

Promises & Propaganda

THERE were times when one could say: one man one word. Further, one could be assured that people in official or professional posts were well educated and pruned for their job.

As time goes by, this is less true. Marketing experts, election advisors and political correctness have taken over. As a result one can listen to words, but they have no content, other than the sound. To appear in the media is the main aim of many.

For example, the former German Ambassador promised the Namibian public that he would see to it that Deutsche Welle TV - half the time the programme is transmitted in English - can be seen as a free to air programme in the bouquet of Deukom, which is transmitted via the satellite PAS7.

Experience shows that this is not the case. You have to pay about N\$300 per month to watch a programme which is completely funded by the German taxpayer who is unaware of this fact. The current German Ambassador does not live up to the promise of his predecessor. He is seen in the Namibian media frequently. At one time he handed over trucks to the NDF free of charge, but paid by, again, the German taxpayer, who knows nothing about this and would most certainly not agree to the whole idea. The next time one sees him introducing a German "expert", who explains a "new" water storage system to important persons in Namibia.

He does not know that this is 'old hat'. Namibian professionals have studied and implemented this idea some time ago during their professional careers in this

country. After this faux-pas he is seen again in the Namibian media with the next "expert" explaining new ideas to the same important persons. This time he acts also as a pusher for a bizarre project in Omaruru. The "expert" is in fact a salesman of a German company who tries to convince Namibian authorities that a silicon factory should be built by the company he represents. The late Franz Josef Strauss as honourable chairman of the "Omaruru Reiterverein", would turn in his grave. Omaruru, a sleepy little town in the middle of the country, would be catapulted instantly into position as the most polluted city in Namibia. It would consume more electricity than Swakopmund and Windhoek together. All trees and bushes in the vicinity of 70km would be converted into charcoal and blown through the two chimneys of the factory. Dust would cover the washing on the lines and the grapes on the vines, like the now rotten cement factory in Otjiwarongo has done to its surrounding. Lorries would rumble noisily day and night through Omaruru, because the production process has to run continuously. Some local day- and nightwatchmen and wood collectors would be employed as a sweetener to support this scheme. Tourists, game and birds would avoid the whole area. In the meantime, when the current German ambassador is long retired and reading his memoirs, Omaruru would be like Chernobyl, poisoned and stripped bare of bushes for generations, thanks to some uneducated thoughts. One really hopes that this is only a nightmare.

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