyes that must, regrettably, be described as "twinkling" and a large and imposing moustache. He himself is disappointed by Freemasonry, but not at the inadequacy of its secrets. Gray moved to Robertson, a small farming town in the Boland known for wine, racehorses and fruit about 12 years ago. Previously, he had been a general manager in a surgical equipment business, Protea Holdings, but a serious car accident and a prolonged spell in an orthopaedic ward had given him time to air his artistic talent, reflect on the rat race, and then draw the inevitable conclusions.

Several years later, his new career as a decorative artist and paint technique specialist was going famously, with loads of contracts in Johannesburg and a large studio in Cape Town. One of the attractions of the studio was a large Gothic dining room suite, a piece Gray himself had painted with a black marble effect, which a mysterious visitor to the studio described as "Masonic." "Masonic?" said Gray, his interest strangely, and as it would turn out, fatefully, piqued.

And so began Hasler Gray's introduction to the strange and secretive world of the Brotherhood. His visitor was Neil McKechnie, a retired Cape Town cafe owner, who arranged an introduction for him to the Worshipful Brothers of the Montagu Lodge - the Robertson Lodge, now almost 100 years old, is on its last legs, and does not have an active membership. He passed through the first two degrees of Entered Apprentice and Fellow Craft, buying the appropriate regalia on the way, learning the homespun moral philosophy, the complex workings, the thumb to knuckle handshakes and the Five Points of Fellowship, where two Masons embrace with their bodies touching in five symbolic places (the toes, the knees, the chest, the forehead and a hand over the back, if you can picture that).

He learnt the (somewhat speculative) history of Freemasonry, from the murder of the (perhaps mythical) Christ figure Hiram Abiff, who may have been a metalworker on the Temple of Solomon, to the establishment of Masonic Guilds during the construction of the great cathedrals of medieval Europe. He learnt the Secret Name of God (Jahbulon, as any reader of Martin Short's *Inside The Brotherhood* will tell you). He studied the allegorical moral significance of the Square, the Level and the Compass. He partook of Masonic Fellowship at The Festive Board, and learnt the (less speculative) history of modern and South

**AWB cohort Kockie
De Kock had been
observed to wear a
pistol beneath his
Masonic apron**

African Masonry. Eventually, after rigorous study (a Masonic handbook consists of pages of elaborate instructions for the conduct of ceremonies, much of it in abbreviated "code") he attained the degree of Master Mason. His Masonic career, begun in a spirit of honest enquiry and conducted with enormous enthusiasm, showed signs of rare promise. But Not For Very Long. (cue *Organ Music*.) Enter the Worshipful Gun-Toting Brothers of the Montagu Lodge.

Montagu Lodge is not one of the grander Masonic strongholds. Unlike the infamous P2 Lodge in Rome, it is not a hotbed of spies, crooked politicians and capos of the Cosa Nostra. Unlike the Manor Lodges of England, it is not a dubious network of corrupt policemen. Neither as grand nor as quietly influential as the Lodge De Goede Hoop, inside the grounds of Parliament, its

members are chiefly Afrikaans-speaking small-town pensioners, men like Joe Sharpe, an ex-stationmaster, and Jannie Neethling, a card-carrying member of the AWB and, during World War II, a stalwart of the Ossewa Brandwag.

On the 24th of February 1994, an announcement was made that the annual Montagu Lodge family day (at which Freemasons do a bit of fundraising and welcome their friends and families into the cosy glow of brotherhood) would be held at Baden Spa resort. Hasler Gray mentioned to Joe Sharpe that Baden's rules of exclusion (no blacks or Jews allowed, English-speakers barely tolerated) seemed at odds with Masonic principles. Baden Spa was owned by Worshipful Brother Richard Knipe, known to be a member of the AWB. The Spa was also used by the local AWB gang as a training camp, and its guards were heavily armed, and wore khaki uniforms. Gray decided not to attend the family day on principle, but made a cash donation in lieu of his presence. Later that year, at McKechnie's wedding, Sharpe assured Gray that the "Baden problem" had been solved - no further Masonic knees-ups would take place there - and that Knipe and his AWB cohort Kockie De Kock (who had been observed to wear a pistol beneath his Masonic apron of white lambskin) were due to resign from the Montagu Lodge. Should they fail to resign, Sharpe said in suitably righteous tones, the Montagu Lodge would be calling upon them to do so.

At a meeting on the 23rd of February the following year, this same Joe Sharpe stood up and proposed that the annual Masonic bash take place at Richie Knipe's Bar-B-Q Ranch and Combat Weapons Range at Baden, where they'd all had such a jolly time last year. Bro Sharpe suggested too that the rules and regulations of that worthy establishment should again be abided by. After the formal proceedings were over, a Festive Board (a supper, in the stunted language of the Profane, everyday world) ensued.

Gray was called upon to toast the visiting Masons, and being a man of principle, he took this opportunity to voice his concern, to the Lodge at large this time, that the Family Day at Baden would be Un-masonic. "As a new Master Mason with a fair knowledge of the Book of Constitutions as my guide," Gray would later say, "I felt it was my Masonic duty to bring to the attention of the Brethren of the Lodge the need to remind them of its teachings." Hasler Gray was an exemplary Mason. He read Masonic lore voraciously, never

almost as threatening as the AWB - more so if you're a born-again Christian in a shiny suit with a suspicious little brain to match. However, one of the stated intents of Masonry is to "gather together, beyond the limits of the various religions or world views, men of goodwill on the basis of humanistic values comprehensible and acceptable to everyone." A further irony is that the Brotherhood was proscribed in the Third Reich - many Masons, including the Grand Master of Holland, died in the camps. So, for historical

These touching sentiments were not widely held in the Lodge. On the 7th of April, Gray was summoned by Joe Sharpe to a meeting at the flat of Worshipful Brother Bob Gomm. Present at the meeting were Sharpe, Gray and Neethling. Without ceremony, Sharpe demanded Gray's resignation from the Lodge, on the grounds that he was a troublemaker who had introduced the grim spectre of politics into the harmonious confines of the Lodge. Politics and religion are out of bounds in formal Masonic discourse. Should Gray fail to resign, said Sharpe, he would be expelled not only from the Lodge, but also the Brotherhood, and cast out into the cold and darkness of the Profane world. Brother Gray was understandably upset, and called Sharpe a liar to his face, "Thrice," he avers in the quaintly Victorian terminology of the Masons.

Fair enough, really. Sharpe had, after all, assured Gray that if there were to be any resignations, they would be coming from the AWB clique which now, it seemed, dominated the affairs of the Lodge. Gray felt betrayed: Neethling, the writer of the birthday card, as well as several other highly complimentary letters, was a personal friend, and had proposed him for membership of the Lodge; Sharpe had seconded him. From Neethling, Gray received not a word of encouragement or support.

On the way out of Brother Gomm's flat after this stormy encounter, Gray met Gomm, then returning home. A few days later they spoke. Gray told Gomm what had transpired in his flat, and the old man, a member of the Montagu Lodge for over fifty years, tendered his immediate resignation. He could no longer be happy in the atmosphere now prevailing in the Montagu Lodge, he said. It seemed that for Gray, too, the happiness he had once experienced as a Mason was a thing of the past. He was snubbed by several of his Brothers over the next few months, and was once ignominiously shoved out of the Lodge and the door locked behind him during an acrimonious discussion of the Baden incident.

Brother Gray was summoned to a meeting on the 30th of November at which his continued membership of the Montagu Lodge was to be voted on. At this meeting, he invited his Brethren to make a formal complaint against him. No-one did this. He, along with two visiting Masons, was asked to leave while the vote was being taken. As he was leaving, Worshipful Brothers De Kock and Knipe (the latter had by now resigned from the Montagu Lodge)



missed a single meeting, and in the way of enthusiastic Masons everywhere, joined and visited other lodges, including the Robertson Lodge, which is inactive but is being kept alive for the occasion of its centenary by members of neighbouring Lodges. A Masonic birthday card from Worshipful Brother Jannie Neethling commends Gray for being a "great member of the Lodge", and "an Example". At his own expense, he undertook the restoration of certain fittings in his lodge, including the two pillars, the three pedestals and the noticeboard, employing his skills as a master signwriter and paint technique specialist. In terms of craftsmanship, he was probably the closest thing the Montagu Lodge had to a real mason. The irony of Gray's stance is that, in popular perception at least, Masonry is

reasons at least, you'd expect the Masons to be sensitive to the presence of a bunch of Neo-Nazis in their midst. Also, Masonry is by no means exclusively white in this country - two "coloured" lodges were established in Springbok and Kimberley in the early 1900s, and the largely "coloured" Perseverance Lodge is one of Cape Town's most active. Among the visiting Masons on the fateful evening of the 23rd of February were Worshipful Brother Herb Claxton of the Robertson Lodge, and Brother Gerry Landsman, now deceased, a retired doctor and a "member of the ancient faith" (a Jew), who voiced his admiration at Gray's blend of courage and naivete. After dinner, he held Gray's hand in a prolonged Masonic clasp. "You have become a man in my eyes tonight, Hasler," he said.

arrived and were admitted. The Tyler, a Mason whose duty it is to guard the door of the Lodge (with a sword and an elaborate system of signal knocks) at all times while meetings are in progress, was called inside for the voting (leaving the Lodge "untied", as several witnesses were later to report, in tones of hushed outrage).

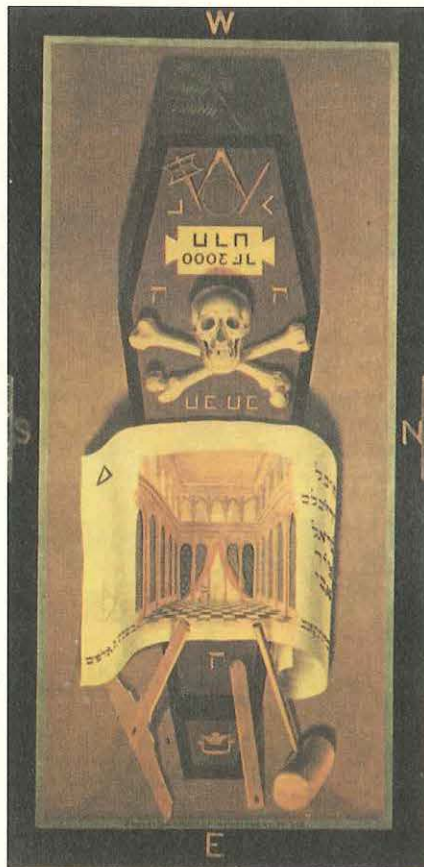
Two minutes later, the Master of the Lodge, Len Pollard, emerged and told Gray that he had been excluded. Procedurally, this contravened the voluminous Masonic laws governing such cases: Gray should have been allowed to hear his charge and speak in his own defence. As a member of the Lodge, he was entitled to vote in the matter of his exclusion. In addition, it seems, the meeting was "packed": several right-wing Brethren whose names do not appear in the register for that evening (and who were thus, technically, not at the meeting) were present for the vote.

Herb Gadd-Claxton, a Mason of some thirty years standing, took up the cause of the unfortunate Brother Gray, first at district level, and then internationally. At various stages in this process he was told in peremptory terms to keep his nose out of the business of other Lodges, by amongst others, Peter Pickering of Pinelands, the District Grand Secretary and a full-time employee of the order and Gordon Allerton, District Grand Master (and ex-member of the Provincial Government). The matter was eventually brought to the attention of The Grand Secretary of The United Grand Lodge of England, in the Freemason's Hall in Great Queen Street, London. The Masons Have A Great Love of Capital Letters.

No joy there. After a bit of bureaucratic heel-dragging on the part of the United Grand Lodge, and an apparent unwillingness to become involved, the Grand Secretary wrote in May 1997 to inform Brother Gray that his appeal against his exclusion from the Montagu Lodge would not be considered by an appeals court: the decision of the District Grand Master, Commander Herbert Carter (SA Navy, ret.) required no further consideration according to the Grand Secretary. Between them, Gray and Claxton had stated Gray's case plainly and in immense detail. Between Messrs Pickering and Pollard, they downplayed the fringe lunacy of the AWB in their correspondence with their English masters, portraying it as a legitimate political party, and emphasizing the "political" nature of Gray's objections. They glossed over his auspicious beginnings in the Masons, and painted

him as a troublemaker and agent provocateur.

What all this suggests is an organisation locked helplessly into indecision by a timid rigidity – no-one was prepared to do the right thing for fear of the displeasure of more senior Brethren. Hasler Gray, in the honourable tradition of all men who fall afoul of secret societies, has now been cast as a wild-eyed loner on the trackless sands of oblivion. Masons like ex-Assistant District Grand Master and construction baron Basil Starcke, once very



*There is nothing sinister
about modern Free-
masonry, as this illus-
tration from a Masonic
handbook demonstrates*

supportive of Gray's Masonic career, will now have nothing to do with him. Men like Herb Gadd-Claxton and Neil McKechnie are by Masonic law unable to voice their support for him publicly. No Lodge will have him, and he speaks with an understandable degree of bitterness of his Brethren in Montagu and Robertson.

His final descent into infamy, in the eyes of the Brotherhood, was a one-man picket he held outside Masonic headquarters in Pinelands on the occasion of the visit of the Grand Master of English Masonry, the Duke of Kent. The event received as much press coverage as you'd expect, but the circumstances leading up to the protest were not extensively covered. Hasler Gray has faced public embarrassment and the opprobrium of his peers through his commitment to his principles, and the principles of Freemasonry. Given his love of the Craft, and the time he spent learning it, his sacrifice is not inconsiderable.

Freemasons like Gray spend up to a quarter of their salaries in pursuing the Craft – a Grand Master's apron can go for as much as R120 000. A bit of mumbo jumbo and the cosy glow of brotherly love could hardly qualify as a satisfactory return on this investment. So what are they actually getting?

Lurid stories are told of trials in which the accused, standing to receive the verdict, makes a secret Masonic sign to the judge and gets off scot free. Rumours abound of government tenders being given by Masonic cabinet ministers to their Brethren, of the rigid Masonic hierarchy upsetting the hierarchies of corporate and public life. Many politicians, statesmen, senior policemen and influential businessmen have found a home in Freemasonry – Harry Oppenheimer, for example, is a regular at the Grand Lodge in Johannesburg. But as universally influential as it may once have been, and still is in some quarters, Freemasonry is in decline. As a vast global conspiracy of middle-aged white men it is past its best. But, as in any old boys' club, a certain degree of business must get kept in the Brotherhood, particularly in small towns. Masons share a great deal of their lives with each other – the secrets and mysteries (and their alluring patina of secrecy), the regular boozy dinners, the embarrassing rituals – all serve to provide them with a common experience and understanding that travels well: a Brother from the Montagu Lodge could go to Munich, say, and move straight into a ready-made circle of friends and colleagues.

Freemasonry's great secret is that it allows middle-class, middle-aged men excursions into the unfamiliar territory of flamboyant sentimentality without calling their sexuality into question. This perhaps accounts for the depth of feeling and the sense of betrayal in the saga of the Montagu Lodge.

– Nick Paul ■

Heidelberg Massacre

Who's lying now?

When Roland Palm arranged to meet his daughter at the Heidelberg Tavern in Cape Town, on 30 December, 1993, he did not know it would be the last time he would see her alive. A few minutes after they sat down, gunmen burst into the pub and sprayed the room with machinegun fire. Roland ducked under the table, pulling his daughter, Rolande down with him. As if in slow motion, he saw one of the gunmen toss a handgrenade with six-inch nails taped to it into the room as they left. Roland waited the interminable minute for it to explode ... but, eventually, when it was clear that it was not going to do so, he stood up. Only then did he discover that, despite his efforts to protect her, his daughter's body was riddled with bullets. She was dead.

Horried, and fearful that the gunmen might return, he ran out into the road, where he saw what appeared to be a yellow police van, parked nearby.

"I remember thinking that it was lucky that the police arrived so quickly, and we would be safe", recalls Roland. But still in a state of shock, Roland did not stop running until he reached home, where he told his wife Myra what had happened.

Myra immediately ran back to the pub, where she found police on the scene - and confirmation that her daughter was dead. She told the police that her husband had been with their daughter when the attack took place and could tell them what had happened.

Surprisingly, however, it took several days before a policeman called at their home in Observatory. The man who called to take Roland's statement was the Peninsula Murder and Robbery Squad head, Major Des Segal. Almost immediately something happened to make Roland uneasy.

When he told Major Segal about the yellow van, Segal refused to include it in his statement. An argument broke out between the two men as to whether it was a police van or not. Segal insisted it could not possibly have been true. Roland, who works night shift as a security guard, insisted that it was. Eventually, Segal relented and included Roland's allegation that he had seen a yellow police van in the statement. However, Segal said that it was unlikely that Roland would be called to give evidence at the court case, as it made him an "unreliable witness". Roland Palm was never called to testify in the trial.

Now three years later, he is not satisfied that the story that has emerged from the Truth and Reconciliation Commission is the whole truth, either. He believes the real story about what happened that night remains to be told. His suspicions have been further fuelled by the death, earlier this year, of Major Segal in a motor car crash near Touws River. After the crash, a bizarre collection of weapons was found in the boot of Segal's car. The arms, an RPG-7, R5 and R5 ammunition were believed to have come from the secret hit-squad base at Vlakplaas. No official police explanation of the find has so far been forthcoming.

And now there is the extraordinary allegation by Bennett Sibaya, the TRC witness who named the head of the TRC's investigations unit, Dumisa Ntsebeza, as the driver of a getaway car later used by the killers at the Heidelberg Tavern. When, some days later, Sibaya retracted his dramatic accusation, he did so with an equally shocking explanation: Major Segal "and two or three other policemen", he now claimed, had tortured him to get him to falsely implicate Ntsebeza. They had done so in order to undermine the TRC inquiry, he said.

Gary Collins ■



Investigating Officer, Major Des Segal has been at the centre of allegations of a police conspiracy since his death earlier this year in a car accident.

Main Pic: Cape Times Inset: Die Burger



The World Wildlife Fund

An Unnatural History by Kevin Dowling

The South African branch of the World Wide Fund for Nature (WWF), under such august leadership as Gavin Relly and Anton Rupert, is busy launching its ambitious Peace Parks initiative, amid great pageantry. But behind the organisation's fluffy, eco-friendly image, lies a darker history. To date the WWF has spent several hundred thousand rands in its efforts to suppress UK-based journalist Kevin Dowling's remarkable expose' of the power and politics, and some of the characters and sinister motives behind much of the modern conservation movement. His articles on the subject will become a regular feature in noseWEEK.

The Giant Panda, symbol and logo of the World Wide Fund for Nature (WWF) was unknown in the West until the late 1800s. European taxonomists chose to disbelieve the scholarly Chinese tracts, some dating back to the 7th Century AD which described the animal.

In the late 1860s, however, a missionary and zoologist, Pierre Armand David, was staying in the Chinese province of Szechuan, when his host, Lord Li, presented him with an elegant black and white pelt which could only have belonged to the fabled beast. Excited, he asked for further specimens. Several were forthcoming, all of them, unfortunately, dead –

an inauspicious but, as it would turn out, fitting beginning for the West's love affair with the "Harlequin Bear."

When the skins arrived in Europe, several expeditions were mounted to gather further specimens. All of these failed, and the panda was presumed extinct. Interest continued though, as evolutionary science was in its heyday, and the panda was thought to be the missing link between "modern" carnivorous bears and an herbivorous ancestor. In 1916, the Weigold expedition, flying the flag of the Second Reich, caught sight of the first living panda to be spotted by Western eyes. Unfortunately, it disappeared before Herr Weigold himself could kill it.

In 1929, Kermit Roosevelt, son of Teddy, flushed with the success of his recent hunting expedition in Africa (when he managed to reduce the northern white rhino population by one-third), decided to bag himself a "bamboo bear". He was successful in killing a "splendid old male", as he put it. The bear found a dubious immortality, stuffed and mounted, in the Field Museum in Chicago. It became the envy of museums world-wide, and the rush was on. By 1949, sixteen live pandas had been captured, and eighteen shot. German naturalist Herbert Wendt would later claim that much valuable knowledge was gained about the exact range of the panda during this time. He did not mention that, in the process, the panda had been made extinct over much of this range. In 1934, Julian Huxley, brother of Aldous and secretary of the London Zoo, launched a campaign to secure a live bear. The craze quickly spread. Before long a panda, Mei Mei, was resident in Chicago's Brookfield Zoo. Only in 1938 did London Zoo acquire three – the last of which died, hairless and miserable, shortly after the end of WWII. It was decided, perhaps belatedly, that pandas were unsuited to a life in captivity. In the meantime, the great bears were threatened from another quarter. Mao's communist government, in its vast programme of social engineering, had resettled great numbers of people in the Szechuan province, and was ripping up great swathes of forest and bamboo wilderness for agriculture. With the onset of the nuclear age, too, Szechuan was being transformed into a nuclear fastness in case of all-out global nuclear war.

From 1958 onwards, the mountains in Western Szechuan near Wolong, where the pandas had lived in splendid tranquility, were hollowed out for roads, armaments factories and nuclear reactors. The pandas were threatened by the destruction of their natural habitat – and thus more easily captured. The age of Panda Politics had dawned.

The following year, the new secretary of the London Zoo, South African born Solly Zuckermann, decided to reopen the panda trade with China. Zuckermann had a curious background for a zookeeper and supposed animal lover. He had been one of Mountbatten's chief scientific advisors at Combined Operations during the war. As a pioneer of the Operational Research section, he exposed live animals to bombs and bullets in order to study their injuries and devise better ways of killing people. Later, he would become Chief Government Scientist. His decision to acquire pandas was autocratic, in violation of US and UN trade embargoes against China, and unpopular in conservation quarters – although the International Union for the Conservation of Nature (IUCN) did back the move. The IUCN had been set up by Zuckermann's old friend Huxley, the first and perhaps most controversial director of UNESCO.

A direct consequence of Zuckermann's strange decision was that Western personnel had a chance, however slim, to enter the heart of Mao's secret stronghold.

The panda trade also enjoyed a bizarre significance in the early politics of the Cold War. To signal its break with Russian Communism, China began trading in pandas with the West. In turn, as recently opened secret documents have now revealed,

Britain's Macmillan government sent the panda Chi Chi to Russia for breeding purposes, in order to foment tension between the communist powers. (China refused to allow Western zoos to breed the bears.)

In other ways, too, politics and conservation were becoming inextricably bound. In 1960, Huxley, by then a querulous old man with a pedantic Victorian manner, was hauled out of retirement by the IUCN to report on the state of the environment in Africa.

Huxley's report, when it came, proved to be something of a groundbreaker. He visited over 25 wildlife preserves and scientific institutions throughout the continent, taking in ten African countries, and came up with a thunderously pessimistic report, in which a great deal of invective was aimed at the tribespeople of Africa, who he claimed were denuding the continent of its natural resources. In the report, he emphasized the need to preserve the land in its pristine condition, but was dismissive of the need to protect particular species such as the African elephant and the rhino. He suggested that all Africans were potential poachers, and that if Africa was to be saved, it would be saved by Europeans.

This report was serialised in *The Observer*. Apparently – or ostensibly – inspired by Huxley's cry to save Africa from the Africans, a trustee of *The Observer*, Max Nicholson, who was also director general of the British Nature Conservancy, joined forces with two ornithologists, Peter Scott and Guy Mountford, to establish a fundraising team. Nicholson, like Panda Man Zuckermann before him, had an unusual background for a conservationist – while private secretary to Foreign Secretary Herbert Morrison, he had been instrumental in setting up the MI6-sponsored Information Research Department of the Foreign Office.

A further curiosity is the role of *The Observer* itself, in the intelligence community. The newspaper, when owned by the Astors, was known to have extensive connections with MI6, which paid *The Observer's* foreign correspondents while using them for intelligence gathering abroad. MI6's man, Kim Philby, had been working as an *Observer* correspondent in Beirut when he fled to Russia, shortly before it was revealed that he had, all along, been a Soviet spy. And then there was Scott, the first swashbuckling birdwatcher the world had seen, who founded The Wildfowl Trust and staffed it with cryptographers and other former members of Britain's wartime intelligence service. More

infamously, he was a founder of the Primitive People's Fund, together with right-wing evolutionists [and Buthelezi/IFP supporters - Ed.] John Aspinall and Sir James Goldsmith. (See nose17.)

And, yes, Mountford, too, was an agent of MI6 – in France in the thirties, and in various theatres, from Africa to Europe to the East during WWII.

Between Scott, Nicholson and Mountford they established and launched the World Wide Fund for Nature, which was incorporated as a trust under Swiss Law on the 11th of September, 1961, the day after the IUCN's Special Africa Project conference drew to a close in Arusha, capital of then Tanganyika. The conference had used as its keynote document Huxley's damning screed. The World Wide Fund was to be a collection of money-gathering agencies, which in

saved. This assertion was also made in the special issue of the *Daily Mirror* which appeared on the 9th of October, 1961, heralding the launch of the Fund. The timing was curious: no Giant Panda had hitherto been born in captivity. It was only in 1963, in fact, that Peking Zoo succeeded in breeding pandas, and then only with questionable success. In the meantime, throughout the sixties, the roaring trade in pandas continued – at one stage, they fetched £25 000 on the open market, making them the most expensive animal in the world. They earned their keep, financially speaking, by attracting millions of visitors to the various zoos where they were kept.

[Edited and condensed by Nick Paul for noseWEEK]



Sir Solly Zuckermann, South African-born military researcher and director of London Zoo.

association with "competent organisations" – such as the IUCN – would develop strategies for the spending of funds collected. Mountford was its first treasurer.

The WWF adopted as its logo the adorable and embattled panda, not as a symbol of endangered wildlife, but as a species which, according to WWF publicity at the time, had already been

Next noseWEEK: The WWF quietly oversees the death of the panda, while profiting handsomely from its cuddly image. Meanwhile, across the Atlantic in the US, too, spooks and hunters have been gathering under the flag of conservation ... ■

THE POWER TO HARM

Mind, Murder and Drugs on Trial by
John Cornwell (Penguin)

CAT AND MOUSE

By James Patterson (Headline Feature)

EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF

By Beryl Bainbridge (Abacus)

books

thrillers of the month

reviewed by Maureen Barnes

THE POWER TO HARM

Mind, Murder and Drugs on Trial by John Cornwell (Penguin)

Browsing among the new thrillers I came across this non-fiction book by the erudite Cornwell and it is a superb book, compelling, profound and as thrilling as you could wish for.

Cornwell was asked by the London *Sunday Times Magazine* to cover the Louisville, Kentucky liability suit brought against pharmaceutical giants, Eli Lilly, by the victims of an apparently deranged gunman.

In September 1989, Joseph T Wesbecker, a 47-year-old worker in a Louisville printing firm, shot twenty of his co-workers, killing eight and injuring twelve.

It was discovered that Wesbecker had been taking the antidepressant Prozac, manufactured by Lilly, and in 1994 the survivors and relatives of Wesbecker's victims brought their action.

The trial lasted eleven weeks. "It was not long before I realized that the implications of this case went far beyond the tragic incident and the subsequent postures of the litigating parties," says Cornwell. "This was a story that embraced new brain science and profound issues of personal responsibility; competitive business practices ... and workplace stress; the American mania for civil-liability suits and high-stakes contingency litigation.

"Crucially, it involved the gulf between authentic public-health needs and the commercial goals of the pharmaceutical industry; the public's right to know the unadorned truth about medication and the pharmaceutical industry's tendency to withhold selective information in the interest of corporate aims."

It is this wide spectrum of interests and issues which makes this story so fascinating. What did drive this man over the edge? Hereditary mental illness? Environment? Appalling working conditions? Stress? Or Prozac? Cornwell examines them all.

The trial becomes as riveting as any screened in *LA Law* or *Murder One*, and it beats the O.J. fiasco hands-down. Here's a bit of cross-examination of Dr John Griest, one of Lilly's scientists:

"All right. Let's see," Smith started. "You have checked Item 43 as being particularly appropriate?" "Well, it's one of the items that I checked; correct." "It says, 'My sleep is fitful and disturbed,' " "Yes." "It says 'true' there; right?" "Uh-huh. Yes." "Go back, doctor, and look at the actual answer on the answer sheet." "Yes. It's different. It says 'false.' " "It's false?" Smith cried in an amazed voice, looking out toward the gallery. "Yep," said Greist, staring at the sheet in front of him. "Okay. Mistake there, huh?" asked Smith, sarcastically. "That's correct. Something is wrong here, that is for sure."

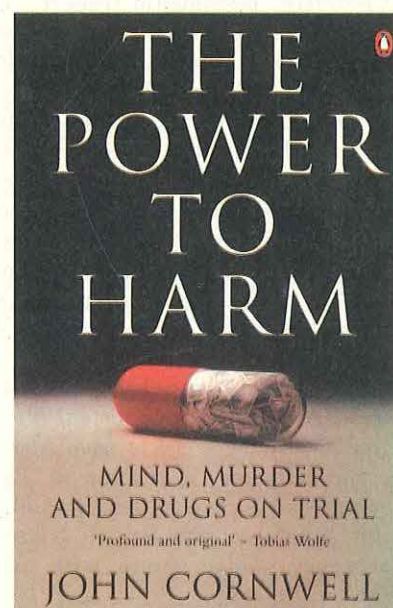
See what I mean?

A wonderful thriller with enough philosophical and ethical questions raised to keep dinner tables buzzing for the next twenty years.

CAT AND MOUSE

by James Patterson (Headline Feature)

Another Alex Cross thriller timed for the holiday season. Killer Gary Soneji is back and out for revenge against Cross. In the meantime, he moves around sniping at innocent people and feeling good about it. Need I say more? Personally I find the Cross books linger a little too long on violent images, but I'm in the minority. Patterson's hero has become so popular in America that the first of the Alex Cross films, starring Morgan Freeman, will be released later this year.



EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF

by Beryl Bainbridge (Abacus)

This unusual book won the Whitbread Novel Award last year and deservedly so. Bainbridge writes with her usual skill and fluency but this time her topic is truly unusual. We are taken onto the Titanic with a fictitious young nephew of real billionaire J Pierpont Morgan; we meet and get to know other passengers and members of the crew. And we sail inexorably towards the chilly appointment we know we must keep. A stunning re-creation and an exceptional novel. ■

VILLIERA TRADITION
CARTE ROUGE

Jeff Grier

PIERRE JOURDAN
BELLE ROSE

from Cabrière

FIENO

Milan, Italy by Franco dalla Cia

BREDELL'S HELDERZICHT
RESERVE

Tinta Barocca, Souzao and Cinsaut

wine

before and after
by Michael Oliver

So often over the happy holidays one is at a loss as to what should be served to guests before a meal – or after the meal for that matter – just to make things a bit different and festive. So easily one falls into the old trap of spirits and mixers or “a glass of wine” without being inventive, unusual or just plain fun. So I thought a few ideas to perk things up would not go amiss.

VILLIERA TRADITION CARTE ROUGE was one of the earliest Méthode Champenoise wines made in the Cape and therefore perhaps overlooked more in favour of newer bubbly flavours of the month. Made by Jeff Grier, as early as 1986 John Platter gave it four stars. It is made from 50% Pinot Noir, 20% Chardonnay and the remainder is Pinotage and Chenin Blanc. This most accessible “bubbly” is bottled in magnums too and really gets a Christmas or New Years Day lunch party going. It’s frightfully dashing mixed with a splash of Creme de Cassis to make a Kir Royale. Try it with an *eau de vie* made from peaches or strawberries for an unusual twist. Get all 1930’s and add peach slices or strawbs to make a sparkling fruit

punch. **PIERRE JOURDAN BELLE ROSE** from Cabrière in Franschhoek is also a very festive wine, pale peach in colour from the Pinot Noir skins, with a delicate fruitiness and fuller in flavour and more quaffable than Achim von Arnim’s more serious whites.

Not often do I taste a wine and go “hello mouth!!” Not often am I stunned by a myriad of tastes in one mouthful. But I was by **FIENO**. This wondrous Italian aperitif wine was introduced to me recently by Tony Mossop. It is made in Milan, Italy by Franco, the brother of Giorgio dalla Cia of Meerlust. It is flavoured with aromatic herbs. At first taste it starts off like passion fruit or apricot, on the middle taste it is herbally aromatic and the aftertaste leaves a delicate bitterness on the palate. When served cold, it is perfect before a meal to awaken the appetite and wonderful at the end to clear the palate. It is available from Meerlust estate – do try their wonderful Chardonnay. In the USA, *The Wine Spectator* rated it very high.

Now, let’s finish with a flourish and serve a good Cape Port with the Stilton. There’s an old saying which goes that Port has two duties, the first is to be red and the second is to be drunk. However, Port is being taken very seriously nowadays and the big players have or are planting vineyards of Portuguese varieties like Touriga Nacional, Tinta Roriz and Souzao to produce a more authentic product. A South African Port Producers Association of some 28 members has been formed which lays down strict rules for the production of Port in the Cape. The Calitzdorp Nels, Carel of Boplaas and Boets of Die Krans, Braam van Velden of Overgaaauw, Anton Bredell of Somerset West, Paul de Villiers of Landskroon and The Malans of Allesverloren are the “Main Manne” – the leaders of the perennially popular Port pack. Each is producing a unique and special wine. One which towers over the rest – in terms of height of producer – is the gentlest of giants Anton Bredell. His **BREDELL'S HELDERZICHT RESERVE** is made from Tinta Barocca, Souzao and Cinsaut. So easy to drink, this in Port terminology is a Cape Ruby – called thus as it should according to SAPP rules have matured for at least six months in wood and be ruby in colour, and a good one is required to show a degree of pepperiness. They are usually more youthful than the other two Port types, Cape Vintage and Cape Vintage Reserve. You’ll find it all in this wine, blackberries, chocolate and spice on the nose and palate, a wonderfully balanced port with a firm tannic backbone. And then there’s Theo Rudman: one can’t talk Cape Port seriously without him getting a mention. He bottles two limited edition Ports under his own name, made by Stefan Smit of Louisenhof, but he’s also out there encouraging the team to produce something as close as possible to the nectar from the banks of the Duoro. ■

CHAINE DES ROTISSEURS HONOURS PARKS

The Paris-based gastronomic society, the Chaîne des Rotisseurs, has awarded its coveted Blazon to Parks restaurant in Wynberg, Cape Town. Michael Olivier, our wineNOSE, is the restaurateur at this charming restaurant at the foot of Alphen Hill. The Blazon is given for consistently good service and food – an opinion of the place we share.

Since Parks opened four years ago in a beautifully restored Victorian house, set in a particularly pretty garden, it has featured on every list of top restaurants in the country. It has been named as having the most reasonably priced wine list in the Cape. Michael himself carefully selects the wines and often favours smaller boutique wines to offer along with old favourites such as Thelema, Klein Constantia and Villiera.

Parks is open for lunch from Sunday to Friday and for dinner from Monday to Saturday. Booking is advisable: Telephone: 021-797 8202 Fax: 021-7978233

– Maureen Barnes ■

Small advertisements to be received by 10th day of month of publication. Charge: R10 for up to 15 words, thereafter 75c per word.

PERSONAL

QUENTIN HOGGE is still alive [2019]

HOORAY for noseWEEK! The subscription present was highly appreciated. G.B. [1795]

MERRI MERRINGTON - Money or the Boks, Mr Bean-counter? Thought of food. Decided on Food for Thought. [3859]

HAPPY 47th BIRTHDAY Robin Hodgson. Your pal, Rob Tannahill

ANNE : Thanks for all your help and support. Love Shaun [4037]

THANKS TO MARTIN WELZ - for talking to Toastmasters! [4049]

ALLAN AND MELANIE, with so much love and many thanks, from Margot [4076]

JONATHAN - Belated Happy Birthday to replace the rum we drank [4133]

CHARLES - Hoping this is your first and last mention in noseWEEK - enjoy it, from Lindsay.

LONG LIVE noseWEEK! [1804]

DEAR noseWEEK PEOPLE - You are a breath of fresh air in the smog of the new SA - Ian Harper

SIAN - Your honeyed lips spark such dulcet tones SAMANTHA LOUISE - You are Mike Foley's Barbie doll - lots of love [3158]

noseWEEK WELL DONE! Excellent read. - Gail Gould, S'bosch [4146]

THIS READER IS most grateful that noseWEEK survived the onslaught - CM [1838]

HAPPY CHRISTMAS and a merry New Year to all nose readers, from Bob and Gerda Brown

BEST WISHES, RON from Ken, Colleen, Kyle and Jason [4150]

BEST WISHES Maureen & Victor, from Ken, Colleen, Kyle & Jason [4150]

PERCY - This one is for you. Keep singing so beautifully, always [4167]

'EL LIONS' thanks all clients for their support and friendship over the past 30 years [4166]

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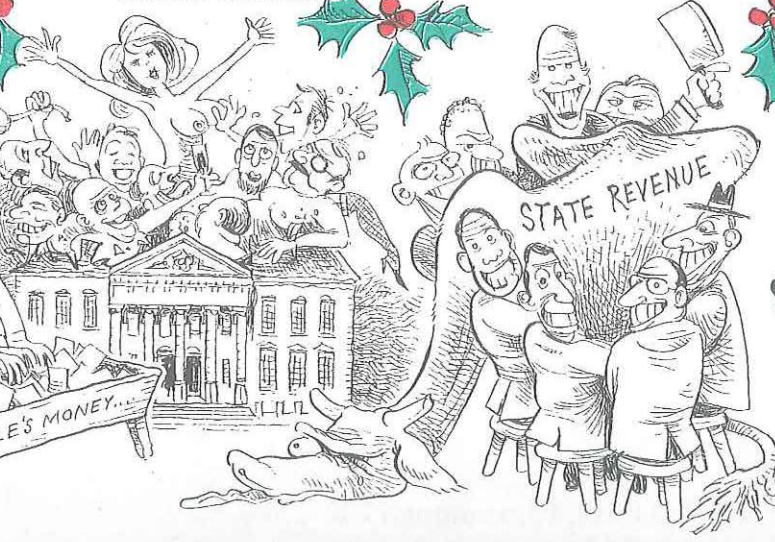


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