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# noseweek

issue

67

MAY 2005

**Madiba  
Art  
Fraud**



*Mandela*

**Exclusive: How they did it**



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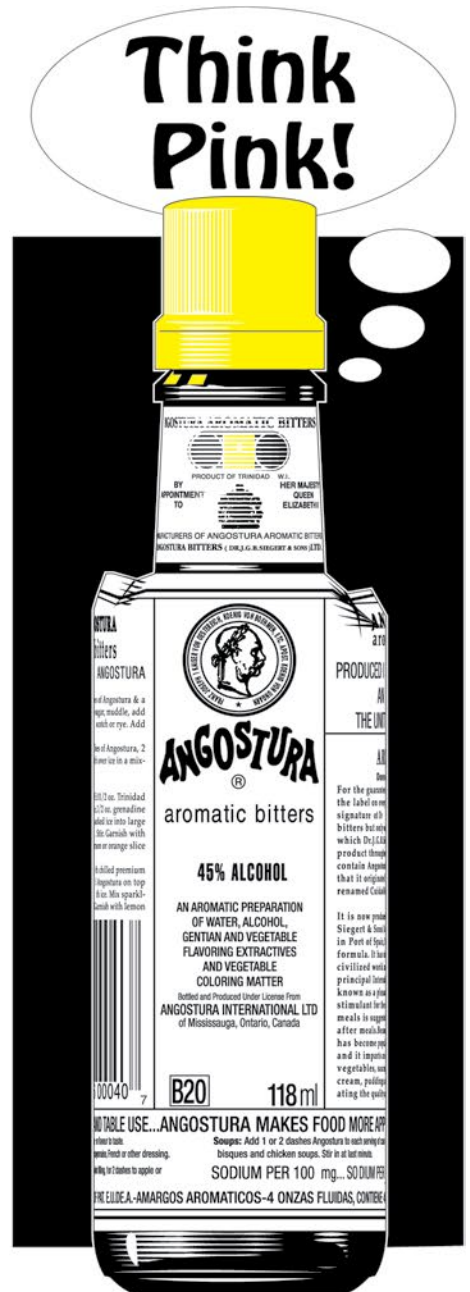
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## MADIBA ART FRAUD



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**In the know**

You must always have a quiet chuckle when the mainstream media come out with stories that you broke a few months or years earlier.

When you questioned the Mandela art [nose48, August 2003], a local gallery kept pestering me to get in quick. When I mentioned your story they were adamant it was incorrect.

Now where is the egg sitting?

Please continue the good work.

**Tony Ball**  
Durban

**St Stithians**

I thought the Methodist Church was against drinking. (My sister had to have a “dry” wedding reception because

school rules they must suffer the consequences and turn away with dignity, instead of assaulting the reputation of an honourable man doing a good job against the odds (like dealing with dysfunctional boys and their parents).

**Desiray Viney**

University of KwaZulu-Natal

**Methodist rigour**

As a parent of a St Stithian’s Boys’ College pupil, I would like to say that your exposé of this story of suppression by the leadership of the school has caused a huge amount of uneasiness among the parents.

The parents were very “comfortable” with the information we were given in the school’s newsletters. Your information was in fact completely contrasting,

copy [of the Pastoral Report], read it and make an informed decision. It is thorough and credible.

Let us, the committed parents, ensure that the next generation is shown fine examples of independent thought, honesty and open channels of communication at all times.

**St Stithians Parent**  
Johannesburg

**The literal slideaway**

I am a fan of Harold Strachan and his writing, but he went over the bleeding top in his piece on RW Johnson. How can Bill or his friends reply to that wild phantasmagoria? Vilification in place of debate, it could be said, suits the likes of *noseweek*, whose readers (including me) enjoy

Johannesburg coffee shop with my trusty laptop computer. Mo, who publicly disclosed his psychological afflictions to the Hefer Commission, did not appear to be in full command of his central nervous system.

Mo’s famous deductive reasoning, also showcased at Hefer, now tells him that I am the author of a certain Mr Nose item (nose65) where, Mo says, he was compared to Tony Montana, the cocaine-riddled Scarface in the film by that name. Mo indicated, with menaces, that I should “watch my step” as he had me “on his radar screen.” At this precise moment, however, Mo’s radar appeared to malfunction: his sunglasses (already superfluous in the dim-lit Rosebank Zone) fell to the floor while Mo belaboured me, with vigour, on my right shoulder.

Given Schabir Shaik’s threat to “deal with” his corruption trial prosecutor by unspecified means outside of the courtroom where he is now in the dock, I naturally fear that Mo will continue his frenzied accosting – or worse – unless you urgently clarify this matter.

**Ronald Suresh Roberts**

from an undisclosed location  
Mr Roberts is not Mr Nose. Mrs Nose would be shocked at the suggestion. – Ed.

**Jill Wentzel**  
Oaklands

Now who’s going over the bleeding top? - Ed

**RW Johnson and skunks**

One would imagine someone like RW Johnson being aware of the injunction “never get into a pissing match with a skunk” (attributed, by the way, to the late Lord Mountbatten).

Could this be why RW has refused to respond to Harold Strachan’s profile in nose64, as lamented in “Open letter to RW Johnson” (nose65)?

**Anon**  
Kynsna

We have no idea why RW Johnson is so silent. But we still miss his humorous scribbings. – Ed

**Mo’s wonky radar**

I crave public clarification that I am not in fact the malignant Mr Nose. This matter threatens my well being. On the afternoon of Saturday April 9, 2005 I was both accosted and jostled by a Mr Mo Shaik while I sat peaceably in a Rosebank,

**Spelling disaster**

In his “Books that never arrive(2)”, Mr Nose criticises the *Business Times* columnist who confuses “evoke” and “invoke”. Criticism of another’s abuse of the English language is fine but only if the critic himself is able to demonstrate perfection in his own writings – particularly on the very day he takes an offender to task.

Sadly, Mr. Nose, in his “Trips to the soothsayer” article, does not appear to understand the difference twixt “prophecy”, the noun and “prophesy”, the verb. Incidentally, when Mr David Icke prophesied the death of a great man, he was right on the button (if one assumes that the Pope merited that description no less than Mandela).

I prophesy you will organise a quick refresher course in

**When you questioned the Mandela art, a local gallery kept pestering me to get in quick**

it was held in a Methodist Church hall.) So why do we now have a bishop seeming to condone drinking by a minor on Methodist premises? I suspect that this bishop is using this incident to pursue his own agenda.

I also suggest that the “elite” learn that money can’t get one out of trouble *all* the time. If their boys have broken

particularly with regard to a Council newsletter of 8th March [quoted in nose66].

Feeling rather confused, I decided to investigate. I obtained a copy of the Pastoral Commission Report, which I have read with total amazement. I would strongly suggest that those in doubt [about the *noseweek* story], take the trouble to ask for a

**Gus**

**The Beginning of the End: BC 7563**

Perhaps we should open a Restaurant?  
and our children could be Waitrons !!



English usage for your Mr. Nose or, better still, you may recommend that he apply for work on *Business Day*.

**Jim Wright**  
Bryanston

*We take on board your suggestion that Mr Nose needs a reprimand (see below). But we note that you appear incapable of reading: it was Business Day, not Business Times, and Credo Mutwa made the prediction, not David Icke, of whom you appear to be a fan. Nevertheless, Mr Nose has been dismissed. The man was a disgrace to the profession: his personal hygiene was a source of constant concern in the office, his spelling was atrocious and his attempts to market the Mr Nose brand with underwear, stationery and, ironically, washing products were downright dishonest. Next month, a new Mr Nose will emerge ... - Ed.*

#### Nuked

In the article "All in the Pebble Bed together" (*noseweek*, April 2005), the following is stated: "Desperate times call for desperate measures, and when a prominent nuclear physicist refused a discreet bribe of 'a new Mercedes Benz each year for five years' in return for lending his expert approval to the PBMR project, PBMR proponents had to find another way to make sure the new reactor was approved."

Not surprisingly, the author does not reveal the name of the "prominent nuclear physicist", neither the name of the alleged briber or what the "expert approval" was that was worth contemplating such an extraordinary offering. Since the PBMR company is implicated, I wish to put on record that no member of PBMR (Pty) Ltd has ever tried to bribe anyone, discreetly or

otherwise.

A new Mercedes Benz every year for five years? Does your common sense not tell you it is utter rubbish?

The article furthermore goes out from the premise that South Africa should buy a nuclear reactor from the French rather than further pursuing the pebble bed technology. I invite you to bounce this bright idea off the likes of Earthlife Africa and the City of Cape Town, especially considering that a French reactor would require a 16km safety zone and that this country is certainly going to need more than one such reactor to meet the energy demands of the future.

**Tom Ferreira**

PBMR Communication Manager

*Our sources for the bribe are strong. Bearing in mind the potential profits from the Pebble Bed Modular Reactor project, a new Merc every year would be cheap at the price. - Ed.*

#### Wits in business

Your story on the shenanigans at the Wits Business School (WBS) (*nose66*) made for interesting reading.

Whilst I cannot condone the actions of John Ford and his colleagues in regard to their secret Management Education fund, as a past MBA student at WBS in the early 'Eighties I must state that John Ford is one of the finest and most approachable Finance lecturers in the country. He has a wonderful knack of making a most intimidating subject seem really easy, and a great sense of humour. What a loss for WBS students to not be taught by him!

An angle Wits probably has not investigated is the lucrative contracts and projects

that come to the Business School from the private sector. Inevitably these go to the Dean and the senior lecturers, with little left for the junior ranks.

I lectured at WBS in the late 1980s, and was attracted from the advertising industry by Professor Andy Andrews, then Dean of WBS, with the promise of consulting work. Needless to say, I never saw any of this once I had joined. Has the university checked how much academic time and telephone usage is spent on consulting work run from the offices of WBS? The academic justification for consulting work is that it broadens the lecturers' minds and helps them bring the real world into the classroom. It certainly lines the lean pockets of academia, far more than the executive education programmes.

As the Lecturer in Marketing, I had a minimal input in any Executive Education courses run by WBS - outside lecturers and consultants were used in preference to WBS staff even in those days, prior to John Ford taking over the management of Executive Education.

Surely Business Schools should pay their staff industry-related salaries, so that they can concentrate on their jobs, rather than having to seek alternative sources of revenue?

**Chris von Ulmenstein**  
Camps Bay

#### Lack of originality

*noseweek's* value is the energy it applies to ferreting out and publishing information the powerful would rather keep hidden. Most of our media are too partisan, under-skilled or timid in tackling these issues with necessary persistence.

Sometimes some of your facts may be fuzzy or wrong

## Last of the limericks

*noseweek's* limerick competition has sadly run its course. The competition is now closed.

## The final winner is (da da)...

There's no money in Art we've all heard.  
'Art for Art's sake is the word.  
So, for just a few bob,  
Would Ismael Ayob  
Jeopardise all? It's absurd.

**L Cuthbertson**  
Bloubergstrand

but *noseweek* is invaluable in pointing out where the stories and scandals are. But where you devalue your brand is when you regurgitate misinformed newspaper commentary and chattering-classes gossip and present it to us as news we must know about our political leaders.

Your recent articles on Patricia de Lille and Tony Leon were strung together in this style. Where was the original or informed and substantiated insight into these characters and their performance?

*noseweek's* readers deserve better than a re-hash of the broadsheet broadsides that support the ANC's agenda.

**Marian Shinn**  
Muizenberg

*We have not as yet carried an article on Patricia de Lille, although we are aware that the DA are obsessed with her. By the way, thanks to the DA for not bombarding us with correspondence from the letter-writing club, but it was cruel of them to leave so much of the work to young Mr Myburgh (see overleaf).*



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# Not-so-secret letters

In nose66, we carried an article by James Sanders that examined the progress of Tony Leon. Two paragraphs of the article discussed the DA's secret letter-writing team and obsessive dislike of author Ronald Suresh Roberts. James Myburgh, former DA researcher, responded immediately

## Dear James

I enjoyed your latest piece in *noseweek*. It was good in parts (or really, one part). Yes, I have always found it quite an amusing irony that, after Nick Clelland wrote that "it takes more than a mail-order Oxbridge degree to be an intellectual", the following year I end up in Oxford. I think the Gods did it just for a laugh.

I do not think that the description of Roberts as an "overexcited carpetbagger" was wildly off the mark. He certainly does become overheated whenever he writes about Leon, and his ability to defy gravity – and slide up the greasy pole – is a wonder of nature.

It is always advisable to try and understand a country before you moralise about it (something Roberts has never understood). And your section on Roberts vs Leon is wrongheaded on a number of accounts.

Firstly, it is not quite fair to say that "the DA have hunted Roberts ever since" his attacks on Leon. As far as I know, the DA has never launched an unprovoked attack on Roberts. Although, they do always respond when he attacks them (which he does at every opportunity). Your claim that the "obsessive and vengeful quality of Leon's fascination with Ronald Roberts is petty, undignified and downright weird" manages to be the exact opposite of the truth. It is Roberts who has the "obsessive and vengeful quality". If someone called your father a murderer and you an "apartheid propagandist" (or *somesuch*) how would you respond? I think Leon has been quite restrained in the circumstances.

Secondly, the [parliamentary] question to the presidency. Roberts has repeatedly accused others of being "naughty" for failing to disclose some or other minor conflict of interest. So, yes, since Roberts repeatedly attacks Tony Leon it was a legitimate question, to find out if there wasn't a small conflict of interest at play here.

Thirdly, the [presidency's] answer was not "nothing". According to the reply, "the Minister in the Presidency commissioned Roberts for research and preparing a draft for a lecture on international relations for which he was paid an amount of R 20 500 in December 2003." Not that much, but not "nothing" either.

More importantly, you display some naivety to think that Tony Leon could just have laughed off and ignored Ronald Suresh Roberts's *Paratus* articles. The presidency has repeatedly smeared Leon as an "apartheid security force propagandist" based upon that hatchet work.

Now, if the DA had not responded to Roberts's accusations, his lies would have attained the status of truth by now. Certainly, there was no one in the Press who would have rebutted them on Leon's behalf. (If the ANC disseminated such lying propaganda then no wonder older black voters (if true) desired "to punish Tony Leon". Your conclusion that it would be good for the DA to disband is just depressing. This one-partyist kind of sentiment enjoyed some currency in South Africa around 1999, at the height of the ANC's moral dominance. It is unfortunate that you have chosen to warm it up.

**James Myburgh**  
Oxford

P.S. Please do not forward this on to Ronald Suresh Roberts.

*It would have been meaningless to enter a private debate with Myburgh on the issue of Roberts. His letter was not headed "private and confidential". Myburgh did not deny that the DA had a secret letter-writing team or that he wrote a column and letter that appeared in the Financial Mail as "Nick Clelland". In October 2004, the Sunday Times carried a profile of Roberts by Chris Barron which included a quotation from Tony Leon which was defamatory and unprovoked. The Sunday Times article is subject to a defamation suit which will be contested in November. Roberts has never referred to Judge Leon as a "murderer". He called him a "hanging judge".*

## Dear Mr Myburgh

I was disappointed by your letter which failed to address the substance of my article: that the DA cannot develop as a political party with Tony Leon at the helm. But I am fascinated by the "poison-pen" quality of your obsession with Ronald Roberts. If everything you say is true, why on earth should you be concerned if Roberts reads your version of events? If this is a creepy attempt to say: "Lets discuss this like nice chaps and leave the black man out of it", you have made a dreadful mistake. I refuse to play that game. In the transparent spirit of the DA's publication of the Mbeki-Leon Aids letters, I am publishing our correspondence. On the question of Leon's persecution of Roberts, your entire defence is destroyed by the FACT that Tony Leon served as a journalist/propagandist in the SADF.

By seizing the compromise of military journalism, he

avoided facing military combat or fleeing into exile. Furthermore, Leon's father, as a judge, sentenced a teenager to death. The irony, because you appear to enjoy irony, is that Leon's father now opposes the death penalty whereas the son campaigns for the return of the noose. Roberts's article on Leon's work in *Paratus* was a good scoop. The truth may be painful but it is better than denial.

I could continue in this vein but life is too short. Meanwhile, it would be fruitful if you could answer the following questions:

1. Do you deny that the DP or the DA have run letter-writing teams, employing fictional or appropriated names to imply that the letters are dispatched by ordinary readers?

2. Do you deny that you, personally wrote letters for the DP/DA under names that were not your own?

3. Do you deny, that by participating in a letter-writing team, while employed by Parliament as a DP/DA researcher, you were engaging in fraudulent use of tax-payers money?

4. How exactly is your DPhil funded at Oxford?

Like any well-trained researcher, I already know the answers to the questions. As the Monty Python team used to joke "Cruel ... but fair."

**James Sanders**  
Cape Town

*Myburgh continued the correspondence, adding various defamatory allegations, but did not attempt to answer any of Sanders' questions.*

■ Both the above letters have been edited.

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## Special pensions

**S**pecial pensions are likely to become a very significant subject in South Africa during the next eighteen months. The problem is simple: a substantial group of people have been consciously cut out of the special pensions legislation by the ANC government.

A quick flashback: the ANC came to power in South Africa riding on the back of the tiger of violent unrest and mass protest. Like the PLO in Palestine, the ANC did not control the violent resistance, they claimed leadership of it. The special pension was cooked up during the negotiations that led to the settlement before the election in 1994. The "sunset clauses" required to pacify the South African political classes and bureaucracy protected and guaranteed the pensions of South Africa's civil servants. The Special Pensions Act of Parliament (1996) provided a pension to people born before 1961 (at least 35 years of age in 1996) who had been unable to contribute towards a pension for a total or combined period of at least five years prior to

February 1990. The legislation applied when the person had been in the full-time service of a political organisation; when the person had been "banned"; or when the person had been imprisoned for political "crimes". The key, of course, was the cut-off age. By setting the qualification age at 35 in 1996, it neatly excluded tens of thousands of the "lost generation" of youth who had engaged in political resistance in the aftermath of the Soweto uprising and the virtual insurrection of the mid-1980s. Whether one likes it or not, transformation in South Africa was made possible because young people made huge personal sacrifices. *noseweek* is aware that a handful of senior figures within the ANC/SACP are manipulating the special pension. A number of members of the party had jobs in foreign countries; some even adopted dual-nationality. We believe that certain recipients of the special pension are also in receipt of additional foreign pensions. How can that be fair when the young who actually broke the back of apartheid receive nothing?

## Thank you and goodnight

**I**t has been an enormous pleasure to sit in Martin's chair for the last three months. In South Africa, I always like to think, the stories grow on the trees. Whether I have picked the right stories or put them in the correct baskets is for the reader to judge. But it has been a lot of fun. *noseweek* has become something of an institution in South Africa over the last twelve years and I have been constantly surprised by

the affection in which the publication and "Martin" are held by the readers. Next month Mr Welz will return and I am sure that those aspects of the magazine which have changed too much under my guidance will return to normal. Many thanks for tolerating my intrusion. It has been an honour and a privilege to edit *noseweek* during Martin's absence.

**James Sanders, Editor**

## Price increase

As of the next edition (*nose68*, June 2005) *noseweek's* cover price will rise to R27.80; the subscription rate for ten issues will be R215. The last price increase was in March 2003 – over two years ago.

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# Mr Nose

## An oligarch's appetites

Mr Nose is a man of the world and understands that sometimes great men have insatiable needs. It is said of American film director, Orson Welles, that he once finished a three-course dinner in a restaurant and declared: "That was marvellous but we could die tomorrow – Lets do it all over again." He then proceeded to eat the entire meal for a second time. Helmut Kohl was spotted tucking into a quiet second dinner at a South London restaurant following an embassy feast and British home secretary, Charles Clarke, is known as "two pizzas" because of a similarly greedy inclination. But we know little of men who hunger for sustenance of a more carnal nature. Until now. Mr Nose has learned that one of South Africa's great oligarchs found himself alone and at a loose end in a London hotel in December 2004. He put a call through to the South African representative of a famous American investment bank and requested that two girls be dispatched to his room post haste. The bank duly obliged, proving that if you have a big enough overdraft they will do virtually anything. Beware of the sisterhood of "working girls":

## Smiley's SARS

Ivan Pillay, former ANC spook and chief investigator at SARS is a John le Carré nut. In exile, his passion for *Smiley's People, Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy, The Spy Who Came in from the Cold* and other gems informed ANC/MK intelligence activity to such an extent that it was relatively simple for opponents to "unpack" his operations because they were usually based on Le Carré plots. Mr Nose has learned that Ivan, the fellow who investigates tax avoidance unless you are Brett Kebble, models himself on George Smiley, right down to the calm manner, the fiddling with spectacles and the domestic turmoil. Mr Nose is informed that there is widespread panic in "the Circus" regarding a number of moles and turned agents who are leaking important documents to a gang of crazed anarchists. Mr Nose, in moments of reverie, likes to think of himself as "Control" but who is "Karla" and how much does the "Tailor of Cape Town" charge for a suit?

## Lookalikes

At a recent conference in Nigeria, the similarity between Foreign Affairs minister, Dr Nkosazana Dlamini-Zuma and the host, Nigerian president, Olusegun Obasanjo, attracted nervous titers. Mr Nose was stunned to hear that when Dr Dlamini-Zuma rose to speak, Nigerians shouted out as if they were hailing their president. And at the parties following the conference, guests who thought that they were introducing themselves to the president were reprimanded with a stern: "But I'm the Foreign Minister of South Africa." All of which reminds Mr Nose of an ancient story about George Brown, foreign secretary and deputy prime minister in Harold Wilson's 1960s Labour government. Brown, who enjoyed a drink would often get into scrapes in the twilight hours. At a foreign office function, he approached somebody and declared: "Would you like to dance?" The prospective dance partner replied: "I will not dance with you for three reasons. One: you are drunk; two: I am a man; and three: I am the Archbishop of Lima."



## Where are they now? (2)

Where is FW de Klerk when you need him? Rumours abound that the Nobel-winning, TRC-rejecting, Third Force-denying last president but one no longer lives in the "rainbow nation". PW Botha continues to live in Wilderness, near George (see Blast from the Past 3, over) and Nelson Mandela spends a lot of time at his wife, Graca's house in Maputo, while primarily residing in South Africa. Nobody knows exactly where FW and his lovely new wife live. He is certainly the first former South African leader to emigrate; harsher tongues might call him the King Chicken. Is this a sign of the Africanisation of South Africa? Like Mengistu of Ethiopia, now resident in Zimbabwe, and Ugandan, Idi Amin, who fled to Saudi Arabia, de Klerk is keeping up a grand tradition. Mr Nose believes that spending 240+ days a year overseas cannot be good for the soul. Our heavy-smoking former hero must live in a land of perpetual limbo.



# puts it about



## Blast from the past (3)

A strange and disturbing story has been whispered into the ears of Mr Nose. It is said that PW Botha and family are enraged that the truth about his “stroke” in 1989 has never been revealed. Historians now recognise that the taciturn “Balti” John Vorster was removed in 1978 by what amounted to a coup d’etat. Piet “Weapons” Botha was the main beneficiary of the mysterious machinations of the Information Scandal. But was the Groot Krokodil, himself, removed from power by similarly byzantine methods? Mr Nose has learned that our finger-wagging former leader believes that he was brought to his knees by an outrageous plot. It is claimed that a faction within the cabinet employed poison to simulate a stroke in their leader. Stricken, and believing he was near death, PW surrendered power. The leading plotter, in this case, was not PW’s successor, FW de Klerk, but a famous South African politician, who continued his cabinet career for many more years. This gloomy story reminds Mr Nose of Danny Kaye’s joyous performance in the Hollywood movie, *The Court Jester*. And in particular the hilarious rhyme that the Jester has to repeat to remind himself where he has put the poison: “the pellet with the poison’s in the vessel with the pestle but the chalice from the palace holds the brew that is true.” Golden days.

## Mervin’s manuscript

Congratulations to William Mervin Gumede for the finest book promotion ever seen in South Africa. Cited in *The Economist* in January, serialised in the *Sunday Times*, puffed in the *Sunday Independent* and praised on Cape Talk radio as a masterpiece: “Everybody who voted should buy this book.” Mr Nose has been informed that Gumede was set to address to the heart of the British foreign policy establishment, Chatham House in London, on 20th April. How has he managed it? The book, *Thabo Mbeki and The Battle for the Soul of the ANC*, which finally appeared in bookshops in early April, is a pleasant trawl through ten years of ANC rule. Light on either revelations or new documents, it ploughs a steady furrow cutting and pasting familiar stories with supporting interviews. ‘Merv the swerve’ as he is known to fellow hacks, has enjoyed a blessed career (so far); deputy editor of the *Financial Mail*, editorial consultant at the Helen Suzman Foundation, academic at the LSE in London. The word amongst South Africa’s literati is that someone up there likes him. Mr Nose thinks it’s probably Cyril and the Oppenheimers.

## Books that never arrive (3)

Spy fans have been switching cars and changing their cellphone numbers for more than three years now in nervous apprehension at the revelations likely to flow forth from the pen of Dr Niel Barnard. The ageing chief spook has run through a number of options with regard to his autobiography. First, he approached a veteran South African writer in his search for a suitable “ghost”. Mr Nose realises that a spook and a

ghost is a dangerous (and somewhat terrifying) combination but put it to one side. Then he struck up a relationship with the millenarian, Lester Venter (*When Mandela goes etc.*) Eventually, the burden was too huge and the doctor decided to write the story himself. Ever since, Mr Nose understands, Barnard has been hard at work composing the justification of his life’s work. Did he do the right thing in negotiating or did he

betray the volk? What would have happened if 9/11 had happened ten years earlier? Would the old South Africa have been able to ride the wave of new imperialism, demonise the ANC as terrorists, and survive? And who murdered Dr Robert Smit? Wrestling with such questions cannot be good for the indigestion. Mr Nose hopes that Dr Niel has dropped the spooky habit of ripping the filters off cigarettes.

## Sydney’s studies

A number of years ago, we reported that Fholisani Sydney Mufamadi, now Minister of Provincial and Local Government, formerly Minister of Safety and Security, had registered to study African politics at the School of Oriental and African Studies in London (*nose40*). Mr Nose sends his warmest regards to the hardest-working man in the cabinet: Mufamadi was awarded his MSc in State Society and Development in July 2004. The original story noted that two white South Africans visited a professor at SOAS to register Sydney as a student. This must be the first post-graduate degree to be facilitated by our old friends at Kroll. Mufamadi is now fully prepared to achieve his life’s ambition: travelling the globe as South Africa’s minister of foreign affairs. Meanwhile, the *Financial Times* recently reported that Kroll have moved on to bigger and better things: in early 2004, the company turned down an offer from the Pentagon to run Guantanamo prison.

# MADIBA ART FRAUD

## The story so far ...

In *nose66* we revealed that civil war had broken out in the Mandela circle. Nelson Mandela had instructed his lawyers to call Ismail Ayob, his former personal lawyer and financial advisor, to account. The argument centred on the funds generated by so-called “Madiba art”. *noseweek* also reported that there were concerns regarding Ayob’s handling of Mandela’s financial affairs, most notably his family trusts, stretching back over

a number of years. In particular, we suggested that the intense, but previously unreported, conflict was concentrated on who controls the Mandela brand

At the time of going to press, the legal papers had still not been served. Ismail Ayob and the mastermind behind the art scam, Ross Calder, have ceased to communicate with the press, relying on spokesmen to speak on their behalf. Tellingly, Ayob is represented by Owen Dean, the well-known trademark lawyer. Nelson Mandela has not spoken in

# Who drew the pictures? How were



Picture: Sunday Times

**T**HERE are three equally valid reasons why purchasers of Madiba art should be concerned that they have been the victims of a fraud. Firstly, there is the problem of Nelson Mandela signing huge numbers of pictures. He is, after all, nearly 87 years of age. For the third “Davos” series of pictures, 39 international artists were invited by Ross Calder to adapt and paint on the original Mandela drawings of hands. These prints were to be signed by Nelson Mandela and the individual artist. There are 115 sets of six prints for each artist. That is a grand total of 26,919 pictures. George Bizos has been explicit on this subject in recent days: Nelson Mandela has not signed any pictures for at least eighteen months. Mandela himself told a former Robben Island prison warden, who now manages a shop at the “Gateway to Robben Island” that he had only ever signed a few pictures; certainly not the thousands of Madiba art pieces that are currently in circulation. The only conceivable answer is that Madiba’s signature is being forged or printed. Before the Concept Group collapsed into bankruptcy in 2002, Ross Calder instructed employees to purchase a signature-printing machine from the United States. Sources close to the company at the time recall that the machine was called a “Ghost-writer” and cost something in the region of R35,000 (see illustration on page 13). Although Concept had an account with a courier company, an employee was instructed

to open an account with DHL in Johannesburg to facilitate the delivery of a large item from America. Yet, Ross Calder brazenly declared to *Business Day* in 2004 that “Every millimetre was [Mandela’s] work. He would never sign anything he didn’t do.”

The second reason for concern regarding Madiba art is that at each stage of the process genuine artists or graphic designers have been involved and there appears to have been very little direct engagement by Nelson Mandela, either at an imaginative level or in the actual execution of the pictures. In 2003, we named Hugh McCallum as the artist who did the rough sketches that were later developed into the pictures of hands. These sketches were in existence long before the directors of the Concept Group had ever met Madiba. On 2nd October 2000, Ross Calder contacted a leading South African art dealer to report: “Nelson Mandela will be drawing a series of charcoal sketches ... I will fax a copy of the proposed sketches (our initial layouts) to you today ... Is there a standard Authenticity Certificate used in the industry?”

Graphic designer Tish Roux drew the hands – based on McCallum’s concept sketches – that later became famous as the first series of Madiba



**My Robben Island:** Mandela art, ‘tutored’ by Varenka Paschke

public about the furore; he was until recently represented by his old friend advocate George Bizos, who in an interview with e.tv avoided describing the Madiba pictures as art: “The manner in which this product is being produced and the manner in which it is being marketed is not consistent with Mr Mandela’s values.”

The scene is set for a legal battle that will expose Ayob’s multifarious business interests, settle the vexed questions over the validity of Madiba art and explain the role played by

Nelson Mandela in what, there is good reason to believe, is a major art fraud.

The most significant development in the story since the publication of *nose66* was the interview which Ismail Ayob gave to *Business Day* in which he revealed that the beneficiaries of Magnifique Investment and Holding – the company he created to hide his participation in the “Mandela art” project – are Mandela’s daughters, Makaziwe and Zenani. *noseweek* understands this to be a relatively recent development, following Ayob’s dismiss-

al by Mandela. It was possibly a bizarre form of insurance against exactly the type of exposure that has recently occurred.

Owners of Madiba art everywhere have been enquiring into the validity of the pictures. Prices being charged for “original Mandela art” are exorbitant: for a full set of six lithographs from the Robben Island series, customers are expected to pay R680,860. It is likely that when this whole process is fully exposed and examined in court, the art will be worthless except as postmodern kitsch.

## they signed? Why did they do it?

art. She confirmed to *noseweek* that she was the original creator. She has never met Mandela and was not permitted by Ross Calder and the other directors to attend the long-delayed first meeting with Mandela on 25th July 2001 in Houghton. On that occasion, Madiba traced over the pictures while a photographer commissioned by Calder took photographs later to be used as evidence that Mandela was an artist. Mandela also hand-wrote a four sentence statement designed to go with the series: “I draw hands because they are powerful instruments, hands can hurt or heal, punish or uplift,” it declared.

The hand series was followed by a second set of lithographs titled “My Robben Island”. This time, Calder hired young artist Varenka Paschke to assist in the project. For two years Paschke has denied doing the drawings. When we interviewed her, she admitted that she visited Robben Island without Mandela to prepare for the drawings that would later be transformed into gentle pastel lithographs of Robben Island scenes. However, she still insists that her role was instructional only, and that Mandela drew

and coloured the pictures himself. She only helped him visualise his impressions of Robben Island and did not herself put pen to paper. This appears to con-



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– from the website of Automated Signature Technology



tradict the “Touch of Mandela” website, which in 2003 explained: “She assisted Mr Mandela with both the composition and the application of colour.” At the time, Paschke was marketing her work through an enterprise tellingly called Thin Ice Design.

The final and, perhaps, most devastating reason why Madiba art is clearly fraudulent relates to the numbering of the pictures. During 2001, employees of the Concept Group had studied the various methods for authenticating art. They had learned that prints become “art” when they are numbered in exclusive limited editions and each print is signed by the artist. A normal print run would be between 500 and 1,000. In a report by the liquidator of Concept Marketing, he states that the company was contractually bound

to produce 546 print copies of the Mandela hand drawings. The actual contract between Ismail Ayob and the Concept Group records that the agreement was to produce nearly ten times as many copies: 5046. There appears to have been chaos at all stages of the numbering process of the various limited editions.

### First Central Insurance

The missing ingredient in the Madiba art fraud story is why Ismail Ayob, a distinguished lawyer and gatekeeper to Mandela, agreed to go into business with Ross Calder in the first place. We believe that the deeper secrets of the origins of the Madiba art fraud, or at least Ayob’s participation in it, could lie

in the story of a company called First Central Insurance.

In April 1998, one year before Nelson Mandela retired from the presidency, Ismail Ayob announced that he was launching First Central Insurance. It was, by all accounts, a solid business venture: the first black-owned, short-term insurance company in South Africa. Ayob was backed by Nedcor Investment Bank (17.4%) and Munich Re (9.1%), of which he was also a director. But Nedcor and Munich Re were only prepared to support the project if Ayob, who controlled 21% of the company was able to raise R35.3m (42.5% of the shares) from private investors. Ayob raised the money through a subscription offer among investors from formerly disadvantaged communities. The remaining 10% of First Central Insurance was held by employees. The capital base of the company at start-off was R75m.

Nelson Mandela blessed First Central Insurance by attending and giving a speech at the launch party on 14 July 1998. Mandela's support for First Central Insurance was no surprise, after all, Ayob was his personal lawyer and financial advisor. What is strange is that Mandela had invested a large proportion of the funds at his disposal in the company. It is extraordinary that a client (Mandela) would invest a substantial sum of money in one of his financial advisor's own businesses. Ayob, it should be reiterated, was also a trustee of numerous Mandela trusts. *noseweek* understands that an investment of the type described represents a clear conflict of interests for Ismail Ayob. Perhaps, due to Mandela's support for the company, many well-known black and Indian celebrities, businessmen and politicians also purchased shares. Graca Machel is said to have invested in First Central.

Despite the optimistic announcement that the company would seek a JSE listing before the end of 1998, First Central Insurance did not prosper. Managing directors came and went, while Ismail Ayob remained in control as non-executive chairman.

Meanwhile, Ayob continued working at his legal practice. In mid-2000, Ayob took over as managing director of First Central in addition to his role as chairman. But it was to no avail. In February 2001, the Financial Services Board placed the company under curatorship. At that time, the company had accumulated R120m liabilities with a capital of R60m.

Evidence suggests that First Central Insurance had incurred very high expenses and was also involved in a substantial amount of litigation. The usual Ayob business methods were also in play: the head office in Johannesburg was situated in Ayob's legal offices and paid rent to Ismail Ayob. The branch offices also rented property which belonged to Ayob. The curatorship ended in February 2004 and within weeks, Ayob had been dismissed as Madiba's lawyer. Whether the two events were linked we cannot say but there is no doubt that Nelson Mandela lost a substantial amount of his private fortune in the business venture.

The chronology suggests that there could well have been a link between Ayob's difficulties at First Central and his eagerness to join forces with Ross Calder. Ayob took over as managing director of First Central in mid-2000, within three months he established Magnifique Investment and Holding. The first meeting between the Concept Group and Nelson Mandela occurred in the same week that First Central Insurance received the Curator's second report. Six days later Magnifique

## The promotion

In August 2002, a relationship was struck up with the Belgravia Gallery in London. The gallery sounds very grand, its promotional catalogues note in the address that it is "near Buckingham Palace". But it could equally have been described as a small shop-front up a side-street behind Victoria station. *The Sun*, Britain's popular tabloid newspaper, more famous for its page 3 girls than its art criticism, declared on 31st August: "Here's a prediction: Nelson Mandela's sketch of his own prison bars ... will be seen on T-shirts, on stamps, on bedroom walls. It is a compelling, childlike image reflecting Mandela's modesty and awesome spirit. It deserves to become one of the enduring symbols of the 20th Century." Ismail Ayob and Ross Calder must have been rubbing their hands with glee.

In December 2002, Oprah Winfrey visited South Africa to help launch "Mandela SOS" at the Kirstenbosch National Botanical Gardens. Some of the Mandela prints were auctioned in aid of the charity. Oprah outbid Tokyo Sexwale for a set of the Robben Island pictures: she paid R2m. On 7 February 2003, Mandela attended the launch of the sketches, "My Robben Island". His speech, which had clearly been written for him, revealed: "When I initially did the sketches in black chalk, the images looked quite bleak. I then thought that it should be a celebration and introduced the bright and cheery colours which I understand has become a new art form."



“Every millimetre was Mandela's work. He would never sign anything he didn't do – Ross Calder”

secured an agreement with Concept Marketing giving Calder the rights to Madiba art in return for a very useful R13-million down payment.

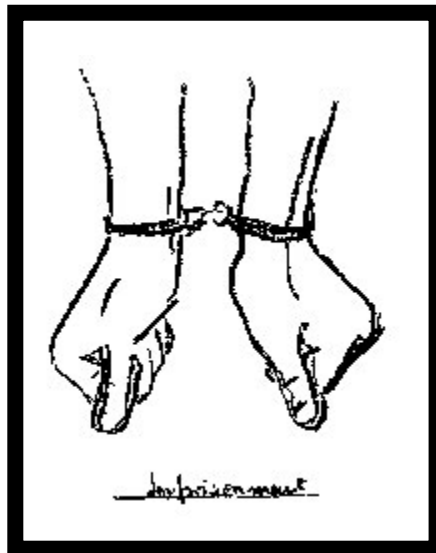
The circumstantial evidence suggests that Ismail Ayob had every reason to wish to make quick money in order to stabilise the crisis at First Central Insurance and pacify his client, Nelson Mandela.

## In Madiba's defence

Nelson Mandela is a politician who was imprisoned for more than 27 years between 1962 and 1990. He is not an expert on art or marketing. Between 1990 and 1999, Mandela barely paused to rest: he supervised the negotiation process and he helped to reconcile the country as President. He is not a saint and he has made mistakes in his personal life and in his politics, but nobody believes he would be a willing party to art fraud.

It seems probable that he accepted the advice and counsel of one of his longest-standing advisors: Ismail Ayob. The art was, perhaps, explained to him

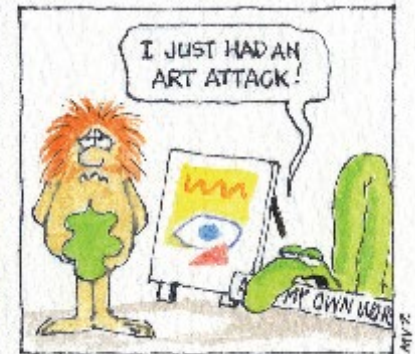
as being a similar project to his famous "autobiography", *Long Walk to Freedom*. Few South Africans are aware that *Long Walk* was only partly written by Madiba. The early chapters were based



**A Touch of Mandela:** The drawing purportedly by Madiba was done by Concept Marketing's designer Tish Roux, who has never met the former president

on the splendid prison memoir that Mandela wrote in the mid-1970s and on which he was assisted by his colleagues, Mac Maharaj, Ahmed Kathrada and Walter Sisulu. The remainder of the book was created by a ghost writer, who interviewed Mandela and turned the interviews into "autobiography".

Could it be possible that Madiba accepted the suggestion that a minor contribution and a signature constituted "original art" in the same way that the prison memoir and the interviews constituted an "autobiography"? Of course, that is not the case. By the time, Mandela and his inner circle realised what had happened, they had been compromised. The genius in any confidence trick is to win the collusion of the conned party. Somebody should have blown the whistle and come to Madiba's rescue but it appears that despite the attempts of John Samuel and others (see p. 20), the media were deaf to their appeals. The double sting in the art con was that Mandela's charities did not receive the money as promised and most of the work was not even signed by Mandela. Instead, it was Calder and Ayob who grew rich on the proceeds. **W**



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# Lager loot

When cheap Castle washed up in the Seychelles by the containerload it turned the island paradise into – well – paradise for its dedicated drinkers. The Scorpions are investigating

**W**HEN the good ship Shearwater set sail from Durban in January 2004 bound for the Seychelles, her cargo included 11 20-ft containers consigned to the Seychelles Marketing Board for its prawn farm project on the paradise's outer island of Coetivy.

But what was in those containers? White PVC plastic pipes, as the freight manifest presented to Seychelles Customs stated? Or jumbo reels of 2-ply toilet paper, as a "corrected" manifest then declared? (The prawn farm project is seen as a government priority and is exempt from import duties on such vital supplies).

The answer is neither. The true cargo was more than half a million cans of would-be duty-free Castle beer destined not for the prawn farm, but the bars and tourist haunts on main island.

Between December 2003 and January 2004 South African Breweries received several orders for an enormous quantity of 340ml cans of Castle from an established firm of exporters in Durban called Indian

Ocean Export Company.

Most of Seychelles' imports, particularly foodstuffs, come from South Africa and Indian Ocean Export is the main supplier to the Seychelles Marketing Board, a parastatal 100% owned and controlled by the Seychelles government.

The board has sole monopoly over a large range of essential commodity imports. And it does not have to declare

the profits it rakes up on the massive mark-ups it levies at its retail supermarket in Victoria and franchise outlets.

When the Shearwater docked at Victoria on 18 January last year Seychelles Customs officials raised their eyebrows at the declaration on the freight manifest – 5012 pieces of white PVC pipes for Coetivy. Only the previous month 14 containers had arrived and that 4 December manifest had



Illustration: Colin Daniel



declared similar contents – 6608 pieces of white PVC pipes for the same prawn farm project.

A “corrected” freight manifest was produced by the marketing board, declaring that the 11 containers in fact contained not PVC pipes but 99 jumbo reels of 2-ply toilet paper.

The previous December and over the New Year of 2004 Seychellois citizens and tourists were delighted to find the festive season lubricated by a sudden deluge of cut-price Castle lager on the local market.

A 340ml can of Castle, which in South Africa retails at R4.50, costs about 21 rupees (R24) in the Seychelles. The amazing thing about the sudden inflow of Castle was that its price had been miraculously slashed to 13 rupees (R14.60), on a par with the local Seybrew beer (10.50 rupees for a lesser 280ml). Seybrew’s sales at this peak time slumped disastrously as a consequence.

Why would the Seychelles Marketing Board bring in so much Castle to sell at a loss? A clue emerged only after Seychelles Customs finally opened those 11 containers that had arrived on the Shearwater. The real cargo was then revealed – 24,860 cartons of Castle beer; 596,640 cans in all.

**S**OMEONE had falsified the manifests in an attempt to evade the duty and taxes that should have been paid to the Seychelles government.

The game was up and on 17 February 2004 the marketing board handed over

a belated SR9,538,680 (about R10m) in duty and taxes on the 11 container beer shipment.

But if the half million cans only arrived on 17 January, where did the Christmas and New Year glut of bargain-priced Castle come from? *noseweek* holds an affidavit by Albert Payet, chairman of the Seychelles Chamber of Commerce & Industry, which refers to the early-December shipment of 14 containers (6608 pieces of white PVC pipes, according to the manifest).

“I am advised that these containers may have contained Castle beer and that as many as 43 containers may be involved in total,” reads Payet’s affidavit.

Forty three containers of Castle? At 2260 cartons/container that’s more than 2 million cans of the brew!



businessmen based in London. They were widely thought to be secretly representing President René and Mukesh Valabhji.

Rene and Valabhji are said to have set their hearts on acquiring the 73% balance of Seybrew shares for themselves. And, suggest sceptics, what better way to run the local brewery into the ground and provoke its fire sale (to them) than to kill off Christmas/New

## What better way to run the local brewery into the ground and provoke its fire sale than to kill off Christmas/New Year sales?

On such a scale, could there have been a deeper motive other than to make a quick R10m? Was this in fact a long-term stockpiling venture by the Seychelles Marketing Board? And why?

The board’s non-executive chairman at the time of the container imports was the nation’s then-President, France René. A despot who clung to power for 27 years following a coup d’etat in 1977, René stepped down as president a year ago and was replaced by his deputy, James Michael. But René remains leader of the ruling FPPS party. The board’s long-standing managing director is Mukesh Valabhji, who when René was president also acted as his economic adviser.

So what does it all mean? The local Seychelles Brewery’s controlling shareholder is the UK’s listed Guinness group. South African Breweries held a 27% stake in Seybrew which it sold several years ago to a group of Indian

**Hittin’ da spot:** Former Seychelles despot France René keeping his cards close to his chest

Year sales of Seybrew beer with oceans of cut-price (duty free) Castle?

Albert Payet’s affidavit, signed on 24 November last year, says: “The Seychelles is a nation of less than 80,000 people and the possible importation of Castle beer without the payment of proper excise and duties would severely distort that segment of the Seychelles economy and have an extremely negative affect upon members of the SCCI [the chamber of commerce].”

The affidavit requests the “relevant South African authorities to investigate this matter in order to ascertain the full extent of these activities.” Hence a probe presently being conducted by the Scorpions.

The shipper of the 11 containers found to contain Castle beer, as well as the 14 containers the previous December, was a mysterious South African-registered company called Comoli. Investigators believe that Comoli invoiced an as yet unknown company in Switzerland for the beer and the Swiss company re-invoiced the Seychelles Marketing Board, making a handsome profit for itself in the process.

Just who is behind the Swiss entity



Picture: Sunday Times

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is as yet unknown. Some suggest René and marketing board boss Valabhji. But Comoli, we can declare with confidence, is a “front” company wheeled in from time to time by Indian Ocean Export Company.

**W**e put this to the latter’s wealthy managing director Peter Clarke. “Comoli, that’s associated with you isn’t it?” we asked. “No it’s not,” was Clarke’s categorical reply.

We asked the Durban businessman about the 11 containers and their disguised contents of Castle. After heaving a sigh, Clarke said: “I remember a saga that was issued in Seychelles and so on. It was nothing to do with us [Indian Ocean Export Co]. But if you’re starting to ask questions I’ll give you my fax number and you’re very welcome to put them to me. But I’d like any questions you have in writing, please.”

We duly emailed Clarke 14 ques-

clean on his connection with Comoli when he was questioned by the Scorpions in February about these strange shipments to the Seychelles.

Clarke, 55, is a former pupil at KwaZulu-Natal’s exclusive Hilton College, where he has been a long-standing member of the Board of Governors. At the Governors meeting on 18 March this year he relinquished this prestigious position. One of our unanswered questions to Clarke was: “Why did you step down?”

Big question for the Scorpions as they delve into this mire is: How much Castle beer did “Comoli” ship to the Seychelles in December 2003 and January 2004? Was Castle also in the 14 containers declared as white PVC pipes? Is Albert Payet correct when he says in his affidavit that “as many as 43 containers” may have featured in the scam?

An indication could lie in the records of South African Breweries. How many

## ‘We do sell a lot of beer to Indian Ocean Export Co,’ says SAB communications manager Michael Farr

tions. These included: “Are you on terms of personal friendship with former president France René and/or Mukesh Valabhji?”

Our question no 7 read: “You stated when we spoke today on the telephone that Comoli was not a “front” for Indian Ocean Export Co. Please describe therefore your/your company’s relationship with Comoli.”

In his emailed response two days later Clarke gives this surprising reply. “Item 7 of your email is incorrect. I did not make that statement.” In other words, he’s now maintaining he never denied to *noseweek* a connection between Comoli and his own company. Strange.

As for the other 13 questions, we get the proverbial brush off: “Your remaining questions involve the interests of third parties and I consequently do not believe that it would be appropriate for me to discuss the matters with you.”

We wonder whether Clarke came

cartons of Castle beer did it sell to Indian Ocean Export Co in those two months? Certainly, a source close to SAB tells us, enough to fill more than 40 containers.

But there’s no official confirmation. “We do sell a lot of beer to Indian Ocean Export Co,” says SAB communications manager Michael Farr. “Insofar as the details of volumes and customer orders are concerned, SAB does not disclose such details between ourselves and our customers. This would be contrary to the ethics of accepted business practice.”

■ This whole charade is reminiscent of the ploy conducted by Britain’s Foreign Office in the 1970s, when its Jeddah embassy in booze-banned Saudi Arabia received regular consignments of grog declared every time on the freight manifest as “grand piano”. Enough grand pianos over time to equip a few dozen symphony orchestras. **W**



# THE SPOOKS

*There used to be a joke that stated that if everybody who claimed they had seen the Beatles play in Liverpool's Cavern club were telling the truth, the group could have sold out every night at the Royal Albert Hall for a decade. South Africa has a similar situation with spies. The people who claim that they are or were spies are legion: businesses employ former intelligence agents, newspaper editors claim to have been spooks and every serious politician needs an intelligence capacity. What does it all mean? And how much of it is accountable?*

A glance at our organogram reveals that **The State** includes (and hides) the full panoply of intelligence functions. We have the National Intelligence Agency (domestic intelligence), the South Africa Secret Service (foreign intelligence), the Criminal Intelligence Service (police) and Defence Intelligence (military). These four great corners of the state intelligence structure report inwards to PICOC (Provincial Intelligence Co-ordinating Committees), and NICOC (National Intelligence Co-ordinating Committee). NICOC reports directly to the Minister of Intelligence, Ronnie Kasrils. Meanwhile (not shown on the organogram), there is the Joint Standing Committee on Intelligence and the Inspector General of Intelligence.

The state partly hides four intelligence sub-sections: the Presidential Intelligence Unit which reports to Thabo Mbeki; Department of Foreign Affairs intelligence which is linked to, but separate from, the South African Secret Service; the Special Investigations Unit (the Scorpions) which is increasingly powerful; and the South African Revenue Service (SARS) intelligence which has a number of links all over the chart but is primarily the tool of Trevor Manuel. It should be noted that DFA

intelligence and SARS are undeclared and unaccountable. President Thabo Mbeki clearly possesses an intelligence capability but in comparison to the networks all over the organogram, it is minimal.

The various **ANC** intelligence factions (coloured in green and yellow, in the top right-hand corner of the chart) are linked to the ANC but not run by the party. They descend from the tradition, in exile, that each leader needed to have his own private intelligence capacity. Three of the oligarchs from our previous chart (*nose66*) are featured here, as is Jacob Zuma, although the Shaiks are probably now fading as a major force. ANC intelligence operatives are increasingly moving into the profitable security business and a number of civil servants (the differently coloured names) are moving very close to a genuine conflict of interests.

The former **Securicrats** (coloured in blue) are also extremely active in the world of post-apartheid intelligence. Associated Intelligence Networks and Palto are closely linked to each other and to the police. There is significant movement on our chart between ANC intelligence and Afrikaner spooks. There is also substantial links between the securicrats and the security companies. To anyone who is a fan of byzantine Afrikaner conspiracy theories, it is a pleasure to see the descendants of the securicrats performing so well in the 21st century.

The private **security companies** (coloured in purple) are rarely included in organograms of this sort but it is clear that they represent a substantial intelligence capacity. We have placed Anglo-American/De Beers in this category because they have some of the most efficient spooks in South Africa. Securicor Gray Security Services, Chubb and

ADT are rapidly building powerful networks with both ANC and Afrikaner groups. They are going to be significant players in the future. Meanwhile, Brett Kebble's JCI is also well-connected.

In the **International** section of our organogram (coloured in black/flags), the British and the Americans still dominate. Through private but closely-connected companies such as CIEX, Kroll and Control Risks, they exert a constant influence on the development of intelligence in South Africa. Tyco International and United Technologies Corporation are the controlling companies of two of the major security players on this chart. French and German intelligence, while active in South Africa, are still minnows in comparison to the Brits and the Yanks. We have included Thomsons and Siemens on the organogram because like all major international companies they possess substantial intelligence capacity. Israel is the loose card: Mossad are active as always in South Africa.

*South Africa is infested with spies. Our organogram demonstrates that the State is surrounded and besieged by external intelligence forces. The decline of the public sector and the emergence of private intelligence companies is a contributing factor in the weakness of the state. Why is South Africa so rich in spooky activity? Because the country represents a post-modern version of those historic coastal trading states like Goa or Macau. In effect, in South Africa, east meets west and north meets south; the third world meets the first world and the poor meet the rich; black meets white and left meets right. All the world is gathered within. South Africa, in intelligence terms, is a middleman: a global portal for trading information. What does all this tradecraft achieve for the average South African? Not very much.*

# THE WEBS WE WEAVE...

## KEY



the state



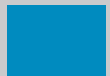
ANC leaders



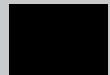
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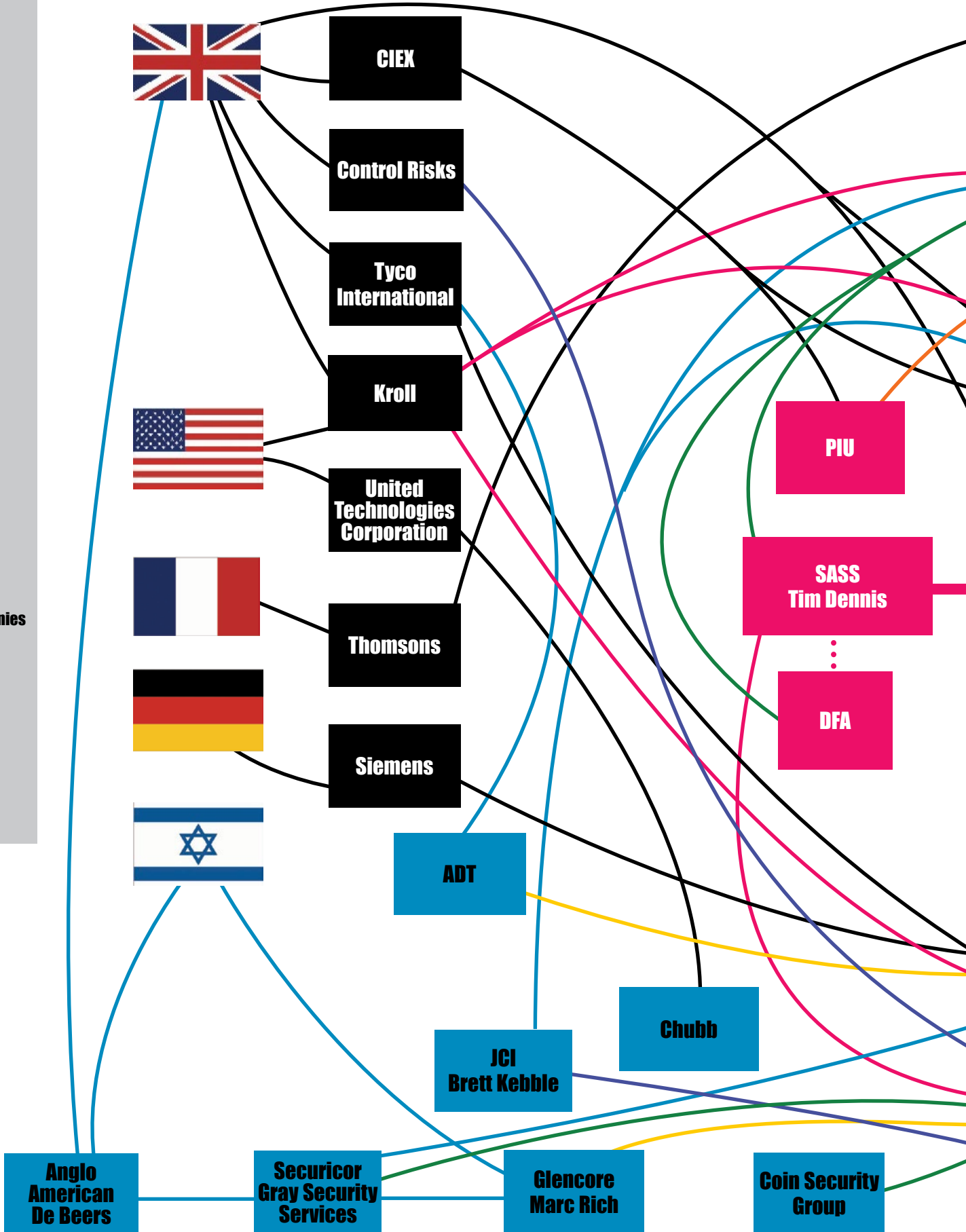
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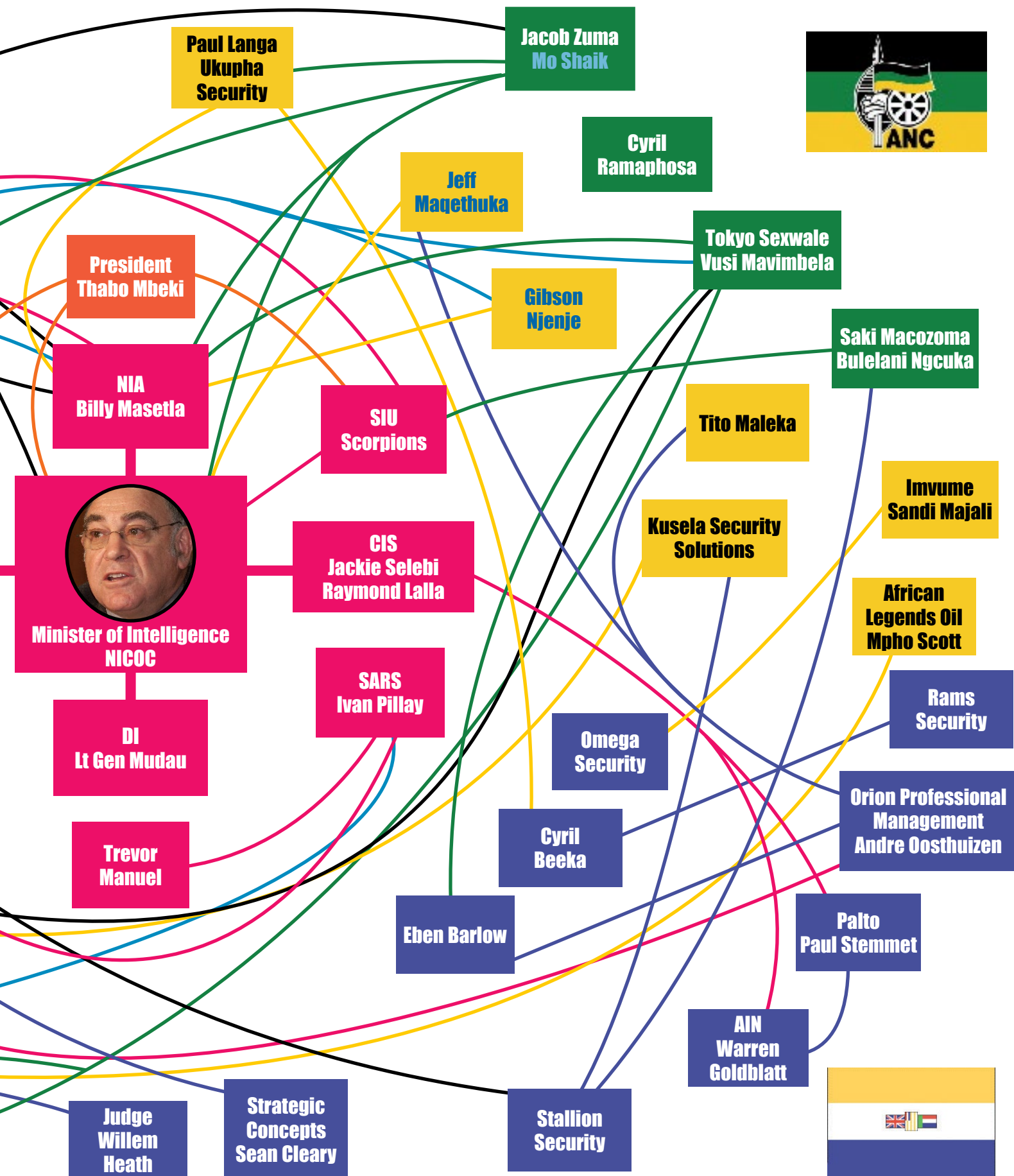
security companies



international



# noseweek's pull-out-and-pin-up guide to SA's spooks



# Telling tales

Having edited *noseweek* between January and April, James Sanders pauses to check out the state of the South African media. He finds its condition to be more than a little concerning.

**HAVE** a *New Yorker* cartoon pinned to my office wall which features a bemused-looking man staring at a television screen from which a speech bubble emanates: "Welcome to all about the media where members of the media discuss the role of the media in media coverage of the media." Although the joke is amusing it serves as a warning: stray too far into the media-on-media discourse and soon you will find that the only people who are interested in your findings are other journalists.

Nevertheless, it is worth asking: why is there is so little coverage of the media in South Africa? In the USA or the UK, media supplements are standard in most broadsheet newspapers.

At their best, they serve a productive function, revealing how the newspapers or television stations construct the news. At their worst, they provide soft profiles of media figures and woolly, self-aggrandising gossip. For those of us who are interested in power, understanding how the media works and examining the dynamics of its interaction with politics, assists our understanding of the world around us.

It is in the spirit of attempting to interpret South Africa, that I pose the question: What is wrong with the South African media? It is now eleven years since the ANC's election and the brave new world of renaissance media has not emerged. As Martin Welz privately pointed out a few weeks ago, if the

media was doing its job properly an independent magazine like *noseweek* would have been unable to seize and secure a niche in the market. I believe that we have a serious problem with self-censorship in the South African newspapers and television.

Over the last month, I have watched the development of the Mandela-Ayob story with fascination. The art fraud is a relatively straight-forward narrative that many people have recognised as fishy from its earliest days. And yet through fear of causing offence, our media have been afraid to ask basic questions. On 17th April, the *Sunday Times* carried an important editorial discussing the effect of the confidence trick on the Mandela legacy. I agree with their interpretation but one sentence jarred: "At first, such voices [opposing Madiba art] were muted, if heard at all, lest Mandela's name, be linked to controversy. But, as is now clear, under the cloak of such discretion the scandal has grown ...".

In *nose66*, we implied that *noseweek* published the first stories on the Madiba art scam in September-October 2003. This is not quite accurate. I have since discovered that Bonny Schoonakker published an earlier story in the *Sunday Times* (27 Oct. 2002) that provided numerous clues to the fact that something strange was happening in the arena of Madiba art. But something even stranger was happening in the *Sunday Times*: the newspaper had been offered the story on 5 April 2002 and had buried it for more than six months. The version that was published in October had been edited with a panga; the most powerful quotes from John Samuel (Chief executive of the Mandela Foundation), Malebo Mahape (Nelson Mandela Children's Fund) and Martin Feinstein (former director of Concept Marketing) who said "the matter should be investigated by the public protector"



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*"My first choice, of course, is to solve things amicably."*

had been cut. The Madiba art story which is currently doing the rounds would most probably have occurred in 2002 if Schoonakker's story had been published in its original version and many tourists and Madiba art-collectors would have saved their money.

Bonny Schoonakker must have felt as if he was living in some sort of Kafkaesque netherworld. How could it be in a country with solid laws regarding freedom of speech and expression that an important story of the exploitation of a national icon could be self-censored in such a manner? As any reader who remembers Watergate will recall it is always the cover-up that compounds the original misdemeanour. The Schoonakker story is but one of thousands that tell us something significant about the condition of the media.

South Africa is still in a fragile state: the doors have not yet been locked on the deeper mysteries of business, intelligence and power. The inquisitive can

of economic power. Financial muscle still remains, primarily, in the hands of white South Africans, thereby creating the strange dichotomous tone that dominates public discourse.

Why is there a self-censoring quality in our media? Is it the legacy of the history of press controls under the apartheid governments? Or is it due to "dumbing down" throughout the global media – symbolised in South Africa by Tony O'Reilly's brutal cost-cutting at Independent Newspapers? Or is it because so many subjects are still deemed to be sensitive, whether in a racial, financial or political sense? It is as if South Africa inhabits some kind of alternative, post-modern universe where "truth" is as randomly interpreted as ethics (see *nose66*). The unfortunate reality is that if we cannot distinguish between truth and untruth, we will be cast into a moral universe that lacks any kind of anchor.

Good journalism speaks truth to

## The minefield has been cleared but we continue to don the blindfold

still find their way into "the secret garden". And yet too many of our reporters and writers are satisfied to be "fed" information and appear too lazy or fearful to ask the questions and make the calls that would propel stories rather than allow them to stymie.

Politically, the controlling, self-censoring quality in the press reflects the fact that South Africa remains in the reforming, reconciliatory state that has dominated since 1994. Effectively, the unspoken message is don't scare the whites but try to educate and attract the blacks. Commercially, this makes sense; intellectually, it is patronising and self-deluding. Unlike other international media, discourse is not framed by the relatively simple expedient of reflecting the voting numbers. Normally, if a population votes in massive numbers for a single party, the media would fall in behind the victorious ideology in order to avoid offending the political sensibilities of potential or existing readers. In South Africa, the media is torn between the need to reflect voting realities and a determination to represent the voice

power. It is the little boy shouting out that the king has no clothes. In South Africa, the little boy tends to avert his eyes, acutely aware that the king will be embarrassed by any exclamation. Indeed, not only is the king naked but so are his courtiers and most of the crowd. At what point does the little boy push sensitivity to one side? Or should he just take his clothes off as well?

What passes for argument in the South African media is not debate, it is "noise". It fails to communicate with power. Far from facilitating discourse, newspaper editors perform a policing role: containing and controlling rather than unleashing, or even entertaining. Horace Flather, formerly editor of *The Star* described editing a newspaper under the old apartheid press laws as like walking blindfolded through a minefield. The minefield has been cleared but we continue to don the blindfold.

It is time for our media to cast off the blindfold and face the future with courage. There are fabulous stories out there waiting to be told. **W**



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# Taxpayers get nuked

Whenever management of the Pebble Bed Modular Reactor Project is asked tough questions about the financial viability of the pocket nuke, they say they can't answer because the information is 'commercially sensitive'. Yet the project is already 11 years behind schedule – and a fortune (of your money) has already been sunk into what looks increasingly like a monumental white elephant

**S** EEMINGLY unable to control costs or give any guarantees beyond vague promises, the PBMR project is moving swiftly away from being a profitable and privately funded venture towards becoming a hefty white elephant unwittingly borne by South African taxpayers.

The project's financial viability rests entirely on securing international sales. When Eskom first began publicising its intentions to build pocket nukes it forecast the first export reactors would be ready by 2003. The first commercial reactors are now only expected by 2014. Even this is a precarious target since there is still considerable potential for more cost increases and delays from design changes with subsequent licensing hitches – not to mention the ramifications of the cancellation of approval for the essential Environmental Impact Assessment report (EIA).

With commercialisation already 11 years behind the original target it's not surprising there are no international investors eagerly clambering over the gates of Koeberg. PBMR Ltd's inability to secure international investors is as woeful as its dismal failure in attracting international buyers.

Presently the only international investor still involved in the project is British Nuclear Fuels Limited (BNFL) which holds a 22.5% share, leaving the South African taxpayers as the core investors via the government-owned Industrial Development Corporation's 25% stake and parastatal Eskom's 40% piece of the pie. The remaining 12.5% is still floating since the American nuclear giant Exelon withdrew its support in 2002. Despite constant reassur-

ances that there are hordes of eager investors lurking in the wings, no commitments have yet been secured.

Taxpayers have indirectly coughed up over half of the R1.5-billion for the development stage and will most likely foot the bill for the estimated R10-billion for the demonstration phase.

Yet little information has been provided to prove that hard-earned taxes are going towards a financially feasible project. Whenever tricky questions are posed PBMR management throws back the knee-jerk "this information is commercially sensitive".

The most recent financial predictions made publicly available are contained in the EIA and the Detailed Feasibility Report (DFR) – both published by PBMR Ltd in 2002. Both documents contain little information needed to assess the costs of the demo plant and the feasibility of commercialisation thereafter.

The only independent financial overview was produced by a panel of 15 international experts. The Department of Mineral and Energy Affairs commissioned the report which was presented to select Cabinet members in 2002. The report has not been made public and the panel members were sworn to secrecy. The commercial sensitivity line was used in explaining why the true investors in the PBMR could not view the only independent and authoritative financial assessment.

The limited and self-serving information provided in the EIA and DFR is now outdated. To establish whether the pebble-beds will indeed turn into gold or if the reactors will be lumped on the public like a discarded wedding dress, it is necessary to assess the

potential for attracting new investors, the current market capacity and the factors which affect sales.

PBMR Ltd's formative investment agreement placed all the company's shares under the control of Eskom's subsidiary Eskom Enterprises. Initial shareholders (Eskom, IDC, BNFL and Exelon) were obligated to fund the feasibility stage in proportion to their percentage shares. The company is to be restructured for the demo stage with the partners entitled to claim a stake equal to their previous contribution. The investors have funded the first stage (with some help from government), but they are not legally obligated to contribute to the second phase.

Exelon withdrew in 2002 because the project was too far behind schedule and "too speculative". Eskom insists the project never relied on Exelon for financial viability, but the American utility not only took with it future funding, but also an opening into the North American market. Its withdrawal also pulled the rug PBMR Ltd's international market sales projections as Exelon had pledged to buy the first 10 commercial reactors and suggested it would buy 40 more reactors in the first decade of commercialisation.

Exelon also agreed to pilot the design through the US's Nuclear Regulatory Commission (NRC) whose approval is needed for international sales. The board had begun to review the design when Exelon pulled out but no design evaluations seem to be underway at the moment even though PBMR management have subsequently met with the regulatory board. NRC review does not come cheap, and with no American partner in sight,

American tax dollars are not likely to be used to fund the process – dumping PBMR Ltd with more costs.

PBMR Ltd has been unable to replace Exelon's stake for the past three years. With Eskom Enterprises responsible for the shareholding, the 12.5% share would need to be taken over by the subsidiary and/or current investors during the R10-billion development phase. It is also quite possible that Eskom Enterprises will have to carry BNFL's share in the second stage as it is debatable whether the financially floundering British-owned Company will be in a position to contribute funds.

BNFL recorded losses of £3.3-billion in 2002 and 2003 and is now being split up by the UK government. British commentators expect that BNFL's reasonably profitable reactor design and servicing division, Westinghouse, will be sold to American buyers within the next two years. Whether the new owners will be interested in funding the

reactors will be 95%. This is a very ambitious prediction for a design that has not yet been tested – especially considering that by 2004 only six out of more than 400 operating reactors world-wide had achieved a lifetime load factor over 90% and the current Koeberg reactors which Eskom touts as a remarkable success have only achieved 65% after 20 years of operation.

**P**BMR units will have a much lower power output than standard reactors as they are modular reactors designed to be optimal if built in a group of between eight and 10 units, sharing some common facilities.

Management boasted in 2002 that “the sale of PBMR plant and fuel is more likely to be constrained by supply capacity limitations than by demand” and estimated the world market could “absorb” up to 235 five-pack plants (1,175 units) over 20 years. To be “con-

## Austria, Denmark and Norway [have decided] not to build more nuclear plants, while Germany, Italy, Sweden, Belgium, the Netherlands and Switzerland are phasing out nuclear power

demo phase remains to be seen.

The remaining initial investors were to announce whether they would partake in the next stage by the end of 2002. To date, no commitments have been made. PBMR Ltd claims “there are ongoing negotiations with a number of local and overseas organisations to support the project”, whose commitments would “exceed 100% of the funding requirements” if negotiations are successful. This is all hot air until any investors put pen to paper.

Assuming the project makes it past the demo stage, where will the PBMR's be flogged?

PBMR Ltd has been bragging that the operating lifetime load factor (which demonstrates reliability and economic performance) of commercial

servative” they scaled this down to 258 units. This figure has since been reduced to 216 units internationally and a further 24 earmarked for the South African market.

These predictions were based on PBMR Ltd's “commercially sensitive” market analysis and substantiated by perplexing responses in the 2002 Register of Comments where they state: “...the world market for new power stations is about US\$70-million per year.” An odd statement considering that US\$70-million would not even cover half of the estimated US\$225-million sale price of one PBMR unit.

PBMR Communications Manager, Tom Ferreira, recently listed the main potential markets as Japan, European countries and North America.

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Scope for European sales is minimal with Austria, Denmark and Norway deciding not to build more nuclear plants, while Germany, Italy, Sweden, Belgium, the Netherlands and Switzerland are phasing out nuclear power and others, such as Spain, are not increasing nuclear capacity.

The UK government has decided that there is no case for new nuclear plants. Japan has been building nuclear plants for 45 years and has made no serious mention of investigating the PBMR option.

German reactor company Siemens has collaborated with French nuclear powerhouse Areva (Framatome) to develop the European Pressurised Water Reactor (EPR). Both companies have invested heavily into EPR technology and therefore it's doubtful they would purchase a competing reactor. Although Areva did hold meetings with Eskom early last year, it is believed their interest lay solely in supplying fuel for the PBMR. No commitment followed these talks.

PBMR Ltd insists that Exelon's withdrawal does not mean the American company is no longer interested in buying reactors. Management has also alluded to other American utilities expressing interest.

Assuming that these unsubstantiated statements are true and the American's did decide to buy some PBMR units, this probably wouldn't materialise until 2025 as the US Department of Energy's Energy Information Administration recently reported that no new reactors are expected to be constructed earlier than this.

Most importantly, forecasts can change radically in 20 years. In 1972, the US asserted that it would have 1,000 nuclear plants by 2000. The tally in 2000 turned out to be 103 operating plants out of a total of 443 plants operating world-wide. The Americans are wary of placing orders after the last disastrous buying spree during the 1970s where 41 plants were ordered and only nine of these made it to completion. The balance plus a further 41 subsequent orders were cancelled at huge expense.

China is recognised to be one of the largest potential markets for nuclear reactors, but PBMR Ltd's Communications Manager, Tom Ferreira, pointed out: "Chinergy is developing their own PBMR technology so I doubt they would become a buyer."

PBMR Ltd recently signed a Memorandum of Understanding with

Chinergy to "pursue the potential benefits ...through cooperation for the demonstration projects in China and South Africa, as well as for the commercialisation of these reactors thereafter." Sharing design modifications and marketing forces may bring in a few Yuan for PBMR Ltd and secure an international ally, but no specific details have been negotiated and the MOU remains a toothless and vague agreement.

The African market is another possibility. Licensing restrictions limit PBMR sales to the 187 states party to the Nuclear Non-proliferation Treaty. Zimbabwe, Equatorial Guinea, DRC, Cote-d'Ivoire, Sierra Leone, Sudan and Rwanda are among the African signatories. No future African sales have been mentioned, but the possibility of Mugabe buying his own pocket nuke is certainly plausible.

**C**URRENTLY the most likely market appears to be on Koeberg's doorstep. Pressure is increasing on Eskom to replace Exelon's order for the first ten reactors as initial sales are crucial in establishing a market base.

However, government has been considering partially privatising Eskom. Although nothing has been finalised, Eskom may be broken up into competing units by the time commercial reactors hit the market in 2014 and the new owners may not feel as obliged to buy any units.

PBMR Ltd and IDC seem to think it's a done deal and constantly refer to Eskom's letter of intent to buy the commercial reactors even though this is a non-binding promise which is subject to the provision that the reactors are the lowest-cost alternative available at the time. But Eskom may not eventually have a choice in the matter since Minister of Public Enterprises, Alec Erwin, recently indicated that Eskom may buy up to 24 reactors.

If this materialises electricity consumers will bear the brunt - as has previously been the case in most other international nuclear markets where government utilities plugged tariffs onto consumers' bills to absorb the high costs of nuclear plants. Consumers demanded a more transparent environment and these countries now have open markets with competing electricity wholesalers and no monopolies.

Unfortunately, Eskom is still a monopoly parastatal which can be "manipulated" into buying reactors

to protect government and the IDC's investments and reputation. If Eskom buys 10 to 26 reactors, there is little chance of privatisation as an additional consumer tariff would undermine its ability to compete with private wholesalers which would be not be burdened by nuclear debt.

This would leave electricity consumers doubly disadvantaged; not only would they be paying off the cost of the reactors through additional tariffs, but Eskom would remain a monopoly and the potential for private companies to enter the market and bring down electricity costs would be limited.

Despite the mounting odds, PBMR proponents continue to display naive optimism and have persuaded government to come over to the sunny side of the street. Perhaps the continued chants of a "nuclear revival" incanted by the PBMR prophets' have hypnotised the decision-makers into believing that an upsurge in demand is imminent.

The US and Europe have fewer plants operating today than in 1990, the leading nuclear vendor Areva only has one subsidised EPR unit on order and there are currently only 24 reactors under construction world-wide - 11 of which are of the old Russian-type design ordered 10 to 20 years ago. Hardly a strong case to support the prophecies.

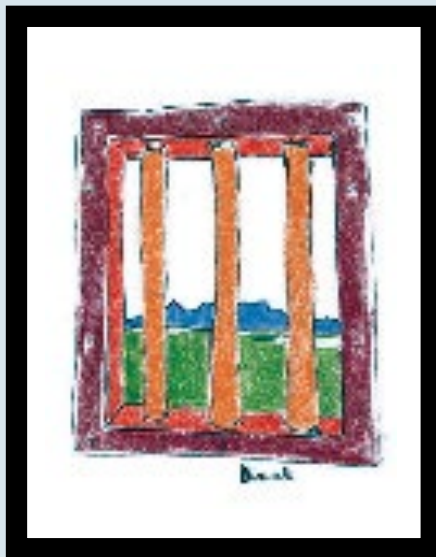
The most recent report on the rumoured nuclear revival was presented to the US nuclear Non-Proliferation Education Center in February by Peter Bradford - former NRC Commissioner and Chairman of the New York Public Service Commission.

Bradford argues that an upsurge in demand is not likely because the uncompetitive cost of new plants has not changed in any fundamental way. He concludes: "The nuclear revival consists of a newfound competitiveness in power plant construction but on an old formula: subsidy, tax breaks, licensing shortcuts, guaranteed purchases with risks borne by customers and political muscle...Countries building new plants are doing so through processes that are neither truly competitive nor truly transparent."

With no future private funding confirmed, no clear markets, a definite lack of transparency and speculative economic competitiveness which depends on a range of precarious factors, the PBMR project is the perfect example to support Bradford's findings. **W**



# Mandela fakes: no end in sight for the hard cell



**A**S the media storm rages, in Sandton City there are no gullible tourists – or even well-heeled local idiots – to be found at the Touch of Mandela. The place is deserted.

The narrow-fronted gallery, a stone's throw from the monstrous effigy of the great man in Nelson Mandela Square outside, is sandwiched between two clothing stores – Bonatti (mens' smart casual) and Mandarine (not so well displayed stuff for madame).

A large handprint – whose, are we allowed to wonder? – is etched into the sandblasted glass above the elegant entrance. Inside, we're straight into the gallery's long room, where the infamous fakes hang in all their barefaced shame, enshrouded by simple black frames which sets them off nicely against the cream of the pristine walls.

We pace along the (fake) wood floor and gaze dutifully at the pricey outrages. A pushy blonde rises from her desk at the far end and inquires our name and where we're from. We don't let on. No, there's no catalogue or price list, she says firmly. "But I can tell you how much they all are." In this exclusive little enclave all the prices are in sterling;

no common old rands here.

We say we're thinking of Mandela's really famous masterpieces, like the one of Cape Town mountain in the distance seen through prison bars. "They're all famous," is the tart response. That particular one, The Window, is £15,000. Oh, there's that tiny so poignant little one – The Cell. "That's £10,000." Dozens of tiny spotlights shine upon The Lighthouse. "That's £9000."

How are sales going? "Very well," is the unlikely reply.

Good grief! They've still got the nerve to try and flog this rubbish, on a day the newspapers and TV are full of the scam! Had we scrawled out a cheque for those three daubs it would have totted up to £34,000, or R394,000, in humble rands! Should we call the cops?

The magnitude of the fraud is so mind-boggling that a restorative is called for. There are some comfortable-looking chairs and a rack of wine bottles, strategically placed next to the most expensive fakes. Presumably in better days both were employed to ease the strain as punters parted with large cheques. But we're not invited to stay; today there's no wine flowing – not even for a wake. **W**

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# Race rat

When Sue Goodman – wife of flamboyant racehorse trainer James – paid for her share of the family home, she trusted that ownership had been transferred. Big mistake. She even paid for the transfer, but shortly after signing the documents, her husband issued secret instructions to his lawyer, Raymond Hack...

**A** **S RAYMOND** Hack settles into his important new job as chief executive officer of the South African Football Association, his colleagues will be alarmed to hear that he is about to be hit by a negligence claim filed with the Law Society.

Hack, who took over as soccer supremo from Danny Jordaan on 1 April – so the latter can apply his energies to running the Local Organising Committee of the 2010 World Cup – is also an attorney. At present he's doing both jobs, flitting between the turmoil of debt-ridden SAFA and his partner's desk at the Johannesburg law firm of Rapeport Inc.

There one of Hack's long-standing clients is James Goodman, a flamboyant racehorse trainer who is also an old friend of senior partner Len Rapeport. Rapeport is part-owner with Goodman of a three-year-old filly named Lahaf.

With his cigars and booming bonhomie 53-year-old Goodman is the picture of a well-heeled racehorse trainer. But appearances can be deceptive; as following events show.

James and Sue Goodman married in 1983. He is the son of polo Springbok Alan Goodman; Sue's father Brian Thomas owned an engineering business in Germiston.

The year after their wedding James Goodman paid around R11,000 for



**The lawyer:** Raymond Hack with a jogging mate

a five-acre plot at Randjesfontein, an equestrian estate near Halfway House. Portion 70, as their new home was unromantically named in the title deed, is just a two-minute walk from the North Rand Training Centre, where Goodman trained his racehorses.

It took 20 years to forge a barren plot that was Portion 70 into the charming property it is today – thanks mostly to the efforts of Sue Goodman. They built a cottage and six stables and in 1991 started work on the main house.

Funds were low and progress slow. But things brightened in 1994, when Sue Goodman's father sold off part of his engineering business to a French company and with the proceeds set up trust funds for his six children.

Sue Goodman's share was R4m. Brian Thomas was somewhat concerned at his son-in-law's precarious profession. He proposed that Sue used trust fund money to pay off the bond on Portion 70 – which by now stood at R358,166 – and that in return James should transfer half the property into Sue's name, making them co-owners.

Everyone agreed. Sue wrote out a cheque to Nedperm for R358,166 and three months later, on 4 December 1995, the couple attended the offices of James Goodman's attorneys. Raymond Hack and Len Rapeport were present at the meeting and they all had dough-



**The husband:** James Goodman inhales deeply

shock. While working on her capital gains tax her accountant discovered that no transfer had ever taken place – James was still the sole owner! Also, without her knowledge he had taken out a number of additional home loans totalling R980,000 from Nedbank, using the property as security!

“I didn’t know what to do,” says Sue Goodman. “It was so shocking to me. My accountant said that if I owned the property jointly James must have forged my signature to get the home loans.”

**S**HE retained Johannesburg attorney John Cuzen, who investigated and confirmed the bad news. “I’m quite naïve in these things,” explains Sue. “I didn’t ever insist on seeing a new title deed to prove that my name was there. I just trusted. You go to attorneys, you sign agreements, you pay a cheque to an attorney. Surely there’s no way of getting out of it?”

Cuzen demanded an explanation from Raymond Hack. Hack put nothing in writing, but told Cuzen that his firm’s files were destroyed after five years and he couldn’t remember anything about it. Cuzen persisted and finally a file was discovered with a Pretoria firm of attorneys, Edelstein-Bosman, to whom Hack had given the task of attending to the transfer.

nuts and coffee together.

An agreement of sale was signed and a month later Sue handed over her personal cheque for R9,918.40, this being the bill that Hack submitted to

## ‘James must have forged my signature to get the home loans’

– Sue Goodman

her for transfer duty, transfer fee and registration fees to the Deeds Office.

Sue Goodman’s happiness was complete. For years James had been shelling out around R3,500 a month on the R358,000 bond. For the next eight years Sue believed that she was half-owner of Portion 70. She threw herself – and her chequebook – into the task of completing the building of the main house. In her affidavit to the Law Society she states that she invested a further R504,934 finishing it off.

But in June 2003 she had a nasty

On 14 July 2003 there was a pivotal meeting at Cuzen’s office, at which Goodman generously agreed that the property should be put wholly into Sue’s name and that he would pay the bond, as well as the payments on his newly-discovered R980,000 debt to Nedbank.

As the meeting was ending the cosy glow evaporated when Cuzen again pressed Rapeport why the 1995 transfer had not taken place. Rapeport responded by producing a letter from the newfound file. Written by Hack

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to Edelstein-Bosman on 9 May 1996, it read: "We confirm having advised you telephonically that our client [James Goodman] has instructed us not to proceed with the registration of the above transfer. Kindly hold this matter in abeyance pending our client's further instructions."

Everyone's eyes swivelled to Goodman, who sat there in gloomy silence until Rapeport threw up his hands and ordered: "James, tell your wife what happened."

Goodman finally muttered: "I don't remember doing this but I must have done because it's here in black and white."

It was only last December that Sue Goodman discovered there was more shocking news that could have been given to her at that meeting. Just a fortnight earlier Edelstein-Bosman had written to Hack informing him that Portion 70 had been attached in December 1991 by Nedperm, to whom James Goodman owed R372,841. There was a further order granted on 25 August 1992 to the Commercial Bank of Namibia, to whom James Goodman owed R166,834.

"Due to an attachment registered against the property, never [sic]

proceed [sic] with transfer," wrote Edelstein-Bosman. Although the attachment had been subsequently lifted, Edelstein-Bosman had received "no further instructions from your office" to proceed with the transfer.

"I believed that I was a 50% partner in a bond-free property for eight years," writes Sue Goodman in her affidavit asking the Law Society to investigate. "Had I been informed by Mr Hack that this [transfer] had been put on hold by Mr Goodman, I would have invested my money and time elsewhere. This caused severe stress and contributed to the breakdown of the marriage."

**N**OT only was she not told, she adds, but she had not been reimbursed with the money she paid for the registration of her half share that never was.

After the revelations at the meeting in Cuzen's office, James Goodman moved out of the marital home, keeping up to date with developments via a voice-activated tape recorder he left under his wife's bed, spliced into a telephone socket – popping back when Sue was out purportedly to "collect clothes" but actually to change the



**Another victory:** James Goodman leading Cavelcade Queen and jockey into the winner's enclosure at Newcastle, Alberton, in 2002

tapes. He also junked his offer to put the property wholly into her name, pay off the mortgage and the R958,000 debt he had run up on the property.

The couple, who have two children, were divorced in July 2004. James conceded that Sue had been de facto half-owner all along. But under the divorce agreement she was obliged to shell out a further R1.1m for his remaining "half" (Portion 70 was by now valued at R2.2m). Still, now it all belongs – albeit belatedly and most expensively – to Sue Goodman.

A well-known show-horse judge, Sue today finds her R4m trust fund severely depleted after all the shenanigans. She's making ends meet by selling veterinary products at the neighbouring racehorse centre.

James Goodman has departed Gauteng for a new life in Durban, where he has 25 racehorses under training at the Summerveld training centre. He's enjoying a modest success there – including a couple of recent wins by his lady jockey Lisa Prestwood.

Owners he trains for include sugar baron Chris Saunders, chairman of Tongaat-Hulett, whose steeds include the aptly-named filly Pocket of Pennies. The flamboyant trainer also has a new girlfriend on the coast, racehorse breeder Vanessa Williams.

When *noseweek* asked James Goodman for his side of the transfer story he developed total amnesia about the whole affair. "Good gracious, I don't know anything about this at all," he said. "I don't know what Sue's on about." **W**



*"I don't feel quite as fulfilled when I've saved a lawyer."*

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Africa is in! By arrangement with the eminent London-based publication Africa Confidential, noseweek introduces a regular section of news and analysis from Africa north of the Limpopo

## Nigeria: Will oil leaks fuel conflagration?

**C**ALMING Nigeria's murderous ethnic tensions and reducing its chronic corruption are the chief declared aims of President Olusegun Obasanjo, halfway through his second and last term.

But there are fears of a political meltdown at the elections in 2007 as Obasanjo will not be standing again. He has yet to declare a successor and speculation is rife that it may be the powerful former military ruler, General Ibrahim Babangida who, it is widely believed, is owed a debt by Obasanjo for supporting his campaign, financially and politically, in the 1999 elections. Vice President Atiku Abubakar is another likely candidate. But there are a host of other people vying for the top job, which carries an inordinate amount of power in a wealthy and power-hungry country like Nigeria. Campaigning for 2007 began almost from the beginning of Obasanjo's second term, such is the hype around politics in Nigeria.

Obasanjo has resisted demands for a sovereign national conference to rewrite the constitution but concedes that the federal government may have to surrender some powers to the states and local governments. The government therefore approved a consultative national conference, meeting in Abuja. Critics condemn its terms of reference as far too narrow. Nobel Prize winner Wole Soyinka has refused to take part. Others hope the conference may do some good despite the government's efforts to control it.

Nigeria's anti-corruption drive, which is in full gear, is being spearheaded by the Economic and Financial Crimes Commission established in 2002 and led by senior policeman Nuhu Ribadu, who has become one of the most feared men in Nigeria. In the early days of the EFCC's existence, it was criticised for only going after public servants on the lower rungs and petty corruption. But in the past few months, it has switched into



**Standing down:** Who will take charge when Nigerian President Olesun Obasanjo goes?

full gear and begun arresting some big guns.

Education minister Fabian Osuji and several legislators were recently indicted on charges of paying bribes to legislators to secure an increase in the education budget. Senate president Adolphus Wabara was forced to resign over the scandal.

Former Inspector General of Police, Tafa Balogun, is charged with money laundering and theft amounting to about \$9.3 million, while housing minister Mobolaji Osomo has been fired for her handling of the sale of public property to top officials at below market prices. Local media have published the names of more than 200 people, including members of the president's family, ministers and state governors who were involved in the scandal.

Another big fish, Plateau State Governor Chief Joshua Dariye was found to have laundered a total of £920,000 to his Barclays Bank account in London and was arrested by London police. But he has evaded arrest in Nigeria because of the indemnity given to senior politicians, something that has tied the EFCC's hands. The issue is under discussion at the national conference currently under way.

Much like SA's Scorpions, Nigeria's EFCC has naturally come under fire from powerful forces in Nigerian society and has been accused of driving Obasanjo's political agenda via the back door. As the organisation was appointed by the President, it is difficult to say this has no substance although Ribadu insists Obasanjo gives him a free hand and does not instruct the EFCC or interfere with its work.

The housing scam involving Obasanjo's family has dented his moral high ground but has not dented his zeal. One of the factors behind his apparent anti-corruption drive is the pressure from the international community, an arena in which he wants to make his mark. He is also believed to be clearing the way for greater debt relief from international creditors. He pledged to fight corruption in his first term but little came of it. It has only been since a special crime-fighting unit has been established that there have been results and now the process is gaining momentum.

Many believe the real key to the success of the campaign will be actually putting prominent politicians and others behind bars. So far, although there have been many prosecutions, none of them are of high-profile Nigerians and a number of high-profile cases have collapsed.

Many advocates of decentralised government oppose Obasanjo's anti-corruption fighters. Osuji's fate feeds the fears of Delta State Governor James Ibori,

whose main achievement since military rule ended in 1999 has been the accumulation of personal wealth. Governor Peter Odili of nearby Rivers State stands by Obasanjo but is himself accused of corruption, vote-fixing, arming militant groups and failing to improve the lot of impoverished communities in the oil-producing districts.

**O**NE of Obasanjo's chief critics is retired General Victor Malu, who led peacekeeping missions in Liberia and Sierra Leone. He told the national conference that Nigeria was 'sitting on a powder keg' of discontented ex-officers and soldiers who had not been paid their retirement benefits. Malu's elderly uncle was among 200 or more Tiv people killed by the army in 2001, in the Middle-Belt state of Benue. Tiv soldiers such as Malu have formed the backbone

of the army. The ex-general now insists that troops should be used only on peacekeeping missions abroad, not for police work or for suppressing sectarian and political violence at home.

In the Niger Delta, the warlord Alhaji Mujahid Dokubo Asari has traded his mud hut in the mangrove swamps for a mansion in the oil capital of Port Harcourt. In late 2004, his threat of 'all-out war' helped to spur world oil prices to above US\$50 a barrel. Now he maintains a fragile truce. From his new headquarters, armed with a new website (akumafiete.org loosely translated as 'war drums still pounding') and a team of personal biographers and videographers, Dokubo Asari rallies recruits to 'the struggle'. He threatens to turn violent again unless the federal government hands over 'complete control' of Delta crude oil revenues to Delta residents or rather, to their state and local govern-

ments.

Ijaw leader Dokubo Asari rose to prominence last year when he threatened that his armed supporters would blow up oil facilities in the Niger Delta and attack foreign workers. His statements pushed up the price of oil and forced the government to open negotiations with him.

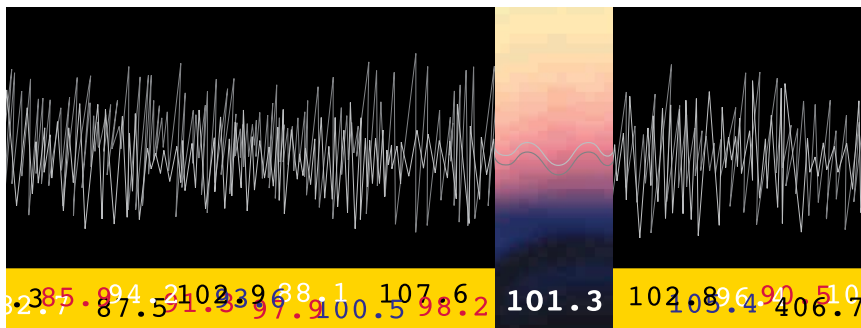
Asari was a founding member of the Ijaw Youths Council, becoming its first vice-president in 1998, the same year the organisation issued a declaration demanding control of the Delta's oil resources by the people of the region. The result was a crackdown on the council by the then military government.

He became president of the IYC in 2001 and again issued declarations about resource control, signalling his determination to do battle with the government of Obasanjo. Last year, he took the battle a step further, building up a group of armed supporters known as the Niger Delta People's Volunteer Force. His continued provocations led the government to lead a military campaign in the Delta against him. Hostilities continued until late last year when the shaky truce was declared.

Once known as Dokubo Melford Goodhead Junior – he changed his name to Dokubo Asari when he turned to Islam – he's the son of a high court judge and descendant of Ijaw chiefs and kings who, he proudly asserts, made their fortune exporting slaves to the Americas. In recent weeks, he has handed over more than 3,000 weapons to the police, insisting that this should not be perceived as weakness and boasting that he could replace them in a few days with the help of local and foreign contacts including (he says) Russians. The government has already paid him a minor fortune but he is claiming \$1.4 million more for the weapons he has turned in. He boasts that Ijaw forces are within striking distance of four of Nigeria's largest onshore oil and liquefied natural gas terminals, at Bonny, Forcados, Escravos and Qua Iboe. All these vulnerable facilities are close to communities that harbour armed militants.

Dokubo has been trying to broaden his appeal beyond the Ijaws, to Yoruba and Ogoni radicals, the people he formerly warned of military wrath once his 'all-out war' begins, whether they join him or not. 'The government wants to kill me but God has not allowed an opportunity', he told journalists recently. The cause of his anger was a punitive raid last month by the army and navy against Odioma town. When correspondents visited Odioma last week, they saw only a hand-

## calm in chaos



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ful of mainly elderly civilians, picking through chunks of charred concrete and zinc roofing sheets.

Soldiers and intelligence officers watched over a cache of traditional totems and fetish costumes, captured, they said, from the town's militant leader Clever Osei, an ally of Dokubo Asari's who purveyed supernatural services to politicians seeking the 'juju advantage' during the 2003 elections.

Osei is now in hiding among the mangrove swamps and has pleaded innocence to the Bayelsa State Governor, Diepreye Alamieyeseigha. Before he fell out with the government, Osei controlled a section of the Bayelsa Volunteers Anti-Sea Pirates Squad, an armed pro-government militia ostensibly organised by Alamieyeseigha to fight piracy.

Dokubo Asari ostentatiously embraces the bitter and disenchanted, and he courts publicity. 'I cannot be bought', he insists, but seems to have few qualms about where he finds his money. He admits that he earns a lot from illegal oil "bunkering" (theft from oil companies) and justifies the practice as 'depriving from our oppressors what is ours'. Bunkering, he points out, requires active participation or at least cognisance by senior military and government officials who oversee the slow passage of barges and ships laden with crude, from delta creeks to tankers offshore. Curbing oil bunkering in the Niger Delta is one of the missions of the EFCC. The organisation claims it has reduced bunkering from between 300,000 and 500,000 barrels to less than 50,000 and busy prosecuting 20 people for the practice. Dokubo Asari is not among them.

In January, two rear admirals were

convicted of bunkering; official complicity is confirmed by the fact that Dokubo Asari, who admits bunkering, lives and moves around free of arrest. Royal Dutch/Shell, Nigeria's largest producer, claims it may have lost 40-60,000 barrels of oil per day to bunkering last year; company officials admit they do not really know the quantity. United States-based ChevronTexaco says it has no idea how much is taken from flow stations and pipelines in the western Delta, shut down since ethnic and political violence forced it to withdraw staff in March 2003.

dence.

Dokubo Asari admits nothing directly and all the major oil companies deny any links to him. The USA worries about oil security in the Delta. Gen. (retired) Carlton Fulford organised a US-led security conference this month in Abuja. The former Deputy Commander of the US European Command, which includes Africa, called for a coordinated central agency for the Gulf of Guinea, with a significant role for Nigeria. He said that he did not know what the US had agreed to supply to Nigeria but suggested that the coordinating agency should get radar

## Dokubo Asari seems to have few qualms about where he finds his money and admits to bunkering (theft from oil companies)

Dokubo Asari's earnings also include homage and security payments from oil companies, his militants say. The companies set aside tens of millions of dollars yearly for security, most of which goes to contractors and the armed forces. Some officials privately admit that they also feel compelled to pay the militants who threaten production.

Some of Dokubo's key supporters claim he has forced a well known multinational to make regular payments, in return for allowing service and construction crews into the tangle of riverine swamps surrounding Port Harcourt, where his support is strongest. Oil service contractors have visited him in the creeks and at his Port Harcourt resi-

devices and UAV (unmanned aerial vehicle) technology for reconnaissance.

A Delta security analyst said the USA and Britain had several times sent Abuja satellite images of oil bunkers, hoping to ensure arrests. Charges have been laid only against a group of senior naval officers and another group of Russians. The political will seems weak. Physical capacity is a problem, too. Nigeria has bought and refitted four former US Coast Guard patrol boats and is buying several more. Gen. Fulford said this would be totally inadequate. More pressing for the delegates at the conference in Abuja is the majority view that security won't improve without major political change in the Delta. ■

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# Can Fay save her bacon?

**P**RAWNS are decidedly not Kosher. They're unclean scavengers that creep along the seabed; an abomination. So say followers of Kashrut, the strict dietary laws of Judaism.

The teaching that prawns are forbidden fare, along with all "aquatic animals" that do not have scales or fins, is drummed incessantly into the pupils of the eight King David schools in Johannesburg. Orders for this strict Orthodox line come direct from the schools' uncompromising governing body, the SA Jewish Board of Education.

It comes as a surprise, therefore, to discover that "forbidden" Deep-fried King Prawns are no stranger to the table at the opulent Sandhurst mansion of the board's chairperson, Fay Lewis.

Lewis's King Prawns recipe is featured in her new cookbook *At My Table*, from which fish extracts appear in the current issue of *House & Garden*. "Deep-Fried King Prawns with Leon's favourite red rice," runs the caption under an appetizing plateful of her crea-

mends a non-Kosher wine to accompany the dish: Graham Beck Brut Rose.

"Leon," of course, is Fay's 56-year-old husband Leon Lewis, the wealthy former managing director of Joburg finance house Alexander Forbes.

Some King David parents who have read the extracts are aghast at what they describe as Fay Lewis's hypocrisy. "Members of the Board of Education should follow the basic rules of Orthodox Judaism, certainly the rules of Kashrut," says one. "What they do or eat in private is another matter [*how's that for hypocrisy? Ed*], but here the chairperson has actually published this recipe for prawns in a book!"

The author-cook is unrepentant. "Yes, prawns are forbidden in the Torah," says Lewis. "But I'm not Kosher. I'm an Orthodox Jew, but I'm not Kosher and the book is not a Kosher cook book."

King David parents may be slightly mollified to learn that their chairperson does not actually eat the prawns she cooks – she's been allergic to shellfish since childhood. However, she confirms that her Deep-Fried King Prawns are a favourite of her Orthodox husband Leon. Not only does Leon enjoy prawns, she confides, he adores those other unmentionables – lobsters and mussels. "He's not Kosher either."

Joseph Gerassi, principal of King David High at Victory Park, has been in hot water with Fay Lewis's antediluvian Board of Education since he invited gay American Rabbi Steve Greenberg to address grade 11 and 12 pupils in February.

The board was horrified and forbade the gay rabbi from putting in an appearance. But its nose was put out of joint when parents rushed to hear Greenberg speak at a hastily-found alternate venue.

Last month Gerassi again clashed with the board after it forbade senior girls from singing at an evening of "Magical Moments" with cantors Steven Leas and Yudi Cohen. It cited religious law – it was "improper" for girls over 13 to



**Scaley fish:** Fay Lewis as she appears in the April edition of *House & Garden*

sing before an audience containing men. Gerassi responded by withdrawing all his pupils from the singalong.

The board bans the popular principal from talking to the press. *noseweek* is referred to Rabbi Craig Kacev, a cold fish of a man who is general director at the Jewish Board of Education. We request his guidance on prawns and Kashrut. Snaps the rabbi: "I see you're looking for an article, which I'm not interested in helping you create."

Parent Max Price, dean of medicine at Wits university, was a board member until he got the chop two years ago for trying to open the King David schools to Reform Judaism, with its less literal interpretation of the Torah and Kashrut.

"What I'm criticizing is the inconsistency," says Price. "There's a tolerance on one hand, a recognition that people do not obey every rule of the Torah and that even the chairperson of the board can publicly declare a fondness for non-Kosher food."

"But that sort of tolerance should be extended to the King David schools more generally. It's not consistent with the intolerance that they demonstrated over the gay rabbi."

Responds Fay Lewis: "My cookbook is a personal initiative and has no affiliation with the Board of Education. If you want to discuss anything regarding the board's policy you must speak to Rabbi Kacev."

■ *At My Table by Fay Lewis (Struik)* is available at good bookshops throughout the country. *noseweek* was unable to establish whether a kosher edition of the book is planned. ■



**Trayf:** The prawn recipe that's caused the cheesecake to curdle



# Vinous venality

**T**he ubiquity and penetration of advertising is surely one of the uglier features of our society. So little seems possible these days – from football to newspapers – without recourse to some more or less rich business willing to swop money for publicity. How compromised is press freedom when publishing depends primarily on pleasing advertisers?

If company logos and exhortations to buy are generally disfiguring, the more hidden bits of advertising are perhaps most polluting. Some wine-related ones I've learnt to recognise. So I'm no longer surprised at how often De Wetshof and a few others appear on the cover of *WineLand* – so could you if you handed over the money, and you could oversee an apparently independent article accompanying it. I know that in *Wine* magazine "promotion" is a euphemism for "advertisement" – at least when tucked away in tiny print in the corner of the page.

Sometimes, however, even if you are alert, have good eyesight and understand the code, you might not know that you're reading what is, essentially, paid advertisement.

Last year I received a review copy of a coffee-table book of photographs by one Gerald Hoberman, entitled (with clumsy tautology) *South Africa's Winelands of the Cape*. One thing seemed odd to me, as I leafed through the pages – apart from the fact that most of the few black people pictured weren't named in the captions while the whites invariably were. It was glaringly disproportionate that, for example, the whole of Constantia merited fewer photographs than one glossy Hermanus hotel. The choice of wineries and other institutions appeared arbitrary – a mystery attributable to artistic genius, I supposed.

I later discovered (thus knocking another cynical nail in the coffin of my naivety) that one of the book's guiding principles had nothing more aesthetic to it than straightforward payment. Most Constantia producers simply hadn't

Tim James *hits the bottle*



chosen to play along. I looked again at Hoberman's breezy acknowledgements: winelands people had, he enthused, "spontaneously received [him] and this undertaking with open arms". Not only were the cheery winelands folk helpful, some even gave him a bottle or two "as a token of their gratitude".

This is surely as misleading a bit of disingenuousness as one could find. Most of these spontaneously welcoming and grateful people had actually already arranged with Hoberman's sales staff (not credited in the book) to pay handsomely for the publicity. "To those listed below", Hoberman writes, "thank you so much".

He doesn't anywhere indicate that in many, if not all, cases, it was cheques rather than photogenic charm that secured his gratitude and his camera's focus. Why the silence? Was the motive considered irrelevant? Or was there simply a desire to leave the purchaser assuming that the photographer had chosen his subjects on a less venal basis?

I had only suspicions when I wrote my fairly favourable review of the book, but later, in a public comment on someone else's website review I mentioned what I had found out about the payments. Two responses came pretty soon, from nameless defensive-aggressive people

who seemed to know a good deal about the business. (Hoberman's dobermans, I wondered?) They pointed out, along with some vicious attacks on me, the expensiveness of the undertaking, how the great and patriotic exercise would have been unviable if there hadn't been these modest contributions, etc. Fine – but why not be honest about it all in the first place?

Another wine book is now being prepared on rather similar lines. Called *The Essential Guide to Understanding South African Wines*, it claims to be "based on scientific research, mainly in the field of terroir" (referring to environmental effects on the vine). One rather less than scientific criterion, however, is whether you're willing to hand over R18,300 per full-page coverage.

In exchange come the usual photographs, listings, etc – and the chance to approve what is written about your winery (so you can check its uncorrupted honesty). As one well known producer commented after declining participation: "My problem is that when wineries pay for inclusion the subject matter becomes advertorial and has no editorial worth."

Not all have such scruples, unfortunately. The producers of the book expect their "worst scenario" of 80 participating wineries to be exceeded. I've no idea whether all books from this publisher, Stephan Phillips, are put out with this degree of integrity, but now I will always wonder.

It might turn out to be a book with some interest and value – but it's difficult to imagine that more intellectual honesty would not have made for a better one. I'm willing to risk some obvious predictions, though:

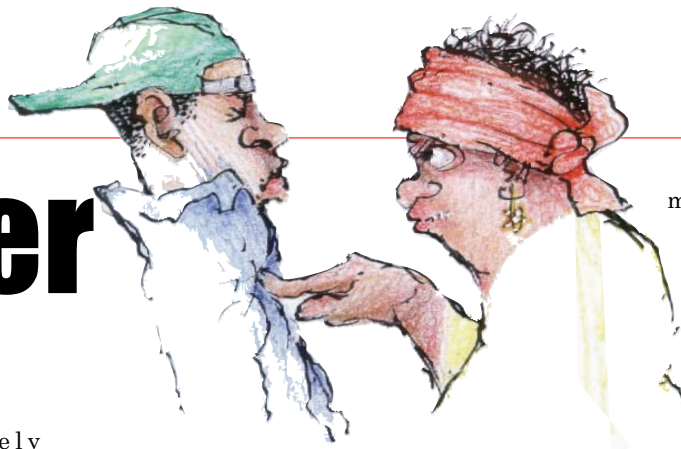
- The wonderful small wineries that are so splendidly raising standards in the Cape will be missing;

- Many big, rich ones will be present – especially the Distell properties; and

- There'll be profuse thanks to the participants, and no mention that they paid to be there. ▣

# P. Power

BY HAROLD STRACHAN



**YOU KNEW** immediately whom the Czar and V.I. Lenin and those blokes were referring to when they talked of the Intelligentsia, say I to Sydney. It's a pity the word has fallen out of use.

We-e-ell, says Sydney to me, I dare say you might be right, in a manner of speaking, as it were; but then again, considering that most of us, those of us who have had the opportunity, indeed the privilege, that is, of a fulfilling education, most of us, I say, choose to develop the intellect to whatever capacity may be our lot, taking into consideration, of course, the blessings which Evolution has bestowed upon us, metaphorically speaking, by virtue of hereditary genes, which is, in short, to say we make the most of the intellect we inherit from our intellectual forbears, from which it follows that I prefer the appellation "Intellectual Community" to "Intelligentsia", which word implies a certain sarcasm, and a certain scorn, which Lenin too often displayed for educated persons according to classification, a lamentable habit of Marxists, says Sydney. What I am saying, briefly, is that if one studies people one realises that one cannot in any measure generalise about them according to class or category; each is his or her own individual. Says Sydney.

Ja, say I.

A short silence.

Sydney, say I, you lovely lad, it's you I'm talking about, you stupid doos, it comes from living in a university and studying people, fchrissake. Tomorrow you will come with me by taxi to Port Shepstone, where I am to do the Sardine Run half marathon. You can watch, also you can be a dead-ordinary dood-gewone citizen and see how you like it.

We're twenty in a fourteen-seat vehicle. No mugger could get at Sydney's shoe if he tried, where S has hidden his money. The fat woman with great bulbous breasts on his right comments on his nice eyes and invites him to remove his specs, please. He doesn't mind, since the neat number on his left with the dinky titties is also taking an interest in his eyes a bit, and we're all crushed together nice and cosy on a jolly cold day.

People in the front seats yell at the driver to slow down in the name of mercy, of the law, of anything. The driver bares his teeth

maniacally, he relishes this power over us his passengers, needs it, he accelerates. Muscular young men threaten to assault him when he finally stops. He accelerates. The mama with the huge boobs is about to pour for Sydney a Thermos-top of coffee

with a biscuit and the titty girl is edging in for one too when a tyre sheds its retread entirely and collapses with a deafening flap and a roar rather than an explosion, so we only swerve about and make black marks all over the road rather than roll over. Everybody screams.

We pull up on the verge. The driver hauls out his jack and spare tyre. The muscular young men seize the spare and examine it. They examine the other three wheels too. NO RETREADS! they declare. The driver declares that's all he's got and climbs into his seat for a good sulk. A muscular young man examines the legend on the driver's door: Owner A. MDLALOSE, with an Umlazi address and a couple of telephone numbers. He takes out his cell phone and dials a number. He hands the phone to the driver. Here, he says, tell Mr Mdlalose we've got his taxi and he won't get it back before he comes here with four matching tyres – no retreads.

The driver is the hell in; he won't let the M.Y.Men see him phoning, he pretends to be peeing in the long grass while he does it. He comes back enraged, slams the passenger door shut. The door falls off. Passengers seize the door and write on it with lipstick

**WE ARE ONE!**

**TOGETHER WE WILL PREVAIL!** and lean it against a nearby AA telephone post. Women ululate. Others argue shrilly and wave their arms about and prod the driver with their fingers. Another fat mama hauls one of those big cheap red, white and blue polypropylene bags from inside the vehicle and starts preparing food for her squad of grandchildren.

Two thousand people go thumping and gasping past us down the road, following a motorcyclist with a video cameraman seated backwards on the pillion. Is that the...? says Sydney. Yup! say I, the Sardine Run. Pity, says Sydney. It is fate, say I.

Why don't you phone your mother to come and fetch us? say I. **WHAT!** he exclaims, do you really think I would do such a thing? Do you think I would just **DRIVE AWAY** from this situation? **WALK OUT!**

Sydney, say I, you are a secret furtive crypto-Leninist. **W**

**Tell Mr Mdlalose we've got his taxi and he won't get it back before he comes here with four matching tyres – no retreads**

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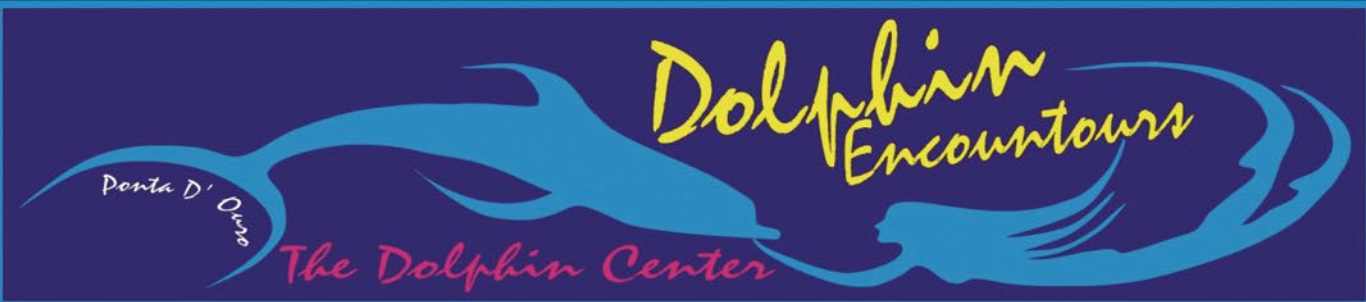


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