

nose week

R13.50 incl vat

TALK SHOW TANNIE DISINTEGRATES

"They killed my Teddy!"

*Do you know who the f**k I am?*



"I didn't kill Jani's doggy" - see page 9



Nedbank monitors clients' phones

Billionaire's birthday binge

More about Dullah's pals

HIV doesn't cause AIDS say dissident experts

South Africans in off-shore murder mystery

Dave Abromowitz does some explaining

We apply Dennis Davis's theory



THAT R C YACHT CLUB TIE (UP)

Dear Sir

You might not appreciate this, but among the membership of Royal Cape Yacht Club there are some decent and honest people, many of long standing. While they are as one with you about the pharmacist Dave Abromowitz *et al* (nose24), they are very upset that your revelations might be thought to suggest that the club is a collection of slippery ous, typified by their ex-commodore. Otherwise your current issue is, as always, a great delight.

Tim Anderson
Newlands

Dear Sir

Your articles contains references to Royal Cape Yacht Club and inferences that do not reflect favourably on the Club.

1. David Jack was, and still is, an honorary member of the club in his capacity as managing director of the Victoria and Alfred Waterfront company. Since all of the principals of the agencies and companies in the port with whom we have working relationships are extended honorary membership, it should be expected that V&A executives are included as honorary members. To infer that Mr Jack, or the V&A Waterfront, has offered preferential treatment to the Royal Cape Yacht Club or any of its members, through his association with the RCYC as an honorary member, is both devoid of truth and unfair.

2. While most of the subscribers to the debentures issued by the – now defunct – Roaring Forties Association would have been members of RCYC, they were members of the Roaring Forties in their own right. RCYC never had any formal relationship with the Association.

3. In respect of the donations to the NSRI: the Club continues to support the NSRI, albeit that this has, in recent times, been without as much fanfare as depicted in your article.

Paul Maré, Commodore
Royal Cape Yacht Club

As we said, not for nothing an honorary member of RCYC! As for the NSRI, we're all for it. – Ed.

Dear Sir

Congratulations! Your story regarding Mr Abromowitz, the fraud of the fleet, has really set the cat amongst the pigeons at the Yacht Club. The stories that are now coming out are quite amazing ...

Barry Farthing
Tokai

See page 13. – Ed.

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BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

Dear Sir

Perhaps no-one really knows how utterly sincere Fredagh Podlashuk is, and how passionate she is for fair play. I find it ironic that, at the hands of Graham Beck, she has become the victim of everything she abhors. To subject this dear lady to so much bitterness, in the winter of her life, is a most dastardly act. Maybe readers should decline to drink Douglas Green and Bellingham wines!

Tim Kent
Plumstead



Podlashuk

Beck

Dear Sir

I have never been a beauty, and Graham Beck has never, to my knowledge, been a Beast. If you knew the touching look on his face when he is with his grandchildren! However, the people who run his affairs are – with rare exceptions – hideous lying bullies. I can't fathom why he entrusts his vast empire to them.

Fredagh Podlashuk
Franschhoek

STILL BUGGED ABOUT Y2K

Dear Sir

In response to the critics (nose23) of my article on the Y2K bug (nose22): in my piece, I said: "I decided to investigate ... whether this will apply to every PC owner, causing expenditure of trillions ..." Seems clear enough to me: I was talking only about PCs. In fact, I phoned Lou Gerstner, and asked if I should deal with mainframes as well; he said no, business is not so good, and I might make things worse. I also phoned Scott McNealy to ask if I should cover Sun Microsystems. The line was very bad, I heard something like "fung off", I don't understand Chinese, but took it as a no; so I confined myself to PCs. While I did mention mainframes, it was only in passing. The real point at issue is: when we pass the millennium date, will it harm your PC, your data or your programs? I say no.

I never said don't check your computer. My main point is, before you spend a lot of money, find out whether you have a problem, and if so what is the size. I am prepared to conduct a live debate with the two knowalls who wrote to you criticising me, on PCs and even mainframes; I do know a lot of background about the latter, although I would not be able to sit down and play Beethoven.

Arnold Kalk
Johannesburg

DULLAH - SOME DISCLAIMERS

Dear Sir

You claim [What's going down with Dullah? - nose24] that the Thornhill Residents' Association is the author of a pamphlet against Mr Dinesh Gihwala, a resident in our area and a lawyer! We demand that you provide us with proof – or retract the statement altogether in your next edition! We take strong exception to your methods!

L. Omar (Ms)

Secretary, Thornhill Residents' Association
Rylands

A relative, perhaps? Look at nose24 again and try seeing what we actually wrote. – Ed.

Dear Sir

Re: your article on jobs for Dullah Omar's pals (nose24): Neither of us is in line, let alone "next in line", for such a job.

Ebie Mohamed and Nita Hanmer
Cape Town

Dear Sir

Why name me? My thing with the minister ended two or three years ago. Do you think if I was still involved with him, I'd have this shit job?!

Nicky van Driel

Pretoria (by telephone)

Sorry. Probably not. – Ed.

WOOLIES HAF VEYS UND MEANS

Dear Sir

Recently I filled in an application for a "Woolies Card" and thought no more of it. Imagine my surprise when staff from one of my businesses reported to me that a belligerent credit manager had demanded my personal details (from them!) and, in the course of these Gestapo tactics, divulged confidential information, including my income. Needless to say, my staff were enthralled and are looking forward to the next round of wage negotiations.

Despite a letter to the MD, no apology has been forthcoming. It is no secret that Woolworths have suffered from bad debt problems with their early cards. Now, it seems, they've discovered new "veys und means" of avoiding such mistakes.

Jim

Hogsback

cover story

Jani Allen as God made her, and, bottom left, ex-friend Tina Wappenhans, recipient of hate mail.
Pictures: Femina / Mickey Hoyle / Karina Turok, with apologies.

dear reader

WWF-SA is lobbying to be allowed to control the flow of all funds from SA's National lottery to organisations in the "Natural Heritage" sector. Such organisations should read Kevin Dowling's series on WWF – see latest chapter on page 15 – and think again about that.

• Mafia boss Vito Palazzolo's great friend and ally, attorney Cyril Prisman was due for another appointment as acting judge for the last quarter of this year, but was turned away at the last minute after objections from Cape judges.

Someone in high places is very keen on Cyril, however. The Bench is up in arms again at the suggestion that he might yet be appointed to the Bench in January.

• More on Dullah Omar's man on the Cape Bench, Judge Norman Arendse. It appears the Cape Bar omitted to mention to the Judicial Services Board that Arendse had been subjected to the Bar's most severe censure for misconduct, for abusing a judge of the Labour Court. Next on Arendse's stirring agenda: Cricket.

• Under the headline "Banks look at ways of spying on customers", the London *Sunday Times* last month reported that British banks have recently visited South Africa – to study Nedcor's "sophisticated and potentially intrusive" methods for monitoring its customers.

These methods are said to include monitoring customers' cell phone calls, their movements and who their friends are.

"Nedcor's systems enable it to collect sensitive data used to compile customer profiles, which enable it to determine whether its customers' finances are under control, whether they are technophiles or technophobes, and details of their hobbies, shopping habits and lifestyles." Nedcor clients rated as 'low value' are 'encouraged' by high charges and rule changes to leave the bank or switch to a more basic service, they say.

Nedcor customers are given cell phones, which, each morning, display their current bank balances. What the customers may not know is that the bank can trace all calls made by the customers from these phones.

A spokesman for the UK's Data Protection Registrar, asked for comment on the South African "system", is quoted saying: "This is getting very close to a Big Brother-type scenario".

British banks doing the same, would be contravening European laws on data protection, which require the bank first to obtain its customers' informed consent.

And in SA? *Happy Christmas!*

Everything in this story is true.

Early in April 1991, Hazel Craigie's red Vauxhall Cavalier was damaged in an accident. On April 16, before taking the train to work, she brought the car to a garage in Ashford in Kent for repairs. As they were unable to attend to the repairs immediately,

she left the car in a parking lot across the street from the garage. On Saturday April 20 – she had the weekend off from work – Hazel returned to look at the car as she needed to fill in a detailed insurance claim. To add to her troubles, she now discovered that both licence plates had been stolen off the car since she'd parked it there. She immediately reported this to the police.

IT WAS A PERFECT SPRING afternoon in April. Mrs Joan Risby was

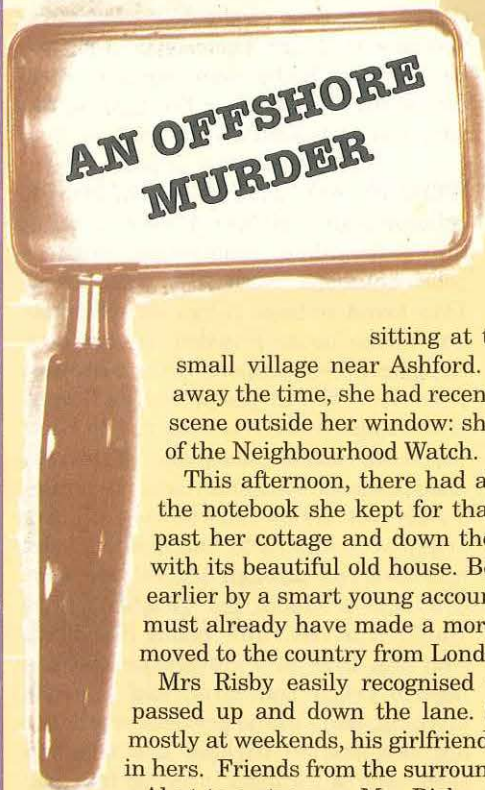
sitting at the window of her cottage in Elmsted, a small village near Ashford. Besides enjoying the view and whiling away the time, she had recently acquired a new interest in the passing scene outside her window: she and her husband had become members of the Neighbourhood Watch.

This afternoon, there had already been an event worth recording in the notebook she kept for that purpose. A strange red car had driven past her cottage and down the quarter-mile lane to Beech Tree Farm, with its beautiful old house. Beech Tree had been bought a year or two earlier by a smart young accountant, Simon Law. By all appearances, he must already have made a more than fair success of his career when he moved to the country from London.

Mrs Risby easily recognised the few cars and people that regularly passed up and down the lane. Simon would whiz by in his Jeep, and, mostly at weekends, his girlfriend, Tarn Phillips, would arrive from London in hers. Friends from the surrounding countryside would call.

Alert to a stranger, Mrs Risby noticed that the driver of the red car had short dark hair and a Mediterranean complexion. In the fleeting moment as the car passed, she only had time to note that his passenger was a white male. She did, however, get to see the number on the licence plate. As she wrote it down – E377 BWV – she saw the car turn at the end of the lane and drive away almost immediately. They had probably not found Simon at home – his car wasn't in the drive, where he usually parked it.

Next day – it was the 18th of April – she saw the same red car parked near her house, but by the time she had called her husband to have a closer look at it, it had gone. A few hours later – at about 5.30 pm – it was back. Now Mrs Risby noticed something really strange: while she was convinced it was the same red Vauxhall Astra she had seen the day before, with the same two men in it, the car's registration number had changed. She wrote down the number: E635 DGX. Simon was



more than likely still not at home, because once again the red car turned around and drove off.

The same happened the next afternoon. The two men were clearly very anxious to see Mr Law – but why, then, hadn't they phoned to make an appointment? Mrs Risby again wrote the licence plate number and the time in her notebook. Four days later, at 7:30 in the morning, the red Vauxhall once again passed down the lane. This time, it stopped in the gravel yard in front of Simon's house. Simon was definitely home – his jeep was also parked there. Mrs Risby had been on the way to the bathroom when she'd seen them through the window; now she moved on to have her shower. About twenty minutes later, she heard the sound of a car drive by, but she was still in the bathroom and did not see whether it was the Astra or another car. She never again saw the red Astra, its two occupants, or Simon Law.

TARN PHILLIPS WAS A LITTLE PUT out when Simon did not telephone her at the office in the course of Monday, as he always did. Her annoyance grew to

Simon Law



irritation and finally to concern when, through Tuesday, she got no reply to her repeated calls to both his home and his mobile phones. When on Wednesday he did not turn up at her South London flat for their luncheon date, she called Simon's neighbour, Ann Nichols. Ann had an extra key to Simon's house and looked after the burglar alarm when he was away. He was always very good about telling her when he was going to be away, and he had not said anything to her about a trip. Ann said she would go over at once to see what was up. Within half an hour, she called back to report that she had found the house open, but Simon was nowhere to be seen. Tarn rushed to her car and headed for Kent. The normally pleasant two-hour drive

today seemed interminable. Simon had been in a state of anxiety for months now about a dispute he was having with a former business associate in South Africa.

For years, he had been running an off shore business for a crowd of wealthy South Africans, but it had all come to an end about a year back, when he and his client in Johannesburg – who ran the South African end of things – got into a dispute about fees. The dispute had acquired a whole new dimension when, towards the end of the year, some inspectors from the South African Reserve Bank came over to England to question Simon about the scheme.

On her arrival at Beech Tree Farm, Tarn found Simon's Range Rover parked in the driveway. The front door was unlocked. Two pints of milk were on the doorstep. Inside the radio was playing. A half-used pint of milk was going bad on the kitchen table. His bed was slept in and had not been made up. Some money and his keys were lying on the bedside table. There was water in the bath and his clothes were lying on the floor – but there was no sign of him. Then she noticed that his grey bathrobe was missing from behind the bedroom door. She went to the telephone and called the police.

WITHIN NO TIME, A TEAM OF policemen and neighbours were scouring the surrounding countryside, with a police helicopter overhead to guide them. They found no trace of him. An examination of the house revealed no sign of a struggle. Law's passport was in a drawer. Detective Chief Inspector George Rogers of the Kent Police was assigned to head the team investigating the suspicious disappearance of Simon Law. He immediately set about interviewing all the neighbours. Mrs Risby told him what she had observed through her cottage window, and produced her Neighbourhood Watch notebook. Mrs Sonia Shepherd, who also lives in a cottage just off the lane to Beech Tree farm, told how one morning, early in the previous week, her dog had started barking and she had then seen a stranger peering into her kitchen window. When she asked if she could help him, he asked for directions to "Earl Cottage" or to Beech Tree Farm. She directed the stranger to Simon Law's house. She recalled that the man spoke with a heavy accent – she thought Irish, or something similar – and that another man had been waiting nearby in a fairly new red Vauxhall.

A day later, the police received a call from Simon's neighbour, James Nichols – Ann's husband. On arriving home and

hearing of Simon's disappearance, he immediately realised that he, too, had something to tell the police. He had known for some time, he now told DCI Rogers, that Simon was involved in a serious dispute with a South African business partner, a man called Jenkins. In mid-March, therefore, when they had got together for a chat, Nichols had quite naturally enquired of Simon if things had been sorted out with the South African. Simon had then told him that matters had still not been resolved, and had added: "I wouldn't be surprised if he didn't send over a couple of blokes to sort me out." At the time he had thought Simon was just kidding, James told Inspector Rogers, but now ... now he feared the worst.

DCI Rogers also learned that Simon Law was an Oxford graduate in mathematics who had become much sought after for his skill at hiding money in complex business webs. The detective would find out a great deal more about Law's business affairs in due course, but his first priority was to track down the red Vauxhall that Mrs Risby had noted – and, hopefully, find the missing man alive. Tarn Phillips believed that Simon had been kidnapped by the men in the red car, and was waiting at the telephone, ready to receive any ransom calls.

DCI Rogers checked the last licence plate number on the police computer and quickly found the owner's name and address – and a police record that the licence plates had been reported stolen. Hazel Craigie was quickly able to satisfy him that the licence plates were stolen off her car in the parking lot some time between April 16 and April 20.

He checked the computer for the owner of the car with the licence plate number recorded by Mrs Risby on the first day – and within an hour was knocking on the door of Chris Pollard in London. Pollard explained that in the previous week, he had lent his red Vauxhall Astra to some friends of a cousin, Graham Moore – two South Africans on a visit to England.

They had first borrowed the car on April 17, when they said they had to go to Ashford in Kent. They did not say for what reason. All they said when they returned the car was that the white cliffs of Dover had been "a disappointment". On April 22, they had again borrowed the car, saying they wished to visit a friend. When they returned the car on the evening of the 23rd, he had noticed that Glen's boots were smothered in wet mud. The two chaps had stayed at Graham's parents' house for

the ten days they were in England.

The police took Pollard's car away for forensic examination. The car was clean and appeared to hold no clues, except for what appeared to be a single bloodstain on the rubber rim of the boot. It was carefully cut out and sent to the police laboratory for analysis.

Meanwhile, DCI Rogers had proceeded to the Moores' house in Farnham, Surrey. The detective most particularly wished to question Graham Moore about his two South African friends.

Immediately appreciating the seriousness of the situation, Graham was happy to co-operate. He told the police how, in 1982, he had gone to South Africa, where he got a job as a surface engineer. For recreation, he spent time with the members of the Vincent owners club, who organised a monthly braai. One of the people he often met there was a young chap called Glen Chait. Another person he met at the Vincent owners get-togethers was Ian Shephard - in fact, as a result of that meeting, Graham had gone to live in Shephard's garden cottage in Muller Street, Buccleugh, a northern suburb of Johannesburg.

After three years in South Africa, Graham returned to England. Years had then passed without any contact until, he told DCI Rogers, in late March or early April 1991, when, out of the blue, he received a telephone call from Ian Shephard in South Africa. After asking after each other, Ian said he had someone else at the phone who also wished to speak to Graham. It was Glen Chait. Chait told Graham he was planning to come to England to check on the authenticity of a Talbot car. He didn't know England at all, so would Graham help him get his bearings when he got to London? Absolutely, said Graham.

Graham was at Heathrow airport when, on April 13, Glen Chait and a friend arrived from South Africa. Glen introduced his friend as Neville van der Merwe. They did not have accommodation arranged, so Graham took them to stay with his parents at their house in Surrey. When they said that they were keen to see a bit of the English countryside, Graham's brother-in-law offered to lend the visitors his red Vauxhall Astra for the odd trip. (DCI Rogers noted that Ashford, where the licence plates were stolen off Hazel Craigie's car, although a full 20 miles from Elmsted, where Simon Law lived, was on the direct route to Elmsted for someone driving from Surrey.)

Graham continued: A few days after their arrival, he met up with the two South Africans and took them down to

the pub for a pint or two. At one point in the evening, when he returned to their table with the next round, they were speaking in Afrikaans to one another. Graham had got to understand quite a bit on his stay in South Africa, and he picked up that they were talking about their "percentage" - how much they were each going to make out of "the deal". Graham did not know what deal they were talking about, but he heard them talking about eighty-two thousand, either rands or pounds, he didn't gather which, because someone then came over and interrupted the conversation. Graham said his father, Joseph Moore, had taken Chait and Van der Merwe to the airport for their flight home early in the morning of April 24. That, Graham told DCI Rogers, was all he knew.

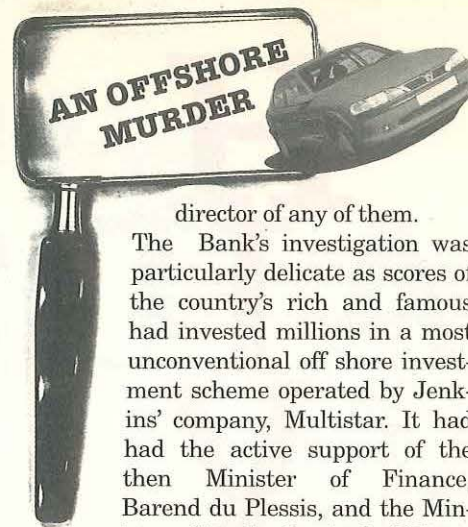
Had Graham perhaps heard the name Jenkins mentioned? asked the detective. No, said Graham, the name was not mentioned but, as it happened, he did know a Mr Jenkins: in fact David Jenkins was a friend of his old landlord in Johannesburg, Ian Shephard, the man who had called and then put Chait on the line to him in March. Jenkins also lived on Muller Street in Buccleugh, and often called at the Shephards' house for a drink and a chat.

Before leaving, DCI Rogers spoke to Mr Moore senior, who recalled one interesting additional detail: on their return from one of their overnight trips into the country - he thought it was when they had returned from their last trip on the twenty-third - the South Africans had washed the red Vauxhall and vacuumed its interior.

ON APRIL 29, DCI ROGERS AND HIS assistant, Detective Joseph Finney, met with Simon Law's former business partner, Charles Tarry.

Tarry confirmed that there had been a dispute brewing with David Jenkins in South Africa since 1988. It had become really serious over the past year. Law believed Jenkins owed him a large amount in outstanding fees, while Jenkins had become extremely antagonistic, claiming that Law had "ripped him off".

At about the same time, the South African Reserve Bank had started an investigation into David Jenkins' off shore business dealings. They suspected that he was committing a form of currency fraud known as "round tripping". The Reserve Bank suspected that Jenkins, a British-born South African resident, secretly controlled three off shore companies - Islanmore Estate Ltd, Overport Ltd and Portable Tanks Ltd, although he was not formally listed as a



director of any of them.

The Bank's investigation was particularly delicate as scores of the country's rich and famous had invested millions in a most unconventional off shore investment scheme operated by Jenkins' company, Multistar. It had had the active support of the then Minister of Finance, Barend du Plessis, and the Minister of Trade, Dawie de Villiers.

Bank inspectors believed that Jenkins had illegally accumulated assets off shore, and that income being generated off shore was being brought back to South Africa, disguised as new foreign investment. In the process, Jenkins had fraudulently claimed the 40% "finrand" discount only allowed to foreign investors.

When the SARB questioned Jenkins about the three foreign companies, he at first claimed that they were, in fact, owned by Simon Law and others.

The suspicion that Simon Law was merely fronting as owner of the companies, when secretly, Jenkins was their effective owner, was however lent credence by the events that followed - and by some curious facts that would only emerge much later.

Having had to rescue Jenkins from possible prosecution by declaring to the South African Reserve Bank inspectors that he was the owner, and believing that Jenkins owed him money, Simon Law might well have been tempted, or have threatened, to walk off with the companies. Had Law done so, Jenkins would have been rendered incapable of doing anything (legal) about it - by his own sworn statement to the SARB!

The row between Jenkins and Law, Tarry continued, had become particularly heated in 1990.

In April of that year the Reserve Bank inspectors, and a police officer from the Commercial Branch, had apparently made sufficient progress with their investigation to want to call on Jenkins at his office in Johannesburg. They demanded to see his records. In June, he had been summoned to the Reserve Bank in Pretoria, where he was obliged to answer questions in writing. He became convinced that the authorities were planning to arrest him and, early in July, fled to the safety of the British

Continued on page 17

NO PROOF HIV CAUSES AIDS

HIV AIDS ZV T Biochemist describes AZT as poison

This article is to inform readers of a different point-of-view, and perhaps to prompt further investigation. It is not intended to recommend any course of treatment.

THERE IS NO PROOF THAT THE human immuno-deficiency virus – HIV – causes AIDS, and treatments based on that theory are putting people's lives at risk, a US Nobel-Prize-winning biochemist has declared.

In his autobiography titled *Dancing Naked in the Mind Field*, published this month in America, Dr Kary Mullis writes: "Years from now, people will find our acceptance of the HIV theory of AIDS as silly as we find those who excommunicated Galileo for having suggested the earth is round."

Dr Mullis, winner of the 1993 Nobel prize for chemistry, is the latest scientific dignitary to lend his voice to the growing number of scientists who believe that the medical research establishment is wrong in claiming that HIV is the cause of AIDS.

Elaborating on his findings to a gathering of AIDS dissidents at the University of Toronto, Dr Mullis described the AIDS drug AZT as "a poison which has been prescribed by doctors... for a disease supposedly caused by an organism no one has isolated".

Dr Mullis said his doubts about HIV started in the late 1980s when, in filling out an application for research funding, he was unable to find a scientific reference to support the idea that HIV caused AIDS. At the time, he was working for the US National Institutes of Health.

Not only has HIV never been isolated

in the way that other viruses, such as polio, have been – but researchers have also been unable to prove a causal link between HIV and any of the diseases associated with AIDS.

By Mullis's account, the discovery of HIV owed more to politics and economics than to science. By the mid-1980s, he said, 10 000 scientists who had spent the previous decade in a fruitless search for a virus that caused cancer were about to lose their jobs. At the same time, pressure was mounting on then US president Ronald Reagan to do something about the AIDS epidemic in the US.

In short order, Mullis said, a French and an American researcher who were specialists in C-type retroviruses announced that they had isolated such a virus in material taken from the lymph nodes of a Parisian decorator. But, according to Mullis and the growing number of AIDS dissidents, they had not.

Recent attempts to prove isolation of the virus have had little success. Prof Etienne de Haerfen, who pioneered a method of purifying viruses during 25 years' work at the Sloan Kettering Institute in New York, is renowned for his published work in the electron photomicrography of viruses. Now emeritus Professor of Pathology at the University of Toronto, he describes recent electron microscope studies of supposed HIV as "disastrous".

In its published literature, the AIDS dissident group, HEAL (Health Education AIDS Liaison), asserts that the so-called drug cocktails aimed at eradicating HIV "harm far more patients than they help" because they are toxic to the immune system, and do not address the underlying problems of immune deficiency. They also do not allow for the fact that many people who have tested HIV-

positive on the standard tests will not develop AIDS.

AIDS dissidents claim AIDS is actually the result of a weakened immune system due to sexually transmitted diseases like syphilis, as well as multiple viral infections and lifestyle factors, including poor nutrition, drug abuse and excessive use of antibiotics.

Despite his credentials as a scientific heavyweight, Dr. Mullis is equally famous as an iconoclast and intellectual daredevil, who has been attacked by critics as much for his lifestyle as for his views. The eccentric, thrice-divorced California beach boy, now 53, admits in his autobiography to having indulged in hallucinogenic drugs and pot. The "gene amplification" method that won him the Nobel Prize, allows researchers to produce millions of copies of a single microscopic strand of DNA within hours. At the time, it was the cutting-edge in AIDS research. Mullis has since applied his research to more bizarre causes. In 1995, he bought the rights to extract DNA from a lock of Elvis Presley's hair and, using his gene amplification method, was able to make millions of copies of Presley's genes and preserve them inside artificial gemstones, to be made into jewellery.

Among those angered by Mullis' devastating criticism of the orthodox view of HIV as the cause of AIDS, was a local doctor who complained: "I think it's dangerous. If he discredits the idea of a virus, it takes away incentives for people to practise safe sex." Not true, says Carl Strygg, the internationally renowned countertenor who founded HEAL in Toronto last year. "As soon as one challenges the HIV paradigm, people assume that 'safe' does not need to be a part of the equation. But we have never said that safe sex isn't important. It is."

HEAL is an international organisation, which began in New York City in 1983, at the very start of the AIDS crisis – before the "discovery" of HIV – and offered patient support and holistic-therapy advice. It was originally headed by Dr. Michael Ellner who accused Dr. Robert Gallo, the American researcher credited with the HIV thesis, of publishing unverifiable data based on incomplete research. Dr Ellner's patients at New York Hospital, none of whom are given the anti-HIV drug, AZT, are still among the longest-surviving AIDS sufferers in the world.

Duesberg

Mullis

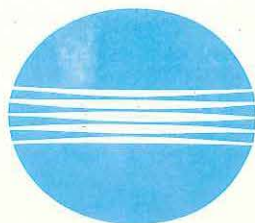


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H AIDS ZV T

The new AIDS activists may not look as radical as the older generation of activists, who shaved off their hair and beat drums down Madison Avenue, but they are no less persistent or passionate in, this time, challenging the scientific thesis of HIV infection.

The new breed, who have become known as "AIDS dissidents", include anything from Nobel laureates, to historians, lawyers, a bookstore owner and a baroque singer. Not all are happy to be labelled "dissident". "It's like we're starting a revolution, but, in fact, we're just asking a question," says Mullis.

In Australia, the dissidents are led by a group of eminent medical scientists at the University of Perth. [See more about them in our next issue.]

If the dissidents are right that HIV is a red herring, then pricey, powerful drugs that attack both HIV and healthy cells in the body could be doing people with AIDS more harm than good. For that reason, HEAL focuses on challenging the drug companies, whom they feel are making mountains of money from hapless victims of the medical establishment. One of the group's posters simply reproduces an actual label from an AZT bottle, which features a skull-and-crossbones logo, indicating its acknowledged toxicity.

HEAL and other critics point to the Concorde Trial of 1993, one of the few international drug trials of AZT not funded directly by the drug's manufacturer, Burroughs Wellcome. The test found that the mortality rate was 25 per cent higher for those taking AZT than for those who weren't.

Dr Donald Abrams, Professor of Medicine and Director of the AIDS program at

San Francisco General Hospital, says "I have a large population of people who have chosen not to take any anti-retrovirals ... I've been following them since the very beginning ... They've watched all of their friends go on the antiviral bandwagon and die".

If HIV doesn't cause AIDS, what does? Gordon Stewart, Public Health Professor Emeritus of Epidemiology and Pathology at Glasgow University, and AIDS advisor to the World Health Organisation, is one of the "dissidents". He predicted in 1985 already that lifestyle and behaviour factors would prove central to AIDS. Years of efforts to get his analyses published came to nothing.

Another to express reservations about HIV was Dr Peter Duesberg. A pre-eminent retrovirologist, Duesberg pointed out in a paper in the journal *Cancer Research* in 1987 that retroviruses didn't destroy cells. In addition, HIV was present in the body - even of people dying of AIDS - in amounts too small to do any harm. Even if HIV were to kill all the immune cells it had infected every two days, the amount of cells needing replacement approximated the amount of blood a man cutting himself shaving would need to replace.

The scientific research establishment reacted with fury. Duesberg's \$350 000 outstanding scientific investigator grant was cancelled, and he was not allowed to teach graduate classes. His university, Berkeley, couldn't fire him as he was tenured, but he was demoted to chairmanship of the annual picnic committee.

Duesberg theorised that AIDS could be the result of the misuse of both pharmaceutical and non-pharmaceutical drugs. He based his view on the fact that early AIDS patients were gay men who were taking street drugs that wore down their

immune system. Duesberg also claimed that many gay men, in that more promiscuous age, were popping antibiotics like candy, to prevent frequent bouts of venereal disease.

Venereal disease is what concerns John Scythes, a tireless Toronto bookstore owner and well-published AIDS dissident. Scythes suspects that AIDS results from injury to the immune system caused by untreated syphilis. This idea was briefly popular in the mid-eighties, but Scythes has not given it up.

Scythes claims that the opportunistic diseases associated with AIDS (wasting, tuberculosis, cancers, pneumonia and dementia) are typical of latent syphilis - a stage that doctors cannot easily diagnose.

Many believe the debate about HIV has been distorted by vested interests. By 1997, worldwide sales of AZT had exceeded \$2.5 billion. The AIDS establishment spends some \$3 billion per year on travel, conferences, research grants and salaries. Those scientists wishing to "get ahead" by getting on that gravy train, know that there is, as always, very little prospect of doing so by going against the mainstream.

Dissenters say that the orthodox view of AIDS has become so entrenched that it has been immensely difficult for them to get access to medical journals and the mainstream media. Health writer Celia Farber describes the AIDS establishment as a "totalitarian system where a central ideology seeks to enforce its domination by methodically obstructing any ideas that run counter to it". But, she adds optimistically, "Truth is like an airplane. It has to land somewhere."

Next issue: AZT for South Africa's pregnant women - a basic human right - or a death sentence for the innocent? ♪

AIDS IN AFRICA MIGHT NOT BE HIV-AIDS AT ALL

The HIV theory predicted that HIV/AIDS would become a global epidemic driven by the most potent of all forces, sex. But in the West AIDS is still confined to the original "high-risk" groups. 94 per cent of all AIDS cases in the US are still either gay men or intravenous drug users.

The number of HIV-positive people in the US has remained constant at about 800 000. After an investigation by an American TV news station, the US Centre for Disease Control has admitted to overstating the number of HIV positives by some 35 per cent for fear of budget cuts.

At the same time, the number of cases of other known sexually-transmitted diseases has been rising rapidly, so the failure of HIV/AIDS to spread to the population at large cannot be ascribed to safe sex.

Approximately 90 per cent of people dying of AIDS in the US are men. In Africa, the picture is very different. Here, both HIV infection and AIDS are said to affect men and women equally. Millions of Africans have long suffered from "weight loss",

chronic diarrhoea, fever and persistent coughs. In 1985, these symptoms were suddenly redefined as AIDS by Western researchers, who said that they were caused by a sexually transmitted virus. Many of the African communities ravaged by AIDS are, however, among the most sexually conservative communities in the world.

Other major areas of criticism are the standard HIV tests, and the different HIV-test criteria that are applied in different parts of the world. Whether you are found to be HIV-positive or not, could depend on where you are tested. The lower test criteria applied in Africa, alone, must inevitably result in higher HIV statistics for the area. [See next issue.]

HIV dissidents say that the perception that the continent is in the grip of a deadly plague is not only incorrect; it could mean the diversion of resources from genuine needs to expenditure on expensive drugs of dubious benefit, such as AZT. The best remedies for AIDS in Africa, they say, are the remedies for poverty and disease - peace, food, clean water and shelter.

HOW HIGH T'MOON ?



Femina / Mickey Hoyle

JANI ALLAN WAS IN GAUTENG [ON a film shoot with Pieter Dirk Uys, my dears], when, at 7.15 pm on Monday October 19, Sea Point dog lover Karl Haupt called her to tell her that her toy Pomeranian had just died. One of Karl's Staffordshire terriers had frightened it to death while the dogs were playing on Camps Bay beach.

As it happened, Jani was spending the night with dog breeder, Yvonne Meintjes of Tinytot Pomeranians, Vorna Valley. Jani shrieked and dropped the telephone receiver. After a suitable pause, it was retrieved by Ms Meintjes, who immediately accused the unhappy caller of murdering Jani's doggy - stud name [*stud name?* - Ed.] Tynyot How High t'Moon - before slamming down the phone.

Another to call Jani with the sad news was her instantly ex-friend, Tina Wappenhans (see cover, bottom left), who had been baby-sitting Teddy, and had taken him to the beach for an evening run when it happened. She had wanted to tell Jani how several little dogs had been playing happily on the beach, when suddenly round the corner, as if from nowhere, a Staffie hurtled down on Teddy. "Teddy just collapsed. How clever, he plays dead when frightened, I thought." But Jani refused the call.

Both Karl and Tina tried repeatedly to speak to Jani. She refused their calls or didn't reply to messages on her cell phone.

So they never did manage to tell Jani how they had rushed the limp dog to Cape Town's most fashionable veterinary clinic, where Dr Michael Vries immediately took it into intensive care. The surgeon placed Tynyot-etc in an oxygen tent and gave him an adrenaline injection in the heart. Unfortunately, however, this was, as the saying goes, a very dead parrot. Jani's dearly beloved Teddy was departed - for t'Moon.

While Karl's Staffie had stood over Jani's Pom, and had held it in his mouth, the doctor could, in fact, find no sign of injury to the deceased. Tynyot had died of a heart attack from shock, was the doctor's conclusion. He added: "These dogs tend to be pretty inbred ... delicate stomachs, weak hearts ..."

Late that night Jani had recovered sufficiently to make an abusive call of her own to Karl Haupt. "Do you know who the fuck I am?!" she yelled - then told him anyway and announced that she intended calling down the wrath of

radio, press and TV upon him.

Her Cape Talk show was devoted to the subject on more than one occasion; *The Atlantic Sun*, *Die Burger*, *The Sunday Times*, *SAFM* and her personal web page on the internet - all broadcast her rage and accusations. The ageing Jani's fading celebrity status was briefly restored. Her facelift, compliments of *Femina*, had been completed in the nick of time.

Jani had met Tina, a Sea Point business woman, early in the year - at about the time when Jani was moving out of the apartment of her man in the IFP, Mario Ambrosini.

She immediately thought her new friend Tina should also have a doggy - not quite as classy as her Teddy, but sort of - and found her a mongrel toy Pom from the Animal Shelter. Tina was delighted. Jani would often call Tina to bring her doggy over to play with Teddy. Occasionally Jani would drop Teddy off at Tina's to play for the day while she had things to do.

"I knew that I was being used, like so many others before me, but I went into it with my eyes open. I liked her, and went out of my way to keep her happy," says Tina.

When Jani dropped Teddy off on Sunday afternoon, it was for his first overnight stay. On Monday morning Tina woke to find that one of her cars had been stolen. Before she could report the matter to the police, Jani was on the phone from Johannesburg: she had forgotten the pills for her latest beauty treatment at home, would Tina fetch them from her flat and rush them to a courier? Tina shifted her own problems aside to attend to Jani's latest crisis.

By evening the thought of a gentle walk on the beach with the dogs to unwind after a bad day offered relief. Which was when tragedy struck.

Jani has announced to the world that she holds Karl and Tina responsible for Teddy's death: Tina for her "negligence" in allowing Teddy to run free on the beach, and Karl for his "totally irresponsible, not to say cavalier, non-handling" of his Staffies, i.e. throwing a Frisbee for them to retrieve on the same beach.

Jani has discussed the matter with the SPCA, the Law Enforcement for Dog Control, the Camps Bay Police, and two animal behaviourists - not to speak of her friend Colonel Turner in England, readers of her personal web page on the net,

and listeners to her radio talk show. "All are agreed," she says, "that Staffordshire Terriers are highly dangerous when over excited and should never be allowed to chase Frisbees on a public beach."

Not, of course, to speak of Jani Allan, when she's over-excited.

For weeks scores of her followers have been inspired to make abusive and threatening phone calls, often late at night, to the two accused by her. Colonel Turner, who describes himself as "author and consultant" and who claims to have seen Jani through "some pretty traumatic episodes in recent years", saw fit to write to Karl from England (on behalf of himself and his wife) about the "complete dereliction, tantamount to betrayal, on the part of the Wappenhans woman".

Karl himself the colonel accused of "reckless idiocy", "Teutonic indifference" and callousness in regard to the death of "Teddy Bear, an inoffensive small dog belonging to Ms Jani Allan".

"It's terrible. After the tragedy of Teddy's death, does anyone deserve this," says Tina.

Now Ms Allan is threatening to take the matter to the Small Claims Court. "Apart from his priceless value to me, my dog was an extremely highly bred Pomeranian whose sire, Sharian's Rockin' Robin of Tynyot, is a multiple speciality and group winner imported from Canada, whose titles include Champion Canada/USA/SA and Zim. Rockin Robin's owner, Yvonne Meintjes, has been offered well in excess of \$15000 for the dog," she has written to Karl.

"The grief and total disintegration of my psyche cannot be described. Tynyot How High t'Moon (Teddy) can never be replaced," she has declared, moving many of her listeners to tears.

She appears to have forgotten the previous occasion when Teddy got lost: that time it was Jani, herself, who had taken him for a walk on the beach. He was found hours later playing with a Dalmatian on First Beach, Clifton. And what of Jani's previous toy Pom, who also died of a heart attack - last year, while in Jani's own care. So soon forgotten? ■

THE CHARGE of THE LIGHT BRIGADE

We apply the Dennis Davis theory of Trusts

AMONGST THE NAMES OF THE rich and famous featured in the title of a recent Cape High Court case, were those of Roy Beamish, legendary building tycoon of Cape Town (said to be worth R250 million-plus), our old friends, Syfrets, a former president of the Public Accountants and Auditors Board, and a former vice president of the Cape Law Society.

Imagine our shock on discovering that noseweek is mentioned in the papers as well! And, we might add, in terms not intended to enhance our reputation either. None of the parties had bothered to mention it to us.

While not quite gaga, Roy Beamish may fairly be described as no longer in his prime; in fact, we would have thought him too old for this sort of thing. Nevertheless, he has seen fit to declare under oath - in a generally vile and frequently misleading affidavit to the High Court - that we have published libellous letters - authored by one of his own wayward sons - about his loyal friends at Syfrets.

Regrettably, no such letter has ever been received by noseweek from a Beamish.

But what really makes it all so unforgivable is the fact that a coterie of eminent professional advisors have all declared - in affidavits - that they are in agreement with what old Beamish has said. Can't you just hear the message being passed down the ranks: "Fall in behind the guy with the R250 million!"?

Our previously expressed views about Syfrets the firm were based on years of carefully accumulated and catalogued information. So, for the sake of clearing our name, we will concentrate on telling you about some of the liberties that old Beamish and his eminent co-trustees have, in this case, taken with the truth. An example:

In the 1970s a company called Fisherman's Wharf bought some plots in fashionable Marina da Gama, on the lagoon near Muizenberg. By the early 1980s, when our story begins, the Fisherman's Wharf company was owned by the Roy Beamish Family Trust.

That clever, clever man, Professor - now Judge - Dennis Davis, long ago

taught his students at UCT about family trusts. Your typical, wealthy family trust, said the Prof, has four trustees: one, the guy with the boodle; two, a tame accountant; three, a family friend who's an attorney, and fourth-but-not-least, a stooge. The chap with the boodle calls the shots and quickly pummels into gibbering submission those that dare to defy him. The stage is set for the rot to

Tame Accountant Dick Came



spread and grow. So the professor taught his students.

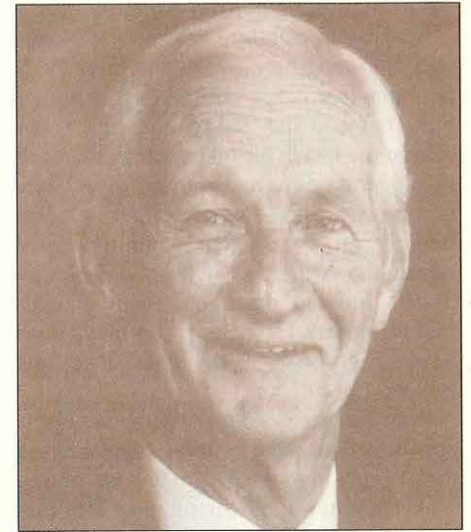
As you might have expected, the main trustee of this eminent and worthy family trust was Kilroy (Roy for short) Beamish himself. As is prescribed by trust tradition, he was assisted by his loyal accountant, Dick Came (of BDO Spencer Steward and a former president of the Public Accountants and Auditors Board, no less), his loyal attorney, Hedley Salmon (now retired - and, finally evicted - senior partner at Fairbridge Arderne & Lawton and - are we surprised? - a two-time Vice President of the Cape Law Society! [see noses passim about them]). Finally, there's the obligatory old fart from Syfrets. (Most of the time it's Cudley Dudley Hohenhort-Hopkins ... *hic*, sorry, wrong hotel, wrong star rating ... Alphen-Hopkins. Knew it had something to do with an old Cape cellar ...)

In April 1982, there was a spot of

bother for the Beamish Trust. Rob Roy wanted somewhere to accommodate his recently ousted second wife, Maud. She was promptly invited to move into the Trust's marina property - a comfortable house on the water.

Within no time, our Man of the Clan was fighting the good fight in the maintenance courts. In an affidavit filed at court, Roy declared that "the house occu-

Attorney and family friend Hedley Salmon



ried by Maud is owned by a company controlled by me". Well, sort of, maybe, but not really by law. If the Receiver of Revenue was to believe what he was intended to believe, a discretionary Trust controlled by several trustees owned - and controlled - the property.

One thing inevitably following another, the couple were blissfully divorced in February 1984. Maud moved out of the marina mansion. Martin Beamish, Roy's son by a previous marriage, moved in.

At the end of that year, the property was formally transferred to son Martin. But now there is something odd about that transfer. In the transfer document filed at the Deeds Office, Martin's brother Vernon Beamish declared that he was authorised to transfer the property to Martin by resolution of the Fisherman Wharf's board of directors. Sole director at the time was clan leader Roy himself. Unfortunately, no such resolution is

recorded in the company's minute book.

Vernon also claimed in the transfer document that Martin had "truly and legally" bought the property from the company, already in June 1981 - for the modest sum of only R11 900. (The empty plot had been bought ten years earlier for R12 505.)

Now one of the beneficiaries of the Family Trust - son Anthony, an aspirant young lawyer - has gone to court challenging various aspects of the trust administration and, in particular, the quality of the bookkeeping.

In reply, Father Roy has assured the court that Anthony has, regrettably, been maladjusted since birth - a great concern to his mother, Maud, and, now, a serious concern to his father.

For the occasion of this latest family tiff in the courts, Roy has hurriedly assembled yet another version of the marina property transactions. He now claims - under oath - that the property was bought by Fisherman's Wharf "in the late 1980s" - clearly wrong. In 1982, he now says, he built a house on the property while he did not own it. Bizarre. But, he says, he did thereafter buy the property in his own name from the Trust's company, Fisherman's Wharf. Only there is no record of it. He nevertheless swears: "I entered into an agreement of sale with Fisherman's Wharf to purchase from it the erf, together with the house that had been built thereon."

He then continues: "For reasons which are not clear to me [or anyone else, for that matter], the sale was not put into effect and I did not receive transfer of the property" - that, despite having actually paid Fisherman's Wharf "by way of a loan account", for the value of the plot. How careless. The price he paid, he says, "represented market value at the time".

Dear reader, have you noticed how, after all that, Roy has omitted to say how much he supposedly paid? There is a strong hint that it was not very much. It most certainly was not related to the open market value, because, he tells us: "I did not pay Fisherman's Wharf for the building, since the building had been constructed by another company in the [Roy Beamish] Group." Which, of course, leaves us wondering how the building expense was treated in that other company's books? A tax-deductible expense, maybe?

If Roy Beamish is to be believed - and who are we to suggest otherwise - then the company Fisherman's Wharf, "controlled" by Roy, had set about illegally (and untruthfully) selling the property to Roy himself - because the company had,

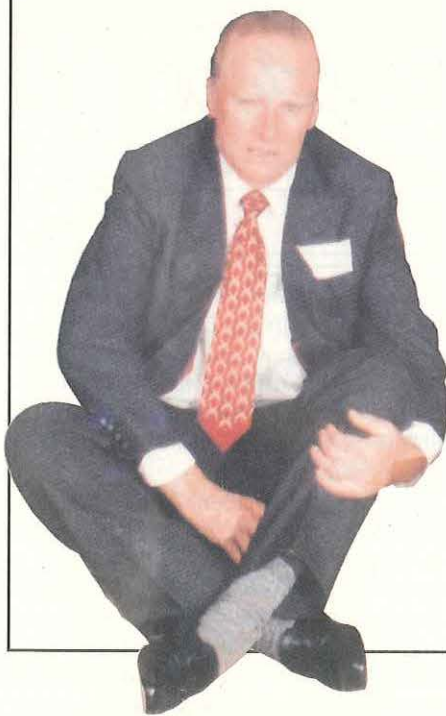
one year earlier, already sold it to his son Martin - at a modest discount. That's of course if Vernon Beamish's solemn declaration to the Registrar of Deeds is to be believed. And Vernon, it has been said, is an honest man.

In addition, dear reader, have you noticed how the house is never mentioned by either of them when the property is formally transferred at bare "plot" values?

If you're confused, you haven't heard the half of it.

Big Roy now declares - under oath to the Cape High Court - that young Martin expressed "an interest" in buying the house only after Maud moved out in February 1984, and that it was thereafter sold to him for R65 593.59. Quoting Roy on oath, this represented "the market value of the erf, building, and certain furniture in the house".

Dudley Cloete-Hopkin - "the stooge"?



But that can't be true, either. Already two years earlier, in 1982, trusted accountant Dick Came had suggested in a letter to equally trusted attorney Hedley Salmon: "The house is worth at least R80 000 but ... we should be able to transfer it at this figure." And, it emerges, the idea - and value - they were writing about was suggested to them by Vernon Beamish, who two years later would declare that the company had already sold the property for R11 900!

Which makes it quite pathetic, really, when old Roy declares to the court today: "All the transactions were effected at fair market value. Specifically, neither was the Trust or any of its subsidiary compa-

nies prejudiced ... nor was Martin in any way unduly benefited ..."

To cut the wool from the sheep: the company bought the plot for R12 505 in 1974. Some time thereafter, a house was built on it, although this was not reflected in the company's books and no one knows who paid for it. In 1984, when the plot-with-house was said by experts in the Beamish circle to be worth "at least R80 000", the company sold it to Roy's son, Martin - according to Deeds Office records - for R11 900 - less than what the bare plot had cost ten years earlier. It's simple arithmetic: the nett loss to the Trust's property company was, say, R68 000. (Which might explain why his dad says that, off the record, he in fact paid R65 000.)

Less than two years later, son Martin (who has since emigrated to Australia) sold the property to a Mrs Williams for R133 500.

At best - or worst, depending on who gets to speak to the Receiver of Revenue in the next week or two - Martin made a handy minimum R68 000 profit on the deal. But then, again, if Vernon's transfer declaration was to be taken at face value, Martin had owned the property for more than three years by the time he sold it to Mrs Williams - very advantageous from a tax point of view: after three years, any profit on the sale of the house would have been deemed to be a tax-free capital gain, not a taxable profit.

If Dad's latest affidavit is to be believed, however, Martin had owned the property for only two years when he sold it, and there might be a small matter of outstanding tax to be settled by Martin when he next visits SA.

Remember, eminent accountant and auditor Dick Came has confirmed the facts "as reflected" in Roy Beamish's statement. He also confirms the "acts and decisions of the trustees". As Mr Came no doubt knows (having been President of the Public Accountants and Auditors Board), he may have a problem or two here: to begin with, there's a very serious conflict of interest: he is trustee, and accountant, and auditor of the Trust - and of most of the Trust's subsidiary companies. Talk about tame accountant!

Not that Mr Came takes trusteeship too seriously. He's quite happy for his professional assistant to fake his signature on a formal acceptance of trust. Cecil Greenfield, respected handwriting examiner, has professionally examined two signatures that appear on Beamish Trust documents, both purporting to be that of Mr Came. Mr Greenfield has advised us that, in his professional opinion, only one

is Came's. The other contains "alien features", making it undoubtedly a fake. Those features are, however, not alien to the handwriting of Came's assistant - and ex-Fairbridges attorney - Lindsey Makowem. [See illustration.]

Another trustee of the Beamish Family Trust still to be accounted for is attorney Hedley Salmon. He, too, goes along - under oath - with Roy Beamish's affidavit. They're a close team: Attorney Hedley's son, James Salmon - a bright boy - is amongst the long line of leading members of the accounting profession to have served articles under Dad's fellow trustee, Dick Came at BDOs.

Son James clearly learned well at the master's feet: he is now Managing Partner of BDO Spencer Steward in Cape Town. More recently, he has been signing off the Beamish Trust's accounts - as an "independent auditor"!

We note that the official records of Fisherman's Wharf (Pty) Ltd, once supposedly held by accountants BDO Spencer Steward, do not contain any register of deals in which any of the company's directors had a personal interest. That doesn't exactly tally with Roy Beamish's latest statements under oath. According to those, he had a great deal of personal interest in the company's property dealings.

Surely the former President of the Accountants and Auditors' Board ought to know that Section 240 of the Company's Act requires that: "Every company shall keep for public inspection at its registered office a register of interests in contracts of directors and officers"? And that Section 241 requires the auditor to satisfy himself that the register has been kept?

That leaves only one trustee to be accounted for: the man from Syfrets, Dudley Cloete-Hopkins van Alphen. By the eminent professor's definition, Dudley's role must be that of stooge. Stooge or not, Dudley is very definitely confused.

In his court affidavit, Dudley Cloete-Dodkins asserts that he is entitled to act as trustee of the Roy Beamish Family Trust because - he says - he is authorised to act as such by Syfrets Ltd. The trouble is that Syfrets Ltd is not the company that was appointed trustee in the trust deed of the Beamish Family Trust. In fact Syfrets Trust Company Ltd, another amongst the many, distinct, Syfrets companies, is supposed to be the trustee. That company has, it is true, changed its name twice, first to Syfrets Holdings Ltd, then to Syfrets Trust Ltd.

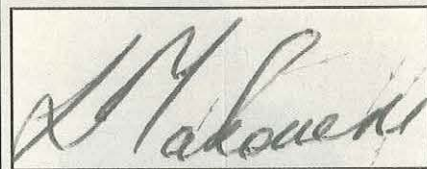
A welcome spin-off of such company name changes is that they tend to con-



The real Dick Came



The fake



The faker

fuse the company's creditors: try suing the wrong Syfrets company for negligence and see how quickly they get your case thrown out of court! Such name changes are not, however, supposed to confuse senior employees of the Syfrets Group themselves.

But then Dodkins-Van Loveren-Bergkelder-whatever goes on to confirm - on oath - the facts "as reflected" in co-trustee Roy Beamish's affidavit, "insofar as they concern me" [Be warned: not much concerns him - see nose 16. Ed.]. He also confirms "the acts and decisions of the trustees" - whatever that might mean.

See future issues.

We aren't nearly done, yet.

Noseweek has, from time to time, employed Tony Beamish as a researcher. We have found his research to be impeccable. He is not the author of the above piece. ¶



notes & updates

BILLIONAIRE SOLITAIRE

German conman Jurgen Harksen is still living it up in Cape Town with his ill-gotten billions. Harksen recently celebrated wife Jeanette's birthday with a dinner at the splendid old Round House restaurant on the Camps Bay slopes of Table Mountain. Hopefully, his German victims will be consoled with the news that, this time, he was spending their money in the cause of romance: Jurgen hired the whole restaurant for the night - for just the two of them. The dodgy duo dined and danced by candlelight to the strains of top city Jazz group.

No doubt Jeanette's birthday present did not come in a box from Crabtree & Evelyn. Perhaps something in a little box from Cartier - to replace the sparklers so rudely removed from her panty drawer by the liquidators? (The bastards had actually given them to Sothebys to auction in the week of her birthday!)

* 12 items of diamond jewellery - listed in the catalogue as "Property of Estate Harksen" - were auctioned by Sothebys / Stephan Welz & Co in Johannesburg in September. 11 of the items raised a total of R258 000. The diamond necklace raised R50 000. The twelfth item - a three-carat diamond pendant with an estimated value of R25 000 - was, unfortunately, stolen from the Sothebys showroom the day before the auction. An employee has been suspended.

AN INDEPENDENT HOBBY

It's amazing what some people do for a hobby. The more conventional collect stamps or antiques. But there are some whose interest is rifling through other people's trash. Some journalists while away odd idle moments rifling through a modern equivalent: their newspaper's computerised trash can. That is where editors "trash" stories they decide not to print. (When stories were written on paper, they used to "spike" them.) It's amazing the valuable tidbits you can find in a newspaper editor's trash.

One such item recently retrieved from the bin has instantly become a hot swop item amongst collectors. It was written by Ann Crotty, star writer for Independent Newspapers' Business Report, on the occasion of the release of Independent Newspapers own latest annual report. Ms Crotty perceptively highlighted the fact that Independent News-

papers are paying unusually high dividends to their (mainly offshore) owners, and that the reason they give for planned further staff retrenchments – an anticipated decline in advertising revenue – is, at the very least, contentious.

For those interested in taking up this unusual hobby, this is what a collector's item looks like:

"By Ann Crotty, Johannesburg – Media analysts reacted with surprise to news that the Independent Newspapers group was considering implementing retrenchments as one of several proposals to deal with effects of the downturn in the economy, which is expected to result in a sharp fall-off in the value of adspend.

In a recently published report on the media sector, Arjan Buikema, a Societe Generale-Frankel Pollak analyst, indicated that adspend during the recession was expected to hold up reasonably well as advertisers seemed to want to adopt a defensive strategy. This was in contrast to the recession of the early 1990s when there was a decline in adspend. Ivan Fallon, the chief executive officer of Independent Newspapers, said the proposals management were looking at – in consultation with the unions – were designed to reduce the level of fixed costs in the group's operations.

"At present an exceptionally high percentage of our costs are fixed, which means that if we do experience a downturn that would result in the loss of say R70 million of advertising revenue, most of the impact would go straight to our bottom line."

Since 1994, when Irish-based Independent Group plc acquired what was previously The Argus, the numbers employed by the group have dropped from 5 400 to 3 900. Fallon said that most of the people who had been let go were now contracting to the group.

Over the same period the local company's dividend cover has dropped from five times to twice covered, with dividend payments to shareholders shooting up from R7 million in 1994 to R55,5 million for financial 1997. The cash flow statement for the six months to end-June 1998 showed dividend payments accounted for R37 million of the R84 million cash generated from operations. Analysts said that, while generous by local standards, the South African dividend policy appeared to be in line with Independent plc's policy worldwide. It resulted in Independent SA having one of the highest dividend yields on the JSE. Independent plc has approximately 70 percent of the SA group.

Independent closed unchanged yesterday at R17."

Her bosses apparently can't be ex-

pected to take an independent view of their own annual report – particularly when it shows that the main off-shore shareholder is furiously milking the company dry.

Independent's chairman, Tony O'Reilly, and Fallon are ardent supporters of the Nelson Mandela Children's Fund.

COMMERCIAL UNION INSIDER TRADING

It seems that some loose tongues were at work ahead of the announcement that Metlife was to buy Gold Fields' 24% stake in Commercial Union in October.

CU's share price had been languishing at around R11 for some time on very thin volumes, when some insiders came and paid up to R18 per share for about 400 000 shares (well above the average monthly trading volume) two days before Metlife announced that it had paid Gold Fields R21 for its 24% stake in the company.

Main sellers of the shares were brokers Fleming Martin, while Irish Menel and Cahn Shapiro were the first to pay up. Interestingly, HSBC Simpson Mckie, one of CU's sponsoring brokers, also bought shares.

ANGLO MAKES A PILE PICKING WIDOWS' POCKETS

Anglo American has done it to minority shareholders again. Their minority take out offer of R330 per share for Amcoal is effectively only costing them R220 per share.

There are roughly 29m shares in issue, of which Anglo already owns 52%, so it is only buying 14m shares. At R330 per share, this works out to R4.6bn.

However, there is R3.1bn in cash sitting on the Amcoal balance sheet – built up by paying no dividends over the past four years. (By withholding dividends, the Anglo-controlled management have undoubtedly also starved minority shareholders, such as pensioners, who rely on a regular dividend to the point where they are desperate to sell. Subtract the R1.5bn of the pile attributable to minority shareholders from the R4.6bn – and the net amount paid by Anglo is only R3.1bn. Divided by the number of shares in issue, that gives an effective price of only R220 per share.

This compares to analyst's valuation of the share – ex cash pile – of around R340 per share. We hear that for his distinguished service to Anglo, James Campbell, the Amcoal MD, has ousted Tony

Trahar and Rupert Purdue as the man most favoured to succeed Julian Ogilvie Thompson as head of the new UK-based Anglo plc.

DAVE ABROMOWITZ DOES SOME EXPLAINING

Mr Dave Abromowitz, former commodore of Royal Cape Yacht Club and majority shareholder in the once famous Cape Town Waterfront pub, Bertie's Landing, has approached noseweek "to set matters straight" about his role in the collapse of both the pub company and the charitable association that shared its premises, the Roaring Forties Association.

In our last issue we revealed that the liquidators of Bertie's Landing (1992) (Pty) Ltd had discovered that Abro had deposited R2.36m of the company's funds into a bank account opened in his own name. The money was subsequently used to settle those company debts for which Abromowitz had signed personal surety, absolving him of his suretyship – and in fraud of the company's other creditors.

We also revealed that, contrary to its own rules, the Roaring Forties Association had lent R334000 to Bertie's Landing. Worse, a claim for this amount, proved against the pub company when it went into liquidation, was mysteriously withdrawn, while in the Association's own liquidation records, no mention was made of either the loan, or the debenture issue in terms of which the Association owed its members a substantial amount of money.

To deal with the last issue first: The Roaring 40s, says Abro, was the idea of Tony McKiver, designer of SAA's "new look" and Springbok sailor Bertie Reed's American publicity agent. McKiver took a 20 per cent commission on the R876000-worth of debentures that were sold to raise money for the association. "There was some animosity when my partner, Brent Sender, and I refused to become directors of the Association, because we knew they would not be able to fulfill their promises to debenture holders," he says.

Geoff Grills, Reed's financial advisor at the time, confirms that, because of such concerns, he had asked merchant banker Ridge Riley to "see that the Association's prospectus would hold up". Grills himself remained sufficiently doubtful about it not to sign it himself, and Riley stepped in to become the Association's first chairman.

Abromowitz, a director of Bertie's from the start and a leading member of the committee that managed it from day to day, emphatically denies any knowledge of a R334 000, interest-free, loan made

PRETORIA INSANITY

by the Association to Bertie's Landing – this despite the fact that the loan was recorded in the Roaring 40s' audited annual accounts, and was acknowledged as a legitimate claim against Bertie's Landing in its liquidation records. Particularly puzzling is the fact that both entities were audited by Messrs Cecil Kilpin and Co – who, when last approached, pleaded a failing memory. Perhaps the Public Accountants and Auditors' Board will, in due course, extract a more meaningful explanation from them.

The history of Abromowitz's suretyship for Bertie's Landing's overdrafts is an interesting one. He was, in fact, not the majority shareholder when the pub was established – Bertie Reed owned about 55% of the shares, and had bonded his boat to Investec for a R1.5 million loan used to build the pub.

At the end of the pub's spectacularly successful first year, Bertie wanted money for his next sailing adventure. Abro offered to buy his shares. That, he says, was "mistake number one". Kilpin & Co valued Bertie's shares at R1.6 million. Abro didn't have the money, but thought he could use the company's assets as security for a loan. That was mistake number two. It is illegal for a company to finance the purchase of its own shares. Shareholders are supposed to put capital into a company, not to strip the capital its creditors are relying upon. For a fee of R153 000, his clever attorney, Geoff Cloenberg at Mallinicks, worked out a way of disguising the illegal move. They registered a new company for Abro, called Bertie's Landing (1992), which borrowed the money from FNB – and then used it to buy the business of the original Bertie's Landing, where the cash was paid to Reed as a dividend. Those creditors wise enough to know what was happening – Investec and FNB – took the precaution of getting Abro to take over Reed's suretyship for the balance owed to Investec, and sign surety for the loan from FNB. In effect, instead of Abromowitz borrowing money to buy his shares, the company borrowed the money – bad news for innocent creditors, as they would soon enough find out. And also the reason why it is prohibited.

Why did he take the cheques for R2.3 million and deposit them in a new account opened in his own name at FNB? That, says Abromowitz, was FNB branch manager David Martheze's great idea. "He suggested the structures and payments. I wanted to settle up Investec, he said, no, give them half-a-million, because I want you to reduce your debt to FNB substantially." [to be continued]

In previous issues, we reported on the unfortunate saga of Pretoria businessman Chris Hofmeyr's quest for justice. Now we have discovered another possible explanation for why this son of a Broederbond hero has found justice so hard to come by in old Pretoria.

Readers will recall our account of how Hofmeyr was abused and neglected by members of his eminent family and their professional advisors while he was incapacitated by a mental illness which has since been correctly diagnosed and successfully treated.

The Pretoria Bar Council responded to his complaints by appointing a special tribunal to investigate the conduct of one of its senior members, Advocate Preller SC. Preller is charged with having failed to properly represent Mr Hofmeyr in proceedings which Hofmeyr had instituted against his father, Professor Beyers Hofmeyr, and his former attorneys, Rooth and Wessels.

Rooth and Wessels are one of the oldest establishment firms of attorneys in Pretoria. They have for decades been attorneys to the Reserve Bank.

Professor Hofmeyr was dean of the Onderstepoort Veterinary Faculty and the longest-serving council member of the SA Akademie vir Wetenskap en Kuns, the intellectual arm of the Broederbond.

Less widely known: while Professor Hofmeyr was at Onderstepoort, he was also an officer in the Defence Force working on secret projects (which, *inter alia*, entailed a visit to Paraguay, where he was entertained by the Nazi dictator himself, General Stroessner).

When Prof Hofmeyr retired from Onderstepoort in 1981, he moved into a full-time job in the Surgeon General's office – in fact, into an office right next to that of the then Surgeon General, Dr Knobel. He stayed there for the next ten years, broken only by the occasional mysterious trip abroad – the first of them being a six-month stay at the University of the Negev in Israel.

We can only guess at the job he did at Defence Headquarters from the friends and associates he had while there. First amongst them was chemical warfare expert and accused drug peddler, Wouter Basson. Professor Hofmeyr finally left the Army just at the time when Basson's secret projects were closed down. Coincidence?

Another regular caller at Professor Hofmeyr's home was Police forensics boss, General Lothar Neethling, who has been accused on several occasions of having been the manufacturer of poisons used by police hit squads. The relationship with Neethling was particularly close. Hofmeyr appointed Neethling's blood brother – as German orphans brought to South Africa after the War, they were adopted by different Afrikaner families – Professor Petric, to the faculty at Onderstepoort.

Other close friends were Dr Ampie Roux, Broeder head of the Atomic Energy Board, and Victor Penzhorn, father of Ernst Penzhorn, notorious Military Intelligence frontman and attorney to President P W Botha.

Talking of coincidence: Professor Hofmeyr achieved fame in veterinary circles as an expert on bovine penile dysfunction. One of friend Wouter Basson's interests was a chemical that caused impotence. nose-week readers will recall that we have previously reported on the strange research that was being conducted by another of Wouter Basson's friends at the University of Pretoria's animal experimentation unit – the lady who applied her expertise in masturbation to unfortunate baboons held captive at the H F Verwoerd Hospital. That research was funded by the Atomic Energy Board.

Chris Hofmeyr, who has been battling against the odds for justice in his matter for the past five years, will probably have to wait another year at least. The Pretoria Bar Council enquiry has been postponed again, probably till February. There is no rush, it seems, to remove Advocate Preller from practice, or to concede Chris Hofmeyr's claim to justice. ¹¹

Prof Beyers Hofmeyr: Army secrets



6. Enter stage (far) right: Dr Anton Rupert

The WWF portrays itself as a charitable organisation founded by nature lovers to express their concern for nature and wildlife, particularly those species threatened with extinction by the depredations of man. One would expect it to be democratic – representative of its members' views and accountable to them for what it does and how it spends their money. However, as our ongoing series by Kevin Dowling has shown, the WWF is, in fact, a secretive organisation formed by spies and big businessmen with dubious histories, secret agendas and scant regard for democracy and accountability. The effect – as will become apparent in future editions – has, more often than not, been disastrous both for nature and for those ordinary people who have lived their lives closest to nature.

AFTER WALKING OUT OF THE Commonwealth in the wake of British Prime Minister Harold MacMillan's "winds of change" speech in 1961, the rabidly anti-British architect of grand apartheid, Prime Minister Hendrik Verwoerd, refused to countenance the setting up of a South African chapter of WWF. That left the secret soldiers in the environmental revolution's "war to save the wild" with a gaping hole on the South Atlantic flank of their network.

Not only was it important for them to fill a gap; South Africans, under the leadership of photogenic game guard Ian Player, were at the cutting edge of modern developments in the "scientific management of nature". *[Just how sinister some of the overlaps between animal research and human application were becoming in South Africa has been confirmed by recent - and continuing - revelations about the long-standing links between the Onderstepoort Veterinary Faculty and secret chemical warfare research funded by the South African Defence Force and, it is suspected, various foreign agencies. See page Pretoria Insanity on page 14.]*

The great innovation of the period was the development of immobilising drugs, which enabled large animals to be captured without causing most of them any serious injury.

The drugs were immediately a boon to the zoo trade. London had been the first to benefit when a southern white rhinoceros was sent from Natal to Solly Zuckerman – himself South African – at London Zoo.

Hundreds of these animals were later shipped around the world, in Player's words, "as goodwill ambassadors for

South Africa". In the process, Player himself became a world celebrity and one of the regime's most persuasive apologists, particularly after MGM made a film, *Rhino*, about his exploits. (Ian's brother, Gary's talents as a golf star would soon be used in much the same way.)

US defence contractors were heavily involved in the development of the drugs and their delivery systems. In one of the most bizarre episodes of the Vietnam war, the use of these drugs would allow Asian elephants to be parachuted from giant Hercules transports to serve as pack animals for the South Vietnamese forces during the war in the jungles. Vietnam's own elephants had been all but wiped out, to deny them to the enemy, by machine gun fire from helicopter gunships called Jolly Green Giants.

It was at this time, too, that the national parks system in British East Africa began supplying the CIA with venom. The Agency was particularly interested in an extract from the spleen of a crocodile, which, it hoped, might help it to assassinate Fidel Castro.

TWO FOUNDATIONS

The South Africa Foundation, set up to "whitewash the image of apartheid" following the Sharpeville massacre, opened an office in London in May, 1961, just as the WWF's first fundraising campaign, dubbed the New Noah's Ark, was being readied for launching.

On South Africa's behalf, this highly professional propaganda organisation spread liberal doses of greenwash where the whitewash wouldn't reach until 1968, when the Panda's People were able to persuade Verwoerd's successor, B.J. Vorster, to let them take over the job.



Anton Rupert: Assumed the functions of a second Jan Smuts

The SA Foundation's board of directors and that of the new WWF-affiliate, the South Africa Nature Foundation (now WWF-SA), were practically interchangeable. Both were packed with the Anglo and Afrikaner businessmen whose combines dominated the Johannesburg Stock Exchange and underwrote the long-term stability of corporate South Africa's alliance between gold and grain, business and apartheid. As paranoid Afrikaners prepared for the Samson Option, Anglo-American's burgeoning new arms industry eagerly assisted in obtaining and providing the wherewithal – at a handsome profit.

The main movers in both organisations were diamond magnate Harry Oppenheimer and tobacco baron Anton Rupert, a prominent member of the Broederbond, the racial freemasonry that called the shots in the ruling National Party.

Broeders, including the chairman of the society's equivalent of the Rhodes Trust, the Christian de Wet Fund, formed a dominant minority on the nature Trust's local board. How did this come about?

Prior to the Second World War, Anton Rupert had been the "firebrand editor" of

the pro-Nazi student newspaper – it would become an Ossewa Brandweg mouthpiece during the war – *Wapenskou*. He and two like-minded young men in the Bond, Nico Diederichs and Piet Meyer, started a small business doing a modest turnover in that most volk-ish commodity, pipe tobacco. Then, in 1943, his fortune was made when Distillers in UK agreed to sell him their South African subsidiary, Distillers SA, a liquor distributor. He paid for it with money borrowed from Broederbond-controlled funds.



*General Francis de Guingand:
Director of (UK) Military Intelligence
and Chairman of Rothmans*

This development prompted South African historian Dan O'Meara to observe that Rupert was quicker than others in the Reddingsdaad movement to "shed the vestiges of petty bourgeois consciousness". And that, despite his solid Bond base, and the heavy financial support Rembrandt continued to give to the NP, Rupert had himself almost immediately begun to move rapidly beyond the Afrikaner nationalist pale. As curious for the time is the fact that Distillers was controlled by the family of Sir Stewart Menzies, head of MI6.

This was followed by yet another remarkable development at War's end. The British Control Commission chose to provide Rupert, amongst all the eager contenders in war-ravaged Britain and its empire, with the latest cigarette-making machinery that had been confiscated from the man who had controlled Germany's cigarette production before and during the war, Nazi war criminal Philip Reemtsma. (Reemtsma was a great art collector and was the single-largest donor to Deputy Reichs-Chancellor Herman Goering's personal "art fund" – pos-

sibly in gratitude for Goering's having pardoned the major tax liabilities he had incurred before 1933.) This gesture by the British war reparations authority put Rupert in the way of making a second, even bigger fortune as head of the Rembrandt-Reemtsma and, ultimately, Rothmans Corporation.

Rupert came to assume many of the functions of a second Jan Christian Smuts, serving as the Anglophile voice of reason within a surly and fractious Afrikaner community. But he remained a comprador, rather than a politician, and avers today that he has never been closer to any former South African prime minister than he is to President Mandela.

The South Africa Foundation's president, Francis de Guingand, was chairman of Rupert's flagship company, Rothmans International. Field Marshall Montgomery's former chief of staff, De Guingand had come to South Africa after a spell as Director of Military Intelligence in London, and, in due course, would join Rupert in WWF.

When Rupert assumed the presidency of WWF-SA in 1968, it was under the terms of an agreement reached with new Prime Minister John Vorster. The agreement specified that WWF-International would waive its usual requirement that national organisations should remit a third of their revenues to Switzerland to support conservation worldwide.

Instead, WWF-South Africa undertook to support conservation in Lesotho, Swaziland, Namibia, Zimbabwe, Botswana and Mocambique on its own account. It remained the lead conservation agency in these countries throughout the period when they were prime targets for Pretoria's destabilising ecowars, and its murderous attacks on African National Congress exiles.

The new group was also granted a financial monopoly, which sidelined the local South African Wildlife Society (established in 1926), by preventing it from approaching the corporate sector for funds.

SA Foundation vice president and WWF-SA founder-trustee, Charles Engelhard, was the Oppenheimers' business partner – and was reputed to be the model for the villainous character Goldfinger in Ian Fleming's novel of that name. The platinum king's private Boeing was called The Platinum Pigeon. He was a major financial patron of the Kruger Park. An American, Engelhard remained an influential member of the Democratic Party and in the mid-1960s, was a close personal advisor to both Presidents Kennedy and Johnson.

THE 1001 CLUB

In 1970, Prince Bernhard welcomed a Belgian-born Rothmans executive, Charles De Haes, onto his staff. De Haes was assigned to help the Prince turn one of "featherhead" Peter Scott's ideas into a reality: a thousand of the richest and most powerful men in the world were to be invited to contribute \$10 000 each to the environmental revolution. The \$10 million capital sum, invested in arms, chemicals and other high-paying stocks, would enable WWF-International to function independently of its national appeals, on which it otherwise depended.

Recruitment to The 1001: A Nature Trust, was completed within eighteen months. It was a brilliant start to a career at the forefront of the environmental movement for De Haes, who became joint director-general at WWF-International in 1974, and assumed sole title to the job in 1977.

But financial autarky had been purchased at a pernicious price. A small cabal of permanent staff and trustees were now in a position to ignore all contrary opinion within the greater WWF "family". Under De Haes' aggressive management, the close ties which had formerly existed between the Panda's People and IUCN would weaken, to be replaced by jealous animosity. Subsidies and cross-directorships would tame and contain the energies of other environmental groups, limiting dissent within a tightly policed agenda of "safe" subjects.

As South Africa's assaults on the continent's wildlife intensified, the marketing imperative to avoid bad publicity at any cost would be at least as influential in dictating the course of events as any hidden political agenda. It is doubtful whether such arrangements can justly be called a conspiracy, though the effects they produced might have been little different if there had been one. The ruthless pragmatism associated with the capitalism of the late twentieth century, with its cult of intelligence, deception and "special means", had invaded private life and public commerce, and poisoned the conduct of international relations. Its cult of the expert had produced a deferential and complaisant scientific priesthood wedded to hierarchy, doctrine and ambition. Its cult of nature greatly resembled the messianic festivals of repentance, with bonfires of ivory and horn replacing Savonarola's bonfires of the vanities.

Next issue: Some of the more-interesting members of the 1001 Club ♀

Isles to await developments. His fears were reinforced when, within days, the South African Police and Reserve Bank officials raided his accountant, Mike Swemmer's offices in Springs and seized scores of documents. They also froze Multistar's bank accounts. Jenkins had immediately held Simon Law responsible for all these most unwelcome developments, said Tarry.

Shortly thereafter, apparently having obtained an assurance from the South Africans that he would not be arrested on his arrival there, Jenkins had returned to South Africa.

Then, in October 1990, Mike Saayman, head of the SAP Commercial Crime Unit, and Nico Alant, an inspector from the Reserve Bank, flew to London. They interviewed Simon Law at the Cumberland Hotel. Asked for comment, Saayman had told the Press that Simon Law was "just a witness" in a case. Tension between Jenkins and Law once more reached fever pitch.

Two weeks later - in November - David Jenkins was back in England: this time for a showdown with Simon and his associate, Charles Tarry. "He wanted to use a tyre lever on Simon Law in order to force us to obey his wishes," Tarry told the English detectives. On November 19, 1990 - five months before Law's disappearance - he and Law went to a meeting with Jenkins in London. "We took two other men with us - in part, to boost our number, because we were genuinely concerned about the possibility of force being used," Tarry explained to DCI Rogers.

At the meeting, they were persuaded by Jenkins to agree - under certain conditions - to release all the businesses under their control to "parties deemed friendly to Mr Jenkins", and thereafter to cut all ties with him. Tarry produced a typed document from his briefcase, which he gave to the detectives. It was headed: NOTES OF A MEETING HELD ON 19 NOVEMBER 1990. Amongst the names listed in the document as present at the meeting were "David Jenkins", "Simon Law" and "Charles Tarry".

Under the heading "Matters agreed between Jenkins and the Parties" it recorded that "The Parties will sever all relationships with Jenkins", and that an entity named the "Toby Trust" would "distribute £165 000".

DCI Rogers was left to ponder the thought that the figure the two South Africans had been overheard discussing in the pub, was nicely half of this amount.

When the detective finished reading

the document, Tarry continued: When, by January 1991, these matters had still not been settled, Jenkins accused both he and Simon Law of fraud, and threatened to pursue them through the courts "for the rest of their lives" if they did not carry out his wishes.

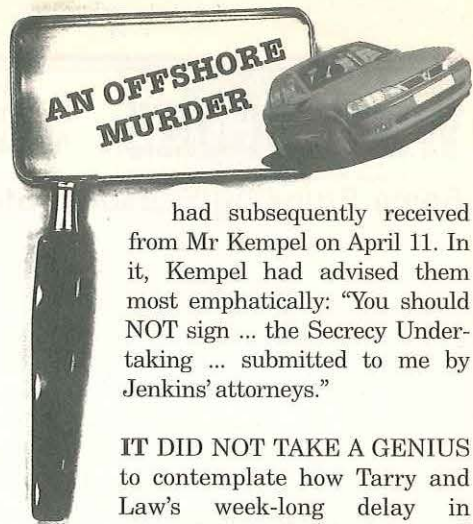
On January 15, Jenkins had again been summoned to the Reserve Bank in Pretoria. There he was finally forced to admit that he effectively controlled the off shore company Overport Ltd. He still denied having any interest in Portable Tanks Ltd, a company registered in the British Virgin Islands and owned, the Reserve Bank already knew, by the Toby Trust.

Finally, on April 2, Jenkins demanded that Law and Tarry should immediately sign a document which he had had drawn up by his Johannesburg attorneys, Edward Nathan Inc. Tarry handed the document to DCI Rogers.

Entitled "Secrecy Undertaking", it bore the identification tag "JENK 3611-001" in small type at the top of the page. The document called for the signatories - who were to include Simon Law and Charles Tarry - to treat as strictly confidential "all information of any nature" relating to a number of businesses that were listed in it. The list included the three companies that purportedly belonged to Simon Law - Islanmore Estate Ltd, Overport Ltd and Portable Tanks Ltd. Also included was the "Toby Trust", which was to have distributed the £165 000 under the November 19 agreement. The secrecy agreement now provided that the signatories would forfeit this amount as damages if any of the signatories failed to keep all they knew about the companies secret.

Most particularly, the document stated, secrecy would be "deemed to have been breached" if any of the signers "directly or indirectly" caused an investigation by "any person or body of the Republic of South Africa" into the affairs of the companies, or their shareholders, "pursuant to any provision of the South African Exchange Control Regulations".

Mr Jenkins clearly put a high price on the Reserve Bank not getting to know anything more about these companies. Tarry said that he and Law had refused to sign the documents that day, as they were anxious about the possible criminal and professional implications of signing such an agreement. They decided to seek advice on what they should do from a South African lawyer. Paul Kempel of the Johannesburg firm Fluxman Rabinowitz was recommended to them by a friend. Tarry handed DCI Rogers the letter they



had subsequently received from Mr Kempel on April 11. In it, Kempel had advised them most emphatically: "You should NOT sign ... the Secrecy Undertaking ... submitted to me by Jenkins' attorneys."

IT DID NOT TAKE A GENIUS to contemplate how Tarry and Law's week-long delay in responding to Jenkins' demand and, ultimately, Kempel's advice might be related to the arrival in London, two days later, of Glen Chait and Neville van der Merwe.

A check on ticketing and passenger records revealed that Chait and Van der Merwe had travelled on "open" air tickets (tickets with no booked departure date), bought in Johannesburg on April 10. They had boarded a flight to London on April 13. These records also revealed that they had boarded a return flight to Johannesburg on April 24. DCI Rogers calculated that Simon Law's abductors had had a 50-hour start on the police.

When Tarn Phillips learned that the two men had left England, she abandoned hope that Simon might be being held hostage somewhere. She now accepted that the man who had been her lover for 16 years was dead.

The report on the blood sample found on the rubber rim of the red Vauxhall's boot, which came from the police forensic laboratory shortly thereafter left little room for doubt: blood drawn from Simon's parents, Isaac and Nancy Law, showed that the blood found in the car boot was almost certainly that of Simon Law. "A DNA-profiling analysis performed on all three blood samples determined that it is at least 1.5 million times more likely that the bloodstaining on the boot seal originated from a child of Isaac and Nancy Law, than from a person taken at random from the general population," the police pathologist said in his report.

DCI Roger's investigation was now officially a murder investigation. As many as 50 members of the Kent Police were assigned to assist him.

In early May, Inspector Rogers was planning a trip to South Africa, in pursuit of his prime suspects and, he hoped, to find out more about Simon Law's business connections there. ■

To be continued.

wine books

by Michael Olivier,
host at Parks Restaurant

Some Stunning Seasonal Stocking Stuffers

Try saying that after a glass or two!

There has been such an exciting plethora of "little books" released over the last few weeks which would make superb presents to put into your Christmas Stockings.

David Biggs's *The 1999 South African Plonk Buyers Guide*

is just out. Now in its 10th Edition and published by Ampersand Press.

When David first started writing this money-saving guide, wines of less than R3.00 per bottle were listed, now it's R14.00 for whites and R16.00 for reds. Peppered with gems showing Biggs's wonderfully quirky sense of humour and extensive wine knowledge, this guide is larger than before, listing some 400 wines and a tad more serious than its predecessors.

Good value at R24.95 if you enjoy "quaffing" wine. Lannice Snyman has published a little guide written by **Alan Mullins and Dave Swingler:**

100 Wines, an insiders guide to South African wine 1999.

The beauty of this guide is that the others tell you about all the wines 'out there' while this one tells you which specific wines to go for - in bottle stores, in restaurants and out in the winelands. These two guys have been tasting, might I say drinking, wine for years, both very respected palates and this is a very personal listing. There are some fairly interesting omissions [where's the Dewetshof boys?], but I am happy to report that out of the top twenty, thirteen appear on my restaurant wine list. Well priced at R49.50. After five years on the shelves, **Wine Magazine** is an "I can't do without" magazine if you are remotely interested in wine.

A subscription would make a good gift too, by the way.

Their ***Pocket Guide to Wines and Cellars of South Africa 1999***

is a compilation of five years of tastings, audited by Deloitte & Touche to ensure fairness and accuracy. There is a complete selection across the full spectrum called The Most Highly Rated Wines in South Africa. One could want no more, but there is more - Pick of the Best Wines, gives you a list of the top performers in terms of track record, a list of the best cellars overall on quality, and, then the pick of the Cape's best-value Cellars.

You'll find Cape Vintage Ratings and advice on when to drink Cape Wines, international comparisons and an alphabetical list of wines and wineries AND PRICES, such a brave step. Also some very good maps, so the "Men from Mars" will never have to ask the way! Not a bad price at R39.50 - it will save you that and more! I've saved the best till the last.

When I was a boy, Christmas meant a book of cartoons by the wonderful Carl Giles, now that I am beyond boyhood [some would say well beyond], Christmas is not the same without **John Platter's *South African Wine Guide*.**

I was in on the launch of the 1980 guide 19 years ago and, my, how it has grown! It feels heavier - expanded to a record 408 pages, over 300 wine ratings, 530 new brands, 20 new cellars and 30 new ranges and is so dignified in its dark green cover with gold lettering. The 1999 edition has just appeared with some really useful innovations. A smiley face indicates super-quaffers, pointing the way to well-priced easy drinkers. And the stars are back - thank goodness: wines are now rated, as in earlier editions, by stars from three upwards.

There is an expanded restaurants section covering more than 50 top eateries in the winelands. 15 wines have made it to the pantheon of five-star wines, again, happily, quite a few on the Parks Wine List. Andrew McDowall, the ever modest publisher, says "priced at just R53.95, it's also overwhelmingly the best value-for-money SA wine book on the market". Overwhelming? Indeed!



I suggest you take a copy of Platter's 1994 edition as well so you can nail him on all his ageing predictions that have gone sour.

classifieds

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



HAPPY CHRISTMAS!

The following people are the happy recipients of a Christmas gift subscription to noseweek - each with a message from a very, very special friend!

- D FOORD, Dear Dave, especially for you. Now you don't have to read mine anymore. Merry Christmas. Marsh [4853]
MR M SKOLGAARD-PETERSEN, Happy Christmas! from Martin [4854]
ANT & BRIDGETTE CLARK, Happy Xmas! Thanks for a wonderful stay. Hope you enjoy nose, from Murray Bridgman [4855]
N&A RICHARDS - A different viewpoint of the real world! from B&C Richards [4856]
MR & MRS JOHN HALL, Happy Christmas & Hogmanay to you two lovelies and all yours, from Phil & Ian [4857]
E HAMLET, With love from A [4858]
MRS D M FLYNN - Enjoy noseweek! Have a very happy Christmas, love Sue [4859]
CHRIS BAKKER, A bargain! I sort out your Christmas present - and we both go on reading noseweek! - Lynne [What, no Rolex Skymaster, no Chivas? - ah, what we will suffer for knowledge! - Ed.] [4860]
GRANT ANDERSON, Happy reading, love Dad & Mom [4862]
LIESL ANDERSON, Happy reading, love, Dad & Mom [4863]
MR & MRS N JAFF, We hope you enjoy noseweek as much as we do, love, David & Hedda [4864]
M ADAM, A token of appreciation to thank you for all your kindness, from Fotis Kyritsis [4865]
MR & MRS DAVID WARNER, Lots of love and enjoy reading noseweek, from Mum & Dad [4866]
JS WARNER, Happy Christmas and best wishes for plenty of enjoyable reading, love from Lyn [4867]
PAUL HEINEMANN, To help you pass the time! from Paul Harrington [4868]
MAX MARIN, Keep your nose clean! from Noah Chait [4869]
IRMA CHAIT, Let your husband also read this - from an admirer [4870]
IAN FOSTER, Merry Christmas! from Cheryl [4872]
NOEL GRAVES, I hope that this will help a merry (albeit cynical and sceptical) Christmas, from Bernard [4873]
SHIRLEY ANGER, To give you an alternative view on affairs, from Bernard [4875]
A R JAMES, Many thanks for your help and advice over the years. Enjoy! - Dick [4876]
LC KITCHING, With all my love. Hope the

following issues will bring you loads of entertainment, from TL Bosch [4877]
HAYDN LOCKHART-BARKER, Merry Christmas, dear heart! - with love from all of us bokkies by die see!! [4878]
CHRISTOPHER LIEDTKE, Merry Christmas! from Nevlyn [4879]
DR & MRS A COHEN, Happy Christmas and much love, Jack & Joan [4880]
MRS B RICKENS, From a loving admirer! [4881]
ROBERT EGNOS, Enjoy Mexico, merry Christmas, love the Combrinks [4882]
JOHN EDWARDS, and **LES LLOYD** - To the Dads, Merry Christmas! Luckily they don't include successful financiers and developers in noseweek. We have heard that they are starting a column on unremarkable golf scores - beware! [4883] [4884]
A RHEEDERS, Lekker lees! van Hermann [4885]
F WEPENER, Lekker lees! van Hermann [4886]
GERHARD, Here's your own bloody nose! from Leon Winterboep(r?) [4889]
ELAINE FINKELSTEIN, Don't let the gremlins bite!! Lotsa love, Nina [1092]
REID WILLIAM CORIN, I wish you lots of entertaining reading in 1999. All my love, Lynn [4891]
ANNE WISE, Hope you get a lot of enjoyment and amusement from this. From Tony [4892]
JOHN DU PLESSIS, Merry Christmas and a happy and prosperous New Year, from Ross Foxton [4893]
MR & MRS BASIL LANDAU, Happy Christmas with love from Pete & Ann [4903]



JEFF FALLICK, Merry Christmas and a happy and prosperous New Year, from Ross Foxton [4894]
BRIAN BIEBUYCK, Dear Dad, enjoy this on the nights I keep you awake, love Caryn [4897]
PATRICIA WALKER, It's all in the nose, fatso! from Peter Walker [4899]
PETER WALKER, Blow the nose and what do you get? Snot & Snarlies! Happy Christmas to Myself! [4413]
GERHARD VAN NIEKERK, Happy Christmas and good reading from Judy Gathercole [4905]
NG WILLIAMS, This publication gives the facts - enjoy! Best wishes, Dad [4901]
CHRIS WOLF, Nothing but the truth (you funny Wolfie Bunny!), from Su [4902]
JEREMY CLARK, Happy Christmas, dear Jem, with much love from Pete & Ann [4904]
PHIL SACK, Merry Christmas and good reading, from Judy Gathercole [4907]
BRIAN OLIVIER, Dear Brian, we thought you would enjoy getting the low down on what's happening from noseweek - from Dale & Dee [4908]

GARTH GRIFFIN, Merry Xmas and good reading from Judy Gathercole [4906]
BILL SCHAFER, Dear Bill, I though you would enjoy this. All the best, Dale [4909]
KEN & MARY WILLIAMS, Hi folks, enjoy keeping up with the latest nose! from Dale & Dee [4910]
RKB WILSON, Happy Christmas and happy reading, love Judy & Pieter [4912]
DENISE & TICH MITCHELL, May no friends of yours appear in this magazine. [Why not? Most of mine are in it! - Ed.] Merry Christmas! All my love, Mami [4913]
ANDRIES BEYERS, Kind regards, Tony Leon [4914]
I KLYNSMITH, Kind regards, Tony Leon
DANIEL CURRAN, Many happy reading days, love Margaret [4916]
BERNARD O'FLYNN, Happy reading my Angel, love Ma [4917]
CHERYL BARRATT, Thanks for the 650 suppers, Happy Christmas! Love Dad [4918]
M J GREEN, Happy Christmas! Love from Heather [4919]
DAVID ROSE, Enjoy! From Naomi [4920]
MICHAEL CRAWFORD, Merry Christmas and Happy New Year! love Anna & Chris [4921]
HORST WOLKENS, Merry Christmas and happy New Year! Love Anna & Chris [4922]
MNR & MEV T BREERS, Word 'n bietjie wyser! Van Percy & Loretta [4923]
MNR & MEV P MELCK, Julle ook! Van Percy & Loretta [4924]
CLACKS MILLER, Hi Clacks, essential reading. Hope you enjoy it. See you sometime, from Richard & Marilyn [4925]
STEPHEN & NIKKI DALY and kids. Hope you enjoy the noseweek. See you sometime from Richard & Marilyn [4926]
JOHN & JEAN MARTIN, Hope you enjoy cruising through the noseweek, from Richard & Marilyn [And there he was, hoping to get a new yacht club tie for Christmas! - Ed.]
JOHN STEYN - Hi, Dad and Val, Wishing you a happy Christmas and happy reading, from Richard & Marilyn [4928]
MICHAEL FRANCIS, Merry Christmas, love from the Williams family [UK15]
RP SNODGRASS, Merry Christmas, love from Peter, Trish, Simone & Sarah [4929]
OLIFF, Time for a sober appraisal, from Jim Phelps [4930]
Jeff (and the rest of the Robinsons), Bulger bites the big sausage - Jim [4931]
STEVEN LEVENBERG, We wish you a healthy and hearty year and no appearances in noseweek, from Bruce Hetherington & Dani Cohen of Madi Sussens Herdbuoys
NIGEL BELL, Nigel don't forget the bottom line - Jim [4932]
RL GAWITH, Hope you get a few laughs and update on the shady characters around. Happy Christmas from Steve [2526]
PHILIP GAWITH, Happy Christmas, hope this will entertain you and not burden your leisure time, love Dad [UK 14]
EDWARD SHALALA, We wish you a healthy and hearty year and no appearances in nose-week, from Bruce Hetherington & Dani Cohen of Madi Sussens Herdbuoys
ALICE TROTTER, now grab a bottle, put your feet up and enjoy, love, Mickey Barwise
KEITH ALDUM, Merry Christmas, with love from K and girls [5028]
DUARTE DE SILVA, Have a healthy & hearty year and no appearances in nose-week, from Bruce Hetherington & Dani Cohen of Madi Sussens Herdbuoys



AND A HAPPY BIRTHDAY, TOO!

JOANE FRANK, A non-birthday present from Anthony, also known as Berti. Regards - Anthony-Berti [4874]
ROGER WRIGHT, Happy Birthday, now I have a younger brother who is seventy! From Martin [4890]
JOHN MCNOCHER, Happy birthday - and Christmas. Enjoy reading, love and regards, Mom & Dad [4911]
JW VAN NIEKERK, Happy Birthday, all my love, Jess [4900]
RINA RONAASEN, Many happy returns for your Birthday, and a happy Christmas! from Mona Steyn [4895]



PERSONAL SMALLS

DARLING MARY, Love you lots. It's been a great 25 years - Jock [4811]
COLIN IS NOT GOOD. He is bad and getting worse. Watch this space - Big AL
PAT, Thanks for a wonderful holiday - Maureen [2770]
BEDNALL FAMILY - greatly looking forward to completion of the Stanford Building Project! - Stanford Gran [2879]
A MERRY CHRISTMAS to all our friends throughout South Africa.
Harry and Pauline Stein [3097]
UMFUNDISI greets Ian and Alan Grant and all ex-6th Div Carbs. [2793]
HANDS OFF OUDEKRAAL, Wiehahn - and other hot, greedy hands wanting to grab our mountain heritage - Prof M Shear [4832]
PIK, the closet chocoholic, comes out! exclusive to Hustler December issue!
JOANE FRANK, A non-birthday present from Anthony, also known as Berti. Regards - Anthony-Berti [4874]
ROGER WRIGHT, Happy birthday, now I have a younger brother who is seventy! from Martin [4890]
JW VAN NIEKERK, Happy birthday, all my love, Jess [4900]
PETER TRINDER, Happy birthday Dad, with love from the kids
I'M AN ATTORNEY - but, please, I'm too busy to do your work - Bash Wagley



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CONGRATS Martin Welz - Keep up the good work - carry on nosing around! - Keith Gottschalk [1242]

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