

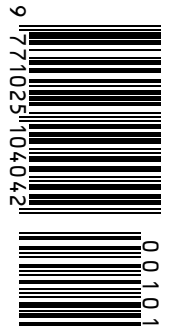
news you're not supposed to know

R29<sup>90</sup>  
(including VAT)

# noseweek

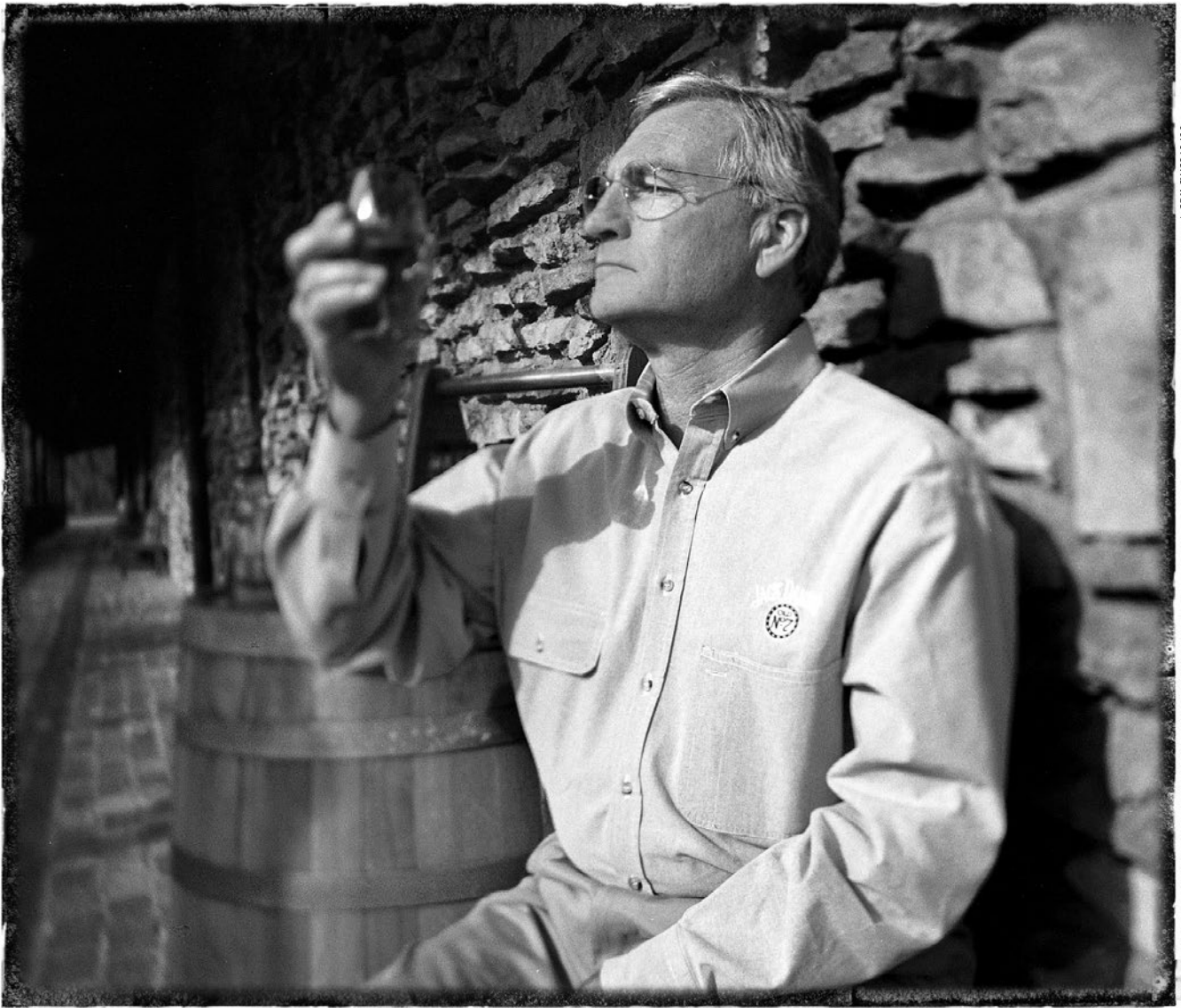
# 101

# MARCH 2008



**How to buy shares in the Reserve Bank**  
 (Germans named Duerr need not apply)

**PLUS:** Rian Malan Max Du Preez Patricia de Lille Suzanne Vos Justin Nurse



4. G0H CVC2 10-006

# CRAFTED WITH CARE.

## PLEASE ENJOY IT THE SAME WAY.

For seven generations, our master distillers have gone to great measures to ensure that each batch of Jack Daniel's is worthy of the name carried on our black and white label. We'd be much obliged if you'd enjoy it with the same amount of care.



---

JACK DANIEL'S  TENNESSEE WHISKEY

---

[www.jackdaniels.co.za](http://www.jackdaniels.co.za)

©2006 Jack Daniel's. All rights reserved. JACK DANIEL'S and OLD NO.7 are registered trademarks.

Not for sale to persons under the age of 18. Please drink responsibly.

MARCH 2008

# noseweek

**4 Letters** Mazeltov ■ Congratulations ■ Biggest fish yet to be fried ■ Losing sense daily ■ Suckered by Rennie ■ Poisonous rumours ■ Hummer bumper 2 ■ Any honest banks? ■ Or is that an oxymoron? ■ Would you swallow this? ■ The noseweek solution ■ Cold comfort ■ Missing person

**6 Dear Reader** Don't bank on your bank

**7 Going, going... gone!** How billionaire's palatial Jozi pile was auctioned off for the price of a Bellevue bedsit

**12 How to buy the Reserve Bank** Anyone can buy shares in South Africa's most hallowed financial institution – provided they're not Germans named Duerr

**16 Charity begins at home** Of money coming to U-Care, only 20% goes to its designated recipients

**30 Notes and updates** Student recruitment: Demoting promotions ■ Sisulu University: Greasy pole dancing ■ St Francis Bay: Happy Danes are here again ■ Bloggers: Reef madness ■ Fort Beaufort: Ex-sheriff beats her own panels

**34 Bites and pieces** Hilary Prendini Toffoli burns while the band fiddles at Vrede and Lust

**36 Web Dreams** Wanna know a secret?

**37 Wine** Blind tasters leading the blind

**38 Last Word** The goddess

## CELEBRATING 101

**Pages 18–29: Five of noseweek's friends talk about where the magazine's been – and where it's going**

**Max du Preez** Ex-Vrye Weekblad editor, TV producer, author, columnist – stirrer

**Justin Nurse** Author, publisher, T-shirt designer – stirrer

**Rian Malan** Author, journalist – stirrer

**Patricia de Lille** MP, leader of the Independent Democrats – stirrer

**Suzanne Vos** Journalist, IFP MP, member of the Pan African Parliament – occasional stirrer

# noseweek's April deadline looms!



Contact  
**Adrienne de Jongh**  
noseads@iafrica.com

# Better get a move on planning your noseweek advertising NOW!

**SUBSCRIBE to noseweek and SAVE R82 on the retail price: see PAGE 35**

**Mazeltov**

I've been an avid reader since your very first issues – not easy to obtain in those days, as only a few bookstores were prepared to sell *noseweek*.

So I say: Mazeltov on your 100th issue! May the next 100 be as fearlessly revealing. For I fear if we needed you then, we'll need you even more in the future.

With the Scorpions gone, only you are left to expose

your great achievement.

*noseweek* must rank as one of the very best of its kind anywhere in the world. In fact I don't know of any magazine that can compare – none have quite your mix and angles.

I am also very much encouraged by what you said in your most recent issue about Mbeki and the ANC being intrinsically corrupt. Working as I have for 25 years at the University

with a phase of history with dire consequences. Giving the detail as you do concretizes the phenomenon in terms people can understand. But it is vital that people also realise it is a function of over-consumption and greed, which is inherent in the capitalist system itself.

Thank you for all those inspiring years and best wishes for the future.

**Jim Phelps**  
Empangeni

**Losing sense daily**

Some things happening in our society today defy logic and common sense. Consider the recent bread price fixing: The consumer gets ripped off paying too much for bread. The producer yields a monopoly profit, which results in more tax for the fiscus; the competition board then slaps a penalty on the producer, resulting in more money for the state. So, what happens? The producer ups his price again – basic accounting logic – to cover the cost of the fines and legal expenses! The consumer who was paying too much for his bread now pays even more. The sole benefactor of the exercise is the fiscus. And the electric power debacle?

"Economic growth caused the supply of power to be inadequate," claims our new hero JZ. But some basic facts, a bit of common sense and a few calculations on a scrap of paper quickly prove Mr Zuma wrong. R60bn spent on weapons, R70bn on Gautrain, R90bn on stadiums, a couple of billion more on covering up the Coega harbour disaster – clearly this has a lot more to do with it.

Who are to blame? The uninformed electorate. Every time there is an interview and the respondents utter: "The government must do more", the government gets another ticket to screw society.

**Albertus Ziervogel**  
Cape Town

*The directors and responsible executives should have been fined personally. Seize their shares, bonuses and flashy cars, say I. – Ed.*

**Suckered by Rennie**

I read "How Fedbond bankrolled dicey developer" (*nose*99), and finally realised how Craig Rennie operates. I am one of 20 investors suckered by him into investing in a development called Craig Park in Scottburgh. When two years passed without anything happening, we became suspicious and demanded our deposits back.

There are still some whose deposits have not been refunded as they took advice

# I am encouraged by what you said about Mbeki and the ANC being intrinsically corrupt

the rampant corruption and dishonesty that we face daily – truly a case of "Cry the beloved Country."

We are depending on you.

**Eric Rosendorff**  
Johannesburg

**Congratulations**

Congratulations on reaching issue 100! What a pleasure it has been being a subscriber from issue 1. (How the time has flown!) I look forward to each issue, and find the variety always interesting. Thank you too for putting in the odd piece I've referred to you – makes me feel I've been a modest part of

of Zululand, I have seen the disillusion, and then as the years pass the sinking into excuses of decent rank and file ANC members. I have also seen how corruption has permeated Nehawu, the union on campus. The leadership of the ANC has normalised corruption at all levels.

It is right to locate South African corruption in a global context. Seeing the monumental corruption of the Bush/Cheney regime, and the corruption in the UK government, and in France and Italy (and where else not?) one realises we are dealing

**Biggest fish still swimming**

I look forward to *noseweek's* parties in June, and the opportunity to raise our glasses in hope that South Africa's chief crook and criminal ends his presidency behind bars. The arms deal has been the ANC's betrayal of the struggle against apartheid. As you point out (Editorial, *nose*100), Jacob Zuma is a very small fish in the saga – scapegoated to divert attention from Thabo Mbeki's much greater culpability. Have you heard the latest allegations about massive offshore trust funds?

**Terry Crawford-Browne**,  
Milnerton

**African Bank pessimism**

Your exposé of the lending practices of African Bank (*nose*100) makes interesting reading.

Notwithstanding the "juicy pickings" from Saambou, I would suggest that the massive interest rates and low bad debt provisions suggest something far more sinister on the horizon. Huge arrears (it's nearly six years since the acquisition of the Saambou loan book – are loans never paid up?) and massive new advances financed by third parties could, in today's high interest environment, indicate another banking casualty.

I hope not.

**"Dave"**  
Johannesburg

**Gus**



from attorney Pierre Grové's office not to withdraw their investment. They were assured that the development would soon be proclaimed and that they would have forfeited the opportunity to make good profits. Obviously that was false. Craig Rennie was not allowed to sell any stands in the development as he did not own the property.

**AF van Niekerk**  
Pretoria

**Poisonous rumours**

Thank you for the insights about Riebeek Kasteel, where I have lived for almost 24 years, next to a farmer who sprays every harvest. Knowing that I am being poisoned is terrible. The only problem is: you have no proof! You only have rumours, so, before you have physical proof, please stop publishing articles that may cause tourists to think twice about visiting our beautiful town. Mr Vlok is well respected, he will not poison himself and his workers to get a good harvest. (Did you know that Mr Vlok sprayed water on his grapes some time ago, and the next day Schirmacher sent a doctor's letter stating that his child had been poisoned?) Come on people, find another town to gossip about! If someone can prove that we are being poisoned, then I will stand by you 100%, otherwise please just let us live the country life.

**Marené Wentzel**  
By email

*More of the same rumour that we've heard for months. We note you're also in the wine industry. We have doctors' letters, video evidence, and letters from Vlok*

*himself stating that he uses extremely poisonous chemicals, some of which are banned overseas, and which several studies show cause severe allergic reactions. – Ed.*

**Hummer bumper**

"C for yourself, I've cancelled my cellphone contract!" According to the *Cape Times*, that's the message for Cell C from environment-conscious subscribers who object to its glamourising GM's Hummer in its ads.

As NoseArk reported earlier, the American SUV has an unhappy reputation as an environmentally unfriendly gas-guzzler and military machine.

The latest anti-Hummer campaign has finally driven GM's product communications manager, Tim Hendon, to talk about the "many misperceptions" in the marketplace about the Hummer H3.

"Many believe the H3 has a power plant of locomotive proportions, casting plumes of toxic gas into the environment, its engine consuming fuel in barrel-sized gulps," he now says. "The truth is that the 3,7 litre Hummer H3 engine consumes the same amount of fuel and emits the same amount of carbon as any other vehicle in its class."

As if that's an answer. The problem is precisely with the class of vehicle to which the Hummer belongs: all in that class consume fuel in barrel-sized gulps, casting plumes of toxic gas into the environment. The Hummer's ostensibly modest 3,7 litre engine ... is still more than twice the size of

the engines used to power most family sedans.

There's no misperception: the Hummer is a bumper and Cell C needs to be dumped for being so insistently dumb.

**Pip**  
Cape Town

**Any honest banks?**

After the disclosures regarding FirstRand I am seriously considering my resignation from their client list, but am struggling to find a bank of integrity which puts its client's interests first. Can anyone help?

**Roy de Vos**  
Fresnaye, Cape Town

*See Editorial. – Ed.*

**Or is that an oxymoron?**

I am looking for an honest bank. Does such a species still exist? This is a genuine question and I would love an answer from you.

Even if it's the one with the least black marks on its reputation.

**Nick Milaras**  
Johannesburg

**Would you swallow this?**

I complained to SAA cabin crew about the less than desirable (ok, downright nauseating) "meal" that I've received on a number of flights in the last few months.

The captain happened to be there (we'd already landed) and suggested that I pack the offensive "food" in a hermetically sealed container of sorts and post it to you. Would you be interested in this?

**Brian Cox**  
By email

*No! You don't want it on*

*board; I want it even less in my postbox. I suggest you try another airline. – Ed*

**The noseweek solution**

On the day of the President's address I was despondent, for two reasons: firstly the address itself and secondly, my *noseweek* had not yet arrived in the post. I phoned *noseweek* and explained my predicament to Nicci. Without hesitation she offered to deliver the missing issue personally, late on that Friday afternoon. What service! Inadvertently she offered the solution to the woes of this country. If only the government would respond to the call of duty without hesitation!

**Len Bloch**  
Cape Town

*Thank you for your kind note. We think Nicci's great, too! – Ed.*

**Cold comfort?**

Zuma is going to do his bit for the electricity crisis. In future he will only be taking cold showers...

**Adam**  
McGregor

*With his multitude of wives, it's an unlikely prospect. – Ed.*

**Anyone know whereabouts?**

I was sequestered in 1998. To establish that my "automatic rehabilitation" is in place, I need to contact the trustee of my insolvent estate, Stephen Leith Anticevich of the Admiral Trust, who seems to have vanished into thin air – except for a mention in *nose41*. Would anyone knowing his whereabouts please let me know?

**Ruth Longridge**  
ruthlongridge@gmail.com

**YOUR COMPLETE SOFTWARE SOLUTION**

- Trust Accounting
- Property Transfers
- Bond Registrations
- Debt Collection
- Litigation
- Bills of Cost
- Trade Marks
- Electronic Instructions
- Case Management
- Client Billing
- Diary System
- Time Management
- Management Reports
- Admin Orders

**LEGALSUITE SOFTWARE**  
"MAKING COMPUTERS WORK FOR YOU"  
**0861 711 150**  
FOR A FREE DEMONSTRATION.  
WWW.LEGALSUITE.CO.ZA

## Editor

Martin Welz

## Production editor

Tony Pinchuck

## Assistant editor

Hans Muhlberg

## Gauteng bureau chief

Jack Lundin

## Censor-in-chief

Len Ashton

## Sub-editor

Chas Unwin

## Senior reporter

Mark Thomas

## Cartoons

Myke Ashley-Cooper

Gus Ferguson

Dr Jack

Meg Jordi

## Contributors

Tim James

Marike Roth

Hilary Prendini Toffoli

Harold Strachan

Hilary Venables

## Subscriptions

Maud Petersen

## Advertising

Adrienne de Jongh

## Accounts

Nicci Joubert-van Doesburgh

Copyright All material in this issue is copyright, and belongs to Chaucer Publications (Pty) Ltd, unless otherwise indicated. No part of the material may be quoted, photocopied, reproduced or be stored by any electronic system without prior written permission. Disclaimer While every reasonable effort is taken to ensure the accuracy and soundness of the contents of this publication, neither the authors nor the publisher will bear any responsibility for the consequences of any actions based on information contained. Printed and Published by Chaucer Publications (Pty) Ltd.



## SUBSCRIPTION RATES

### Print

SA only	R276
Neighbouring states (airmail)	R350
Europe, Americas and Australasia	R400

### Internet edition

1 year	R265
--------	------

### Combined

Print+Internet (SA only)	R426
--------------------------	------

### To subscribe

**By post:** Send cheque with name, address and phone no. to: noseweek, PO Box 44538, Claremont 7735.

**Via Internet** (pay by credit card): [www.noseweek.co.za](http://www.noseweek.co.za)

For further information call (021) 686 0570 or email [maud@noseweek.co.za](mailto:maud@noseweek.co.za)

## Don't bank on your bank

**W**E ARE WIDELY KNOWN FOR OUR SCEPTICAL, by now pessimistic, view of South African banks and lawyers. The vast majority of our readers have their own good reasons for sharing our views on at least these two matters. Touchingly, they trust us – and burden our consciences with constant entreaties to recommend an honest bank or lawyer.

The two such requests on this month's Letters Page have finally prompted *noseweek* to attempt a reply – at least on the subject of banks.

The rot at the top, usually involving schemes to satisfy the directors' personal greed, is covered by nifty but frequently, dishonest accounting structures devised or condoned by major auditing firms. Nothing has changed since Masterbond.

When it comes to simply running a cheque account, everything is still relatively transparent, and banks are much of a muchness:

yer makes yer choice and yer takes yer chances. But don't operate your personal bank account with the same bank as your business account. Many have come to regret placing themselves at the mercy of a single bank. Banks are ruthless when they turn nasty. Don't ever ask your bank for investment advice. Any advice they give you will serve their interests rather than yours.

Never let a bank manage your investments – for the same reason. Don't appoint a bank to be the executor of your estate or trustee of your family trust. It was once a good idea. It isn't anymore. Estates and trusts are like milch cows: there to be milked for as long as they have milk. None are more easily robbed than widows and orphans – except perhaps the dead.

And don't be tempted by your bank's ever-so-friendly offer of a small personal loan. You'll be fleeced with interest rates and charges from hell.

## Follow the paper trail

**N**OSEWEEK'S EXPOSÉ OF THE ONGOING “procedural irregularities” in Gauteng's Department of Agriculture, Conservation and the Environment (GDACE) has set the caracal among the guineafowl.

Senior officials and the MEC have for some time been cutting regulatory corners and bending over backwards to accommodate the eco-destructive wishes of cash-flush golf estate developers – but now, having read *nose100*, they're flapping around, shedding clouds of belly feathers in panic.

They've been determined to keep crucial documents hidden from the public, to the extent that, for months, they have illegally ignored formal Promotion of Access to Information Act (PAIA) requests for these documents by two environmental organisations. But our story in *nose100* appears to have evoked a fit of *glasnost* somewhere high up, and the papers have suddenly appeared. Well, some of the papers have appeared: bits of possibly incriminating evidence have been left out of the PAIA packages, we notice. Or maybe they've been “lost” by the department.

Readers will remember that GDACE controversially granted authorisation for a massive residential development on the “Waterfall Farm” near Midrand, even though the department's own environmental studies have long identified the site as a conservation priority and unsuited to being bulldozed. (It contains the largest known areas of rare Egoli Granite Grassland, a threatened habitat type.) They allowed

the development of the site, owned by the wealthy and ANC-connected Mia family, after a procedurally suspect planning process – because they claimed to have signed a deal with the Mias in terms of which the Mias undertook to buy an “offset” – another chunk of equivalent-or-better nature elsewhere – that would be permanently conserved instead.

This, despite GDACE having no such offset policy and there being no other equivalent-or-better piece of Egoli Granite Grassland anywhere else on the planet.

It now turns out that there is, in fact, such an offset deal, signed by Ibrahim Mia, GDACE HoD Steven Cornelius, and a third party with an illegible signature. However, the offset site is not identified in the contract. Despite clear requests from the Wildlife and Environment Society for copies of GDACE documents that purportedly identify the offset site and evaluate its conservation value, GDACE has refused to hand these over, saying only that they are “for internal use only” and not for public consumption.

Strange: if there's anything for the department to hide it's their dodgy contract, the decisions to ignore their own conservation plans and the superficial environmental assessments – all of which they've now made public. Could it be that no offset site exists? Or that other smelly deals are going down in respect of it? Watch this space.

The Editor

# Going, going... **GONE!**

How billionaire's  
Jozi palace  
went for the  
price of a bedsit



Picture: Financial Mail

**O**NE OF THE COUNTRY'S MOST opulent mansions, valued at up to R100m, has been auctioned by the sheriff of Sandton to a happy buyer with insider knowledge – for just R400 000.

The sale in execution took place after the original billionaire owner allegedly took bad legal advice and ignored a court judgment in which he had been ordered to pay a relatively paltry debt.

The multi-columned sandstone palace – a mini-Union Buildings with terraced gardens and gate-houses to match – in Joburg's exclusive enclave of Sandhurst, was the home of Rwandan cellphone mogul Miko Rwayitare. It was snapped up last August for less than the price of a bedsitter by Rwayitare's bitter enemy, architect Greg Pietersen.

The extraordinarily low successful bid might be explained by the fact that the sale notice placed by attorneys Deneys Reitz (who happen to be Pietersen's attorneys) listed only the shares of an obscure company called Propro Investments Pty Ltd, to be auctioned at the Sheriff's Office at 1pm – with not the slightest indication that the company happened to own probably the most valuable sub-

Late Rwandan cellphone mogul Miko Rwayitare at his R100m Joburg mansion

# LEGAL ADVERTISING

urban residence in South Africa!

The company, Propro, admittedly has debts amounting to R63m (including R37m owed to Investec), but its assets are conservatively valued at R86,5m. On that basis alone, Pietersen has acquired an asset with a net worth of R23m – for R400 000.

An architect close to the deal says that, if properly marketed, the house could fetch over R100m, upping Pietersen's profit on his R400 000 investment to close on R40m.

Pietersen, 52, most certainly knew what he was buying; his MV3 firm of architects were principal agents supervising the mansion's construction back in 2001.

Six weeks after the sale, and before the full impact of his loss had sunk in, 65-year-old Rwayitare bled to death on the operating table of a Brussels clinic, after a surgeon's knife slipped during a routine colonoscopy procedure. Today his widow Conso and the two youngest of seven children are hanging on in the mansion, while the executors of Rwayitare's estate try to reach a settlement with Pietersen and a rearguard action

## NOTICE OF SALE IN EXECUTION IN THE HIGH COURT OF SOUTH AFRICA (WITWATERSRAND LOCAL DIVISION), Case No; 21197/02 & A5052/05.

In the matter between:  
**FETHARD INTERNATIONAL LIMITED** Applicant and  
**MIKO RWAYITARE** Respondent.

In pursuance of a judgement in the High Court of South Africa (Witwatersrand Local Division) and subsequent Writ of Execution dated 13 December 2006 the following goods will be sold in execution on: **14 August 2007 at 13H00 at 614 James Crescent, Halfway House.**

The Respondent, Miko Rwayitare's right title and interest in and to his 1000 shares in Propro Investments (1995/010487/07).

**CONDITIONS: STRICTLY CASH OR BANK GUARANTEED CHEQUE.**

We have the facility for internet banking, therefore the purchaser will be allowed half an hour to transfer the purchase price into my bank account, failing this the goods will immediately be put up for sale again.

**ME DE KOCK (Ms), Acting Sheriff Sandton, 10 Conduit Street, Kensington "B", Randburg, (011) 781-3445.**

The advert for the auction of Miko Rwayitare's house talks only about '1000 shares in Propro Investments' and, curiously, makes no mention of the spectacular R100m mansion (below)

## NOTICE OF SALE IN THE HIGH COURT OF SOUTH AFRICA (WITWATERSRAND LOCAL DIVISION)

In the matter between:  
**FETHARD INTERNATIONAL LIMITED** Applicant and  
**MIKO RWAYITARE** Respondent.

In pursuance of a judgement in the High Court of South Africa (Witwatersrand Local Division) and subsequent Writ of Execution dated 13 December 2006 the following goods will be sold in execution on: 14 August 2007 at 13H00 at 614 James Crescent, Halfway House.

The Respondent, Miko Rwayitare's right title and interest in and to his 1000 shares in Propro Investments (1995/010487/07).

**CONDITIONS: STRICTLY CASH OR BANK GUARANTEED CHEQUE.**

We have the facility for internet banking, therefore the purchaser will be allowed half an hour to transfer the purchase price into my bank account, failing this the goods will immediately be put up for sale again.

**ME DE KOCK (Ms), Acting Sheriff Sandton, 10 Conduit Street, Kensington "B", Randburg, (011) 781-3445.**

is fought in the high court over the legality of the sale.

The sheriff's sale arose after Rwayitare failed for five years to pay a debt of \$494 862 to Pietersen's Gibraltar-registered company Fethard International, for fees incurred on a hotel and residential estate

project in Rwanda's capital city, Kigali.

In 2006, after four years of acrimony, a high court judge ordered Rwayitare to pay up. When he failed to do so Pietersen's attorneys attached the shares of six of the billionaire's solely-owned South African companies. One of them, Propro Investments, held among its assets the Oxford Street mansion – valued conservatively by Rwayitare at R62m – furniture and fittings worth R8m and an R11,9m investment in business premises in Sandton's Daisy Street.

But before we relate the extraordinary countdown to the sheriff's sale last August, let's rewind to the beginning. Rwandan-born Miko Rwayitare, who held an engineering degree from Germany's Karlsruhe University, is credited with being the man whose Telecel International brought the cell-phone to Africa in 1986. He reportedly made a \$413m fortune when he sold Telecel to Egypt's Orascom Telecom in 2000.

Some time earlier – about ten years ago – architect Greg Pietersen had helped him acquire a superb double stand in Sandhurst, for an estimated R10m. Rwayitare had another firm of Joburg architects, Maas & Coetzee, draw up plans for what he intended to be his retirement home. But he held off building until 2001, by which time Maas & Coetzee had relocated to Cape Town. Rwayitare turned to Pietersen's company MV3 to supervise the mansion's construction.

Rwayitare insisted on a multitude of changes. Instead of painted plaster over brick, he now wanted the entire mansion to be built of sandstone, with columns all over the place. The specified ceramic floor tiles were replaced by granite and marble. The TV room became a home theatre, with stepped floor and luxurious armchairs.

Other additions included a R3m home automation system that at the



Picture: Sunday Times



press of buttons raises and lowers steel shutters on every window, as well as controlling TVs, and music and mood lighting in every room. There is an elaborate security system, with double-entry gates and a guardhouse.

There is a hairdressing salon; the bathrooms of the seven *en suite* bedrooms are, of course, fitted with gold-plated taps. And then there are the usual swimming pool, tennis court, khoi pond, sauna, steam shower, basement games room and wine cellar. And a perfect terraced garden.

But Rwayitare, like many extremely wealthy men, was a bad payer.

“We battled to get our fees out of him,” says Pietersen’s former partner at MV3, Stan Segal. “Every time we submitted monthly fee accounts there would be a delay in payment. We’d phone his office and be told ‘When he sells some shares and gets money, he’ll pay’. We sometimes had to wait three or four months.”

In the end the building costs came to around R25m. Builder Filcon Construction had to press for its money all the way. “We issued 22 payment certificates to the building contractor and 14 of those were paid late,” says Segal. “Miko came across as a quietly spoken philanthropic person. But he was a tough businessman who could be very obstinate over money.”

One of Rwayitare’s dreams around this time was to create a trust and build a \$500m Academy of Excellence in the Gauteng countryside to train future leaders from all over Africa. MV3 did a feasibility study and produced a slide presentation to be made to then education minister Kadar Asmal.



Miko and Conso Rwayitare among the celebrities at the Johannesburg auction of Mandela prints held at the Sandton Hilton

While the Sandhurst mansion was rising, Rwayitare also asked MV3 to help with his Kigali project (rebuilding the Hotel des Mille Collines (featured in the film *Hotel Rwanda*), which had been virtually destroyed in Rwanda’s civil war, plus a 16-house residential development). Rwayitare wanted the houses to be modelled on a luxury Bryanston home. MV3 told him it would be too costly – building costs would be 80% higher in Kigali than in Johannesburg. Nonsense, said Rwayitare, they can’t be more than 20% higher. He instructed MV3 to call for tenders.

The housing budget was \$2,6m but the lowest tender came in at \$4,3m – 67% above budget. Rwayitare demanded a report on “owner building”. MV3 told him that was looking for trouble – and Rwayitare terminated the firm’s services, after paying just \$70 000 to Greg Pietersen’s Fethard International.

The billionaire also refused to pay MV3’s final fees of R507 000 for the Sandhurst mansion. Greg Pietersen issued a writ towards the end of 2002 and the case trundles on to this day, with appeals and a counter claim.

Pietersen also sued Rwayitare for some R300 000 for work done on the Academy of Excellence project. This action was settled on the court steps.

For the Kigali project, Pietersen’s offshore company Fethard International was appointed to monitor and control offshore fee payments, with Rwayitare making from payments Switzerland and Brussels into Fethard’s bank account on the Isle of Man.

Towards the end of 2002 Fethard launched a high court claim against Rwayitare seeking payment of \$494 862 for Kigali. In November 2004 Judge Jajbhay dismissed Fethard’s claim with costs.

The Supreme Court of Appeal granted Fethard leave to appeal against this judgment, to a full bench of the Johannesburg High Court, and on 7 Decem-

## Gold and lemons

*noseweek’s* analysis of the unaudited balance sheets of Miko Rwayitare’s three companies that went under the hammer:

**Propro** has assets of R86,5m (on Rwayitare’s own valuation of the Sandhurst mansion at R62m), and liabilities of R63m (including R37m owed to Investec). Net asset value: around R23m. Experts in the property business reckon it could be worth a lot more. For R400 000, Greg Pietersen struck gold.

**Telecel** has assets of R10,7m and liabilities of R23m. It’s insolvent to the tune of R12,3m. At R62 000, Pietersen bought a lemon. Speculator Simon Malebane believes that **Mikcor**, for which he paid just R26 000, has a net asset value of R18m. We reckon that with assets of

R25,3m and liabilities of R23,5m, a NAV of R1,8m is closer to the mark. For these combined assets of R122,5m, the sheriff’s sale raised just R490 000 towards payment of the judgment debt, which by then had risen to R6m – leaving a balance of R5,5m still to be paid! It was only Rwayitare’s unexpected death in Brussels last September that staved off Pietersen’s next planned step – the enforced sale of the billionaire’s Franschhoek Mont Rochelle wine farm.

As *noseweek* went to press we established that the executors of Rwayitare’s estate have now paid the outstanding R5,5m into attorneys Deneys Reitz’s trust account. The judgment debt has been paid in full.



Architect Greg Pietersen who paid R400 000 for the R100m mansion

ber 2006 the appeal was upheld. Rwayitare was ordered to pay \$494 862 plus costs, and interest at 15,5% pa from November 2002.

Payment was still not forthcoming, but an application for special leave to appeal to the Supreme Court of Appeal, launched by Rwayitare's attorney Angela Chatiras, kept the sheriff at bay. After this application, too, was dismissed, the sheriff attached all the movable assets at the mansion. Rwayitare was unmoved – until Sandton Deputy Sheriff Danie Bezuidenhout arrived and drove off with two cars from Rwayitare's collection – an Aston Martin DB9 and a Mercedes-Benz.

Stunned, Rwayitare instructed RMB Private Bank to make urgent electronic payment of R5,7m into the sheriff's trust account to pay the debt in full.

However, it transpired that the pre-

vious day his attorney, Ms Chatiras, ever eager to serve her wealthy client, had served an application for leave to appeal to the Constitutional Court. Pietersen's attorney Robert Krombein (at Deneys Reitz) only became aware of this at 4.30pm on the day that Rwayitare had settled the debt. At Chatiras's demand, he instructed the sheriff to return the R5,7m to Rwayitare, pending the outcome of the Constitutional Court application. A fortnight later, on 15 May last year, the Constitutional Court refused to hear the appeal "as it bears no prospects of success".

Had there not been this fruitless final appeal, and had the R5,7m payment remained with the sheriff, there would have been no sale in execution and no loss of the Sandhurst mansion.

One can only speculate why attorney Chatiras waited until the Sunday of 12 August – two days before the sheriff's sale and with her client overseas – before she frantically instructed advocate Karen Foulkes-Jones SC to prepare yet another court application, this time an urgent application for an interdict to stay the sales. The papers were not ready until the morning of the sale. Chatiras informed both Robert Krombein and Assistant Sheriff Marie de Kock that a stay application was pending. Krombein and the sheriff both refused to halt the auction.

By the time Chatiras got her application before the urgent court it was well after 2.30 pm – and while Judge Msimeki was still perusing the papers the auctioneer's hammer fell.

Greg Pietersen's company Pirus Projects picked up Propro for R400 000 and Telecel for R62 000. Businessman and Kentucky Fried Chicken franchise holder Simon Malabane snapped up Mikcor for R26 000. Although Pietersen and Malebane paid VAT and stamp duty, attorney Chatiras refused to register the transfer of shares.

Miko Rwayitare returned to South Africa the following day. A source close to the billionaire says: "He didn't realise the true impact of the sale. His attorney told him it was unlawful and he accepted that."

Asked to explain why the auction notices made no reference to the property, Assistant Sheriff Marie de Kock says she's a stickler for following the rules. "I didn't sell the property, I sold shares in a company that happened to own the right and title to the property." Of attorney Chatiras's desperate plea to stay the auction as the hammer was about to drop, De Kock says: "I can only act on a court order. If the order had been given by the court I would have stayed the auction immediately, but if they're still in court and the time for selling has arrived, I have to sell. I have no option."

**G**REG PIETERSEN, who claimed in court papers that Rwayitare's failure to pay the Kigali debt forced him to retrench the entire staff of MV3, now operates the firm from the guest cottage of retired diamond dealer Ronnie de Decker in the swish suburb of Hurlingham. Pietersen's lived there since he sold his own house next door for R5,4m in 2003, following his divorce.

He agrees that for R400 000 the mansion of Miko Rwayitare was quite a bargain. Does he plan to live in it? "I've got all sorts of plans but I don't want to discuss them," he says.

"All sorts of things are on the go, it's a sensitive issue."

Why on earth didn't Rwayitare just pay that judgment debt? "I have no idea, it makes no sense at all," says Pietersen. "But a lot of things Miko did didn't make sense. Now that he's not around I think everybody's going to blame the other person. But just blaming your legal team all your life is not really going to work."

Angela Chatiras no longer acts for Rwayitare's estate, from which she is claiming R3m in legal fees for all those court actions she instituted on Rwayitare's behalf. Gus Fichardt, her attorney at Webber Wentzel Bowens, informs us that she has no comment to make.

## LOUW COETZEE & MALAN Inc ATTORNEYS AND CONVEYANCERS



### Business Law Specialists

"Sometimes it is not enough that we do our best, we need to do what is required"

- Sir Winston Churchill

Tel: 021 557 8875  
www.lcmattorneys.co.za

In a post-sale affidavit filed shortly before his death Rwayitare talks of the prospect of losing his Sandhurst mansion. "The emotional turmoil I would subject my family to in the event that we are summarily evicted by [Greg Pietersen's] Pirus Projects, which I fear, is indescribable," he said.

"The shares were sold for a negligible amount resulting in an enormous financial loss to myself."

Three weeks after the disastrous sheriff's sale and 19 days before Rwayitare's death, Judge Zidel interdicted Pirus Projects and Simon Malebani from selling or transferring their newly-bought shares in Propro, Telecel and Mikcor, pending an application by Rwayitare to have the sale set aside. This application has now been taken over by Rwayitare's executors.

There's a counter application by Pietersen's Pirus Projects for an order to register its newly-acquired shares. Last month both applications were

postponed to a future date.

One of Rwayitare's executors is his younger brother, Albert Gatare. Why didn't Rwayitare pay the judgment debt before his companies were sold by the sheriff?

"It's just some mistakes from the lawyers," says Gatare.

On top of all this, it seems that a battle is also raging within Rwayitare's family for whatever its members can lay their hands on.

"Conso [the billionaire's widow] has a lot of problems with the family now," says Rwayitare's niece, Scholastique Mpinganzima. "Immediately Miko died they started fighting. It's very sensitive."

■ Latest on the ongoing secret settlement talks: Greg Pietersen has let it be known that he is prepared to sell his Telecel shares back to Rwayitare's estate, at valuation. But no way will he relinquish Propro and its prize asset – the R100m Sandhurst mansion. **W**



**THE BOND MAN®**  
Sourcing the best home loan for you

Gary Peterson  
082 453 7374  
gary@bondman.co.za

[www.bondman.co.za](http://www.bondman.co.za)

**THERE IS ONLY ONE BOND MAN**



**XA!nini**  
AFRICAN WILDLIFE SAFARIS

**GORILLA SAFARIS**

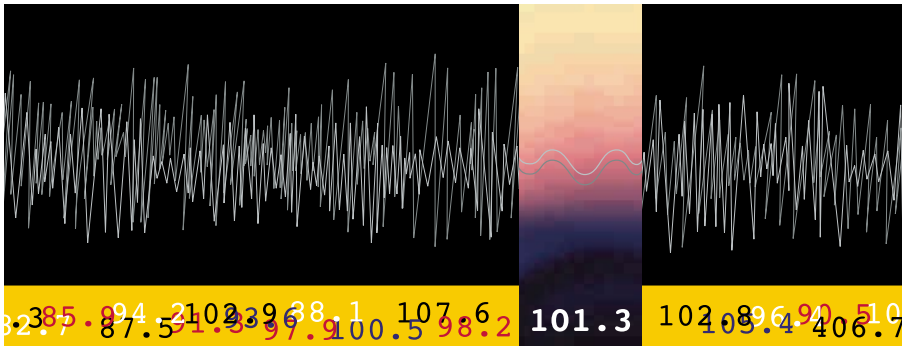
Small groups - enjoy the comforts and safety of these personally guided experiences!  
\* Only 340 gorillas left in Uganda.

Lisa: +27 83 448 4476 +27 21 434 7184  
limar@iafrica.com



**Forresters Wine Pack Winners**  
Mr KM Zulu, Pietermaritzburg 3200  
Ms Maree Le Riche, Tamboerskloof 8001  
Mr FJW Stanton, Mafikeng 2745  
Mr HJ Visser, Groot Marico 2850  
Miss E Scholtz, Jeffrey's Bay 6330

## calm in chaos



**When in Cape Town**  
Refining the art of leisure.  
Calming life's tempo.  
Striking the right chords.  
Fine Jazz. Fine Classics. Fine Radio.



# Reserve Bank's Goon Show

## Insults fly in row over missing documents

**I**S THE SOUTH AFRICAN Reserve Bank, that worthy marble-clad institution which exists to preserve the rand from ruin, in fact run by a bunch of goons?

Or is there another reason why top management has felt it necessary to obstruct, lie to, insult and cheat one of its biggest single shareholders, on the one hand, and offer him a directorship on the other?

The shareholder in question is German-born financial consultant Michael Duerr, who began buying the bank's thinly traded stock a couple of years ago. Duerr, who made his fortune in the corporate world before retiring at the tender age of 35, reckoned that the shares were being sold at one thousandth of their potential value, and would be a worthwhile addition to the family portfolio.

By March last year, the Duerr family had, between them, managed to accumulate 90 000 shares, just over 4% of the public offering of two million.

This appears to have alarmed the bank so much that they sent a heavy-weight delegation to the Duerr estate outside Hermanus to suss out the family's intentions.

The Merc that rolled up to the farm Kleine Perle at Easter 2007 carried the bank's general counsel, advocate Johan de Jager SC, and transaction manager Arrie Jooste. Lurking in the back seat was one Stephen Goodson, a Reserve Bank director and one-time parliamentary candidate for the Abolition of Income Tax and Usury Party. Goodson is one of seven directors elected by the private shareholders. Mbeki himself appointed the other seven, including Governor Tito Mboweni.

The encounter at Kleine Perle did little to ease the Reserve bankers' apparent anxiety. Their host, barefoot



and dressed in shorts and T-shirt, guided his visitors to his favourite spot behind the house, where there is a dramatic view of the ocean. "That's why you are here," he told them. "I bought this farm because I needed a place to think. And now you guys want to build a nuclear power plant right next to me? Not if I can prevent it!"

The neighbouring farm is Groot Hagelkraal, one of the sites being considered for a new pressurised water reactor or PWR – just like Koeberg, only much bigger.

Duerr, whose Eskom-free farm is powered by solar panels and two wind turbines, is a member of the Bantamklip Anti Nuclear Group, BANG. He makes no bones about his dislike of

nuclear energy or his reasons: "It doesn't make sense, financially speaking."

According to Duerr, South Africa's proposed nuclear power programme, with its associated infrastructure, will cost at least five times the budgeted amount of R100bn and could plunge the country into a debt crisis. "We'll never be able to service the debt, and the electricity generated will cost many times what we are paying now," he says.

He reckons the family's shareholding might come in handy "as a bargaining tool" in resisting such moves. Perhaps unwisely, he assured De Jager, Jooste and Goodson that he was absolutely prepared to use his shares to resist such developments.

Jooste was silent, Goodson was sweating in his expensive suit, and De Jager talked: Would Duerr be interested in becoming a director of the Reserve Bank? he asked out of the blue. "We'd rather offer you one post now than you taking four later."

As already mentioned, directors are either elected by shareholders or appointed by the President. They're not supposed to be chosen by employees of the bank in return for favours (such as not rocking the nuclear boat). Duerr declined the offer.

A few weeks after this visit, the Duerrs managed to acquire more shares. But when the men at the Reserve Bank discovered this, they set out to stop the family increasing their holding – by hook and, mostly, by crook.

For some months, the family had had a standing offer to purchase 20 000 shares at R2.60 apiece,



**Michael Duerr and son Leonard, both of whom own shares in the Reserve Bank**

registered on the Reserve Bank website, as is standard practice. At the time this was the highest offer in terms of both volume and price.

The offer was registered by Michael's wife Sophia in the names of her mother and sister. The bank matched part of the offer to buy with 16 500 shares offered for sale by Thebe Securities. On 31 May 2007, the transactions were duly registered on the website as numbers T51 and T52.

Although names are kept confidential, the Duerrs could easily identify their transactions as there had been no other "buy-offers" of similar size at the same price.

The outstanding offer for 3 500 shares was still unmatched and remained in the public domain. Until Monday, 4 June, just around lunch-time, when both Duerr transactions suddenly disappeared, along with their remaining buy-offer.

When Duerr phoned Jooste for an explanation, he was told that the bank, regrettably, had "overlooked another offer". Since the other offer had been one cent per share higher, the Duerr transactions, sadly, had to be reversed. More unfortunate even, the bank had forgotten to post the better offer on the web, otherwise the Duerrs would have known about it and might have raised their bid.

"I am bewildered," Duerr told Jooste, and demanded to see the transaction register in which the other offer would be recorded. His request was denied. But an entirely different explanation

for the cock-up came in a letter from general counsel De Jager. This letter expressed "concern with regard to the concentration of the ... Bank shares in the Duerr family" and in particular "... that the concomitant voting rights [of the Duerrs' 90 000 shares] might be exercised in contravention of the [Reserve Bank] Act." He concluded that "no other party which may be regarded as a family member or associate of the Duerr family shall, until further notice, be allowed to acquire shares in the Bank".

Actually, it's none of their business. While prospective buyers must register with the bank, the bank has no say over who can buy. There is, however, a 10 000 share limit for individual investors, explaining why so many members of the Duerr family bought shares. Otherwise, the bank merely facilitates the trade by matching offers to sell with offers to purchase, then issues share certificates and updates the shareholders' register.

In any case, De Jager contradicts himself by pointing out that Duerr's two brothers and his parents, as non-permanent residents, and his children, as minors, would "not be able to vote at a meeting of shareholders". No problem then, one would have thought. Of the 90 000 shares held by the Duerrs, only 20 000 would count for voting purposes, and they would carry just 100 votes, or one percent. Hardly a major threat.

Arrie Jooste's own (resident) family, by comparison, holds about the same number of shares and he doesn't get any flack about it. Then there's Goodson, who has managed to distribute 60 000 shares among his relatives and himself, giving them a 3% stake in the bank. Was his family barred from purchasing Reserve Bank shares? No they were not.

After almost a year of angry emails and a one-on-one with the bank governor, Tito Mboweni (Duerr: "I showed respect. I wore shoes." Mboweni: "My people tell me that you are a predator."), Duerr finally got to see the shareholders' book. It made for interesting reading.

For one thing, it is clear that there was no single rival bid for the shares purchased by the Duerr family last June. A total of 17 transactions are recorded for the day the Duerrs' shares were "repossessed". This is an extraordinary number compared to the bank's average of 25 transactions a year. So if Jooste's department really had overlooked a better offer, it must have overlooked 17 such offers.

**Corporate ID, logos, brochures, catalogues, photography.**

Concept to print.

**Design Forum!**

Mobile: 082 900 1580 Phone: 27 21 683 1919 Fax: 086 6077945 email: reach@icon.co.za 15/01/01

**noseweek**  
**ADVERTISING**  
**noseads@iafrica.com**



**KINGS**  
**ESTATE AGENTS**

MARKET LEADERS IN

- **PARKTOWN NORTH**
- **PARKHURST**
- **CRAIGHALL PARK**

*The only place you will find us in NOSEWEEK is right here*

**ANDREW 083 655 0366**  
**GREGOR 082 829 6969**

**This space is a snip at**



**ONLY R1800...**

**Why not try it for size?**

**noseads@iafrica.com**

To reconstruct the true events isn't easy. Details of the purchases immediately following the Duerrs' last entry (transaction number T52) are sketchy. After carefully examining the share register, Duerr began to suspect that the next transaction, T53, was used to return the shares to the sellers, Thebe,

before they were resold, probably to a friendly broker or other go-between. About six weeks later, the shares reappear in small chunks of 500 to 2 000 held by individuals. That these are the very shares previously bought by the Duerrs is pretty clear. It was the only occasion on which Reserve Bank

shares changed hands at the price of R2.61 (one cent above the family's offer). The last of these transactions was numbered T71, after which, the price changed.

Of the 17 new owners, at least 16 work for – you'd never guess – the Reserve Bank. Five of them list their address as Box 427 Pretoria 0001, the Reserve Bank's postbox. Employees of the bank's accounts and marketing departments are obviously smarter – they gave private addresses. A few shares went to a risk assessor and even a member of the bank's cycling club is named. Most notably, Zodwa Matsau, secretary of the Monetary Policy Committee which makes all the decisions about the ups and downs of the repo rate, got 1 000 shares. No official share-scheme for employees of the Reserve Bank exists, we are told. Is this perhaps the unofficial employee self-service share scheme?

We shall soon see. It appears that Mr de Jager SC may have to work a little harder for his money (his annual salary is rumoured to be R3m). Duerr's counsel is preparing court papers to force the bank to reveal what it wants to hide. On this occasion, the bank might also have to divulge the whereabouts of other missing shares, like the 10 000 which were sold by Thebe on top of the 16 500 Duerr bought, and which appear to have gone AWOL from the register.

Duerr also wants to know when and by whom it was decided that his family had reached their share ownership limit.

Only a validly constituted general meeting of shareholders could have made such a decision. This should be easy to establish because the bank is legally obliged to keep minutes of every single shareholders' meeting and should have a minute book dating back to its inception in 1921.

So Duerr ordered a set of the "complete, consecutively numbered" minutes of all shareholder meetings of the South African Reserve Bank from inception until today, acquired from the bank's head office at the cost of R24 860, "inclusive of courier charges".

He is now the proud owner of a 30 cm high stack of paper, and it's a mess: sloppy paperwork, required signatures missing, AGM minutes missing. As it turns out, the minute books he actually wanted to see, and in which any decision taken about his family's share ownership would be recorded, are nowhere to be found. "It's so childish," he says.

When pressed as to the whereabouts

TEL +27(0)21 855 2374  
FAX +27(0)21 855 2373  
marketing@kenforresterwines.com

**KF**  
KEN FORRESTER  
VINEYARDS

PO BOX 1253 STELLENBOSCH  
SOUTH AFRICA 7599  
www.kenforresterwines.com

**Your problem**

**Our solution**

maxibin

NO BUTTS ABOUT IT

- Perfect for keeping building entrances & exits clean
- Cigarette butts are kept out of sight
- Outlasts alternatives
- Effective in demarcating smoking areas
- Weather resistant
- Never gets filled with other types of litter
- Encourages smokers to stand where the bin is placed

**ORDER NOW!**  
0861 422 426 or  
blaine@maxigroup.net  
www.maxibin.co.za

The Stompie Bin is serviced and sanitised at regular intervals & all removed butts are incinerated.

of these documents, Johan De Jager became a tad tetchy. "It appears somewhat peculiar that you persist [in demanding from us] something which you have been informed does not exist," he writes to Duerr. His reasoning: "In the modern electronic age no handwritten minutes in a minute book format are kept." Which doesn't explain why they aren't even available as a certified computer print-out.

"Who is holding you guys accountable for not even sticking to the minimum requirements of corporate governance?" Duerr demanded in a subsequent email to De Jager.

"They even forgot to attach an invoice," he tells *noseweek*.

A few days after our interview, Duerr received another call from the Governor. "I was sitting here with my baby sleeping on my chest when Mboweni called. He was very rude. He accused me of being a racist. It was very upsetting. I still feel very insulted. It makes me worry for this country that when you point out that things aren't being done the right way, you are suddenly a racist."

Duerr is now lobbying for an Extraordinary General Meeting to clear up all the share and shareholder rights issues. To call for one, he needs 10% of the votes. At the moment, he has more than twice as many, not counting his own shares. *Noseweek* will be following developments with interest.

■ It may come as a surprise to many readers that anyone with a bit of spare cash can become a shareholder in our central bank, but it's true. Just visit the website [www.reservebank.co.za](http://www.reservebank.co.za) for details. Currently, the bank is believed to be owned by more than 600 local and foreign companies and individuals.

Shareholders are not entitled to any part of the bank's profits, which came to almost R3bn, before tax, for the 2006/7 financial year. All they can expect is an annual dividend of 10c per share.

In 2004, Stephen Goodson, mentioned above as the back-seat occupant of the official delegation Merc chez Duerr, called for shareholders to be awarded 10% of the bank's profits. The appeal was rejected on the grounds that it would deprive the bank of income and introduce the profit motive which, Mboweni said, is not in the public interest. ■



## Tito's 'incorrect' insults

**W**E ASKED THE "delegation" from the Reserve Bank that visited Duerr in Hermanus at Easter last year, for their comment – and got the following in reply from General Counsel De Jager: "Other than to state that this Office has at all times dealt with the matter in accordance with the law and does not agree with all the statements contained in your enquiry, it does not wish to comment any further on the matter. Failure to comment on any of the statements should however not be construed as any admission of the same. It is against the policy of the Bank to deal with matters of the nature in question in this forum."

Translated into English, that means: We don't talk to the press unless it suits us to do so. We've done nothing that's actually illegal, although we'd rather not talk about it. For the rest, take your chances.

Rather more revealing is Michael Duerr's latest letter to Governor of the Reserve Bank, Tito Mboweni, in which he recounts some of the insults he says the Governor hurled at him during their most recent telephone conversation.

Duerr records that, in the course of the conversation (that lasted 10 minutes and 41 seconds), "you failed in solving the current mess." Instead, Mboweni made matters worse by accusing Duerr of "racist white behaviour" at least a dozen times.

"Your harsh racial accusations are unheard of for me as a German citizen, not being an Afrikaner as you addressed me. You made outrageous racist remarks and gave me no chance to explain myself. You bombarded me with incorrect insults."

Duerr said he had only accused the Reserve Bank of being inefficient, having observed their poor corporate governance performance himself at close quarters. He records that Mboweni had then warned him to "watch out", which he took to be a threat.

Duerr demanded a written reply to his letters as well as an apology for having called him a racist and a liar.

Governor Mboweni's office advised us that there was absolutely no chance that he would himself comment on this or any other conversation. We would have to settle for De Jager's response.

# VERISURE™

IT'S COMMON KNOWLEDGE THAT MANY PEOPLE "FUDGE" THEIR CVs!



It's not so sweet when you are the sucker!

How sure are you?

**BE SURE.  
BE VERISURE™**

Another exciting innovation from Quiver Corporate Solutions (Pty) Ltd

[www.verisure.co.za](http://www.verisure.co.za)

## Is your nose out of joint?

The CSR will help you reset and align every aspect of your business to give you the dominant position.

The CSR is a practical, relevant, research-based business improvement tool that builds your competitive strength and maximizes your competitive advantage.

Contact Michelle Macdonald +27 (0) 82 554 9285



Competitive Strength Report



[www.competitivestrengthreport.com](http://www.competitivestrengthreport.com)

**HAVE YOU TOO HAD HASSLES WITH:**

**W F (BILL) KLUCKOW,  
KMV MINERALS,  
TM 10,  
JEWEL AIR AFRICA,  
OR SIMILAR?**

**IF SO CALL 083 488 1392**

# Charity begins at home

**G** REED AND GENEROSITY may be opposites, but U-Care, a company based in Pietermaritzburg, trades on both at once. U-Care is delighting a range of South African charities with unsolicited monthly donations, but has alarmed various fund-raisers because it's making some people rather rich in the name of helping the poor and needy.

The National Sea Rescue Institute (NSRI) has raised objections, after learning last year that people had been signed up to U-Care without their knowing about it. U-Care said there had been a misunderstanding. But NSRI was also worried about being associated with U-Care, because its business model makes it look like a pyramid scheme. Says NSRI marketing manager, Merial Bartlett: "We are adamant about being squeaky clean. All our funds go right into our projects; we put our financials in all public libraries, so this is of huge concern."

U-Care's management vehemently deny running a pyramid scheme, saying they provide opportunities to earn commissions while raising money for charity.

U-Care recruits members through fieldworkers who trawl the country with a heady message, persuading people to donate R125 a month to the company, in the name of a preferred charity. The new member then recruits other members to do the same, in the name of that charity. The original member then receives R10 for every person they persuade to sign up to U-Care. When this "frontline" member in turn recruits a new member, the original member gets R20, and the next time round R30. At the fourth tier, and for all further recruits, the amount is R15. But if any recruit defaults on payments the previous recruiter/member loses, and not U-Care.

Of the huge pool of money flowing to U-Care monthly, around 20% goes to U-Care as management fees, about 60% to commissions, prizes and bonuses, and the rest goes to the designated charities.

Karla Jacobsohn of the Krugersdorp feeding scheme Harvest Aid was so impressed by the Pietermaritzburg

Of the huge flood of money coming to U-Care, only 20% goes to its designated recipients

businessmen that she signed up in the name of her own charity.

"We are really blessed by U-Care," she says. The charity gets over R2000 a month from U-Care, and they are not worried about how this is earned.

Similarly, Esme Ropp of the Pretoria Hospice is thrilled to have received R130 000 so far for the hospice. She says it does not bother her that the hospice only receives a fifth of the monthly tithe of R125. "I simply receive money for the patients at hospice," she says. Ms Ropp says she does not object to donations from banks, who are also money-making institutions. She too believes that U-Care really cares about her cause.

The Christian radio station Radio Tygerberg has so far netted R285 880, a top earner in the Western Cape.

Pastor Gerhard Kotze says: "It has been an absolute joy to see what it has been doing for people's lives." [See facing page.]

U-Care says it has donated almost R6m to charities over the last three years and it is aiming at R1m a month. It promises transparency and accountability and puts all bank statements on its website. U-Care founder and managing director Mike Ollemans

– formerly a farmer and then Wimpy owner in Pietermaritzburg – says that the company's top earners are making up to R35 000 a month in commissions, which could be up to a R100 000 a month by the end of the year.

U-Care also claims that many members are hitting R20 000 a month, from an initial outlay of R125 a month. Plus there are bonuses and prizes, including cars.

Sounds too good to be true doesn't it? Well, at the heart of the business is the calculation that most people who sign up to U-Care are, inevitably, not going to make bags of cash. Mr Ollemans and company, having researched the network-marketing industry, know that, on average, only 5% of those who sign up to commission-based schemes actually make money, because most can't sustain the necessary recruitment drive.

Ollemans is open about this: "Some people will never earn commission and they will continue paying their subscription because they might want to win a prize, or they like the concept of the business... Those who don't earn commission are in fact paying for those who do."

According to Ollemans, between 12 to 14% of his members – under two thousand of the 14 000 – have recruited enough people to start earning commission. But he thinks that selling charity donations, rather than health or household products, is better for everybody. U-Care says it's planting the seed of charity in the barren soil of self-interest.

"The whole thing is structured in such a way that it will never reach a point where there is not enough money to pay people who earn commission and rewards," he says confidently. That is, as long as those committing the R125-a-month don't cancel their debit orders – i.e. as long as those at the bottom don't mind feeding those at the top.

Mr Ollemans likes to call U-Care an "equal opportunity" business. He says his company does not make false promises, a criticism made of many multi-marketing schemes. "Network marketing is hard, hard work. It's not



## 'People who give want something back'

**R**ADIO TYGERBERG CEO Hardus Zevenster was approached by U-Care a year ago. "I flew to Pietermaritzburg to meet them and to get a feel for their business. Being from a Christian radio station, they needed to share my vision," he says.

He was persuaded that U-Care was a worthwhile way of raising funds. "I gave the staff and listeners an option to join or not."

"It's a year since we started and we're getting about R52 000 from U-Care monthly, much of which we use for our charity campaigns. We have many charities – old age homes and orphanages, for example." (To generate that amount, people recruited by the radio station are contributing R250 000 to U-Care's monthly turnover.)

Radio Tygerberg does twice-weekly presentations on U-Care, usually given by Mr Zevenster himself at the radio station's studio in the northern suburbs of Cape Town. About 2000 members have been recruited. Mr Zevenster is also a recruit and says he earns about

a get-rich-easy scheme. We don't promise anything. We create the opportunity for people to make money."

As a result of the NSRI's objections to U-Care, the chairman of the Southern African Institute of Fund-Raising, George Pappas, met the company's senior management.

"We don't recommend commissioned fund-raising," he says. "But in an emerging country it is sometimes difficult to dismiss it. There are clearly two views on this..."

After the meeting, he remained uneasy. "I still have lots of questions," says Pappas. "I will advise the NSRI to ask for an audit of U-Care's books to show how many people have paid money to U-Care, thinking it will go to the NSRI, how much, and for what period."

U-Care says they are trying to find the information NSRI want, but it appeared that some of those who nominated NSRI have dropped off the system.

Pappas was equally concerned that U-Care only pay out to a chosen charity once 20 recruits have signed up in its name. The monthly cash generated by members one to 19 is distributed to all the other listed charities until the full group complement is reached.

"I still don't understand why people

R5000 in commission as a result of the network of members generated around the radio station. He feels that the commission staff members earn offsets the effort they make in volunteering their services at the presentations.

"It's not a get-rich-quick scheme," he said. "But in Cape Town one of the biggest problems is unemployment and it is a big opportunity for people who are unemployed. It's a win-win situation."

What of the mixed motives of the people who enlist at U-Care?

"Over the years I've learned that people who give want something back. If people see there is benefit for themselves, they give easier."

He said it was still their first choice to get direct donations to the radio station and their charities, rather than through U-Care.

Sixty per cent of Radio Tygerberg's income comes from advertising; the rest from fund-raising and donations. U-Care's contribution comprises just over five per cent of total income.

don't take the whole R125 and deposit it in the bank account of a charity. I told the management of U-Care that the bottom line was that they were running an employment agency and there was no concern for charity."

However, Pappas said he did not feel that U-Care was a scam.

Ollemans says other fund-raisers could see U-Care as a threat, but he makes no secret of the fact that they are serious about making money. He said the costs of setting up the business were high; it took a year's planning and substantial investment in a software system that allows members to monitor their performance online. "We are the people who got this thing going – we would like to make some money eventually. We earn ourselves a little bit of a salary at the moment. It should be a win-win situation for everybody."

When *noseweek* phoned U-Care, a dulcet-toned recorded voice welcomed callers warmly to the "Business of Caring". The big question is: caring for whom? The people who earn commission, the charities who benefit, or the canny Pietermaritzburg businessmen who know that most of their clients will get nothing, or very little, back for their monthly R125 – and only a fraction of it will go to charity. **■**

This space  
is a snip at



**ONLY  
R1800...**

Why not try  
it for size?

[noseads@iafrica.com](mailto:noseads@iafrica.com)

Who nose and 'ears  
everything on  
the Garden Route?

**ACTION ADS**

Knysna

12 000 copies weekly

Tel: 044 382 6673 / 044 382 7010  
[ads@actionads.co.za](mailto:ads@actionads.co.za) • [www.actionads.co.za](http://www.actionads.co.za)

### COMPANY DIRECTORS

Websec offers 24-hour online information on directors of all SA-registered companies.

Low volume searches  
(1000 pa) for R2750 plus VAT.  
Contact [lennon@accfin.co.za](mailto:lennon@accfin.co.za)



Discover the  
transformative  
power of story

[www.storytelling.co.za](http://www.storytelling.co.za)

# Celebrating noseweek 101

Five of *noseweek's*  
friends talk  
about where the  
magazine has  
been, and where  
it's going



**Rian Malan** Author, journalist – stirrer

*Last rites were spoken, but,  
at the last minute, noseweek  
broke surface again*



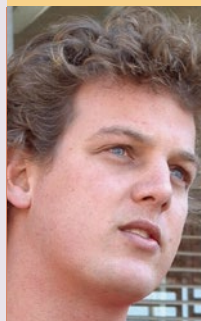
**Patricia de Lille** MP, leader of the Independent Democrats – stirrer

*Along with Schabir Shaik,  
Tony Yengeni and Jacob  
Zuma, there are still  
fish to be fried!*



**Max du Preez** Ex-Vrye Weekblad editor, TV producer, author, columnist – stirrer

*Lawyers are probably the  
genre of skelms most often  
taken on*



**Justin Nurse** Author, publisher, T-shirt producer – stirrer

*It won't matter who is  
president of South Africa.  
We won't know what he  
looks like in the dark*



**Suzanne Vos** Journalist, IFP MP, member of Pan-African Parliament – occasional stirrer

*The Mafia. Kaokoveld  
share fraud. Stolen Nazi  
war loot. All this and more*



Suzanne Vos

# Polokwane? Don't pack yet

**WHAT AN HONOUR!** A personal invitation by Mr Nose to write a 101 column. And me, an Opposition "Back Bencher",

destined to spend the remaining years of my life in politics in Tae Kwon Do\*-mode in the Parliamentary Communications Committee.

So who am I to receive The Call from Mr Nose? What was he thinking of? Could it be a reminiscence of the time in the late 1970s when we spent a week in Milan being briefed on the financial doings of the Sicilian Mafia, concluded it was all too fantastical, and returned to London – only to learn that, within an hour of our departure, our instructor had been assassinated by Mafia gunmen on the steps of the Banca Privata, known to initiates as "God's Bankers".

No fantasy, then.

A recollection of the days and nights we crawled around the floor of my apartment in London (Chiswick, actually) trying to make sense of the trunk-load of documents we'd brought from Milan – and the extra couple of thousand pages we'd been given by a former MI5 agent?

The Mafia. Kaokoveld share fraud. Stolen Nazi war loot in South Africa. All this and more. Ah yes, Mr Nose and Moi go a long way back. Poor survivors of the old South African Associated Newspapers Group.

So what, exactly, did he want me to do? To... reveal? "Look back, look forward – look whatever way you like," he said. Ah yes. Very Mr Nose.

I looked way back: Mr Nose had more hair on his head and I had no hair on my chin. Time to look forward, I thought.

Time to celebrate Mr Nose (do not edit this paragraph! – Author) who has had the intestinal fortitude to "publish and be damned" no matter the cost (most often financially huge, personal and stressful). Who actually

does what real journalists are meant to do – tell the truth as best you can. Get to the heart of issues. Never let yourself be intimidated.

Time to say a very big thank you to Mr Nose and his little band of Noseys who have earned the trust of the many who ever-so-discreetly "spill the beans" to them over and over again. Where others fear to tread, Mr Nose walks tall.

We must acknowledge that people like Mr Nose and his Noseys play a vital role in our young democracy in ensuring that freedom of expression

*If noseweek can survive and flourish in the New South Africa, things are not as bad as some pundits proclaim*

is practised in its truest form: without fear or favour and without consideration of shareholders and advertisers. Nobody owns Mr Nose and his Noseys.

When attempts are made to tweak his Nose and to cripple his Organ he is magnificent. Who can forget the recent sight of a huge team of FNB's lawyers crawling away from the Cape

Town Supreme Court with their robes flapping forlornly as Mr Nose emerged triumphant?

Thomas Jefferson is quoted as saying: "Whenever people are well-informed they can be trusted with their own government." Mr Nose clearly understands this.

He also clearly understood what was happening in the pathetic world of South African investigative journalism when he launched *noseweek* 101 issues ago. Newspaper groups were being sold to the highest bidders (in one case, so the pension fund could be looted) and proprietors were bowing and scraping to the new and emerging political elite – as most continue to do to this day.

Time to start telling some truths, barked Mr Nose.

By publishing "news you're not supposed to know" Mr Nose and his Noseys are keeping the Constitution of the Republic of South Africa alive and well, God bless them.

Mr Nose proffered "look back, look forward... whatever!" but let us, perched on the Southern tip of Africa, look to North, Central, East and West Africa as well. I also have the honour to be one of five South African MPs elected to serve in the Pan African Parliament and I can state without any qualms whatsoever that a *noseweek* in these regions would never have survived to issue 101.

So what does that tell us?

Simply that if *noseweek* can survive and flourish in the New South Africa, things are not as bad as some pundits proclaim, even post Polokwane.

If *noseweek* is ever forced to falter, pack your bags!

*\*Tae kwon do is a Korean form of karate and an essential form of Opposition combat in the Parliamentary Communications Committee – especially when the ANC hierarchy at Luthuli House imposes the SABC Board on the Committee. Practised mentally by the author when she visualizes what she would like to do to the political thugs who put party dictates before the best interests of the people of South Africa.*



Rian Malan

# It's trough at the top

**I** WOULD LIKE TO DEDICATE this story to Gavin Evans, a journalist who worked in the struggle years for the *Weekly Mail*. Like most reporters in that era, he came across in his writings as a common or garden white liberal, but

of his alleged role in the detention and murder of a popular MK commander, but also because he TOO was suspected of being on the take.

Thank you, Mr Evans, but why tell us now? If these allegations had been placed before the public 15 years ago the country might have been better off today. You let us down, sir. We sentence you to read to the end of this article and learn a thing or two about the craft of muckraking.

Consider this. You're a sub-editor, looking for work. You hear of an opening at *noseweek* and report for an interview, dressed in your Sunday best. You wind up in a suite of offices located in the southern wing of Mr Nose's ramshackle Rondebosch home. There is an air of amiable chaos about the place, and the editor's office is a disaster zone, papers spilling out of and stacked randomly upon filing cabinets, a computer almost buried under law reports. The editor himself has not shaved in a day or two, and while his deputy looks reasonably *skaflik*, both okes have an air of vaguely deranged abstraction. [*The bank manager had called five minutes earlier.* - Ed.] One gets up and leaves without explanation. The second asks a few desultory questions, follows suit. You sit alone for twenty minutes. The clock ticks. Phones go unanswered. The building seems deserted. You think, Christ, this is bizarre, and get up to go home. You find the missing editors outside in the garden, kicking a football around. They seem surprised to see you. One smiles and says: "So when can you start?"

Mr Nose's enemies maintain that this sort of absent-mindedness accounts for the magazine's erratic appearance in its early years. Some editions were months late. At one point, *noseweek* went under for nearly a year. Last rites were spoken but, at the last minute, it broke surface again, gasping for air, and struggled on.

This disappointed the enemies, who tended to be businessmen or lawyers, who'd say stuff like "*Noseweek* is a minor irritant", or "Nobody in my circle takes it seriously". But one sensed what they were thinking: how dare misfits operating out of someone's backyard, who don't wear ties to work, take the mickey out of people like us?

The old financial establishment might not have been monolithic but they did have some things in common: they were rich, arrogant and accustomed to being coddled by the Bar Association, the Stock Exchange Commission, the SAP Commercial Branch and the business press. This tradition of deference created

*In Russia the Bolshevik elite took over the aristocrats' dachas, and by the 1960s Moscow's revolutionaries were shopping for luxuries at department stores. Mr Nose seemed to sense SA was heading in a similar direction*

Mr Evans was secretly a ranking member of the communist underground, whose ends he served, *inter alia*, by suppressing stories that were embarrassing to the Marxist faction.

The other day Mr Evans authored a blog in which he set forth to enlighten British readers about the merits (or otherwise) of some famous South Africans. He begins by observing that his information is a bit dated, given that he quit the Communist Party around 1994 and emigrated soon after. He then discloses what he and his former comrades really thought about ANC leaders before the ANC came to power. He says shadow president Thabo Mbeki was seen as "a politician of Machiavellian inclination;" that shadow foreign minister Alfred Nzo had a notorious "preference for under-age girls," that shadow intelligence minister Joe Nhlanhla was a nonsense-sprouting incompetent, that shadow defence minister Joe Modise was "clearly corrupt", and that Jacob Zuma was "hated", partly on account

**O** NCE UPON A TIME, quite long ago, *Fairlady* magazine wanted a profile of Martin Welz, so I dropped into *noseweek's* office and gathered a pile of back issues. The bundle included the dozen or so issues of the crudely mimeographed experimental news sheet (called *nose* at that point) that had been mailed to a select readership between 1983 and 1986. I was also given a Roll of Dishonour bearing the names of all the crooks, chisellers and charlatans featured in the old *nose* and the first dozen issues of its "smarter" successor. I took these home and made some calls – muckrakers must find muck to rake, and I was hoping to uncover some lapses of integrity to enliven my story. In that regard, I failed, but I did get some intriguing leaks about Mr Nose's *slapgat* managerial style.

news you're not supposed to know **R27**  
**noseweek**

**70**  
AUGUST 2005



**Mzi dances the two-time in Harare**

**SA cricket caught fixing the books** **Coin Security flips over labour court judgment**  
**FNB's massive home loan scam** **Hot tips for cool wines that won't burn a hole in your pocket**

headaches for those (e.g. me) who judged the annual Mondis magazine awards. Business entries were always dire. You would get a thousand flattering profiles of successful captains of industry, several hundred soporific sector surveys and scores of product reviews, most reading as if they'd been written by schloops auditioning for well-paid gigs as corporate pimps. The occasional solid story was almost inevitably by Deon Basson, one of the few business journalists who understood arcane financial shenanigans, and laboured to expose them. Deon was good, but he was never rude or cheeky, and never delighted in ripping the mask of respectability off the smug face of some Mercedes-driving, private school-educated, golf-playing charlatan. That was Mr Nose's game. But Mr Nose never bothered to enter the Mondis.

He would have swept all prizes in the business category every year I sat on that panel, but the lazy fuck was too busy kicking a football around the garden to submit an entry. (He later did enter – once – and won.)

Back when Mr Nose was an unknown quantity, I wrote him off as a silly liberal, too scared to criticize blacks lest he be banned from [or get invited to too many? - Ed.] fashionable

dinner tables. Leftists offered a different critique: Mr Nose was not inside. Mr Nose did not follow The Line. And besides – a magazine devoted largely to capitalist chicanery was largely irrelevant anyway, given that capitalism was about to be annihilated.

We all underestimated Mr Nose, who in his dreamy, abstracted way, was in touch with higher wisdoms than any of us. He understood that revolutions are overrated, at least in the sense that what came before usually determines the aftermath. In Russia the Bolshevik elite took over the aristocrats' dachas, and by the 1960s Moscow's revolutionaries were shopping for luxuries at department stores from which the masses

were excluded unless they could present Party cards. Mr Nose seemed to sense that South Africa was heading in a similar direction, and that the muckraker's duty was to ignore passing ideological fads and keep his eye on the hog trough. It was just a matter of time before the new gang got their snouts in there too.

And so it came to pass. Within months of the ANC's 1994 arrival in power, *noseweek* revealed that the party had not bothered to pay its election debts. Shortly thereafter, it chronicled the first tentative approach to the hog trough of Black Empowerment pioneers Nthatho Motlana, Dikgang Moseneke and Franklin Sonn, Sanlam-appointed founder directors of New African Investments Ltd. (You might like to keep in mind that Sanlam also thought it useful to appoint Mervyn King to the board.) Some of those eminent gentlemen were eventually diddled by their white "benefactors". But within five years Mzi Khumalo had proved that a brother could outsmart even the biggest white sharks on the JSE. (Khumalo manoeuvred nearly a billion rand into his own bank account, then moved most of it offshore, presumably to keep it safe from "the blacks".)

In 2003, *noseweek* exposed the

Nelson Mandela art scam, and by 2004, it was running headlines like, "ANC Fat Cats in Feeding Frenzy", and Mzi was dancing across its cover. Here was a magazine that clearly had no loyalty to anything at all, save the truth.

Just as I was coming to this anti-climactic conclusion, the *Fairlady* editor who'd commissioned the profile of Martin Welz was axed by the proprietors, who wanted to focus on lighter topics, eg. celebrities, décor and smart holiday destinations. So the profile never saw the light of day, which is just as well, because Mr Nose wouldn't necessarily have liked it.

**T**HE DEBUT ISSUE OF *nose qua noseweek* hit the stands in 1993 with magazine mogul Jane Raphaely on its cover, stark naked. The picture was faked, but the muckrakers had a

point to make. Mrs Raphaely's newest title – the local *Cosmopolitan* – had just featured Madonna in bondage gear and naught else on its front cover and across several inside pages. This naturally sparked furious debate, with feminists charging that the images were exploitative and pornographic, while Mrs Raphaely executed dazzling feats of sophistry, arguing that pornography was not pornography if the woman depicted was clearly "in control". By the time the fuss died down, the cunning Mrs Raphaely had reaped several million rands in free publicity, and *Cosmopolitan* was on its way to profitability.

Mr Nose hoped his picture of Raphaely – *kaalgat* but artistically photographed and in control – would achieve a similar miracle, but the *Cosmo* spoof was mostly just for chuckles.

The meat in *noseweek's* first issue was an article indicting two of SA's most prominent law firms – Webber Wentzel and Sonnenberg, Hoffman, Galombick – for setting up shady schemes that enabled rich clients to smuggle money out of South Africa ahead of the dreaded Bantu take-over. Some of the implicated lawyers forced a laugh and tried to convince friends that, like the Raphaely cover, Mr Nose's exposé was also just an outrageously cheeky spoof, but they were lying: it was a model of investigative reportage, so solid that the guilty just had to grin and bear their humiliation.

In another memorable bit of investigative reportage, Mr Nose stuck his schnozzer into the affairs of the late

Phillip Frame, a notoriously exploitative KwaZulu textile mogul who repented in his declining years and left half a billion rand in trust for his workers. Mr Frame's heirs were not moved by this gesture of atonement. They hired an army of lawyers and contrived to divert the entire estate into their own pockets. Helping to elevate this sordid episode to epic status were the names of the lawyers involved. One was the previously mentioned ex-judge Mervyn King – he whose high-minded pronouncements on corporate ethics had previously earned him the nickname "Mr Clean". The silken Sydney Kentridge QC played a cameo role, and former tax commissioner and Wits law professor Michael Katz was in the thick of it.

Questioning the integrity of such luminaries was unthinkable, but *noseweek* didn't stop there: it lampooned Judge King as "King Pong," a human "toilet-bowl deodoriser" routinely deployed to disguise the stench of greed surrounding his clients. The legal community held its

breath, but no libel suits materialized. The story was solid. The great barristers bowed their heads and slunk off in disgrace.

**N**OSEWEEK WAS NOT infallible. Some of the one hundred issues published since 1993 were duds – a yawn. But overall, *noseweek's* record of scoops is astonishing. This is the fruit of bitterly hard labour, but it also tells us something about the sorry state of South Africa's justice system. The wheels turn painfully slowly and, for those who lack grease, often not at all. The path to Mr Nose's door has been beaten rock-hard by the leaden tread of wronged men and women who have lost all hope of redress by other means. For them, *noseweek* is the court of last resort, and Mr Nose is not averse to wielding the sword of justice on their behalf.

Mr Nose acknowledges that "trial by media" is supposedly bad man-

ners, but in a country where the rich have been known to get away with murder, he doesn't particularly care. We are not speaking metaphorically. Colijn Ackermann was a Pretoria financial adviser who embezzled funds entrusted to his care by a client named Erna Smit. Mrs Smit found out about it, and was on the brink of exposing the theft when one night she and her elderly husband were stabbed to death in their Waterkloof garage. Ackermann stood trial, but his rich family hired a defence team who skilfully muddied the waters and produced an acquittal. Mr Nose found a new witness, re-assessed the evidence, reopened the case – and pronounced Ackermann guilty as charged. Ackermann lowered his head and walked away.

There was a similar outcome in the case of Simon Law, a British accountant who'd been helping Joburg-based David Jenkins run yet another scheme that enabled the rich to smuggle their loot out before apartheid collapsed. Jenkins came to suspect that Law was

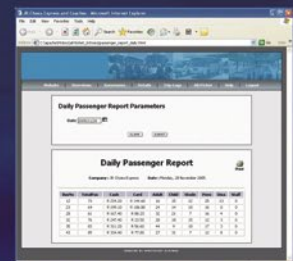
# Afri-Ticket

THE FUTURE OF TRANSPORT MANAGEMENT



The first truly complete solution to the South African passenger transport control challenge.

- Know exactly how many passengers were carried and what revenue to expect.
- Know if your bus deviated from an authorised route or stopped too long in suspicious circumstances.
  - Know if your driver was speeding, over-revving or driving harshly.
- Know how to optimize your bus deployment to increase profits while enhancing customer convenience and safety.
  - Know if fuel is being stolen.
  - Know if your bus was overloaded or is being under utilised.
- Before the driver switches off his bus at the end of day the system can see the full revenue report and driver infraction breakdown.



Contact Afriticket on 011 462 9992 or [info@afriticket.co.za](mailto:info@afriticket.co.za)

planning either to shop him to the authorities, or to walk away with the proceeds of their illegal joint venture. Two South African bouncers descended on an English village and Law was beaten up and driven off down a country lane in the boot of a borrowed car. (When they returned the car, the owner noticed they had mud on their boots.) He was never seen again. Scotland Yard couldn't solve the case, and the SA Police and Reserve Bank were not very helpful, possibly because Jenkins had friends in President FW de Klerk's cabinet. Mr Nose had a crack at it, assembled the evidence with help from a whistle-blower and concluded that, on balance of probabilities, Jenkins was the one whodunnit. Jenkins accepted the verdict in silence.

Such achievements are not entirely unique in magazine journalism. The *New Yorker* and *Vanity Fair* can make similar claims, but both rags have annual revenues worth several billion rand and editorial staffs of hundreds. Mr Nose has next to nothing. To be sure, absent-mindedness played a part in *noseweek's* periodic disappearances, but the underlying cause was always financial. In its early years, *noseweek* was something of a pyramid scheme. Mr Nose would use subscribers' cheques to put out an issue, and then take to lurking around the post box, desperately hoping that his latest scoop would lure enough new subscribers to enable him to publish another. On one occasion, he was rendered *hors de combat* for an entire year by a lawsuit brought by a pompous American dentist who thought the key to South Africa's salvation lay in adopting libertarianism as its state religion. Dr Robert M Hall couldn't take the mockery to which *noseweek* subjected him, and almost annihilated the mag in retaliation by forcing it into a seven-week high court trial. (Mr Nose won the case, as he has won all his libel trials.)

**O**DDLY, THESE tribulations have not rendered Mr Nose broken and prematurely aged. In fact, he seems to find his ordeals rewarding, if not in the financial sense. South Africans in general do not buy serious magazines. Nor do they advertise in them, some noble exceptions excepted. And nobody gives gongs or honorary doctorates to a renegade who fails to show the

requisite respect for the ruling class.

What, then, keeps Mr Nose going? I suspect he gets his jollies from the expression of apoplectic indignation on the faces of pillars of society when he exposes them as lowly schemers. One recalls the delightful shade of puce that blossomed on Brett Kebble's dial when the dashing art patron and champion of compassionate capitalism was exposed as a crook and tax evader. Or the livid red splotches displayed by Baroness Alexandra von Maltzhahn when *noseweek* revealed that her aristocratic Upper Constantia lifestyle was heavily underwritten by "little people" – tradesmen, gardeners, antique dealers and so on – whose bills weren't paid.

Hey, let's not mince words:

*Nobody gives gongs or honorary doctorates to a renegade who fails to show the requisite respect for the ruling class*

*noseweek's* exposés are up there with braaivleis and Durban Poison in the pantheon of exquisite South African pleasures. The joy I derived from the Mandela art scandal was almost unbearable, given the aura of piety previously cultivated by Mandela's henchmen. I daresay apartheid's victims were similarly thrilled by *noseweek's* stories about upstanding Boer bureaucrats who gave billions to their *boeties* in the great ABSA bailout. They might also wish to recall that it was Mr Nose who lured Captain Dirk Coetzee to blow the whistle about dark deeds at Vlakplaas, setting in motion a chain of events that ultimately destroyed the National Party.

One could continue in this vein for hours.

Time has hugely vindicated Mr Nose's decision to focus on the trough where hogs grunt and snuffle, eager to gorge themselves. As I write, some pundits are working themselves into a froth over what they see as a take-over of the ANC by its socialist faction. Mr Nose yawns: "The split in the ANC has nothing to do with ideology," he says. "The real divisions are about money – who is getting the biggest share and how to shove the little pigs aside."

This theory was first laid out in

*noseweek's* April 2001 profile of Bheki Jacobs, the ANC spy who got caught in the crossfire. In one of his secret reports to the president, Jacobs had said: "The most significant development in 1997 [was that] business began to determine groupings and factions within the ANC ... pro-Thabo and anti-Thabo groupings were united by their business interests first and their political loyalties second."

Mr Nose feels subsequent developments confirm the analysis. "The war between the police and the Scorpions is actually a war between aspirant mining interests," he says. "Once you understand that, the whole thing crystallizes perfectly."

If Mr Nose is right, it follows that growing calls for a media crackdown

are not really aimed at securing more sympathetic coverage for pro-poor policies. They are aimed at creating enough smoke to obscure what's going on around the hog trough. This is nothing new. The National Party used *swart gevaar* for similar purposes. Big business spends billions on its PR smokescreens. Transparency is the enemy of all establishments, everywhere. All that's unique about South Africa is the heartbreakingly high proportion of its populace too naïve to recognise predators if they wear suits and ties. It would be different if we had strong institutions to protect us. But we don't. We have *noseweek*.

I was tempted to conclude with some words about moral nobility and pursuit of truth, but Mr Nose is a self-effacing ironist who winces at the sound of cant. So let's just say he and his team are a slightly higher form of muckraker, skilled at exposing porkers who scoff with that isn't theirs. Their labours in this regard have been hugely entertaining, and much as it might embarrass Mr Nose to hear this, have resulted in a South Africa that is a tiny bit better than it might have been. Gavin Evans can't make the same claim. He should take heed and repent. ■



Patricia de Lille

# Red Hot Poker at the helm

**M**OST SOUTH AFRICANS know me as Patricia de Lille, while probably fewer than twenty know me as Daisy.

One of them is Martin Welz, otherwise known as Red Hot Poker, *noseweek's* esteemed editor. We are both members of the Revenge of the Dinner Parties (RDP). Martin's wife (and *Witness* parliamentary correspondent) Sue Segar, is Petunia, their daughter is Project Orange, Angela Quintal (group political editor, Independent Newspapers) is Turnip, Mtutuzela Mama (suspended PAC advisor) is Muti and (strategic communications consultant) Muriel Hau-yoon is Great Aunt Sleazy Tart. Ex-DA MP Raenette Taljaard is New Tulip [for obscure historical reasons, as in New National Party].

Unlike the ANC, our RDP has a President for Life, Donwald Pressly (parliamentary correspondent for *Business Report*), who obtained his position in a process that was totally undemocratic. At the risk of being castigated by fellow RDP members, I will divulge that Mr Pressly is known to us as Virginia, a fine gentleman who, long after the demise of the Government's own RDP, still lives in the vain hope that the several billions of rands in the Reconstruction and Development Programme will one day be used to fund magnificent dinner parties. Membership varies, there are no membership fees and we only meet to have fine dinner parties at borrowed mansions, usually belonging to our newest, best friends, who are our best friends precisely because they have mansions.

So you see, this is about far more than just a speech bubble on a *noseweek* cover [see opposite page]. I have watched this publication very closely over the years for an exposé on the RDP, which would have resulted in the cancellation of Red Hot Poker's membership and probably also, in the name of nepotism, that of Petunia and Project Orange. Instead, in every single one of the 100 editions published over the past decade and a half, he has chosen

to ignore our lavish and extravagant lifestyle and the conspiracies we have all been a part of, instead taking on a variety of less serious miscreants, like Brett Kebble, a bank or three, the entire appeal court bench, SAA Voyager and the ANC. With *noseweek* there have been no holy cash cows. This is a magazine that has introduced a conscience to the corporate world and government alike, and the message has been clear – if you don't have a conscience in a country where so many millions of our people live in

*It is undoubtedly the ANC that received the lion's share of the money neatly funnelled by the arms dealers to various "causes"*

abject poverty, then we will be your conscience. (Of course there's no profit in conscience. I've sometimes wondered whether the RDP meals are the only meals he has.)

*Noseweek* has never given in to the commercial pressures that influence most media houses – it reports whatever it wants. They've gone after everyone (so far except us, touch wood) and I hope they'll keep it up because there is a lot more where all the rest came from.

First on the list is obviously that scandal that just won't go away, the Arms Deal. Many years and many death threats have passed since I first stood up in Parliament and tabled the often quoted, often maligned, but now totally vindicated, De Lille dossier on Arms Deal irregularities. *Noseweek* can take pleasure in the fact that there are still a few allegations in that dossier which have not yet been brought before a court of law, which means that along with Schabir Shaik, Tony Yengeni and Jacob Zuma there are still more fish that need to be fried!

The biggest fish of them all though is that large organisation called the ANC. It is undoubtedly the ANC that received the lion's share of the money neatly funnelled by the arms dealers to various "causes". Were these the "offsets" that Minister Erwin so proudly speaks of? One thing's for sure; the "offsets" to ANC & Co (Pty) Ltd were far more effective than the supposed industrial offsets the arms dealers conned us into believing would be coming the nation's way. To be honest, I have given up trying to convince the ANC to finally come clean on this whole sorry saga, as they still believe that with spin and cover-up they'll be able to prevent the truth from coming out. If they had simply dealt with this issue in a transparent and frank manner to begin with, they would have been spared the constant embarrassment of their denials being exposed. Thankfully the British, German and Swedish authorities have finally decided to get involved and take action against the arms dealers who continue to give European "good governance" a bad name. I can only hope that in the course of their investigations, those prosecuting authorities will turn up the heat on our own fish – that are slowly starting to fry, in their own juices *nogal!*

The ANC will clearly have to start looking for other endeavours besides the lucrative arms industry to fund its party machinery. Obviously taking a leaf out of Naomi Klein's new book *The Shock Doctrine*, the ANC has come around to the thinking that nothing generates money-making opportuni-





ties as much as disasters. It seems the ANC is using their self-created electricity crisis as an opportunity to make a quick buck, on the assumption that we're too panic-stricken to notice or care. Their regally named Chancellor House has acquired shares in the Hitachi corporation, which, surprise-surprise, has been awarded the tender to supply boilers for the new power stations, to the tune of billions of rands. It does show the ANC have become a bit more sophisticated in their funding methods since the Oilgate scandal: they no longer mess around with millions of taxpayers' money; now they're only interested in billions.

Speaking of billions of rand, I would suggest that *noseweek* keep a close eye on the new nuclear power stations that have just been put out to international tender. At a total cost exceeding R700bn for six of the beauties, this tender is set to make the arms deal look like a tea-time shopping spree at Sandton City. From international arms dealers to the nuclear industry, this government certainly knows how to use taxpayers' money to buy the best class of friends. At this rate the ANC will soon be richer than Anglo-American and will literally be able to buy their votes at the next election. Instead of taking the ANC to the Public Protector we should look at involving

the Competition Commission, because their actions will make it virtually impossible for any political party to compete with their funding largesse.

Meanwhile it seems President Mbeki is so desperate to keep the few friends he still has, that he is refusing to fire any of his ministers for the electricity debacle. Our Minister of Public Disasters, Alec Erwin, is once again being trundled out to reassure a jittery public with logic that any child could see through. He wants the public to save electricity – while he is determined not to give up his Coega toy, the Alcan smelter, which will use as much electricity as the entire City of Cape Town (while paying half the price). Let's hope that

the future will see this minister being trundled off to play in someone else's sandpit.

As for the future, I think South Africa will, despite all odds and certain government ministers working against rather than for us, become the nation we all dream of. One thing is sure: ordinary people continue to work tirelessly at the dream we all still hold for our country.

I do predict that for a long time to come South Africans will not be able to shake that unmistakable feeling that we are trapped in a soap opera where the characters are becoming more and more colourful and the scriptwriter is allowing his drug habit to produce wilder and wilder storylines that dwell more in fantasy than reality.

But one thing I'm sure we won't lose in these weird and wonderful times is our unique South African sense of humour, so often celebrated in *noseweek*.

*noseweek*, of course, has a better record than I do when it comes to prophecy. On the cover of the October 2001 issue (*nose36*), Daisy was seen holding a beautiful Project Orange, whose speech bubble declared: "C'mon Patricia, isn't it time you started your own party?" My response? "Out of the mouth of babes..!"

Only on 23 March 2003 did we decide to form the Independent Democrats. **W**

PROPERTY MANAGEMENT

# maxigroup

COMMERCIAL PROPERTY BROKERS

**Cape Town and suburbs**

PROPERTY BROKING Tel: 0861 422 427  
E-mail: reception@maxigroup.net  
PROPERTY MANAGEMENT Tel: 0861 422 426  
E-mail: admin@maxigroup.net

**Want to invest in quality start-up businesses?**

Venture capital opportunities for private investors

www.quickberry.com  
021 465 7021

**quickberry**  
unlocking ideas

**Powerful Presentation Masterclass**  
Conflict Resolution Diversity Training

**Effective Business Writer**  
Business Etiquette Hiring Smart

## SOFT SKILLS TRAINING SOLUTIONS

**HR for the non-HR Manager**  
Energizing your customer workforce

**The Effective Manager: Business Leadership**  
Understanding Project Management

www.assessmentwarehouse.com  
ph: 021 685 0533 fax: 086 684 2608  
courses@assessmentwarehouse.com

**the Assessment Warehouse™**

**Convert debtor's & credit sales into CASH!**

Confidential Invoice Discounting & Bridging Finance to SME's.

**Alcrest**

OUTSOURCING (PTY) LTD

Tel: 011 467 0285 or 083 458 0805  
Email: dale@alcrest.co.za



Max du Preez

# Indecent exposures

**I** CAN THINK OF ONLY ONE other publication with an equally ridiculous name: the American magazine *Mother Jones* (strap line: “smart, fearless journalism”). But I’ve never come across a publication with more outrageous covers than *noseweek*. (Case in point, *nose32*: Tony Leon in a Basotho blanket declaring “*Ich bin ein QwaQwa*”.)

Neither is the founder and editor of this publication your run-of-the-mill media executive. He wears a suit and a tie only on the rare occasions when he’s called First Respondent and appears in the high court. But even then he’s not known to be a regular shaver. He doesn’t smoke expensive cigars in exclusive, male-dominated clubs and he’s never driven a car worth stealing. (“Here at *noseweek* we set little store by the ‘right’ WASP school and the appropriate blue tie. But then good manners are probably not our strongest point either.” – editorial, *nose6*.)

Politicians, business people and other media bosses like to refer to Martin Welz as a “maverick” or a “loose cannon” and often call him “irresponsible” and “reckless”. These people are deeply disappointed every time he wins a major court case. (That he could win even one court case is testimony to the integrity of our judiciary, because few other human beings have insulted so many judges as regularly and as profoundly as Welz has.)

Of course, the really smart people take *noseweek* and Welz more seriously than most other publications and editors in the country. (The really smart crooks also fear *noseweek* more.) They understand that “maverick” really means “someone not beholden to any lobby or interest group”, and they welcome a journalistic approach that is not hackneyed and conventional. They would replace “reckless” with “gutsy”.

As I approach old fartdom (and having been in the reckless, loose cannon business myself for a while),

I’m not particularly impressed with the state of the journalistic profession in South Africa. Editors have become managers and bean counters who want to avoid court cases at all costs, and spend their energies striving for ever-higher advertising revenue – the types who regard “a safe pair of hands” as the highest compliment a journalist can be given, “flair” being an insult. Reporters have become like bank tellers (or DJs) who don’t have to know much, or think very deeply, to do their jobs – the only difference being that reporters don’t have to have good manners, or dress decently. Ok, not all of them.

The antidote to my creeping depression was paging through one hundred

the obvious sensational stories.

If you’re accusing someone of fraud or corruption, you’d better give a detailed account of your case rather than simply run a headline and an intro. This is essential not only for credibility but also to keep you out of the defamation court – and, in case you’re forced to go there, to win your case. But it could mean that a story a Sunday newspaper would tell in 500 words, you’d find difficult to do in under 2 000.

The one thing that struck me going through the 100 editions is that, unlike most newspapers that still do investigative reporting, it didn’t concentrate only on politicians and bureaucrats guilty of corruption. Big business was targeted

*Noseweek’s exposé of the abuse of the Road Accident Fund by attorneys was one of the most important pieces of journalism in the post-1994 era*

copies of *noseweek* (who would have believed fifteen years ago that it would get there?). It is a remarkable body of work. This is Woodward and Bernstein, John Pilger, Gunther Walraff and Anna Politkovskaya rolled into one, only with a much smaller budget and fewer delusions of grandeur than any of the above.

Ok, let me not get carried away here. It’s also a very quirky (enemies would say “odd”) publication, especially during the early years. And over the last decade and a half there has been stuff in *noseweek* that has really challenged my concentration span – dirty tricks and other shenanigans in companies, and skinner about people I have never heard of, for instance [*You needed to hear of them.* – Ed.] But that’s the thing with proper investigative journalism; you have to have staying power beyond

equally. Right from the first, *noseweek* had its magnifying glass hovering over the dealings at enterprises such as Masterbond, Old Mutual, Saambou, SA Airways, ABSA, Standard Bank, SA Eagle, South African Breweries, Fedlife, Investec, Nedbank, FirstRand and others. (Can one get more disrespectful than the headline in *nose83*: “Standard Bank’s sticky little fingers – the slogan may have changed, but the wanking continues”?) Some of these, like ABSA, SA Airways and FirstRand, became regulars on the pages of the magazine over the next fifteen years.

*Noseweek’s* exposé of the abuse of the Road Accident Fund by attorneys was one of the most important pieces of journalism in the post-1994 era. It had long-term consequences for the fund and for past and future victims. With the help of whistleblower Mark

Hess, *noseweek* proved that attorneys H Mohamed and Associates had defrauded ignorant members of the public, most of them very poor. *Noseweek* went as far as getting a court order to have some 500 client files seized from the attorneys. The two partners in the firm were later struck off the roll of attorneys, and jailed.

The impact of *noseweek*'s celebrated court appearances – and victories – should not be underestimated. It not only tells litigious politicians, bureaucrats and business people that running to court doesn't always intimidate journalists into playing safe (99% of legal challenges against the media have this objective), it also reminds newspaper editors and proprietors that a story that stands on strong legs in terms of truth and public interest, wins you more than you lose.

Mark Hess went to *noseweek* with his story (and files) exposing his employer's corruption. In my experience most major stories broken by newspapers have started with information from someone with a conscience (or sometimes an axe to grind) near the heart of the wrongdoing. Such whistleblowers only go to someone they can trust to publish their stories in context, and without selling them out as sources.

Over a long period, *noseweek* has proved its preparedness to take on the most powerful forces and has shown that it doesn't have friends, financial or ideological, it wants to protect. And it has proved that it has the capacity and know-how to do a proper investigation and find the evidence. That's why whistleblowers go to *noseweek*.

Messrs Mohamed and Chohan were not the first, or the last, members of the legal profession to be tackled head on by *noseweek*. Ask Judge John Hlophe. In fact, lawyers are probably the genre of skelms mostly taken on by *noseweek*. I'm not sure whether this is simply because there are so many skelms in the legal profession, or whether *noseweek* and its readers have a particular dislike for them. What does help, I believe, is that Welz himself trained as a lawyer.

I came to appreciate Welz's keen understanding of legal issues when, at the end of 1993, I lost a defamation case in the Appellate Division. It was the now notorious case of General Lothar Neethling of the SAP's



forensics laboratory suing my publication, *Vrye Weekblad*, for defamation for repeating the statement by former Vlakplaas commander Dirk Coetzee that he was given poisons and “knock-out drops” by Neethling for use against anti-apartheid activists. *The Weekly Mail* also used some of our stories and were sued with us.

Judge Johan Kriegler, then of the Supreme Court, earlier found in our favour because he believed Coetzee and found Neethling a dubious witness. But the old fuddy-duddies in Bloemfontein could not face the fact that a fellow pillar of white apartheid society could be the poor man's Dr Mengele, and ordered me to pay him damages and his legal costs. It forced me to close down the paper. (Of course, through the Truth Commission and the Wouter Basson trial we now know we were not only right, but that it was much worse than we suspected.)

Welz named the case “The Judges of the Old Order versus the Press of the New”. In a brilliant analysis of the judgement in the January 1994 edition (*nose6*) he declared: “The Court is shockingly amateur in its reasoning and insights – apparently not only ignorant about the role of the Press and how it functions, but, when it comes to analysing and understanding the evidence of Captain Coetzee, ignorant of the philosophy of logic and knowledge,

and the well-developed field of social science.

“Has the lack of a cultural and intellectual component in the training of lawyers finally reached our Appeal Court? South African lawyers have long since not been required to read the classics of Western thought and civilisation. They are not trained in logic or even the basics of the philosophy of knowledge; instead they are force-fed a mass of ineptly drafted and increasingly arbitrary rules, precedents and conventions, accumulated by generations of mediocre South African lawyers and law-makers, who have been demonstrably arrogant, insensitive to the dictates of morality and devoid of respect for their fellow citizens.” Amen, I say.

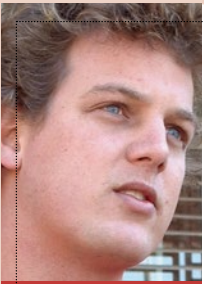
But *noseweek* didn't let our corrupt politicians get away with it either. Listen to this statement in a piece in *nose30* (August 2000), when the concept “arms scandal” did not yet exist in the South African public vocabulary: “Corruption is the only rational explanation for the government's decision to buy R30bn worth of hi-tech weaponry – warships, warplanes and helicopters – from Germany, France, Sweden, Britain and Italy.” (The headline of the piece was “Shake-up or Shaikdown?”)

And since then *noseweek* has kept the investigations into the arms deals on the boil. In February 2001 (*nose31*) it addressed Thabo Mbeki so: “Let's cut the crap, Mr President. Your name is at the top of the organogram because, when it comes to answering questions about SA's arms procurement programme, the buck stops with you. And, by leading the attack on Judge Heath and waving the big stick at the other, more timid, investigating agencies, you are leading what looks to us more and more like a cover-up.”

In July 2006 (*nose81*) *noseweek* again looked at Mbeki's role. “President Thabo Mbeki had a series of seriously compromising secret meetings with executives of the French arms company that was subsequently awarded a R1,3bn share in the South African government's controversial arms deal – meetings that today he prefers not to remember.”

I think it is safe to say that *noseweek* has done more than anyone else to expose dishonest politicians, civil servants and business people.

May there be another hundred editions, and a hundred after that. ■

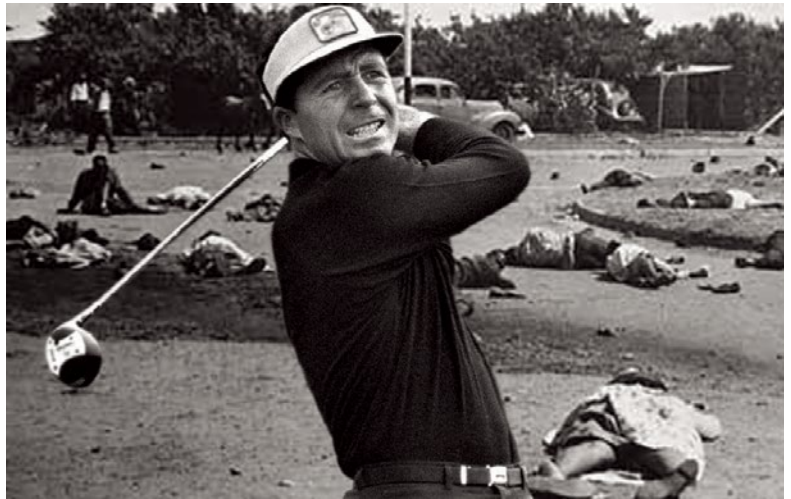


Justin Nurse

# Pretty big balls

**C**ONGRATULATIONS NOSEWEEK on your milestone! 101 issues (printed, that is) and 15 years in the business of dealing with all the issues arising as a result of telling it the way it is. It's no small feat. In fact I'm sure it would take some pretty big balls and some even bigger feet to fill Martin Welz's shoes. If the rumour mill is to be believed [*It isn't* – Ed], every time *noseweek* publishes an issue it opens a new close corporation. So congratulations, Martin, on reaching the personal milestone of 100 CCs – you own more companies than most Robbing Island fatcats, and your personal liability remains thinly spread.

But what is a milestone? On the subversive super-highway of satire, parody, independent journalism and other such names for things likely to get you a gagging order, you don't often get to examine "a milestone"



*The only things South Africans care about are politics and sport. We hate it when politics gets in the way of sport*

quizzically – especially when you are always in a rush to get to print and your speeding is done in kilometres. And as CS Lewis once said (or maybe he just wrote it): "The safest road to Hell is the gradual one – the gentle slope, soft underfoot, without sudden turnings, without milestones, without signposts."

Someone else also once claimed: "There is a road to freedom. Its milestones are Obedience, Endeavour, Honesty, Order, Cleanliness, Sobriety, Truthfulness, Sacrifice, and love of the Fatherland." That someone was Adolf Hitler. So with those two titbits of wisdom from our forefathers firmly in mind, I, like *noseweek*, prefer the path of most resistance, devoid of any self-congratulatory milestones. And so, rather than rest on the uncomfy laurels of our past, we lift our gaze from our navels and look to the future...

What do these photographs tell us? That Laugh it Off is sick in the head? That it is easy to manipulate images to create controversy? All of that we already know. To me, these images serve to affirm that the only things South Africans really care about, beside their day-to-day lives, are politics and sport. We hate it when politics gets in the way of our sport. The adjoining Laugh it Off images confirm that.





Umshini Wam. “No, no, no... bring me my machine gun”, I hear the dwindling millions of white South Africans cry. “Can he play tighthead?” ask others. As this photograph illustrates, it won't matter who becomes president of South Africa. We won't know what he looks like in the dark.

Transpermia is one of evolution's more palatable theories: that life forms are transferred from one planet to another via asteroids. Like a fast-swimming sperm finding its home in a fertile egg, thus impregnating the carrier, so too, perhaps, did comet rocks get ejaculated from other planets, landing up in the drink that was, many eons ago, Earth's primordial soup. Perhaps this is a good enough premise for Laugh it Off. We predict that missives from these planets will be sent once again to Earth. Only this time they will be in the form of fearsome rugby-playing hyenas.

And so, as the world ends, we South Africans will have a distraction to cheer for as Francois Steyn sticks it to the Hyenas from Hell, with a long-range drop-goal on the stroke of full-time.



## ACCREDITATION

### Demoting promotions

**L**AST YEAR, while attempting to justify the shoddy education Media24 was peddling to poor South Africans, group executives Hein Brand and Adrian Morris protested: "... everyone is offering unaccredited qualifications." They were right – but is that supposed to console us?!

As if to bear out their claim, on 4 November 2007 *City Press* (a Media24 publication), reported that the SA Institute of Chartered Accountants (SAICA) had refused to recognise the BCom (Accounting) degree offered at the University of Venda as it was sub-standard and unaccredited.

The public was a little puzzled: how could a university operate without proper accreditation? A little investigating showed that the *City Press* article was in fact misleading. The university has indeed complied with South African Qualifications Authority (SAQA) requirements: its programmes have been approved by the Department of Education, it's accredited by the Council of Higher Education and registered with SAQA.

It is not, however, registered with SAICA, which has admission criteria for new members. *City Press* didn't point out that this was in fact the real problem. Was the article an attempt by Media24 to spread the belief that even government-supported institutions were not complying with the SAQA act?

In the meantime, a range of other private educational institutions are busily disregarding the law and robbing the populace.

Top of the list is the CTI Education Group, which, like Educor, offers just about every course under the sun. In a country where the populace is hungry for further education and training, this ensures a steady flow of funds. In a June 2005 letter to its principals across the country, CTI financial director Riaan Jonck, wrote: "The objective of the incentive scheme is to focus you on the business parameters which we believe are most

important, without excessive focus on non-monetary parameters. We have thus provided for three different ways of earning bonuses."

Jonck listed these as: "Incentives based on profit (earnings) of your campuses – 2,1%; Incentives based on the profit margin of your campuses – R2 000 for every 1% profit margin (calculated on the full financial year); Monthly bonuses – CTI rates campuses against each other on a monthly basis and the winning principal receives a bonus of R3 000."

But then came the accreditation headache that threatened the education cash-cow. Where Media24 had invited politically influential individuals onto its board (*nose95*), CTI adopted a different strategy: it went on a shopping-spree at the Council for Higher Education for staff they believed would facilitate circumvention of the legal requirements.

In late 2005, CTI directors Michiel Barnard, Rene Barnard, Darren Fox, Riaan Jonck and Beverley O'Donovan, as well as several senior principals, met to discuss the issue. Theo Bhengu, an HEQC director charged with accreditation and coordination, was identified as the right person to shop for. Bhengu, however, wasn't interested, and turned them down.

But the CTI shoppers didn't leave CHE empty-handed; 31-year-old Tshepo Martin Magabane, then on contract with the council, convinced the CTI directors that he could deliver the required accreditation without difficulty since he knew everybody at the CHE and at SAQA.

Quite what Magabane has delivered is not clear: though he's now apparently CEO of the group, no CTI programmes are as yet SAQA accredited.

Also to join CTI later was Derrick Zitha, a former programme administrator with the Higher Education Qualification Council. Zitha is now associated with the Midrand

Graduate Institute, bought from Media24 (*nose95*) for R20 million.

*noseweek* learns from an inside source that CTI was more interested in acquiring the Damelin Education Group, but, after Media24 declined to sell, settled for MGI.

CTI now claims association with: Prifysgol Cymru (University of Wales), CompTIA (University of Cambridge), London Metropolitan University, London School of Business Management and Cape Town-based NCC Education, as well as other UK-based satellite institutions, some of which have CTI's local directors listed

as owners. Curiously, SAQA allows the group to market its courses to unsuspecting South Africans, without requiring SAQA accreditation.

Management at these institutions, too, appears to put financial benefit before quality; in an email to principals, dated 28 June 2006, Group sales director Darren Fox wrote: "There has been an increase in promotion orders over the last months. Although it is probably in your

campus budget, I have to remind you that even though your advisors think it is absolutely necessary to buy a clock/beanie/folder/tie/mp3 player, the marketing equation stays the same. For every R3500 that you spend on marketing, it must produce one enrolment... Personally, I would rather pay an agent to phone canvass my data base once more, than spend R3000 on an item, or even pay R30 per new metric name. Again, for every 20 new names you get, you'll get at least one enrolment. This will cost you R600 in marketing."

Fox was discouraging gifts CTI principals were offering in these promotions to new students, since their cost was cutting into profits. Promotional gifts, marketing equations – as ever, the financial bottom line, and not quality education, dictates how such colleges go about enticing new students. ■



Fox: Biting the bottom line

## SISULU UNIVERSITY

### Greasy pole

**Y**OU PROBABLY HAVEN'T had sleepless nights wondering what happened to Professor Malusi Marcus Balintulo, the former interim vice chancellor of the Cape Peninsula University of Technology.

So, to jog your memory: the "too old" Prof Balintulo was paid a package to retire in order to make way for a new black and female vice chancellor, the glamorous Ms Tanga.

But last year, although well past the institution's mandatory retirement age of 60, Balintulo accepted the post of vice chancellor at Walter Sisulu University – an entity cobbled together from the old University of the Transkei, the Border Technikon and the Eastern Cape Technikon. The main campus in Mthatha is where you'll find him. And where, we fear, things are not quite as they ought to be.

Balintulo, it seems, is not expected to lead the university at all. He's just a place holder of sorts. The university is actually being run by the chairperson of the council, Dr Somadoda P "Fix" Fikeni, whose one-man-show style of management is exactly the kind frowned upon by adherents of the King Report on corporate governance.

So, it's not the aged Balintulo but Fikeni who meets with labour unions and negotiates salaries. In 2006 Fikeni gave staff a general 4% increase, against the business advice of the interim management team. This year he added another R14m to the institutional deficit with another unbudgeted increase. (It's reported that some staff at Sisulu U now earn up to 50% more than the market norm.)

Under Fikeni's direction the university council, rather than the vice chancellor, has become instrumental in all recruitment exercises and interviews for senior management.

Balintulo, grateful for his retirement job, has succumbed to pressure from Fikeni to replace the entire interim executive management team with people from outside. The same thing is happening at directorate level, leaving virtually no continuity and institutional memory in a university that is the youngest of the education mergers. [And that's a bad idea? - Ed.]

It's custom at universities to invite an appropriately qualified member of

another academic institution to sit in on interviews for senior academic and management posts. At WSU the independent outsider is, it seems, always the same man: Prof Gessler Muxe Nkondo, the corrupt former principal of the University of Venda (*nose 9*). Since Fix's appointment, Nkondo has sat on every interview panel for management appointments, including Balintulo's.

In his spare time, Nkondo chairs the transformation task team of the National Heritage Council – where Dr Fikeni happens to be chief operations officer. (Walter Sisulu U's new chief operating officer is also said to be a former Heritage Council employee.)

And let's not forget that both of Sisulu U's new deputy vice chancellors, professors Gina Buijs and Larry Obi, previously worked at Venda University under Nkondo. When he was forced to quit, they followed in his grubby wake. Both were great supporters of the man, and at least one lists Nkondo as a reference on his CV.

Which prompts a closer look at Dr Fikeni. Fix is a favoured political analyst with the SABC (having survived Snuki's purge) and his resonant tones can often be heard pontificating on the doings of the great and the good. He is quite clearly working his way up the greasy pole, using his "struggle credentials" and family relationship with the late and notorious Stella Sigcau to provide handholds.

According to his CV he holds an MA from Queens University in Canada, and a PhD from Michigan State in Illinois. But we can't find any record that the PhD was in fact awarded. This may cause some embarrassment to his friends at the former University of Transkei, in particular to his aunt, Professor Peggy Luswazi, who may recall that the United Negro Colleges, who funded Fikeni's US stay for the first four years, wrote to Unitra in 2000 to ask where he was because they hadn't been able to contact him for nearly 18 months. Ask Aunty Peggy how Unitra funded the last two years without any official sanction, or record in any official Unitra minutes, during a period when the university was under her administration. And how she moved heaven and earth to get him reemployed at Unitra when he left MSU after six years, in 2001.

Not that Fix need be unduly worried. He has a trump card: he's related to the university's chancellor, Dr Brigalia Bam, and was instrumental in her appointment to the illustrious job. Pretty cosy, what? **W**

# noseweek

## ADVERTISING

noseads@iafrica.com



## PALMS!

### LARGEST STOCK AVAILABLE!

We Transplant and Transport

[www.palmsupplies.co.za](http://www.palmsupplies.co.za)

CALL DAVID FROST 082 574 3766

BASED IN THE WESTERN CAPE

### Buying or building a home?

#### INSPECT-A-HOME® will:

- discover hidden defects before you buy
- estimate costs of rectifying defects
- provide an unbiased report, so you can negotiate a better purchase price



For peace of mind, call:  
**0861 400 400**

We have a proven track record of 22 yrs!

## WATER LEAKS FOUND

Underground & in walls  
Flow logging done to establish extent of water leak

Thermal imaging done using infrared camera for predictive maintenance in the industrial environment.

[www.findaleak.co.za](http://www.findaleak.co.za)

**(011) 763 6306**



## ST FRANCIS BAY

### Happy Danes here again

**T**here is hope for the community of St Francis Bay”, says DA councillor Chimpie Cawood, explaining a recent St Francis Bay council resolution.

Cawood’s excitement was triggered by a Skype conference call linking St Francis Bay community representatives with Denmark-based Skagen Innovation Center, who presented their Pressure Equalization Module System (PEMS) as a technique for restoring the St Francis Bay beach. Apparently, the Danes answered satisfactorily all queries thrown at them.

Retired engineer Neil Brent, whose research put the community on to Skagen last year, was later invited to make a presentation to the Kouga municipality’s Special Beach Committee, which comprises council representatives, ward councillors and representatives of the whole range of local community groups and associations. The committee unanimously endorsed the Danish system – thus closing the door on Michael Wylie and Co’s New Zealand-based ASR (*noses*89,91,100).

The meeting passed seven resolutions:

- The Danish PEM will be the system of choice for the beach;
- The Skagen team will conduct an on-site study of the beach, by the first week of April 2008;
- Kouga Municipality will pay for the cost of the study, including airfares;
- The St Francis community will provide accommodation and transport;
- The BJAC and the ASR proposal will both be mothballed;
- There will be no referendum;
- There will be no individual beach levies for ratepayers of St Francis Bay.

Like its predecessor, the Beach Trust, the Beach Joint Action Committee is now redundant,

and the municipality becomes responsible for the whole beach-rehabilitation project.

Cawood tells *noseweek*: “It’s good for everyone to try a proven system, which is also cheap – spending less than R6m as opposed to R68m. The municipality will afford this without further taxing the ratepayers.”

But not everyone is happy. The grapevine is singing that Wylie and Co aren’t impressed, and are running around council corridors waving an agreement signed in December 2006 with the Beach Trust – an agreement *noseweek* has finally got to see.

It was signed on behalf of the council by Mayor Robbie Dennis’ nephew, Frederick Paul Dennis – who was later unceremoniously fired after selling off the Jeffrey’s Bay golf club to private developers.

The agreement, made for an initial period of 20 years, commits the municipality to:

- Impose a beach levy;
- Ensure that the first levy payments be made by 1 July 2007;
- Review the levy amount annually, in accordance with the Rates Act;
- Ensure that the beach levies received by the municipality are paid to the Beach Trust monthly;
- Provide details to the Beach Trust of unpaid rates, to enable the Trust to facilitate the payment thereof to the municipality;
- Support the Beach Trust’s application for a R30m loan from the Infrastructure Finance Corporation to finance initial expenditure on the project;
- Provide reasonable security for this loan in the form of a dedicated revenue stream, payable to the Beach Trust.

The failure of the ASR project to take off last year, thus voiding the agreement, has not deterred its architects, who are making last ditch efforts to re-invoke the agreement. It may look like light at the end of the tunnel, but as one resident warned: “These people are not going to give up easily. That light could belong to a train.” **W**

## ST FRANCIS BAY

### Reef madness

**N**ow that New Zealand company ASR has lost the contract to bring sand’n’surf back to St Francis Bay, local citizens may be amused to hear what Kiwi surfers have had to say on their website about the company once championed to fix their beach.

**Posted 25 January 2008 by Rob C:** We constructed the Mount reef under the misguidance of Dr “no common sense” Kerry Black. I’ve never worked with such idiots in my life.

**David Nelson:** They have no practical skills in the marine



or construction industry. Them build a new reef for you with perfect waves?! Wake up and stop smoking so much dope. There are humps and hollows all over the so-called reef with broken bags everywhere. 14 million to finish a reef that’s good for stuff-all.

**Kat:** Farrrrout! This whole thing’s been a “live and learn”. ASR’s bad track record will surely prevent them coming in and sh’tting in anyone else’s backyard. Amuses me to see buoys out there still marking the spot – if they weren’t there the whole sordid affair would probably be forgotten.

**Roy Stewart:** The evidence is overwhelmingly against Kerry Black being an honest person. Just for starters he is still using the “successful” Mount Reef as the basis for selling more reefs. We get a ruined break – and Kerry Black gets rich at ratepayers’ expense. ASR have F8cked a good break and now are claiming it as a success so that they can suck people into building more.



**Kat:** I wasn't aware he's still out there trying to sell the reef concept. If anyone didn't check out the guy's track record/credentials/pedigree then I guess more fool them.

**Oldschool:** I still think that the theory is correct. That this project hasn't lived up to expectations doesn't make the whole idea wrong.

**Roy Stewart:** Kerry has sold at least 4 more reefs on the basis of the "success" of the Mount Reef; one of them is even using diverted tsunami relief funds. I have a long email from this guy who was working with ASR and who has been burnt by them. Apparently Kerry Black isn't keen on being seen in public.

**Surf\_starved:** The project manager David Nelson has no construction experience – he's a dope smoking surfer that was asking my staff at various times where he could buy some more dope. The reef is a failer and they are trying to save face and suck more money out of other communities all over the world. Every reef that ASR have been involved in to date has been a failer or just stays uncompleted. **[Z]**

#### FORT BEAUFORT

### Beating her own panels

**J**ohannes Arries, the Fort Beaufort man who lost his home under suspicious circumstances, may soon see some justice – if the case he's filed at the Grahamstown High Court pans out.

In January, Johannes and his wife Mabel filed a civil case through Grahamstown-based attorneys Neville Borman & Botha, requesting the high court to set aside the attachment and sale of their home (*nose97*).

The couple are requesting that the court authorise the Cape Town Registrar of Deeds to cancel the registration and transfer of the home they lost (through the machinations

of ex-sheriff Barbara-Jean Herman) to Sazi and Yandiswa Mtotywa, who are also listed as respondents.

They are also requesting that Jacobus P Verwey, Janet L Verwey, Barbara-Jean Herman, Standard Bank and the Mtotywas be ordered to pay costs, jointly or severally.

Speaking from Fort Beaufort, Johannes tells *noseweek*: "It's not a matter of taking on the rich and powerful. All I want is my home back. It's clear that several aspects of the law were not followed, and this can only be rectified by the high court."

He would not be satisfied with an out-of-court settlement in his favour: "There are others out there who have been wronged by officials of the Department of Justice and this suit may help expose some of their culpability."

Meanwhile, Barbara-Jean Herman, who has repeatedly threatened to sue *noseweek*, has officially left the Office of the Sheriff. In a letter to the local legal fraternity, Herman claims to have resigned so she can concentrate on her panel-beating business "that has massively expanded".

She also claims that she hasn't been able to recruit a deputy, since there are "none qualified enough" to handle the responsibilities of the office. [*Doesn't this crucial office of the judicial system have a recruitment policy and training programmes? In a locality brimming with unemployed people? – Ed.*]

Herman's letter says nothing about ongoing investigations by various police units into her operations, including one into how exactly her



panel-beating business was acquired. Our source also alleges that other investigations have produced affidavits contradicting claims Herman made in her various statements to the Board of Sheriffs.

It seems we haven't yet heard the last of the (former) sheriff of Fort Beaufort. **[Z]**

### Private Apartments to let

FULL FACILITIES • TV • SECURITY

LONDON £100 per day\* between Park Lane and Grosvenor Square

NEW YORK \$120 per day\* Midtown/E63rd & Madison Ave

PARIS €120 per day\* 206 Rue de Rivoli on Tuileries Gardens

Cell 082 445 1804 or Tel/Fax: 021 712 1712

\*Costs apply for stays of 3 or more days. Cost of 1 or 2 days extra 25%.

EMAIL: [ddn@iafrica.com](mailto:ddn@iafrica.com)



# noseweek

ADVERTISING

[noseads@iafrica.com](mailto:noseads@iafrica.com)

## NEED TO CATCH A SNAKE?

Africa's premier snake catchers  
(We're not bad at sharks either)

Mercantile Investigation  
Litigation support  
Recoveries & resolutions

Tel: +27+83 357 8555  
[mark@vumbu.com](mailto:mark@vumbu.com)



VUMBULULA  
RESOURCES PTY LTD

## SITUATED NEAR WHITE RIVER...

...fine food, accommodation, and functions in a beautiful 6 hectare garden!



I-GWALA GWALA

A COUNTRY HOUSE IN THE LOWVELD



[www.igwalagwala.co.za](http://www.igwalagwala.co.za) (013) 750-1723



Sterling fiddling at Vrede and Lust (left); and Anneke Louw with Dana Buys

# Bites and

**S**PIER WAS THE FIRST CAPE wine estate to do the tent thing and some people still haven't forgiven Dick Enthoven. How could he slap all those grubby Bedouin contraptions in among the 300-year-old oaks and gables? (Yet Moyo packs them in...)

Now Vrede en Lust has done it outside Franschhoek. But this is a different kettle of tensile structure, is Dana Buys's huge, pearly white, seductively undulating fabric construction erected in a discreet position against the wall of his farm's centuries-old wine cellar.

And it's getting raves at the launch tonight from the picky residents of this high-rent valley.

It's not just the fact that the tent's silver mesh walls have been removed to show the view (vineyards and mountains and seductively undulating bodies of the four-girl band Sterling in the foreground). Or that it's designed to withstand howling gales (up to 145km an hour) like the one causing havoc

with a fire on the Franschhoek Pass this very night.

It's also because, with such a swelling expanse of white sail above, you feel as if you're at a party on a yacht. No expense spared.

Certainly, it will be a no-expense-spared wedding if you get married here, as SA's Daimler Chrysler CEO, Kerry Elsdon and TV celeb Gerry Rantseli did last year – before the tent venue was erected. Your initial outlay to get hitched in what they call the Vineyard Terrace is R48 000, which gets you the 250 sq m space, plus accommodation at the manor house and two guest cottages. Food, drink, fancy décor and skinny lady violinists are extra.

As Dana Buys puts it: "The style and charm of a country wedding alongside dramatic scenery in an unsurpassed setting creates everlasting memories of your special day." So fabled, gabled Franschhoek doesn't come cheap. Which is why it attracts so many international high-flyers with what you might call curious and interesting pasts.

I don't see any of them here tonight as it happens. None of the usual Franschhoek suspects. But then Dana Buys is not your usual Franschhoek billionaire. He doesn't owe the German government heaven knows how many euros in back taxes. He doesn't have Mafia ties in Italy. He hasn't had to hot-foot it out of Malaysia.

His stepmother hasn't died in sinister circumstances in the south of France, relieving him of the need to support her.

In this Port Elizabeth boykie's background there's only one significant international bit and it's not dubious. It's the years he spent in the States after a brilliant IT career in South Africa, consolidating the success of the public software company he'd co-founded and co-chaired, Front Range Ltd, before selling it for \$185m three years ago.

Not many of his guests tonight are short of a buck or two, including Basil Landau – ex of Gencor, Leyland and Toyota – who's now a wine farmer (Landau du Val *nogal*) and has pitched in slimline burgundy pants looking spryer than ever at 78.

But it's an astoundingly respectable collection of locals employed in meaningful rural pursuits. Petrina and Rob Vissler of Dalewood Fromage turn their sleek Jersey cows' output into iconic cheeses that win awards. Bruce Glazer supplies Glen Carlou with his grapes, and all the chains with the superior lettuces, rocket, watercress and other herbs and veggies grown on his large property, part of which was subdivided and become the Sante Wellness Centre (in liquidation) – Fidentia, remember? So, no, nothing to



Camping in style at the Vineyard Terrace



do with Bruce.

Bushy-tailed nurseryman Carl Pretorius was a coffee junkie, he tells me, until in desperation one day he put the contents of some rooibos teabags into his espresso machine. He now exports it under the Red Espresso label.

Here too is the ageless Gunther Brozel, who designed Vrede en Lust's wine cellar, clearly one of the reasons its winemaker Susan Wessels was last year voted Woman Winemaker of the Year (SA's youngest ever)

Food is the other reason we're here

# pieces

tonight.

This launch is a double whammy.

Buy's has radically revamped the landmark thatched restaurant at the entrance to the estate and brought in a team of young culinary lions. So Cotage Fromage now has a classy, glassy wraparound verandah that works unexpectedly well with the rustic look of the two historic cottages behind, another il-

Bongani Raziya, Ian Davidson and Candice Nadasen

luminating example of how an innovative architectural concept can work miracles, revitalising a tired outfit.

Equally important, in the kitchen of Cotage Fromage, Buys didn't balk at spending R140 000 on a bakery oven. This means the artisan baker, Jean-Pierre Smith – who's kneaded the dough of the legendary likes of Knysna's Markus Farbinger at Ile de Pain – can turn out endless macadamia oil ciabattas and potato and thyme loaves and candied orange breads without ever having to collapse in a heap, as bread-makers do when their dough doesn't rise.

Two of Franschoek's star chefs are driving the menu. Catering whizz Duncan Doherty from Manchester and Mat-

thew Gordon of Franschoek's French Connection and Haute Cabriere.

Doherty is husband of Le Quartier Francais chef Margot Janse, winner of more international awards than anyone else in South Africa. You'd think these two would eat like kings at home. But no, says Doherty, they're rarely at the table together. Shame, because he does a superb sliced venison. **W**



## SUBSCRIBE TO NOSEWEEK



Be first on your block to know what noseweek says about you. Have the news your neighbours aren't supposed to know delivered straight to your letterbox....

At least you'll know when it's time to make your excuses and leave. You'll save yourself 23% on the shop price – and lashings of embarrassment...

**SAVE 23%**

**Recipient's details (in block letters, please)**

Title..... Initials..... Surname..... Year of birth 19.....

Postal address.....

..... City.....

Postcode..... Profession/Business.....

Tel(.....)..... Email.....

**This is a gift from (if applicable):**

Title..... Initials..... Surname.....

City..... Tel/email:.....

This is a  New subscription  Renewal – now for 12 issues!

Rate  South Africa @ R276  Southern Africa @ R350  Overseas @ R400  
 Noseweek Internet edition @ R265  Local Print + Online @ R426

Payment details  Cheque enclosed  Direct deposit – First National Bank; Vineyard Branch; Code 204 209; Acc: Mag Marketing; No: 620 2477 9623. (Fax deposit slip with this form.)

Credit card:  Master Card  Visa  Diners Club

Card number

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

Last three digits on reverse of card:    Expiry date:

Cardholder's signature

For more information (or to subscribe online) go to [www.noseweek.co.za](http://www.noseweek.co.za) or tel: (021) 686 0570



# Wanna know a secret?

**YOU KNOW THAT FRIEND** of yours who claims to be able to keep a secret? Your friend is a liar.

Pair a tasty nugget of information with the fact that people crave to know what they're not supposed to know, and it's clear that secrets are virtually impossible to keep. You know this is true.

I don't think we should feel guilty about this foible. Those who tell you stuff in confidence can't keep secrets one bit better than you can.

If you like, you can even refer back to your Sunday school lessons. Remember that talking snake who told Eve something she wasn't supposed to know? She just had to partake of that shiny red apple from the tree of knowledge and then tell Adam about it. Come on, it was juicy and delicious!

Of course Adam thereafter felt a sudden urge to start wearing a fig leaf over his wobbly bit, effectively advertising that he knew something he wasn't suppose to know. God might never have noticed but for the fact that Adam couldn't keep a secret either.

Face it folks. It's human nature.

Throughout time there have been people in the background who changed the course of history because they couldn't keep a secret. Every scandal in recent memory is the direct result of someone splabbing, and a large group of willing spectators, demanding to know more. Monica Lewinsky, Hansie Cronje, Richard Nixon and Eschel Rhoadie are just a few who spring to mind.

There's a passage in John Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath* where Uncle John is wrestling with a secret. He says to Ma: "I been secret all my days. I done things I never tol' about." Ma advises him: "Don't go tellin', John. Tell 'em to God. Don't go burdenin' other people with your sins. That aint decent." But uncle John complains: "They're a-eatin' on me." So Ma tells him: "Go down the river an' stick your head under an' whisper 'em in the stream."

Now everyone can take Ma Joad's advice while enjoying a degree of anonymity denied us in the real world. There's a special place in cyberspace for people who want to

*There are a lot of people who want to know stuff they're not supposed to know*

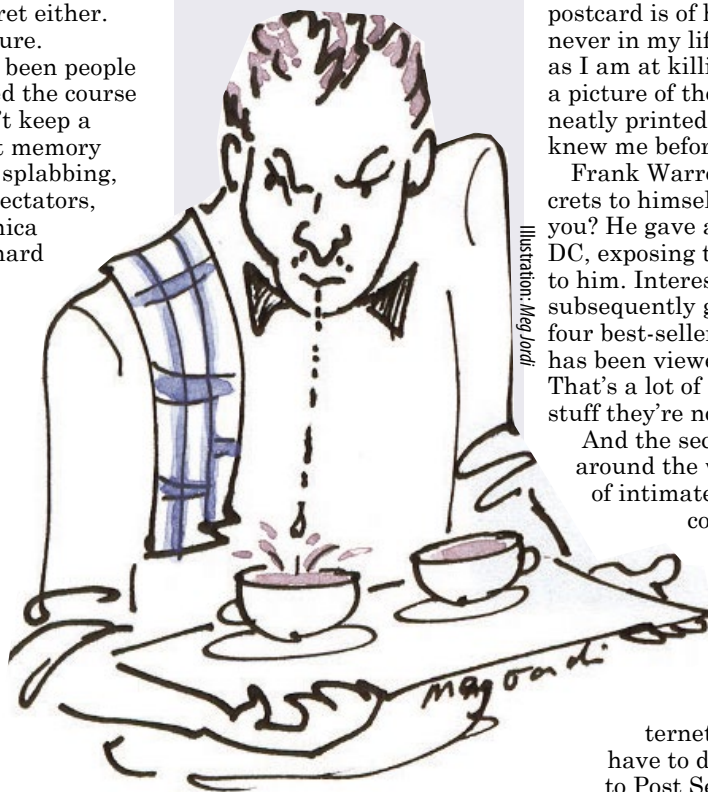


Illustration: Meg Joad

let it all hang out – the Post Secrets website ([www.postsecretcommunity.com/](http://www.postsecretcommunity.com/)).

The Post Secret Project began as a community arts project by Frank Warren in 2004. He started the ball rolling by handing out 3000 postcards to strangers, inviting them to tell him their secrets. And funny enough, people just fell all over themselves to tell him what they knew.

There are the humorous secrets: "I can't break up with you – you're taking care of my cat." Or the picture of a man giving the one-finger salute, and the words scrawled underneath "I flip off my wife when she isn't looking." There are mundane secrets like the one written on a Starbucks cup – "I serve decaf to people who are rude to me." There's every parent's nightmare: "Guess what mom? My nipples are pierced and you're the only one who doesn't know."

Often, like Uncle John, people tell secrets to unburden their souls. These are the secrets that will haunt you long after you have read them – the picture on the postcard is of heavily armed soldiers: "I will never in my life be as good at anything else as I am at killing people". Or the one with a picture of the twin towers, with the words neatly printed above, "All the people who knew me before 9/11 believe I'm dead".

Frank Warren couldn't keep all these secrets to himself either. Does that surprise you? He gave an exhibition in Washington DC, exposing the juiciest secrets confided to him. Interest spread, and the project has subsequently grown so big it has spawned four best-seller books and a website that has been viewed over 100 million times. That's a lot of people who want to know stuff they're not supposed to know.

And the secrets keep pouring in from around the world – a veritable share-fest of intimate thoughts, fears, boastings, confessions and obsessions.

Every week, Frank receives over a thousand postcards.

It just goes to prove that humans can't be relied upon to keep anything to themselves.

Now that we have the Internet it couldn't be easier. All you have to do is send your guilty nugget to Post Secret. And you too could have an audience of millions of eager voyeurs.

Just don't tell me. I never could keep a secret. **■**



# Blind leading the blind

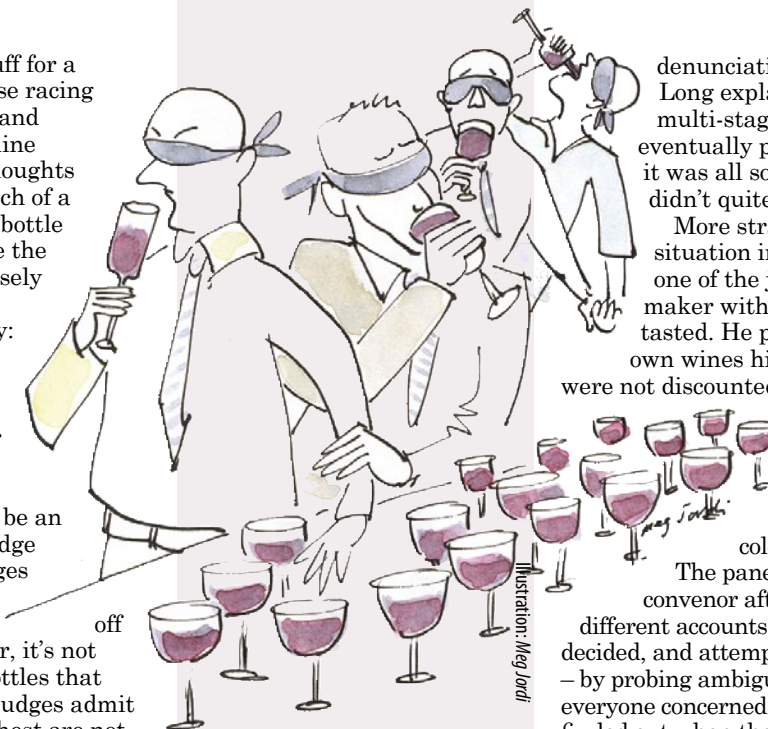
**WHILE WRITING WINEY** stuff for a predominantly horse racing magazine recently and pondering vine-equine connections, two thoughts persisted. Firstly: however much of a gamble it is to buy and open a bottle of wine (and the older the wine the less certain you can be of precisely what you'll find), it's easier to lose money on horses. Secondly: given the absurdities involved in wine-judging, wouldn't it be nice if wine competitions had the equivalent of a winner which was simply the first one past the post?

First down the throat might be an equivalent – it's inside knowledge that when a panel of wine-judges get together after some solemn judicial event to polish off desirable left-overs with dinner, it's not always the gold-bemedalled bottles that empty fastest. But unless the judges admit that the wines they scored highest are not really the ones they actually find the most pleasant, or interesting to drink, that practical verdict is of little use to punters.

There remains, I think, the question that honest wine writers and judges (if such exist) should ask themselves repeatedly: how on earth is the ordinary wine drinker (often lacking confidence in his or her own judgement, and without the chance regularly to taste and compare a large range) meant to react when confronted with rack upon rack of wines? I don't know a good answer, or if there is one, but I'm confident that the dominant sort of stunt – the big blind-judged wine-tasting competition – is not the way to give, or get, guidance. And yes, I do know that there are also serious problems with judgments made when the taster can see the label.

It seems to me that *Wine* magazine, whose viability is really predicated on the big blind-tastings, is showing some signs of an honest crisis of confidence about the process (and it's going to be interesting to see what, if anything, happens with a new editor – the old one having just left). The magazine has actually had a pretty bad year in terms of its judging processes, so some insecurity would be quite in order, and potentially useful.

There was first of all a 2007 Chenin Challenge in which it appeared that the winning wine had scored lower than the second-placed wine (prompting furious



*I feel a little sympathy for Wine magazine – either the results of their tastings are ludicrous, or some deft manipulation is discernible. They can't win*

denunciations from Ken Forrester). Long explanations of the complex, multi-stage procedures involved did eventually persuade most of us that it was all sort-of kosher, even if we didn't quite understand.

More straightforward was the situation in the port tasting, where one of the judges was the wine-maker with the most entries being tasted. He promptly gave all of his own wines his highest scores, which were not discounted, helping him to win just about everything.

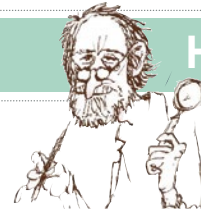
Then complexity started to dominate again in the Diners Club Award tasting (now colonised by *Wine* mag).

The panel chair and the tasting convenor afterwards gave markedly different accounts of how the finalists were decided, and attempts to resolve the situation – by probing ambiguous statements made by everyone concerned, including the auditor, fizzled out when the managing editor pompously declined “to be drawn into any further debate about or explanation of the judging”, and closed the correspondence.

All this alongside the usual multitude of risibilities, with wines like the widely acclaimed Cape Point Sauvignon Blanc Reserve rating just one star and, in the Shiraz Challenge, a clutch of starry names (The Foundry, De Trafford, Gilga, Columella) rating two.

The latest Chenin Challenge has, it must be said, very plausible winners, and few “big names” relegated to the depths. But before congratulating the judges, let's see: of 122 entries, 19 “seeds” went straight into the final round. What a relief it must have been for the judges to score the remainder, knowing the biggest names weren't there. They chose just 15 more for the final round. Imagine if a substantial majority of the quarter-finalists at Wimbledon had not had to compete to get there? The organisers presumably think this is a good way to get good results, and so it is – but let's not claim it as a blind tasting!

In weaker moments I feel a little sympathy for *Wine* magazine – either the results of their tastings are ludicrous, or some deft manipulation is discernible. They can't win. But in fact they do – strangely, enough people seem to regard the results as sufficiently significant to keep the magazine creaking along. They're the ones gaining little. **W**



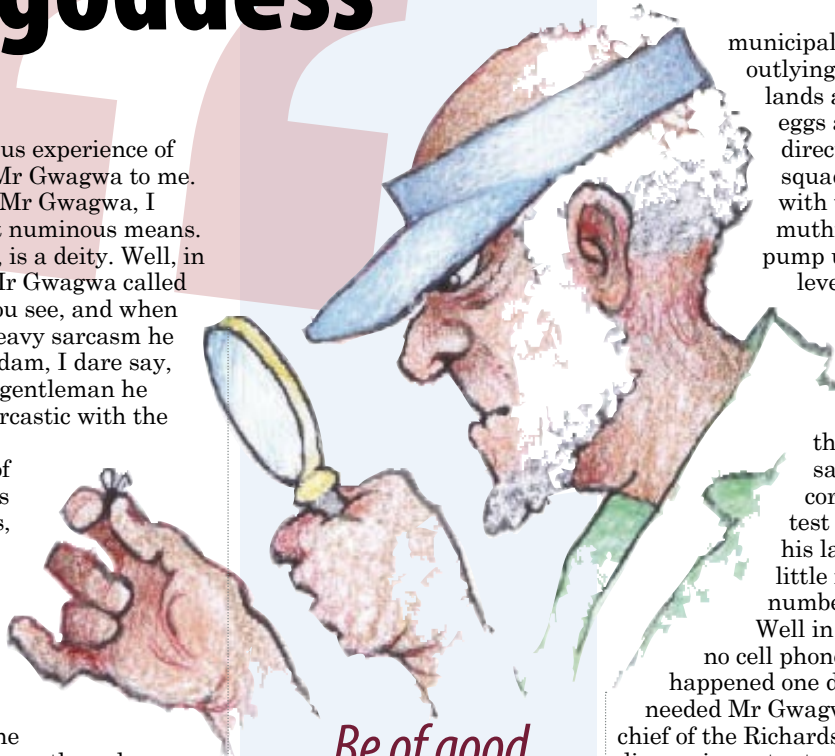
# The goddess

**HAVE JUST HAD** a numinous experience of great intensity, said Mr Gwagwa to me. Bloody Hell, said I to Mr Gwagwa, I don't even know what numinous means. A numen, sir, said he, is a deity. Well, in this case a goddess. Sir. Mr Gwagwa called nobody by a first name, you see, and when he wanted to lay on the heavy sarcasm he would call one Sir. Or Madam, I dare say, though as a bachelor and gentleman he would never have been sarcastic with the Fair Sex.

Turned out the goddess of his intense experience was Coco, my very own missus, of whom he had recently caught sight. I personally saw her as a mermaid: long golden hair and sea-green eyes, and tall, athletic-looking as those high-jump ladies who appear to flow over the bar like a waterfall. Of course the only flowing I ever saw my Coco do was into The Queen's Own public bar of a Friday night in Shepherd's Bush, London, whence she came. By closing time she would overflow, with a merry song on her lips, and sort of wallow home and flop into bed like a small tsunami and fall fast asleep. But I took Mr Gwagwa's point. Coco really was something to gaze upon. How is it, sir, said Mr Gwagwa to me, that such an ugly old gentleman as yourself has for a wife this epitome of beauty?

Naturally I told her of this great thing Mr Gwagwa had said. Many a bachelor and non-bachelor and indeed many a man of every category had said something similar, so naturally when next we went past Mr Gwagwa's modest municipal laboratory/bed-room caravan on the banks of the Umbilo we pulled in for her to do the ladylike thing. Just to brighten up his day a bit, you know. Lucky, we found him at home. Mr Gwagwa, said I, I should like to introduce you to my wife Coco, at which Mr Gwagwa was obliged to sit down, lest he spill his tea. Nobody so far had ever seen him at a loss for words. But, as I say, Coco had seen all this before, and she knew how to defuse things. Please show me where you work, said she, moving over to a great big large-scale map of Greater Durban on the wall, with little flags on pins stuck all over.

You see, he was co-ordinator of the Mosquito Control Programme of the municipal Health Department. Daily in his



*Be of good cheer, you are still young, and a very handsome gentleman. At which Mr Gwagwa smiled his first smile in many a month*

municipal vehicle he patrolled the outlying streams, dams, wetlands and puddles in search of eggs and larvae, thereafter directing to these spots a squad of healthy young men with tanks of a certain deadly muthi on their backs, there to pump up and down on certain levers and cause a fine mist to issue from a certain nozzle on a long pipe and descend upon the colony and kill them all. Mr Gwagwa would then return and scoop up samples of water with corpses and put them in test tubes in a certain rack in his laboratory home and stick little flags with corresponding numbers on the big wall map.

Well in those days there were no cell phones, of course, and it so happened one day when Head Office needed Mr Gwagwa at a meeting with the chief of the Richards Bay mosquito squad, to discuss important new techniques, they just couldn't find him anywhere at any stream, dam, wetland or puddle. Until in desperation they tried his modest municipal abode, just in passing, you know, since they'd tried even there unsuccessfully to phone him. And indeed there they found him, sitting *ewe gerus* in the sunshine on a nice comfy camp armchair with a nice bottle of brandy, though it was but eleven am, and not too far off the big oil drum in which he bred his mosquitoes, his day's test tubes all filled with corpses and water and neatly labelled and ready in their rack, and the little flags all neatly flying on the great big map. Only one thing puzzled them: what had become of the fuel provided for the municipal vehicle, the use of which had been neatly accounted for in the vehicle's log book? Cynics said he had used it as a private taxi to finance the brandy.

Should Coco or I be the first to cast a stone? Who is without sin? Months later we were on a wetland birdwatching safari when Coco suddenly exclaimed Wait wait! and adjusted her binocs and cried Yes, I mean No! Yes, yes, I see Mr Gwagwa right over on the other side, with a tank on his back! So we went around to say Howzit? et cetera. Aaah, replied he, born to be a gentleman, died a labourer. Then Coco took out Kleenex tissues to mop the sweat off his brow and bent down a little and said to him: Be of good cheer, you are still young, and a very handsome gentleman. At which Mr Gwagwa smiled his first smile in many a month. **■**

**PAYMENT & TERMS FOR SMALLS**

**Deadline** for smalls is the 1st of the month prior to publication.

**Smalls ads** are prepaid at R120 for up to 15 words, thereafter R10 per word.

**Boxed ads** are R200 per column cm (min 3cm in depth).

**Payment by cheque** should be made to Chaucer Publications, PO Box 44538, Claremont 7735.

**Payment by direct transfer** should be made to Chaucer Publications; Account 591 7001 7966; First National Bank; Vineyard Branch; Branch code 204 209.

**Payment online** at noseweek.co.za or email noseads@iafrica.com

**PERSONAL**

**Goodbye 2007 SARS**, prostate, 50, new house and married. Phew! – Mr G Spence.

**Hey Maaitjie** Happy birthday. I love you so much. Always. Smuts.

**Happy birthday, dad** Stop squandering my inheritance. Park this bakkie under a roof! Emile.

**LSD** As intoxicating as can be. Let's fly the highs. Love the BFD.

**Dearest Alicia** Privileged indeed to share another birthday with you. Fondest love, Cornelius.

**If you can remember** where you were when the lights went out, you keep a notebook!  
K T Forrester.

**The spirit** of our fine country lives on through projects like Vukani-Ubuntu Community Development. 10 years on, viva Vukani. Please support development. Call Demos 012 326 8534.

**HOLIDAY ACCOMMODATION**

**Arniston** Stunning seafront home perched on cliff top overlooking beach. Breath-taking position and panoramic sea views. 5 bedrooms, 3 en-suite, serviced. 082 706 5902.

**Clarens** Near Golden Gate in the beautiful Eastern Free State: Rosewood Corner B&B offers all you want for a break from it all. 058 256 1252.

**Marina da Gama, Cape Town** Self-catering apartment on water's edge. [www.cootslanding.co.za](http://www.cootslanding.co.za).

**Knysna** Cluster on lagoon. 6 sleeper. Self contained. Seasonal rates. Call Felicity 083 309 7876 or [auh@netactive.co.za](mailto:auh@netactive.co.za).

**Blyde River Canyon Lodge** is nestled between majestic mountains and offers travellers a unique bush experience. Contact Vicky 015 795 5305; [canyon@wordonline.co.za](http://canyon@wordonline.co.za); [www.blyderivercanyon-lodge.com](http://www.blyderivercanyon-lodge.com).

**Knysna**, Thesen Islands. Modern 1-bedroom holiday flat. Jetty. R300–R500 per night. Call 083 306 6744.

**Knysna**, Leisure Isle "Turning Tides" Bed and Breakfast on water's edge. Call 044 384 0302.

**Plettenberg Bay** Moon River: the nicest place to stay in town. [moonriver@telkomsa.net](mailto:moonriver@telkomsa.net).

**Cape Agulhas** Summer Place B&B at the most southerly tip of Africa. Call 028 435 6843 or 082 826 3499.

**Stilbaai** Large house, plus flatlet. R200 pp pd. Enquiries to [allmaree@absmail.co.za](mailto:allmaree@absmail.co.za).

**Camps Bay** Luxury apartments on beautiful shore. Contact us for rates. Three apartments, two pools. Amazing views. Graded 4 stars. 021 526 1124 (Geoff) or 021 526 1146 (Bev).

**Tulbagh** Villa Tarentaal for peaceful 4-star accommodation. Magnificent views. Only 75 minutes from Cape Town. Call 023 230 0868

**PROPERTY TO BUY, SELL OR RENT**

**Vaalriver Property** for sale 1 hour from Johannesburg. R10 million. Jacques 083 3089 133.

**Boutique Restaurant** for sale on busy main road, Simon's Town. 44 Seater, well equipped, fully licensed. Chef relocating. R760 000 [jumang@telkomsa.net](mailto:jumang@telkomsa.net).

**Greyton** 3 bedroomed house with best views in town. 2100m plot. Safe and secluded lifestyle. R2.5m. [www.greytonselfcatering.co.za](http://www.greytonselfcatering.co.za). Phone: Russell Pengelly 083 3101 438 [russell@computers4kids.co.za](mailto:russell@computers4kids.co.za).

**Marina da Gama** Waterfront property with income generating flat. R2.4m. [www.cootslanding.co.za](http://www.cootslanding.co.za). Call Ingrid 082 350 9856.

**Constantia** Comfortable fully equipped self-catering apartment. Safe off-street parking. Contact Jacque 082 298 8873.

**Grotto Bay** Cape Town's best kept property secret. See [www.ambush.co.za](http://www.ambush.co.za).

**TRAVEL & LEISURE**

**Guided casual walking** in beautiful South West France. Be our house guests enjoying excellent cuisine. [www.frenchcooks.com](http://www.frenchcooks.com). +44 20 8776 2045.

**Play croquet at Zoo Lake** Phone Maria on 082 852 3850.

**Go Golf** has sold 20, still has 10 almost new Golf Cars. All new batteries! Noel 082 8259 037 Lawrence 083 6542 809.

**LEGAL, INSURANCE & FINANCIAL**

**Muhlberg Attorneys**, intellectual property law specialists. 011 465 5600 or 083 947 0903. [mail@muhlberg.co.za](mailto:mail@muhlberg.co.za).

**Susanna Kuun Attorneys** For litigation, criminal, evictions, debt collection, family law, conveyancing, labour law. Call 021 851 9534.

**Attorneys Wertheim Becker** Have been serving the public and the legal profession for 104 years. e-mail [gordoni@wertheim-becker.co.za](mailto:gordoni@wertheim-becker.co.za).

**For your insurance, investment** and retirement needs, consult Morris Kruger – Executive Consultant, Liberty Life. Call 083 383 0021.

**WANTED**

**Motorcycle** Looking for Buttaco/Montesa/Ossa Motorcycle. Call 082 829 8751.

**Looking for Ancient Egyptian artefacts.** Call Peter on 011 728 5059.

**FOR SALE**

**Tinus and Gabriel de Jongh** paintings bought, sold and valued. Art prints sold. Gallery open by appointment. [dejongh@yabo.co.za](mailto:dejongh@yabo.co.za) or call Tinus de Jongh 021 686 4141.

**Secondhand plastic pallets** bought and sold [www.premierpallets.co.za](http://www.premierpallets.co.za) or 083 756 6897.

See [www.samiltrucks.co.za](http://www.samiltrucks.co.za)

**Microlight** Rans S-12 two-seater. Rotax 912. All options fitted. No accidents. R170 000. Call 083 450 2781.

**Boutique Restaurant** for sale on busy main road, Simon's Town. 44 Seater, well equipped, fully licenced, Chef relocating. R760 000 [jumang@telkomsa.net](mailto:jumang@telkomsa.net)

**Instant turf and mushroom compost** Hillcrest area, Durban. Call 083 777 1674.

**Ermelo Toyota** Pongola Toyota and Loerie Toyota, George for unrivalled service and honesty!

**Complete set** of Bosman's Magnificent Seven (elephants). Five framed. What offers? Call 082 490 9791.

**Chicago Cottage harmonium** About 100-year-old pump organ in working condition. R6500. Call Melville 072 132 5572.

**MacD firehouse** For the hottest fireplaces, heaters and floor heating systems. Cal Richard on 021 696 7930.

**Top quality uniforms ex factory** Delivered throughout Southern Africa. 031 209 4191 or see [www.charlesfordsdick.co.za](http://www.charlesfordsdick.co.za). All items guaranteed.

**MISCELLANEOUS SERVICES**

**Simply the Best** We build. W.H. Projects cc. Call 031 202 1733.

**Pet pawtraits** Have your best friend preserved for posterity in watercolour by fine artist Meg Jordi. [www.megjordi.com](http://www.megjordi.com) 021 788 5974 or 082 926 7666.

**Silver Spoon Function Hire** Hiring of cutlery, crockery, linen, glasses, marquees, heaters etc. For all your hiring requirements. 011 262 2227 or 011 706 7884.

**White collar crime consultant** Arrested or accused? Call me first for strategy and advice. Johan 021 697 1564. [www.armyart.org](http://www.armyart.org)

**Sure Millway Travel International** Worldwide travel experts. Call Mowbray 021 685 4035 or Constantia 021 794 8480.

**Kramer Bloodstock Consultants** The no-nonsense approach to thoroughbred racing and breeding. e-mail [equine@vodamail.co.za](mailto:equine@vodamail.co.za).

**Medical research assistant/reader** saves you time by researching publications on the internet. Call 083 400 0262.

**For independent E.I.As** and advice on E.I.As and planning and development processes and approvals, appeals etc. call Pravin Amar on 031 201 7510. [www.pravinamar.com](http://www.pravinamar.com).

**YF Designs** for shop interiors, bed and breakfasts and offices. Contact Yvette on 084 722 2899 or e-mail [yvette@intekom.co.za](mailto:yvette@intekom.co.za).

**For all your countrywide** and cross-border transport, call Mark on 082 601 0456.

**Shoemarkers Plus** Labels to meet learners' and teachers' needs is our business; [www.shoemarkers-plus.co.za](http://www.shoemarkers-plus.co.za).

**African Zen Landscapes** Traditional and contemporary indigenous Zen-style landscaping, natural stonework and water features. Call Ashley on 083 861 8801.

**HEALTH, BEAUTY & FITNESS**

**Avoid back pain** and retain flexibility in classes based on Pilates exercises and the revolutionary Feldenkrais Method. Wynberg, Cape Town. Barbara McCrea, 083 745 7086 or 021 788 9626.

**Chiropractor** Dr David Dyson (USA) Treatment of neuro-muscular-skeletal disorders. NEED A BED? Visit [www.chirobed.co.za](http://www.chirobed.co.za) or call 031 469 4192.

**Homeopath** Dr Richard Steele. Gentle Health. North Beach Medical Centre, Durban. I also do housecalls. 031 332 6060 or 082 928 6208.

**Fight the flab** Reduce stress with your own personal fitness training programme, one-to-one with Master personal trainer. Lose weight, correct body alignment and posture, at Sandton's newest gym. Free assessment. Pilates, sports training and rehabilitation, comprehensive stretching. Stressed out overweight execs a speciality! 082 373 2409.

**PUBLICATIONS**

**Research and writing** for your publication, then trust MANE Consultants cc to provide it. For all your publications' requirements visit [www.maneconsul.com](http://www.maneconsul.com).

**BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES**

**Investor / partner** preferably with media or journalism business experience to grow environmental media SME. Good prospects in expanding market. [e-mediapartner@iafrica.com](mailto:e-mediapartner@iafrica.com).

**Cape Town opportunity?** Looking for an enthusiastic, trustworthy, committed and mature person to expand your business interests in Cape Town? email [agency@iafrica.com](mailto:agency@iafrica.com)

**Start your own business** for less than R3000 including stock; [esmondj@iafrica.com](mailto:esmondj@iafrica.com).

**Perry & Associates** The Strategy Company. Challenged by boom times or hard times? Either way, we help make them great times for your company! Gail Silberman 011 804 2741; [www.perry.co.za](http://www.perry.co.za).

Triple distilled.  
Twice as smooth.



Not for sale to persons under 18.



**JAMESON**  
IRISH WHISKEY