



need to know

narration...

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The story can also be followed on the internet,
at www.furyfever.com

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01



The strange thing about a riot is how quickly it comes and goes. A few hours after mayhem, a street can look relatively normal. You'd never know that a little while before, someone had their head kicked in, right where you're standing now. Order is rapidly restored, blood is washed away. Especially on a street like the Champs Elysées. That morning the Champs was tight-lipped, expressionless in front of camera. As though nothing had gone on.

But that wasn't the truth. The guys on the motorised road sweepers were working hard to remove what evidence remained, clearing away the shattered glass on the cobblestones. Several of the restaurants had broken tables. The windows to Fouquets, the hangout of leisured Parisians, were daubed in red. The Arc de Triomphe had also been defaced. At the height of the riot, some protesters had even tried to disfigure the monument to the Unknown Soldier. They'd changed 'Mort pour La Patrie' to 'Merde pour La Patrie'.

A newspaper, left on a café table told the story:

Herald Tribune

December 13th

RIOTERS LOOT CHAMPS ELYSEES – ALL IN THE NAME OF GLOBAL PEACE.

by Special Correspondent Philip Dicks, Paris

There's a new language on the Internet. The idiom of organised protest. It's a language of codes and signals, calling sympathisers from all corners of the world to attack the forces of globalisation. Above all it's a language of abbreviation in which December 12th becomes D12. And D12 stands for a massive rendez-vous on the streets of Paris. Interesting that the abbreviation to D12 lends a certain legitimacy to the proceedings. Like they're the product of military planning.

And to those who witnessed what went down on the streets surrounding the Champs Elysées in Paris yesterday, it did seem like there was a military precision controlling the events. A determined strategy to cause damage and destruction. A strategy that is based on the belief that violence wins headlines and headlines win wars. At best, the right image can turn the course of history. Remember the young man in front of a tank in Tianamen Square?

And yesterday the news media had its choice of imagery: young women kicking policemen. Young men forcing back the baton charges of an outnumbered CRS. Tear gas and cannon. Crowds ripping up paving stones.

But what these young, well-educated protesters, led by a group that call themselves 'Declaration', had failed to recognise is that the world has moved on. Violence is now unacceptable. The last few painful months have brought a new dimension to public opinion. The protester looks too much like the terrorist.

So this was not a re-run of the noble Student Riots of '68. This was not a time to recall the famous graffiti of a Left Bank Youth: 'The barricade closes the street, but opens the way', 'The truth is the safest lie', or 'God is alive. He just doesn't want to get involved'. This just looked like looting on the grand scale. Shops and offices all along the Champs Elysées were ransacked. The banks, of course, came in for the biggest trashing, but several windows of large car show rooms that adorn the upper stretch of the Champs were also smashed. And then of course they had to move on to symbolism. A group of masked young men and women daubed paint on the Arc de Triomphe. It was a mistake. Armed police moved in with tear gas, and the crowd of Parisians actually cheered them.



Martin lay naked between Sabine's thighs. Slim and firm, they held him in a velvet wrap.

He rolled on his back and looked up at the ceiling. Sabine's flat was comfortable – especially after a day on the streets. Wooden beams, dark oak floorboards, the odd faded rug, and a large gilt mirror above an open fire place. The bed was big and old and soft. It had a furrow in the middle and was just about the best bed that Martin had ever slept in. On one of the bedroom walls there was an antique crossbow, on another two large screen prints by Warhol. Ancient and modern, like everything about Sabine. Old family money, new political ideals. He often wondered which one would win out in the long run.

A TV was playing at the end of the bed: a video of the news coverage of the previous day's riots.

Martin leant forward and pressed the stop button on the video remote. He'd seen enough. The coverage was just as bad as he had feared. Where once there might have been sympathy for his David vs. Goliath movement now there was intolerance. In the past he could rely on the press picking out every possible incident to prove police brutality. Now there was a general feeling that the protesters had got what was coming to them. The rules of the game had changed, like he'd said they would.

Nevertheless the rest of the D12 team thought they had scored a famous victory. The International Monetary Fund had been forced to call off their proposed summit, because their security could not be guaranteed. The Mayor of Paris had called it an outrage and most of the world seemed to agree with him.

"We're famous Martin," said Sabine with a smile.

"Yeah, for fifteen minutes," he replied.

"Fifteen minutes is a long time when you're surfing on the front page of the world media. Thousands die each week in Africa and don't even get a mention. Not one second of air time."

"Spare me the ideology, Sabine. We both know that this was not a success. Not like the past events. The mood has changed and we didn't read it right. Yesterday was violence with no meaning – it was all for nothing."

"Nothing? What you do mean nothing, Martin? We stopped the Summit."

"Just pissing in the wind. A one-day victory that will do far more harm than good. I repeat, we're no longer legitimate protesters. We're thugs and hooligans. We're undermining our own future. No one's going to believe us now."

Martin got up from the bed, wrapped a towel around his waist and walked over to the sash windows. Looked down on the Rue de Turennes below him. The owner of the local café was washing his front steps. A cat sat on one of the chairs, watching. No one else on the streets. It was past 9.30. Paris was a city, it seemed to Martin, that rose late and spent the first few hours of the day half-dressed. Like she'd been paid for the night before.

Sabine lit a cigarette and passed it to him.

"Martin, it's precisely because the mood is changing that we have to step up our efforts to an even greater level. This is a critical time. Right now governments are threatening to use the public mood to take away even more of our basic freedoms while telling us it's all for our own good; it's all in the name of national security. We can't just stand by and let that happen. We can't let people be misled by temporary emotions. We have to fight back now! Make our voice heard.

We have to take it to them even louder than before. If we don't, we've lost the fight – because the one group that's going to benefit from the tighter laws on freedoms will be the global companies who drive them.”

Martin took a draw of Sabine's Gitanes and passed it back to her. The smoke tasted sweet in his mouth.

“Well we don't disagree about the importance of the moment. Sure, this is the time we either make or break our movement. But it's also the time to change direction. The trouble with organisations like ours, that want to change the system, is that they can never change themselves. They're always conservative in their anarchy. It's always a status quo anarchy they want.”

Martin took a last drag of her cigarette.

“So what are you going to do? Write a letter to your Queen?”

Martin ignored the jibe.

“I'm going to use their own lifeblood, information. And I'm going to force them out into the open with it. With a website... global, borderless, beyond the press and the spin doctors, beyond the control of any government. In a website you can broadcast the facts you want and no one can stop you. The Net isn't just about the freedom of speech. It's an anarchy of speech. And it's where we'll change the status quo, where we can make policy. I'm going to prove that anyone can legislate now.”

Martin moved back to the bed. Sabine raised herself up on one arm and kissed him.

“I have to leave soon,” he said.

“I know,” she replied. “You always do.”



No matter how often she went to Heathrow to pick up her husband, Katey was always caught by the magic of the Arrivals board. The world revolving on a single sign. Delhi morphing into Boston into Amsterdam into Singapore. She got the feeling that the whole human race was going places, no limit, no boundaries.

Katey watched out for the flight from Lisbon. The flight registered: Landed.

Her daughter, Tara, held tightly onto her hand, excited at seeing her Daddy again but equally excited by the hubbub and activity of the airport. For now she was focused on seeing her Daddy walk through the gate, but Katey knew it wouldn't be long before she got restless.

‘Come on Richard,’ Katey thought. ‘Get through quickly this time. Nothing to declare.’ She wanted to see him badly. Hold him in her arms. A big hug. He'd been away a whole month.

“When's Daddy coming through, Mummy?”

“Very soon Tara.”

The passengers continued to file through; a constant re-enactment of similar scenarios; families and loved ones re-united, business men meeting their limo drivers, holiday-makers back from the sun.

It was turning out to be a much longer wait than either of them expected. Half an hour went by. An hour. Katey kept checking the luggage tags of the people coming through. The Lisbon tags had long since stopped.

It seemed pointless to simply carry on standing at the Arrivals gate, so Katey picked up Tara and walked over

to the information desk. She wasn't worried. But it had been a long time.

She talked to the information desk. Told them she was meeting her husband off BA375 from Lisbon - he had started out in Luanda and changed. Maybe he missed the connecting flight?

The woman at the information desk searched through the computer screens. No, he had been on the flight.

Then, as if unconnected to her enquiries, a tannoy announcement:

"Will Mrs Katey Palmer meeting passenger Richard Palmer on flight BA 375 from Lisbon please contact Airport Security."

Katey's heart missed a beat. She had a tight, sick feeling in her stomach.

She found the Airport Security desk. Reported in. The man on the desk showed no emotion.

"Mrs Palmer. Will you come with me?"

"Where's Daddy Mummy?" asked Tara

"We're just going to find him sweetheart".

More walking, bright corridors. Fluorescent lights.

She was led into an office. Inside two men seated; they got up as she entered.

"Mrs Palmer?" said the first, extending his hand to her.

"I'm Inspector Reynolds. This is Inspector Graham. Would you take a seat please."

Richard Palmer had been waiting for ten minutes. He could feel his anger mounting. He was hot and sticky. His eyes felt odd too; he was having trouble focusing on the sign in front of him. Maybe he was just tired. He'd been travelling for the



best part of 24 hours and all he wanted was to be out of there. He wanted to be with his wife and daughter.

"Look can't you hurry up?" he said to the customs officers.

"We'll come to you in a moment, sir," one of them replied.

"Well I'm not hanging around here for you any longer. I've got nothing to hide. I've filled in your form, so either you look into my case now or I'm leaving."

"I said, we'll come to you in a moment, sir," said the officer implacably.

But Richard wasn't waiting any longer. He picked up his case and had taken three or four steps when he was grabbed from behind. Someone shouted: "Officer needs immediate back-up."

Richard twisted round and threw out an elbow at the man struggling to hold him. It caught the customs officer on the side of the jaw and he grunted with pain. Another officer was now grabbing at Richard's legs. He kicked out at the hands, twisting from the grip about his shoulders and lashed out again at the man behind him. Then a heavy blow landed on the side of Richard's face. More hands snatched at him and suddenly there were too many officers to struggle against. Richard was picked up and carried bodily into a room.

The first officer was holding his hand to his mouth. Blood trickled from the lower lip.

"Right you bastard. You don't want to wait? Well you can bloody well rot in here until we're good and ready."

The sound of footsteps, and the door slamming.

Richard was alone in the room. He struggled to his feet.

He looked around. Nothing but a chair and table. He was feeling hotter, couldn't focus at all now.

He screamed.

He slammed his head against the wall. Twice. Then

he reached into his jacket pocket, looking for anything. Anything to make it stop. He pulled out his Shaeffer fountain pen, took off the top and stabbed the point of the pen into his neck, just below the angle with his jaw. Stabbed again and again.

He wouldn't have to wait any more.

They found Richard slumped on the floor. Head down, a large pool of dark blood by his face. Frantically, they turned him over. Checked his pulse. Nothing. One of the officers pulled out his radio set and called for emergency medical assistance to room 512.

But there was no use. Richard was dead.



Katey sat in the interview room. Unable to move.

She could not take in the news the officers had given her. She knew in some part of her brain that this was real. Richard was dead. She knew she needed to come to terms with this and what it would mean. But it was just so big, so all-consuming, that she could not keep it in her head.

Her body felt separate; not her own.

It felt like she was floating in water, treading water. Knowing she was going under; kicking just to stay afloat, but with less and less strength. She thought of that holiday on the Pembrokeshire Coast. She'd gone out swimming with her younger brother Paul and neither had known the strength of the sea. It had seemed like a perfect day. Calm. They swam out, just beyond their depth. Laughing and shouting to one another. For a few minutes it was carefree, summer holiday fun.

Then, in almost the same instant, both of them realised that they were moving further out from the shore. The current had picked them up. They screamed and screamed

for help. Katey remembered the taste of salt water. Taking in gulps as she gasped for breath. She couldn't see Paul any more. Couldn't hear him. She just kept kicking. Running out of strength and suddenly, strong arms around her and then supporting her head, swimming back to the shore. Then there were other people in the water and then a boat going by. And she still could not see Paul. Her little brother lay dead in the water.

She thought of that time now and still felt the terrible burden of her mother's reproach.

"What were you doing in the water without us?"

Now she was treading water again, but there were no strong arms to protect her.

Katey looked across at Tara. She was playing with some second hand toys the police had given her. A young female police officer chatted to her quietly.

None of this made any sense. Richard was a sweet, kind man and a wonderful father. All the time Katey had known him, she'd never seen act aggressively to any one. Let alone bite someone's ear off and then take his own life. It was madness, just madness.

Then they started the questions. Two police detectives asking endless questions about Richard. Where had he been? When was the last time you spoke to him? Was he upset about anything? Were you two getting on? What about your financial situation? Had he ever behaved irrationally before?

Too many questions and none of the answers made any sense of what had happened. Richard was returning from a tour of duty in Angola. He worked in the oil business. Three weeks on, two weeks off. They'd spoken briefly the day before. Everything was fine. He was tired, but that was normal. No, he'd never behaved like this before. They were getting on fine as a couple and he was longing to be back home for Christmas.

Facing Richard's parents was the worst part. They were lovely gentle people and their sadness was quiet and reserved. She couldn't find the words to help them through. His father gave her a hug and smiled at Tara. At first, Richard's mother couldn't bring herself to look at Tara. She looked so like Richard.

There were lots of people from Richard's office. And the guys from his local Rugby Club.

The service was short; a brief eulogy. What a fine man Richard was. How he loved his family and was so proud of them. What a good manager he'd been and what a great career had been ahead of him.

Then the music started. And the curtains closed around the coffin. And Katey couldn't stop crying and Tara was crying and the whole room was filled with her tears. The music stopped.

Katey gathered herself together. Thanked people for coming. Got in the car. Drove home. Put Tara to bed, with mild sedative. Took a sleeping pill. Fell apart.

Have yourself a merry little Christmas.

in the suburban sprawl of Guildford. In fact she and Richard had been planning to move to a bigger place. Now it was big enough and no need to expand. No need to think of an office for Richard or another room for a second child.

Richard's parents were being as kind as ever and had offered her money to help out in the short term. She hadn't wanted to accept, but she didn't have much choice. Anyway it was their way of looking after their grandchild.

She'd cope. Build yourself up, she thought. You're very practical. You're reasonably bright, work in an industry that's growing every day. In fact, if you hadn't stopped work after Tara was born, you'd be doing very well by now. Maybe a partner in a business somewhere.

You'll be fine, she thought. Then she started crying.

In January, Katey steeled herself to sort through Richard's clothes and possessions, deciding which she could bear to throw away. She came across an old fountain pen of Richard's and hurled it as hard as she could into the corner of the room. It made a small mark in the wall above the wainscot.

She was staring at it when the phone rang.

"Hello Katey. My name is Anthony Bond. I was a friend of Richard's."

She flinched, funny how the past tense kicks in so quickly.

"Yes..." she said, uncertain of where the conversation was going.

"We met at the funeral, very briefly. I didn't want to take up too much of your time."

"Well, it was very kind of you to take the trouble to come," replied Katey.

"Not at all. I was very fond of Richard."

There was that past tense again.

"Look there's something I have been meaning to tell you. I worked with Richard in Angola. And, well, there were all sorts of rumours flying around out there, about a mystery illness... What I'm trying to say is that other people have died in a similar way to Richard – in Angola. Suddenly, for no reason, they have a fit of anger; start to behave aggressively. Lose it entirely and... well, then they take their own lives. I know all of this must be very painful for you, but I thought you should know. I think Richard could have caught some kind of illness when he was out there. It's the only explanation I can think of for what happened."

Katey was silent.

"I can't prove any of this," Anthony continued. "And the company don't know anything about it apparently. But it's been preying on my mind and I felt I had to let you know."

Katey went cold. She had that sick feeling in her stomach again.

"Oh God... I knew he wouldn't just do something crazy like that for no reason..." she said. "I knew there was more to it. And no one would talk to me about it. Just kept suggesting that it was all about Richard. Said it was the pressure of work. He'd got very stressed on his last tour in Angola and it must have caused him to snap. That the stupid stuff with immigration at Heathrow was the trigger... But I've never believed it. Richard wasn't the sort to commit suicide. Not for anything. And all this time I've been thinking was it my fault; did I say something? You know you turn it round and round in your mind..."

Katey stopped, realising she was sounding off to a man she hardly knew.

"Look perhaps we could meet sometime and talk about it," she said. "I'm not very straight headed right now, but I could come up to London. Soon. Next week? Would that be all right?"

“Absolutely. I’d be very happy to meet. I don’t think I can tell you much more than I have already. But I would be delighted to help in any way I can. Why don’t you give me a call when you’re next coming up. I’m on 0207 946 0008. It’s Anthony Bond by the way.”

“Yes... fine Anthony. Thank you so much for calling. I’ll give you a ring at the beginning of next week...”



It seemed like the first time she’d been out in months. She felt excited on the train, then felt guilty for being excited.

Katey met Anthony in a Café near Waterloo, run by Italians. Cappuccino in white cups. They spoke for maybe half an hour. He was polite and concerned, but didn’t have much to add. The rumours in Angola were just that:rumours. Over the past year several Europeans working in Angola had died in mysterious circumstances. The deaths all apparently followed a similar pattern. Irrational violence followed by suicide. The locals called it Fury Fever.

But Anthony’s comments were all that Katey needed. It offered her an explanation. Something to make sense of Richard’s death. Otherwise she couldn’t cope with the meaninglessness of it. And here was an answer; she could hold on to it, like a banister up the stairs. Finally she had something she could blame.

She took the train home. She had to find out more. She wouldn’t stop. Nothing would matter now but finding out the truth.

Should she have his body exhumed for post mortem? She couldn’t face it. Besides, she’d never get permission. She had to have more evidence.

She spent days searching on the Web for some reference to Fury Fever. Nothing. Then she started searching for information on Angola. Despite all the time that Richard had spent there, she realised she knew almost nothing about Angola. Like most people in Britain, she suspected, she couldn’t even point to it on a map of Africa. So she began with the obvious, the search engine basics.

ANGOLA: COUNTRY OVERVIEW

President: Eduardo dos Santos

Independence: November 11, 1975

Location/Size: Southern Africa, bordering on the Atlantic Ocean (on the West), the Democratic Republic of the Congo (on the North and East) and Namibia (on the South). 1,246,700 sq kms, slightly less than twice the size of Texas.

Ethnic Groups: Ovimbundu 37%, Kimbundu 25%, Bakongo 13%.

Religion: Traditional Beliefs 47%, Roman Catholic 38%, Protestant 15%.

Currency: New Kwanza

Sources various:
Angola has been in a state of nearly constant civil war since it achieved independence from Portugal in 1975. More than 500,000

people have been killed in the strife, Africa's longest running conflict in the post-colonial era. The two sides are the government MPLA and the rebel forces of UNITA led by Jonas Savimbi.

Angola's civil war has ravaged the non-mineral sectors of the country's economy and displaced an estimated 2.5 to 4 million people. The capital, Luanda, continues to experience chronic water and power shortages, and insecurity reigns throughout much of the interior.

Local analysts estimate that only 15% of Angola's 11 million people have access to electric power.

Revenue from petroleum exports provides the principle source of funding for the Angolan government's war effort, while UNITA has relied on the sale of diamonds to fund its activities.

The UN's World Food Program feeds one in six Angolans. Whilst there is a flourishing trade in oil and diamonds, much of the population is starving.

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The briefest search told the story. Angola's mineral wealth, its oil and diamonds, had given it the lunatic option, civil war. Richard had worked in the oil industry there. Most of the time he was offshore on the oil platforms, or in Luanda. He always complained he hadn't had enough time to travel across Angola. Not that it was exactly a tourist destination. Katey had checked out what the Foreign Office site had to say about Angola.

www.fco.gov.uk/travel/countryadvice.asp

There is reason to believe that members of the UNITA rebel movement are planning to kidnap foreigners in the area surrounding Luanda.

Armed UNITA groups regularly probe the defences of coastal cities, including close to Luanda. Roads are often mined. Diamond mining areas are particularly dangerous. Expatriates, including Britons, have been killed in attacks on diamond mines. Armed groups have shown no respect for humanitarian organisations or United Nations personnel.

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Clear FCO message: you don't mess around in Angola. That's what Richard had always said too. Well, she owed it to herself and to Richard to make sure that she learnt about Angola, and that she was on this information crusade for the right reasons.

Katey couldn't find any references to Fury Fever in any of the Angola sites, but she kept on looking. She talked to other people, including a couple of guys who had worked with Richard in Angola. Sure there had been some crazy rumour, when a Belgian engineer had died out in the bush. But there was a simple enough explanation. He had had a call from his wife telling him that she was leaving him and he hadn't been able to cope with the situation. He threw himself in front of some mining machinery. They found him 3 hours later. Not in a very healthy state.

She gave her friend Anthea a call about it.

“Look,” Anthea had said, “You’re just torturing yourself with all this, Katey. Richard’s dead. Sure it’s hard, impossible even, to come to terms with, but that’s what happened and none of this is going to change it. You can’t go on some crazy crusade for the rest of your life.”

“Just watch me! I’m not going to stop on this Anthea. I’ve been thinking about setting up a website. Ask for information. Someone out there is going to know something. I can do it in my spare time and in the evenings after Tara has gone to bed.”

“Katey, a website takes money to set up and operate and how are you going to get it known out there in cyberspace?”

“I can handle the website, I know enough about it and it’ll give me something to focus on other than my problems. And you could help me get some PR and press coverage couldn’t you?”

Katey had met Anthea at the local NCT classes. Although they hadn’t known one another for very long, they’d clicked right from the start, and Anthea was now just about her best friend. Maybe they’d got closer because Anthea had had a rough time herself – she’d just split up with her husband and had a son, Rory, almost the same age as Tara. Anthea’s answer to her own problems had been to throw herself into her work – she was a freelance journalist and seemed to have loads of contacts because she was always busy on some new feature – so she of all people should understand Katey’s need to find something to become absorbed by right now.

“I could help you out, if there’s a decent enough story behind it,” said Anthea. “But, you’ve got absolutely no proof that this is going to lead you anywhere.”

“I’ve got Anthony’s word.”



“But that’s just one person’s account of a rumour. No one else has backed him up. Who else have you been in touch with?”

“I called the company doctor. He was very helpful and told me that if he heard anything he would call me straight away. But so far no news. The Foreign Office had no reports and suggested that I call the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine. Again, no luck. But that doesn’t mean this fever doesn’t exist. What if this is the start, the very first signs of an epidemic and we could save the lives of hundreds of people like Richard...?”

“I know. Sure. Well, there’s nothing I can do to stop you. And I wouldn’t anyway. Just don’t tire yourself out too much. Give me a call me if you need help on publicity.”

“Of course I will Anth’, ” said Katey. “But I’m going to go ahead with the website. I’m going to call it Furyfever.com.”

Katey sat in her office at home. She looked across the floor; Richard’s old fountain pen was still lying where she’d thrown it.

She’d just had another row with her mother. Her mother wasn’t exactly being supportive of Katey’s plans about a website. Told her it was needlessly opening up the wounds. She didn’t understand all this “Internet nonsense” anyway. Couldn’t see how it could possibly help. She thought Katey should be spending the time looking after Tara.

“She’s the one who really needs your support right now. Not Richard.”

“But I’ve got to do something, mother. I’m going nearly mad sitting in this house all the time, moping. Sure I’ve got some freelance work to do, but it just doesn’t feel enough.”

“Well if you’re feeling lonely, you could always come down and see me for a change.” There was that note of disapproval again.

“Mother, you know we love to see you. But it’s a long drive down to Worthing and it’s expensive too.”

“It seems you’ve got enough money to spend on this website idea of yours.”

“I’ll manage mother. It won’t cost a fortune and it’s something I have got to do. For me and Tara and Richard.”

“Well if you ask me it’s just being selfish.” said her mother.

The conversation ended there, closing with the usual pleasantries. Her mother had always blamed Katey for her brother Paul’s death. Katey was the elder sister and should have taken better care of him. Ignoring the fact she and her husband had been on the beach at the time and hadn’t stopped them going in for a swim.

Anyway those were old wounds.

Katey had to cope with fresh ones.

She looked down at her computer screen. She’d put the first page of the new site together:

furyfever.com



This is my husband Richard.

Richard was only 38. He was fit and healthy. His company medical records state that on the most recent examination, he was in perfect health and had no signs of any illness.

Yet Richard died in unexplained circumstances while returning from a work visit to Angola.

Reports from Angola suggest there is a mystery illness – Fury Fever – which has killed at least 5 Europeans over the past 12 months. The victims of Fury Fever suffer an attack of irrational violence, severe agitation and then take their own lives. There appear to be no other physical symptoms.

If you know of anyone who has suffered from this illness either in Angola or anywhere else, please send a message to this site. I will publish any news you send. The site will be updated on a daily basis.

Don’t let Richard’s death be followed by others.

If you know something it’s your duty to be open about it. Send all messages to **katey@furyfever.com**

The screen worked for her: simple, clear layout. Photo on a light green background. Text in dark green.

It was there. Ready and waiting for cyberspace. All Katey had to do was go through with her plan.

But was she being selfish? Was it right to use some of the money that Richard's parents had given her on this mad website idea? What would they think about it all?

Yet, if it worked she could give them some answer about the death of their son. Take away some of their pain. She'd make up the money somehow and maybe the publicity for this new site would get her more freelance work.

She spent a moment thinking about it: weighing up her need against her conscience.

Then she clicked on "Send" to start the site.



to anthead@demon.co.uk

Dear Anthea

Just to give you the latest. The website's up and running. I'm hoping that people will send in any information they have about Fury Fever.

I know it's difficult for you but if you can try and raise some interest in it, then that would be a great help.

This may seem crazy, but I have got to follow my instinct. I have got to hang on to something.

Anyway do visit the site and I'll keep you informed of any "news".

Best love and look forward to seeing you and little Rory next week

luv

Katey

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katey@furyfever.com

Dear Katey

Thanks for the note. Will do what I can. As soon as you've got something to go on, please give me a call. I think we might be able to get an angle on the story as one woman's way of coping with grief. Example of ways in which ordinary people use the Net to help them cope with ordinary life. It's a bit shy of your mark, but at least it might get you some coverage.

All best and give Tara a big hug from me

Anth

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Katey sat with Tara on her lap and logged on to the site. A few emails had started coming in. At first Katey had opened them in high excitement, hoping from some crucial new piece of news. All she got was the usual range of unconnected comments, from people who had stumbled on her site and wanted to sound off about something, anything. The Net was like a worldwide call for help.

to katey@furyfever.com

I am a research student at Kinshasa University. I work in the Pathogen Molecular Biology and Biochemistry Unit. We do important work on pathogens, improving the understanding and control of infectious diseases.

We have not heard of any examples of Fury Fever in Africa. But we are concerned that some small outbreaks of lethal diseases go unreported and due to the lethal quality of the infection, sufferers die too soon for our analysis and indeed the viruses can be so aggressive that they kill all potential carriers before they can spread to other areas.

If you do gain any information on such illnesses we would be delighted to receive further information

yours, Dan Okochu

to katey@furyfever.com

My husband died last year. No known cause. The doctors said it was Sudden Adult Death Syndrome. He worked for a while in South America. Do you think there could be any link between what happened to your loved one and mine?

Any information would help me.

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to katey@furyfever.com

I raise funds for medical work in Third World Countries, particularly in Africa. Every year thousands of people die of sexually transmitted diseases in Africa alone. And many more thousands die of malaria and viral disease. The situation is critical.

If you would like to contribute to our fund please send a donation to

A Disease Free World
Wendover
Hants
HL24 IPL

=====

 to katey@furyfever.com

We grieve with you.

You are not alone.

God is with you.

Maybe it's all hopeless, Katey thought. Without the right publicity, her site was always going to be a stop-off for surfers who have just tapped in 'Angola', 'disease' or 'mysterious death' into their search engines. She needed to get more targeted.



Anthea came over at seven and went through the plans for the following day. She'd been able to call in a favour with a mate and had got Katey an interview slot on Radio Four.

They sat in the kitchen and talked things through. Anthea seemed so calm about it all. But then she was Ms Together. Tall for a woman, maybe near six foot. Flat chested. Short-cut dark hair. Little make-up. Full lips. She wasn't the conventional good-looking woman. Katey was much more obviously pretty, with longer brown hair, not as tall as Anthea but with a nice round figure and clear green eyes. Like so many women who get on well, they seemed to be the antithesis of one another.

Anthea went through the outline for the radio piece and they practised an interview for an hour or so – even though Katey would maybe get only a few minutes airtime. Anthea said that preparation always showed. It helped to build confidence. Katey wasn't so sure. She still felt nervous; it was, after all, her first radio interview.

The two of them had a glass of wine together and Katey heated up some lasagne. It was nice to have someone else in the house. They talked and chatted for a couple of hours and Katey felt almost real again. A real person with an ordinary life.

Katey didn't sleep much that night. She checked on Tara every two hours, more to give her something else to think about than because anything was wrong. Although the poor love had been a bit difficult over the past few weeks. Katey even had to collect her from play school one day, because she was causing a disturbance and upsetting the other children. That was unlike her.

So when Katey walked into the studio she wasn't exactly looking her best. Thankfully, this was radio.

Everyone at the studio was very kind to her. Very gentle. Cup of coffee. Brief chat with the presenter. Anthea had told her what to expect.

'Keep your answers short. Don't sound too distraught. This is a technology programme, not Woman's Hour'.

She shook hands with other interviewees and was eased into the studio.

Check the mike range.

Get comfortable.

On Air.



Presenter Hello Everyone. This is Living in the Net. A weekly guide to new ways that people are using the Internet to help them with their everyday lives.

This week we'll be talking to Katey Palmer who has set up a web site to help her overcome the death of her husband, Richard. To Audrey Baker who has recently met up with her genetic parents after 30 years, thanks to the Net. And to Simon Jenkins who has cured his own speech impediments by sharing experiences with others sufferers around the world.

We've also got our resident team of technology and behavioural scientists and health care experts. Richard David, Alison Winters and Martha Lee.

First let's talk to Katey Palmer.

Katey's husband Richard died in unusual circumstances at Heathrow Airport last December.

Now Katey has set up her own website as a way of dealing with his death.

Katey – has it helped?

Katey Palmer Tremendously yes. After Richard's death I was left with this terrible sense of meaninglessness. I could talk to friends about it. But after a while I just wanted to reach out to more people. Telling others, sharing over the net, felt like it lifted a huge weight. I was doing something about it. The net made me feel I was healing myself.

Presenter And have you had a good response?

Katey Palmer Well it was slow to start, but it has been good

yes. The feeling is that you're in touch with the whole world. Nothing you can't talk about. And, I'm doing something for Richard. I can't accept that he died without apparent cause or reason and I want to find out more. Maybe I can help other people too.

Presenter Your site's called furyfever.com. Why?

Katey Palmer I believe that Richard died from some form of mystery virus. He'd been in Angola, and I have had unconfirmed reports that there have been incidences of deaths similar to Richard's in Angola linked to the so-called Fury Fever.

Presenter Martha what do you make of Katey's actions?

Martha Well first of all I think it's very brave. Going out on the net with very private matters is never easy.

But I think what it shows is the way that open technologies, such as the Internet, can help people at very fundamental human levels. I mean a few years ago we would never have thought that computer technologies could have any relevance to human emotions. And now we're seeing this sort of self-help starting up all over.

On another level, I think Katey's site shows that sharing is one of the early stages in dealing with bereavement. People who can deal openly with their trauma have a far better record of getting through bereavement. Particularly if that sharing is with more than just your immediate circle of friends and family. The danger is that Katey gets too involved; that she starts to obsess about this. Use it as a carrier for emotions, not a way to get back at an unfair world.

Presenter Thanks Martha. Thank you Katey, we wish you the best of luck with your new site. Now Audrey Baker...



The next day Katey had over sixty notes in the inbox at furyfever.com But this one caught her eye:

to katey@furyfever.com

Dear Katey

I heard you on Living in the Net. I was very interested in your story, and in particular the mystery illness you mentioned, Fury Fever.

It sounds to me like you're not being told the truth.

Pharmaceutical companies, medical health authorities and governments all around the world are colluding in keeping back information. Vital information about new diseases.

I have worked for the past 5 years as a researcher on investigative documentary television programmes, helping to make stories like yours get their proper attention. I am committed to encouraging commercial and legislative global interests to become more open. I think I could help you in a number of ways.

Could we discuss this further? My number is 07775663456. Please give me a call.

Martin Bellof

02



“So why do you want to work with me?” asked Katey, playing with the froth on her cappuccino.

“Straight answer?” Martin replied. “I’m intrigued. I don’t believe all that stuff about using the net as a way to cope with the loss of your husband. Your voice went up a gear when you started talking about the cause of his death. There was passion in it. You want to know more.”

Katey had met Martin at the Italian Café in Waterloo. It was the only place she could think of. He’d described himself on the phone as tall, with brown curly hair and probably wearing a dark overcoat.

She recognised him from the description immediately. He looked a little younger than she expected. Maybe 27 or 28, with a thin face and a slight smile on his lips as he spoke. He wore a round-necked sweater and blue chinos. She noticed he had good manners – he got up as she walked over to him – and that he was well spoken.

“I do want to know – but what about you?” she replied.

“Oh I see, what do I want to get out of it? Satisfaction. You believe there’s a cover up going on about your husband’s death. I have a theory that I want to prove about how to get to the information you need.”

“So you do think the authorities are hiding something about Richard’s death?”

Maybe he knew something he wasn’t letting on.

“That’s what you think, and of course I want to know why. I don’t believe anybody sets up a website and gets themselves onto the radio if they don’t have an inner voice telling them that something’s going on. You’re a woman with

a mission and I think that will make good press. In fact you're almost a cliché."

"Cliché..."said Katey fighting back her own fury, ready to get up and walk out. "My husband is dead, my life is in ruins and my little daughter can't sleep at night and you want to come alongside because I'm a cliché. Thanks for the patronising offer but I don't think we're going to get along here."

The half smile stayed on Martin's lips. "Cliché, good story, great copy – I don't think the label matters. What matters is that it's there and working for you. Use it. I can get you heard."

"How?"

"Ah that's where my theory comes in. I call it the 'What are you trying to hide' theory. I think we can build a campaign on just one question, 'What are you trying to hide?' We keep asking that question over and over again. To government, to health authorities, to the press. Everybody. If they say they've got nothing to hide, we keep asking until they start to show us information, just to keep us quiet. 'Look,' they'll say, 'here are the facts, we've got nothing to hide.' And once we've got one set of facts, we'll ask for more, tell them that's only half the picture – what else are they hiding if they have only just released these facts now? And so it will go on, and little by little we'll unravel the whole story. You get the truth and I get to prove my theory."

Katey was listening more closely now. Like someone had just explained to her, for the first time, how the game was played. She'd never even known it was a game.

Martin carried on " On top of that I can help run your website, build in new information, add on links to other sites. I work as a TV researcher on investigative programmes, so I have got some really useful contacts. People who know



what goes on behind the official curtains. I can get to stuff you never knew existed. We add a little inside information to my theory and pretty soon we're going to have headlines about your website in the tabloids."

Katey didn't know what inside information meant, but she didn't care. Here was someone that was going to be on her side. Not because she was some poor grief-stricken woman, but because he wanted to get to the truth. He had his own agenda and he'd been upfront about it. She would be the emotional pull of the story; he'd be the intellectual drive.

"All right. I'm sorry if I came across as suspicious," she said. "But I don't know anything about you. Maybe I'm being foolish, but I do need your help. I'm on my own here. In a few days my story will run dry. My friend Anthea's been a great help getting me on the radio, but I don't know where to go from here."

"Did you get much mail on your website after your interview?"

"Loads. Most of it ridiculous. And of course your note."

"OK we'll go through it. And you can tell me everything you know."

That evening Katey phoned Anthea. Told her about her meeting with Martin.

"What's he like?" asked Anthea.

"Interesting"

"How interesting?"

"Scale of one to ten I'd say twelve. He's good looking, charming and seems very bright.

"Too interesting, by the sounds of it."

"Could be you're right. But he's very smart and works

in television so he's got loads of contacts which he says could be useful."

"Does he work for the BBC?"

"No, he works for an independent production company. I think he's a researcher and they specialise in investigative documentaries. They did that one about GM crops that got all the publicity last year."

"Oh yeah it was good. So why's he bothering with you?"

"Long and short of it," said Katey, "I'm not sure. He says he believes that there's a cover up going on and that he'd like to prove a theory that if you keep accusing someone that they're hiding something, eventually they'll tell you stuff just to keep you quiet."

"Sounds like he's pretty cynical too."

"Yes very. There was something cold about him - despite the charm. Anyway he could be very useful and I don't have too many other choices. I'm going to have to take the gamble. I owe it to Richard to find out what went on and whether there's any truth in the fever rumour."

"So what next?"

"We've got a meeting with some guy at the Foreign Office. He said he has nothing to add to what they've already told us, but when we kept pushing for a meeting he agreed. He obviously didn't want to be accused of being uncaring."

"Well that's a start," said Anthea. "Keep me posted on how it goes. There's no point in pushing your story until we've got something more to go on, otherwise you'll just come across as a crank. We just need one bit of real information to get us going."



The sound of marble beneath her Bally shoes. Katey was in unfamiliar territory. The corridors of Whitehall. Martin walked at her side. He was casually dressed, wearing a sports jacket but no tie. She was smart.

They were escorted into an office to meet Richard Marsden. It had tall windows, with one wall covered by a bookcase full of leather bound volumes. A touch of the old Empire, Katey thought. Marsden got up as they entered and then all three sat in the leather chairs positioned on one side of the office. Richard Marsden was charming, helpful and understanding. But the meeting took little more than 15 minutes. Of course he'd do everything he could, he said, looking down at the file in front of him, but there was nothing to report at this stage. Only rumour. Sorry he couldn't be of more help. Please understand that we get many reports such as yours about mystery deaths and tropical diseases, and we do look into them and advise British travellers accordingly. But, please do keep us informed if you get any further information and we'll be happy to follow it up for you.

They all shook hands and the meeting was over.

Katey walked back down the corridor and said nothing while they were still with their escort. She felt cheated. She had hoped that there would be something, some tiny detail that would keep her going. Nothing. Just a polite, but firm, no.

As soon as they got outside she turned to Martin.

"Well that was a wasted journey" she said impatiently, feeling tired and cold.

"Far from it. We got just what we wanted. We got a straight denial. That's the best way to start. Because now if we turn up anything, just one little incident, they'll be on the back foot. Explaining themselves. Opening up."

"And just where are we going to get that incident from?"

"We have to hope that something turns up."



Martin had set up his own account on Katey's site. He had to be careful, so he didn't use his real name. He got his first email

to sysop@furyfever.com

I worked for Médecins Sans Frontières in Angola for the past 18 months. We have had a very difficult time and as you will probably know violence continues between the MPLA and UNITA rebel troops.

I have been told by friends about your site and wanted to pass on to you some information that may be of help to you. During my time in Angola I heard of four cases of unexplained violence and subsequent suicide. The locals are terrified of the disease. To them it is known as Fury Fever. The first known incident was inland in Namibe Province. A Belgian engineer working on the black granite mines committed suicide following a fight with fellow workers. A second incident involved a French site worker at an oil refinery in Cabinda. He set fire to himself and nearly caused a major safety incident.

I think it is possible that some form of virus/illness has caused these deaths. (Certainly that is the opinion of many locals in the Namibe Province where the virus seems to have emerged.) A colleague examined

one victim and could not identify any obvious physical symptoms, though this was perhaps not surprising given the manner of his death. We suspect that the virus is known to the authorities. On returning to France I had to fill in a form and lick a stamp to attach to it. That struck me as odd. Where would the authorities be sending my form? And by post? It didn't make sense.

More should be done to investigate this situation before it gets out of hand. The Angolan medical authorities are stretched and do not have the resources to cover it so it is really up to the West to do something about it.

I send my sincere best wishes

Alain Trouville



As Katey walked along the Thames past The Tate Gallery she could feel the first stirrings of Spring. The trees had not changed, the weather was not much warmer, but there was some quality to the light that meant winter was over. It had been a long winter. She crossed over the busy road and turned down one of the streets running behind the Tate. Martin lived at No 35, a small terraced house with a blue door and sash windows.

Inside it was much smarter than Katey had expected. Well furnished, with oil paintings on the wall. It was also slightly more old-fashioned than she'd imagined; a small Knoll sofa, occasional tables and standard lamps. Martin had money.

They sat in the drawing room; he served coffee in porcelain cups.

"This is a very smart house," said Katey.

"Well it's sort of my mother's really. She lives in the country so I get sole use of it – which is good. Not quite my taste, but you can't beat free living."

"So do you see your mother often then?" said Katey searching for some personal common ground.

"No, not really. She's not my real mother. I was adopted. My father died a couple of years ago and since then she's spent most of the time in the country looking after her roses. But she's very sweet. It's just that we don't always agree..."

"I know what you mean. Mothers can be very difficult," said Katey. Then realising the irony of her comment said hurriedly, "I mean mine can be difficult. Have you ever met your real mother?"

"Only once. She lives in Canada. I went over there when I left school. She didn't want to know me. All very sad. But my adopted parents have been good to me – gave me everything. Sent me to an expensive public school. Got me through University. Far more than I'd ever have got from my real parents so I suppose I should be very grateful... Anyway enough of me. How are you?"

"Running on adrenaline," said Katey, realising he wanted to move the conversation on.

"You won't mind me smoking then," Martin replied.

"Not at all."

Martin liked women who could tolerate his habit. He looked at her approvingly. She wore a sensible grey lambswool sweater and mid-length skirt; if she made a bit more of herself she'd be quite attractive.

"Well, what do you make of my news then?" he asked.

"Stunning. The bastards have known all along. If Richard filled out a form at Heathrow, he had to be doing it for a reason. Like the guy from Médecins Sans Frontières said, why fill in a form and lick a stamp for it? Who were they going to post it to?"

"Well we don't know that Richard licked a stamp or anything. But we do know he filled in a form about his recent trip to Angola. So does everyone coming out of Luanda. The interesting thing is that they must have been following him, because he changed planes in Lisbon. That proves to me that they're doing their homework."

"How did you get all that information from Heathrow?" asked Katey, taking a sip of coffee from porcelain china.

"The French guy's comments in that email he sent to you got me thinking, so I just did some digging around that's all. I have a friend who works in immigration services and she put me in the right direction."

"You didn't mention her before," said Katey.

"I didn't think you needed to know. The thing is we've now got the lever that opens the lid. That one piece of information we needed. Are you ready to use it?"

"What do you mean am I ready? It's what I have been hoping and praying for all these months. I'm going to nail them with it."

"OK, just checking because from here on in there's no going back. We're going to raise the stakes and a lot of people won't like it. You're going to be in the news. Maybe big news. And you've got to be prepared for that. I'll be around for you but I can't hold your hand all the time, especially when you're dealing with the press. You've got to be alone. You're one against the system, that's what makes your story convincing."

"You sound like I need to make it convincing, like it

isn't the truth?" said Katey, still prickly at any suggestion she was unhinged by Richard's death or even just plain wrong about it.

"No. I'm with you. I'll be with you all the way. But we're going into new territory and if we get lucky with the story you'll be the subject of a lot of press scrutiny. And I just want to make sure you're ready for it."

"I'm ready."

"Good, because I want you to get in touch with a guy at the Daily Mirror. Offer him an exclusive. If that works we'll see if Anthea can do something with the broadsheets."

"What are we going to say to them?"

"Simple. You're going to give them one question: What are the government trying to hide?"



furyfever.com

PRESS CUTTINGS

Daily Mirror, March 15th 2000

Why won't they tell Tara the truth?

by Philip Beck

Tara didn't have Christmas last year. She didn't feel like it. Her Daddy died ten days before, and she and her mummy said they'd save up Christmas until they were feeling better and could enjoy it properly.

What she and her mummy have been waiting for is the truth about her Daddy. Richard Palmer died while in police custody at Heathrow Airport.

He was returning from a work trip to Angola. He committed suicide.

That's what they told Katey Palmer.

What they didn't tell Katey or Tara is that all passengers whose journey started in Angola are now questioned on their return to Britain. They have to fill in detailed questionnaires. Why? Because the authorities are worried about a lethal new virus that is spreading from Angola. It's called Fury Fever. And it kills healthy men and women without a single symptom.

Mindless Violence

The victims of Fury Fever may not have any physical symptoms but the circumstances of their deaths are eerily similar. For little or no reason they are overcome by a fit of rage. They become extremely violent. Literally they go berserk. And within a few minutes of the attack they take their own lives. Richard stabbed himself 17 times in the neck with a fountain pen. Another victim set himself on fire. Another threw himself into the blades of some granite mining equipment. All for no reason?

Reports from Angola suggest that many such incidents have occurred in recent months. I spoke to Alain Trouville who worked for Médecins Sans Frontières (he has since left the organisation following disciplinary proceedings) and he informed me that there were increasing concerns over Fury Fever among organisations working in Angola.

Yet when Katey asked the Foreign Office to comment on these reports they denied them. Just rumour, they said. Rumours don't kill. Viruses do. What's more, if the Man at The FO didn't know anything about Fury Fever, why are the authorities at Heathrow doing these tests?

That's what Tara would like to know too. So why aren't they telling her the truth?

FCO Press Release, March 16th

Minister says no cause to change Travel Advice to Angola

Foreign and Commonwealth Office Minister David Wright today confirmed that the FCO would not be altering its advice to travellers in the light of recent reports of an outbreak of a new tropical disease in the Central Africa region.

Our advice to travellers is always given on the basis of the best information available. We are in regular contact with medical authorities in Angola and have had no information from them that might lead us to suspect that any new infectious disease is threatening visitors. For that reason we shall not be altering our position. However we will continue to monitor the situation closely.

Currently, Angola is listed among those countries that travellers should avoid unless on essential business. Visitors are advised to take precautions against yellow fever, malaria, hepatitis A and B, rabies and polio. For a full list please check with a BA travel clinic.

Mr Wright also confirmed that UK residents who have visited Angola, or a number of other Central African countries, are invited to take part in a free health screening service, designed to improve knowledge of the effects of travel to these regions.

Martin smiled at the irony of posting government press releases on a website he controlled. He was giving both sides of the story; giving the establishment its chance. But, in the process, he was taking away their authority. Bringing their information to his table, making it just like any other information. Carrying equal weight with any story he wished to post. No more or less valid, no more or less credible. Just another voice in the debate. They did not control the news now. They could no longer control opinion; electronic news is uncontained and uncontainable. Viral. News is not truth, it is fact. And in an open world the two get mixed up. Because it's all happening so fast. People everywhere are working, sharing, swapping, chatting, downloading, saving and forwarding as fast as they can. How can the establishment ever keep ahead in a game they no longer control?

furyfever.com

PRESS CUTTINGS

Daily Telegraph, March 16th

Foreign Office Reply to Fever Accusations

The Foreign Office issued a strong denial yesterday that it misled the public over the testing of airline passengers returning from Angola for the so-called Fury Fever.

"The authorities at Heathrow and other airports do ask passengers returning from Angola to fill in a form," a spokesman said. "The purpose of this is to gather data on the numbers of people returning from

Angola and other parts of Central Africa and to allow us to contact them subsequently to invite them to take part, voluntarily, in a health assessment program. Many of our European counterparts are carrying out similar studies. Over the past 8 months we have collected the details of some 380 Britons returning from Angola and these are being correlated at the Centre for Tropical Diseases. The results will be made available as soon as possible."

Richard Palmer, an oil industry executive, died at Heathrow last December, following a trip to Angola. His wife Katey has always maintained that Richard died as a result of contracting Fury Fever during his visit to Angola. Last night she claimed that the Foreign Office (FO) had not given her the full story.

"I am amazed that it is only now that we hear of these tests. I have not been informed of them before despite several conversations with the authorities at Heathrow and indeed a visit to the Foreign Office. And they still haven't told us what these tests are looking for," she said. "I am angry at the way that I and others are being kept in the dark. This proves that they are trying to hide the truth about this virus. We have a right to know everything that they know."

The Foreign Office insists that the tests on travellers to Angola are purely part of a voluntary research project. "What would be the point of releasing details of a research project before we have any findings?" said the FO spokesman. "We're not hiding any results, because we simply don't have any results to conceal. We will not have any concrete findings until we conclude our program. The priority for the FO is the continuing trade in "conflict diamonds" by UNITA rebels. If we can stop the diamond trade we can hope to bring a lasting peace to the people of this war-torn country."

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Martin left the office late: a production meeting had run over because one of the researchers had come up with a new "Deep Throat" on money laundering in political parties. Apparently millions were being transferred by wealthy individuals into conventional "charity" accounts, then paid over to parties. It could make a stunning programme. But when he got back, he went straight to working on the Fever site, putting new material on to the Press Cuttings section. And while he worked, elsewhere in London a young accountant was just about to grab a few headlines himself.

Andrew Latham was 28 and bored. He'd qualified as an accountant, but couldn't see how he'd stick at it for the rest of his career. He was planning to take a year off, travel the world get a fresh perspective. And as he walked into the bar, he was thinking about the first stage of his trip - to Africa. Perhaps that's why he felt strangely hot. Sticky hot. He loosened his collar and leant towards the bar.

"A pint of Export please."

"Sure thing," replied the young barman.

"Fucking toffs!" said the guy standing next to him at the bar.

"Sorry?" said Andrew, feeling hotter by the moment.

"I said 'Fucking toffs'. People like you, pushing in. Think you own the fucking place. Fucking wanker."

Andrew wasn't hot anymore. He was cold.

He turned and without any hesitation hit the guy full in the face. His head jerked back and Andrew kicked him in the groin. Then grabbed his head and smashed it down on the bar.

The guy slumped forward and Andrew kicked his legs away. Then he turned on an old man next to him, sitting at the bar, and punched him as hard as could in the stomach. The old guy grunted and fell backwards from his stool.

"What the hell is going on?" the young barman was shouting.

Andrew wasn't listening. He threw a glass at the wall. Picked up a stool and hurled it at the window. Picked up another glass. Broke it against the bar and stabbed it into his jugular.

sysop@furyfever.com

Thought this might be of interest to you. Sounds like an incidence of Fury Fever to me - though the press haven't made the connection yet. What do you think?

Chris@btclick.com

Martin loaded the press clipping onto the website.

PRESS CLIPPINGS

Evening Standard, March 15th
Man goes Berserk in Southall Bar

Police were last night trying to piece together information in the hope of understanding what drove a young man to attack four customers, and then take his own life, in a Southall bar. Witnesses reported seeing the dead man begin an argument over a drink. He then rampaged around the public bar before fatally stabbing himself with a shard of broken glass. An inquest opens today.

Does anyone know more about this story?

If you have any information please email to sysop@furyfever.com



The story in the Daily Mirror had changed things. Katey was news. Not big news, but the human interest angle combined with the panic potential of her story had the press interested.

She stared out of the window.

There were two photographers outside, from the local press. They'd been there all day. Tara was terribly excited by them. They called out names whenever they went out. "Katey! Tara!" Just to get their attention. Just to get a picture. The neighbours were bound to start talking. People who lived on Surrey Avenue weren't used to the press being around.

In fact Katey had surprised a lot of people. Her mother had rung her: outraged that 'they', as she put it, had withheld information. Friends had called to offer support. Even a couple of Richard's friends had been in contact and said that she had to keep pressing to find out the truth. It seemed that everyone now supported her.

The only exception was Richard's mother and father. She'd called them once to check they'd seen the piece in the paper; they had and were as understanding as ever, but she sensed they didn't like what was happening. They wanted to leave the subject alone; let the end be a close. She just hoped that as the campaign gathered momentum and more information came to light, they'd see she was doing the right thing. She had to believe they would.

The mail on the web site had soared too. There were 50 hits yesterday alone. Most were positive.

She logged on to see if there was anything new. Just one – from an Angolan journalist João Pereira.



to katey@furyfever.com

I am a journalist based in Luanda. I have lived in Angola all my life, apart from short spells in Portugal and the United States. I was born here, and I feel deeply proud of my country.

I have covered wars and economic hardship, disease and disaster for the past 15 years. I have travelled all over the country - and still do. Yet I have seen no signs of the illness you refer to as Fury Fever. Perhaps some groups use it as a derogatory term or an expression of old

superstitions. But I repeat I do not believe that there is a real virus at work here in Angola of the sort that your web page describes.

I am writing an article "A Fever without symptoms, without substance" for the International Newswire, which I hope will set the record straight. Sure the sub-editor may change it around, but I hope it will still convey something like the truth. In the meantime, I would ask you to stop and think about what you're doing and consider the consequences for people in Angola. The last thing that Angola needs is scare-mongering. We have too many real problems to cope with, without having to deal with unfounded rumours as well. Particularly now when we have a prospect of democratic elections – and when we need to be concentrating on eradication of the illegal export of diamonds.

Do you realise the forces you are calling into play? And that once unleashed these can't be held back? Please think again – look at the facts. Read my article. Even get back to me if you need any further information.

At least you called your site furyfever.com, because that is where the real fever lies – in the minds of people in the UK.

I am sorry to read of your husband's death. But blaming Angola is not a way out of your grief. There are 60 local languages in Angola; they all speak with one sound. It is a cry for help.

Best regards

João Pereira.

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Katey read the note three times and each time she felt a growing nervousness. A wave of panic came over her. She kept thinking about Richard's parents. What if she was wrong? What if there was no fever? What if it was all just rumour? What would she be doing to them? She had so few facts to go on and yet she knew that there must be an explanation for Richard's death. He couldn't have just committed suicide like that. And then there were the reports from Anthony Bond and Alain at Médecins Sans Frontières, and worst of all those FO denials. All the evidence pointed one way. Fury Fever. Most of all, Martin believed her. He was on her side. He was convinced they weren't being open about the virus.

She rang Martin that afternoon, peering out from the curtains to check on the photographers outside. It was raining. They had gone.

"Did you read that mail I forwarded to you from the journalist in Angola?" she asked.

"I did. Very interesting. You do realise of course the status of journalists in Angola. Practically government employees. They report what they're told to report. This guy's just carrying out orders. He wants to keep his permit. Angola is the No 1 enemy of free press. They jailed a reporter, Rafael Marques, earlier this year for referring to the President as a "dictator" in an article he wrote. He got six months inside for his trouble."

"Oh I didn't know."

"Sure. You're as likely to get the truth from a stringer in Angola as you are from a journalist working for the KGB."

"So he was just toeing the party line?" said Katey relieved by his reassurance.

"Absolutely. He doesn't want the truth to get out any more than the authorities do here. Think what it would do to inward investment, to Angola's oil industry."

"I'm sure you're right. I just got scared for a while. I just don't want to let anybody down – family I mean. It's probably the pressure of being in the news, those photographers hanging around the house," Katey replied.

"I know it must be hard. I'm sorry I can't help you more on that, but I have to keep out of the picture. We have to keep the image of you as the lone woman fighting injustice. You understand that don't you?"

"Yes, I've just got to be tough about it all," said Katey.

"The coverage is great. No front pages yet but we're still getting inside play in the Mirror and a lot of the other dailies and you've got that interview with The Guardian next week, don't forget. It's all going great."

"Yeah. Far better than I could have hoped for."

When she put the phone down, she went to Tara and gave her a big hug.

"Mummy's trying to do the right thing sweetheart. The right thing for all of us."

But Tara wasn't really listening. She wanted to know whether the photographers were still outside.

"No, they've gone home now sweetheart. Everything is back to normal. It's just you and me."

She looked down at Tara. Her little girl. Her one link with love. Someone had once said to her that if you've been loved, you're know that you're alive. She saw things differently: you're only alive if you love.



João Pereira sat on the veranda of the Continental hotel and sipped a beer. In the old days you could see the ocean from the veranda, but not any more. Now it looked out onto a seventies concrete block. Maybe it was better, truer that way; no ocean romance, just beat-up apartments.

He leant forward and reached for his papers. They'd printed his story all right. But it wasn't exactly his story. More an approximation.

DARK CONTINENT, DARKER SECRETS

by João Pereira, Luanda

Angola has been at war for the past 25 years. So long, that most people here have forgotten what it's all about. But the effects of the war – the shattered lives and the twisted bodies of the mutilados (as the war 'veterans' are known), the torn remnants of public services and infrastructure, the stumps of blown-up bridges and scorched ruins even in the capital Luanda – are daily reminders that conflict is still ripping at the heart of the nation.

We are a country without. Without communications, without infrastructure, without adequate healthcare or schools. We are a country that is oil

rich and diamond poor. And these two hydrocarbons have each financed the two sides in an endless war. Even the UN have pulled out their peace keepers, because – as Kofi Annan said – there was “no peace to keep”.

3 out of 10 children here die before they reach the age of 10. In this context, why should you not believe that something more terrifying lies inside this land? Inside these people. A Fever. And not just any fever. A fever without symptoms, that sends the sufferers mad. Recent reports in the UK press suggest that an unknown strain of virus called the Fury Fever is causing the mysterious deaths.

The unknown and unknowable nature of Angola and other African countries creates the right climate of fear, stagnant pools where such diseases breed. The dark continent holds darker secrets.

So much had changed from his original article it was barely recognisable. How could Western news agencies accuse his country of press violations when it was their selective editing that was the real mutilation of the freedom of speech?

João drank the remainder of his beer. Gathered his papers and checked the bill. With inflation running at 250% per annum, you always checked the bill.

He couldn't leave the story untold. If the agencies weren't going to take it in the way he wrote it then he would have to get it out some other way. To that woman in London,

the one who had started all this furore. She could have it. She should publish it on her site. He would tell her she had to. He'd probably have to wait 2 hours to get a dial up connection from his computer. So much for the global democracy of the Web he thought, just because it's accessible doesn't mean all have equal access.



to katey@furyfever.com

Dear Katey

You may have read my article in the press. It wasn't the one I wrote. I have attached the full text. You owe it to Angola to publish it on your site.

Thank you for doing the right thing.

Attachment:

Letter from Angola: A fever without symptoms, without substance.
by João Pereira, Luanda

Angola has been at war for the past 25 years. So long, that most people here have forgotten what it's all about. But the effects of the war, the shattered lives and the twisted bodies of the mutilados (as the war 'veterans' are known), the torn remnants of public services and infrastructure, the stumps of blown-up bridges and scorched ruins even in the capital Luanda, are daily reminders that conflict is still ripping at the heart of the nation.

Do you see it on the faces of the people? No. There is a joy that comes through even in these, the worst of times. It is not hope. In a country where more than 80 per cent of people live in poverty, there is so little cause for hope. So what you see is joyousness. An indomitable African joy.

I am a white man born and bred in Angola, a second-hand white they call me. An outsider inside the country. That has always given me a unique perspective on this land, a privileged passport through the minefields. Some of the minefields are real; you can tell by the limless bodies of the children who have strayed. Others are political: distrust and disagreement clearing a no mans land between UNITA and MPLA. Still others are emotional; the struggle for subsistence by the poor farmers of upland areas, where every field is a minefield of survival.

Each of these minefields blows up lives. We are a country without. Without communications, without infrastructure, without adequate healthcare or schools. We are a country that is oil rich and diamond poor. And these two hydrocarbons have each financed the two sides in an endless war. Even the UN have pulled out their peace keepers, because – as Kofi Annan said – there was “no peace to keep”. Perhaps if I could show you a happy photograph of a primary school and get the children of that school to write an open letter about what life was really like in Angola, you would think differently of this country. But there is no such happy photograph, because there are no primary schools. At least not ones that you would recognise as such. Why bother with education, when 3 out of 10 children here die before they reach the age of 10?

In this context, of a land that seems so different to the West, so without what the West takes for granted, so torn by war, so poor, why should you not believe that something more terrifying lies inside this land? Inside these people?

A Fever.

And not just any fever. A fever without symptoms, that sends the sufferers mad. Recent reports in the UK press suggest that an unknown strain of virus called the Fury Fever is causing the mysterious deaths. It is lurid, fascinating, ripe for the imagination. If it isn't true, you'd think it ought to be.

If I told you the reality is that there is no such Fury Fever in Angola, would you believe me? Where is the evidence, you ask? How can I produce evidence of something which is not? I have travelled the length and breadth of this country. I know people in every province. Yet I have never encountered the Fury Fever. I have, on the other hand, heard many stories of dark and bizarre deaths. These are not unique to Angola. They happen in every country. The unexplained madness of a football terrace, or a bar fight or street brawl. The despair that leads to a meaningless suicide. If this is Fury Fever, it is mankind's illness.

Do not blame Angola for sickness we share. Fury Fever is not simply a fever without symptoms; it is a fever without substance. It does not haunt Angola, but the idea of Angola.

I can understand that the unknown and unknowable nature of Angola and other African countries creates the right climate of fear, stagnant pools where such ideas breed. The dark continent must hold darker secrets. But these darker secrets lie in our unknowing. Not just ignorance (for it is not just ignorance of Africa that causes misunderstanding) but rather the gulf between our two ways of life: African and Western. In that gulf lies terror; it is a place where prejudice persists.

In the affluent countries of the West there are minefields too. Minefields of the mind. Places one cannot go. Conveniently demarcated.

Keep Out. Send the engineers in first by all means, sweep the field, but do not believe that these mines are not of your own making. They will not harm you, if you close your eyes with trust and walk forward.

You have nothing to fear from Angola. Would that it were the other way around.

 forwarding mail
 to sysop@furyfever.com
 from katey@furyfever.com

Martin

Please look at the the attachment, it is an article by a guy in Angola. I think he is right. We have to publish this article. Could you put it on the Press Cuttings?

Thanks and speak tomorrow.

Katey

 from sysop@furyfever.com
 to katey@furyfever.com

Katey

I agree. We have to carry it. There's another article coming out in tomorrow's Independent you should also read!

Martin

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furyfever.com

PRESS CUTTINGS

The Independent, March 26th

Scientist Backs Calls for Review of Fury Fever test

by Science Correspondent Julian Hacks

A leading expert in tropical disease, Dr Raymond Gregory, has called on the Government to come clean about what it knows of Angolan Fury Fever. Dr Gregory, a professor in pathogens at the Oxford Institute for Tropical Medicine, said yesterday that:



"We have known for some time of the existence of new super-pathogenic viruses. Many of these have emerged in Central Africa, for reasons which are not yet entirely clear. These super-pathogens are so virulent that they pose a threat to all human life."

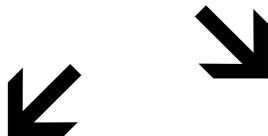
Little is known of the genesis of super-pathogens. Scientists do know however that viruses typically develop over many thousands, if not millions of years. During this time, the virus learns and adapts. Basically it learns to achieve the fine balance required for its continued existence, infecting but not killing the host so quickly that it eliminates the life on which it first depends. The best example might be the common cold. If the cold killed everyone it infected, pretty soon there'd be no people, and then there would be no colds.

Now imagine a virus that hasn't learnt any of these rules. That kills ruthlessly and rapidly. Well that's what many scientists believe we're seeing right now: the emergence of pathogens or "zoonotic" organisms, which jump species. These super-pathogens are not like normal viruses; they are "slate-wipers", killing off entire local populations before they can move on. That's why researchers like Dr Raymond Gregory believe they have been largely unrecorded until now: "They kill with such devastation, there are no survivors to tell the tale. But if these super-pathogens were to escape into a larger population" says Dr Gregory, "say through infected drinking water - they would hold a chance of spreading before the required host base dies out. The scenario: the death of our species."

All this may sound alarmist. But to some extent it has happened before. Take the emergence of HIV for example. Now the second largest killer on the face of the earth, two decades ago it was virtually unknown.

In the view of many scientists we cannot afford to wait until these viruses arrive on our shores. "We need to act now," says Dr Gregory. "Do the research. Let science come up with the answers. That is why it is so important that the Government comes clean on what it knows about the incidence of Fury Fever in Angola."

However, Mr Gregory's views are not shared by all within the medical community. Dr Hammond of the Edinburgh Virus Research Unit says "There's an enormous amount of needless sensationalism whenever the subject of new super-pathogens is mentioned. The fact is that we know very little about them and what we do know suggests that the threat - say when one compares this to the threat of malaria or hepatitis A or B - is very minimal. I think it is extremely dangerous to cause public anxiety over such issues based on such scant evidence."



The Opposition Health Spokesman had also read the article in the Independent. And he wasn't going to let the opportunity pass. Not with a slot on Question Time. So when it came to his turn to answer the question: 'Does the panel agree that the last winter's crisis in the NHS, following the outbreak of Sino Flu, could have been averted?' - he was all geared up.

"Yes. The simple answer is that this Government should have reacted sooner to the signs that we were going to face a massive flu epidemic that would stretch our excellent, but hard-pressed health services to breaking point. Doctors and scientists had been warning us of Sino Flu all autumn. Yet nothing was done; the result is that the NHS was placed under intense pressure and that caused a huge backlog of patients needing care. The NHS is still struggling to catch up and that's a worry for all of us.

"And you know this isn't an isolated case. There are other instances where it's clear that the Government ignores warnings. Take the threat of Fury Fever. Several eminent pathologists are calling on the Government to take this seriously. Infectious disease can't just be kept out at border controls. It's a global problem and what's more it becomes a national problem as soon as the infected carrier touches down at Heathrow Airport. So I urge the Government to take immediate action on Fury Fever now. Before it is too late.

"Sino Flu has placed our Health Services in a dire situation. But that would be as nothing if the concerns about Fury Fever proved to be real."

General applause.

to katey@furyfever.com

Katey

The Health Debate is on our side. Now the Government is going to have to act. Watch this space.

Martin

furyfever.com

PRESS CUTTINGS

FCD Press Release

Travel Advice to Angola Altered

The Foreign and Commonwealth Office announced today that, as a precaution, it is changing the advice it gives to travellers wishing to visit Angola. The country has now been moved from the list of countries where travel is advised against "unless on essential business" to the list of countries which the FCO advises against travel under any circumstances. The FCO maintains however that it has no evidence that supports the existence of the virus known "Fury Fever".

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Who says individuals cannot change things? Power to the people!

sysop

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Martin paid for the cab.

"It's been a lovely evening," said Debbie.

"It has. Not every evening I get to take the most beautiful immigration officer at Heathrow out for a drink," said Martin.

"You're just teasing," said Debbie, smiling. "Just because I did you a favour with those forms on travellers coming back from Africa, doesn't mean I'm suddenly Sharlene Spiteri."

Martin took her hand.

"Look I owe you a huge thanks for that. But don't think that's the only reason I wanted to meet up this evening."

"So why did you want to meet up then?" she said, teasing now herself. She felt good in his company, special even. Like he listened to her every word.

"I wanted to meet up to celebrate the success of the website and to seduce you," replied Martin, without emotion, as though he was telling her how to change a plug.

"Well I have got some more forms you could look over inside - if that would interest you?" She took hold of the front of his leather jacket and drew him towards her.

"I'm never one to turn down inside information." he replied.

03



Martin rolled over and felt her warm body. She was lying on her side with her back to him. He moved his hand over the round of her hip, down into the sharp dip of her waist, along the muscles of her back and to the point of her shoulder. All was soft and sweet. Nothing said.

He stroked the angle of her shoulder and her neck.

He moved his hand down her back once more. Felt it flatten at the base. In that tender zone above the pelvis.

He kissed the muscle between neck and shoulder; felt her body greet his hand.

"Good morning," he said softly.

She turned and kissing him now on the mouth, said "Good morning to you".

She was warm and close and she smelled of Chanel sleep. Sleep has a smell all of its own. Mix it with a little scent and you have the secret potion. Love Potion No 1.

"You're beautiful," he said.

"You say that to all the girls."

"Maybe. But I mean it."

"You'd better... I had this strange dream. I was standing at a photocopier. The lid was up and the machine was running. That green copying light flashing and flashing. But copying nothing. And I was getting so worried you would arrive and notice."

"You've been working too long in that design office of yours, Sab."

"Yes. And I've been away from you for you for too long. Did you miss me?"

"Sure. Every day. Want some breakfast?"

"Not yet," said Sabine, smiling and holding him a closer. Her mouth now on his. More Love Potion No. 1.

Martin had met Sabine through an old school friend. He'd told Martin that her great, great, great grandmother had inspired Ingres' painting 'The Turkish Bath'. Martin had gone into the Louvre on one of his visits to Paris, just to check out the resemblance. He'd decided the great, great, great grandmother was the figure standing, holding an ornate perfumeur in front of her small, bare breasts. The exotic hadn't left Sabine.

"You're beautiful," he said again.

"You say that to all the girls."

"Maybe. But I only mean it sometimes."

"That's better Martin... the truth is so sexy, coming from you." She kissed him again, and in one movement was out of bed, crossing over towards the windows and opening the curtains. The light streamed in and caught the shape and soft angularity of her body. Usually camouflaged in denim; now like an Ingres Venus. Flowing dark hair, lean waist, long legs. She took his dressing gown from the hook and sat on the edge of the bed.

"Paris is dull without you Martin," she said.

"Paris is never dull for you, Sab. What's the real reason you're here?"

"I'm here to see you, you bastard. I should go home right now." She turned her face away.

"Nice try Sab. But a little transparent."

She lit a cigarette. Took a draw and handed it to him.

"Alright, I'm here to see you, and to persuade you to come back to Declaration. Full-time. The gig in Istanbul was a fiasco. We just didn't have things organised properly without you, and the next event in Washington is a really big show. Yves and Daniel need your help at Declaration. They asked

me to tell you you're important to the plan."

"I know. I've let you and the guys at Declaration down rather over the past months, but this fever site is really taking off. We're getting press coverage; TV; comments from Foreign Office Ministers – the works. As we pick up speed, we're getting more and more information, forcing them into saying things they don't want to, or are only half-prepared to admit.

"In the old days they would have kept all this stuff secret," he went on. "Now they feel they have to be open about things. But how open? That's their weakness, you see, you can't be a bit open. It has to be either a culture of secrecy or an entirely open arena. If it's entirely open, they can't cover up what they're doing with globalisation and global capitalism. I may be in at the start. But the end game is to get them to come clean. Clean about everything."

"Yes, but where's all this taking you? I mean a site can't change much. It doesn't stop the World Bank from its agenda. Street riots change policy, not websites. What we've done together at Declaration has really altered the debate. We've put globalisation on the agenda. A large part of that's down to you."

"I'm not sure about that. Anyway, I'm talking about a new kind of protest now. A different kind of riot. An information riot. Where nobody knows where the stories are coming from, or which is true. An information riot where my site is linked to a thousand other anarchist agendas."

Sabine got up. Looking for an ashtray. Sat in the armchair by the window. Catlike; legs tucked up under her.

Martin was on a roll:

"New anarchy isn't about tearing down barricades. It's about setting up associations. Creating links. Autonomous coalitions. Cannot be controlled or corralled. So what you

get is a movement of common ideas, but which has no leadership, no agenda even. I mean, imagine taking on an enemy which has no agenda! A few big ideas, but no agenda. Well it will blow their fucking minds because there's nothing to argue with, nothing to get hold of. No one to blame or catch or label. Because the movement is: "There Is No Movement". Globalisation can handle the renegade, the barricade protester. But it won't be able to handle the invisible, disorganised, disparate, leaderless, manifesto-less movement. And my work with furyfever.com is the start."

"And this woman you're working with, can she handle it all?" Sabine asked.

"Sure, she's very together."

"Well make sure you don't hurt her while you're carrying out your big plans. She's not like us. If we fail, we've got homes and jobs to go back to. We'll regroup and fight again. But if she fails, she loses everything. She loses hope. She's not an ideal; she's a widow."

"Look if it wasn't for me she wouldn't have got off the ground."

"Maybe the ground is a safer place to be."

"Fair enough. But if she'd being doing this alone, she'd have no chance of finding out the truth. And just suppose the government really are covering up the facts on 'Fury Fever', that's something worth fighting about. We're talking about saving lives. Anyway, I've been through it all with her. She knows the risks and she wants to carry on."

"Promise you won't go using any of that irresistible charm on her either," said Sabine.

"Promise. Katey's strictly off limits."

Martin looked across at Sabine. "So - are you coming back to bed then Sab?"

Sabine stubbed out her cigarette. She gave Martin a

look from the side of her eyes. She was coming back to bed. In a little while. She needed something to stall with. An affected disinterest. Give herself the edge in the situation. She picked up a book, from the table by the window.

"The Hot Zone'? Not exactly your type of book Martin."

"Actually it's fascinating. The American guy I was sharing a cell with in Paris told me about it. Remember that outbreak of the Ebola Virus in Uganda back in the 1980s? Well it was all a cover up. This book blew it apart. Really scary stuff about Ebola in there.

"Hmm not exactly my bed time reading. But I guess you could persuade me..."

She slung the book onto the bed and walked over to Martin. The dressing gown slipped from her shoulders. She leant forward to kiss him.

"When are we going out?" she asked between small kisses to his mouth and neck.

"I said we'd meet this old mate of mine from Cambridge, Ray Gregory, at 11.00."

"That gives us two hours to fill," she said, pushing Martin's copy of the 'Hot Zone' onto the floor with her foot. "Don't think I'm going to give up that easily. We still want you back at Declaration."

"Sure. We'll talk about it. Another time."



Katey put the picture back on the mantelpiece. Moved it slightly, to its best light. It was a photo of Richard holding Tara on her 3rd Birthday.

Next to it another photo of Richard. One taken a few weeks before he'd died. It was a shot of three white managers

surrounded by a crowd of African faces. Richard’s team in Angola. He was smiling broadly, a picture of health. Everyone was smiling broadly. It was a sunny day in Africa.

She thought about the photo. Richard had never complained about Angola. In fact he’d loved it out there. Sure, it was a very different life, and of course he missed her and Tara while he was away, but she always got the feeling that Richard almost preferred being in Angola. Was caught by the spirit of the place. Something of the magic of Africa had got to him, he told her once. “A sense that I have been there before. A strange belonging.”

She moved back to her desk. Tara was asleep upstairs, so she had time to go through mail to the site. That could wait though.

She wanted to take another look at João’s article. His original article. There was a lot in it that had touched her. A sense of the truth, like sunlight seeping through Venetian blinds into a darkened room.

Katey re-read the article, then shut down the computer and picked up the phone. Wanted to talk to Anthea.

“Hi Anth. It’s Katey. Have you seen that article from the Angolan journalist on the Press Cuttings?”

“Yeah it was pretty good. Made me think anyway,” said Anthea.

“Me too. I talked to Martin about it. He said he thought the guy was probably a government stooge. Paid to put out the party line. Apparently the Press in Angola operate more or less under licence. Is that how you see it?”

“I don’t know much about it honestly. I can check it out if you like, but I guess if Martin says so, he’s probably got some reason. Why don’t you set your mind at rest and send this journalist a message. Find out some more about him and what he’s on about.”

“Yeah good idea. I’ve got his email address on the site.”

“And you and I could arrange to meet Martin, to go over the next phase of publicity. You know – I haven’t met Martin yet. I’d like to see what he’s like, how experienced he is and that kind of thing.”

“Yeah. Fine. He’s around in London at the moment. I can probably set up a meeting for the three of us in town next week. If that’s all right with you?”

“Sounds good. Let me know when.”

Dear João

I read your article with interest. Do you have any further information from Angola to back up your views? My husband loved your country, so I am trying to build up a picture of it for myself. Is there anything I should read/look at that might help me?

Regards

katey@furyfever.com

Dear Katey

Thank you for your note. I urge you to stop your campaign against Angola before you do real damage. I am convinced that your Fury Fever is not here in Angola. I will continue to write articles for the news wires about life here; it is all I can do to keep the truth alive.

I attach a sound file with this note. It is a recording I made of a young woman singer at a Club called Bahia. It captures for me something of what I love about Angola.

Maybe you will find it interesting.

Regards João

file attach: Canto a Luanda



The Metro was the kind of bar that filled with singles looking for other singles at 7 o'clock, but at lunchtime, it was a much safer place. And it was just around the corner from Anthea's office.

"What do you reckon?" asked Katey

"Great song," Martin replied

"Yeah, that's what I thought," said Katey, putting the MP3 player on the side of the table and curling the mini headphones into a neat coil.

"Maybe I could get a copy of it? Really. But however great a song it is – what does that prove?"

"Look Katey, this is not about Angola. We've got no agenda with Angola, or the troubles going on there. Or with President dos Santos or even Jonas Savimbi. This is about getting at the truth about your husband's death. It's about Fury Fever. Don't lose sight of that."

"I'm not. But I want to be sure we're not harming people along the way," Katey replied.

"I know and I admire that," said Martin. "OK, this guy in Angola may well be a regular hero. But the fact is that Angola is a war torn nightmare, where disease and death are commonplace, and where the voice of the ordinary man or woman is never, ever heard. If we don't tell people about Fury Fever thousands of people may die from it – needlessly – before the truth gets out. It's like that outbreak of Ebola in Uganda. They tried to cover it up back in the 80's, just as they're still trying to cover it up today.

"So I think we have a duty," Martin continued, "a world duty, to get this story out. To make everyone aware of what's going on. If that hurts a few multinational oil companies or diamond traders along the way – then that's a sin I'm prepared to live with."

Martin turned to Anthea, smiling.

"What do you think Anthea?"

She looked down at first, avoiding his glance, feeling self-conscious.

"I think you're right. I mean if we don't force the truth on this issue, we may be risking the lives of people in Angola and elsewhere. If we can understand this disease now, we can perhaps help save lives."

Katey saw the sense of the argument.

"Alright. I just have to keep testing my principles on

this – because the whole thing is moving so fast, that it’s easy to forget why we started out on all this.”

“That’s right Katey. It’s important to keep asking yourself that question. But at the same time don’t forget that we’re on the brink of doing something really big.”

“Do you want to discuss the press plan Katey and I have put together?” asked Anthea, now looking at Martin.

“Look. I’d love to but I’m expected somewhere at 2.00 and I don’t think I’d do it justice in the time. Why don’t you and I meet up a little later and go through it off-line. If I’ve got any suggestions you can always feed them back to Katey.”

“OK,” said Anthea. “Where do you want to meet?”

“Why don’t we meet back here, say at 7.00? I’m free later on so it’s no bother for me to come over and it’ll save you a journey after work.”

“Well, if you’re sure, that’s fine with me.”

“Good. Now I’ve got to dash. Katey, great to see you. Just keep that confidence up. Things are really moving.” Martin gave Katey a light kiss on the cheek as he got up from the table. He put a £20 note down by his plate.

“Here’s my contribution to lunch. Anthea – I’ll see you later.”

“Fine. Bye.”

Martin left. Katey and Anthea watched him walk through the tables. He stopped to wave at the door.

“You still think I’m doing the right thing, don’t you Anth?”

“Sure I do. I think Martin is absolutely right. This isn’t about Angola. It’s about getting to the truth. And I think he’ll make sure we do.”

“Yes. He’s pretty determined isn’t he?” said Katey.

“I’d say so,” Anthea replied. “He’s an interesting bloke. Unusual. He listens far better than most people. Looks at you all the time you’re talking.”



“Yes, I’ve noticed that. Something very attractive about it. Makes you feel special or valued, or at least that what you have to say is worthwhile. I bet our Martin’s a real lady killer, wouldn’t you say?”

“I’d stake my house on it,” said Anthea.

When Anthea met Martin later that evening, he noticed she was wearing more make-up than earlier. There was something very English about Anthea. She had a particular shyness or vulnerability. Seemed very confident, used to being in charge, but he suspected that was a gloss that came with her job. It was also her way of dealing with men.

He decided she wasn’t used to being looked at. Didn’t know how to react.

They spoke about the site and Katey, and how much they both admired her for going ahead with the site. They drank a bottle of wine and Martin began to flirt. At first Anthea pretended not to notice. Is he really making a pass at me? She convinced herself he wasn’t. Just his manner.

But when they were walking to the tube he asked what she was doing on the Thursday. Maybe they could have dinner together?

Almost surprised at herself she accepted, and thought about it all the way home.



from sysop@furyfever.com
to katey@furyfever.com

A leaked government memo is being paraded in the press tomorrow morning. Thought you might like to get an advance sneak at it. Friend of mine at the Association passed it on.

Issue

What actions EU Commission should consider taking in view of continuing public concern over the health of visitors returning from the Republic of Angola?

Options

- 1. Do nothing.
- 2. Issue entry restrictions and/or trade sanctions against Republic of Angola.
- 3. Establish World Health Organization (WHO) task force with specialist observer - to visit Angola.

Recommendations

This is an important health issue. (A privately commissioned poll suggests we are vulnerable to criticism on this issue.) Public confidence

has been shaken by a sustained series of real and perceived threats to health, such that it is not sufficient to make denials; action is required.

Option 1 therefore is not recommended.

Option 2 has the advantage of a clear message, and would encourage the authorities in Angola to co-operate more fully. However, great care has to be taken not to destabilise the country any further at this time, and in particular not to undermine the important work that is being carried out in relation to the illegal trade in diamonds. Note, the French Foreign Minister would be unlikely to view actions against Angola favourably, given the French government's long-running support of the dos Santos government. Furthermore, the French Government are likely to measure any such initiative against possible injurious impact on French oil interests in the region.

Option 3 therefore seems to be the safest route at this stage. WHO are the specialists in this field; recommendations from WHO would legitimise further action if required.

Recommendation: That WHO task force is sent to Angola.
Timing: Immediate.



Martin got up earlier than usual. He wasn't going to miss the Today programme that morning. Grilled Minister for breakfast. Maybe it was something in his upbringing, but Martin liked to see authority brought to task. Even though he

had enjoyed privilege, he was instinctively against it. He wanted to see those in power made equal.

The interview suited his need.

Interviewer So Minister, is the public right to be worried about Fury Fever coming into Britain from Angola?

Minister Obviously we take such concerns very seriously. If there are allegations of dangerous viruses entering this country from abroad then the British people have every right to know the facts. That’s why we are talking with all of our European partners, to see what action might be taken and to pool our knowledge on this matter.

Interviewer Sounds like you don’t expect the French to toe the line on this?

Minister Well the French Government will have their own view, and of course I’ll be talking to my counterparts in Paris. The important thing is to get to the bottom of this issue, determine the facts and then take the appropriate action.

Interviewer So what about Angola? Have you heard from the authorities there?

Minister Yes, we’re in regular contact both with the Angolan authorities and with our own diplomatic staff in Angola. So far we have been unable to confirm the incidences of Fury Fever in Angola and that is why we are asking the World Health Organisation to send a task force to establish the true nature and extent of this virus. In a country like Angola, medical authorities are having to cope with extreme pressure on a daily basis. They don’t have time to look into new diseases, because they are fully occupied treating those with existing complaints.

That’s why the WHO team under the leadership of Sven Larson will be so important in determining the facts in this case. In the meantime, we also hope to have the results of our own voluntary health-screening programme on visitors recently returned from Angola. The two together should give us a far clearer picture of what we are dealing with.

Interviewer But do you think the Angolan authorities are doing enough in the circumstances?

Minister As I have said, we are in regular contact with Angola and have every expectation we will receive their full co-operation.

Interviewer So why are Britain and the rest of the EU considering entry restrictions and even trade embargos?

Minister Well at this stage – when we don’t have all the facts in front of us – we have to consider all the options. As we get more information we can then proceed to take the course of action which is appropriate in the circumstances. The most important thing is that we retain public confidence in this matter and that of course we continue to protect the health of everyone here in Britain.

Interviewer There’s a suggestion in some quarters that this tough stance on Angola is because the Government is losing the health debate and needs to show it’s doing something.

Minister Completely the opposite. Since coming into office, this Government has invested almost twice as much as our predecessors in health. More money for new hospitals, new equipment, more doctors and nurses, shorter waiting lists. By any criteria you care to apply we are transforming the NHS and taking it back to its rightful status as the envy of the world.

Interviewer So the timing of this action on Angola has no significance?

Minister Absolutely none. The question of dangerous viruses coming into this country has been one we have considered for some time. That's why we set up our voluntary testing programme in the first place. We have to remember that viruses don't respect borders. Health is a global issue. However, each nation has the right to do what it believes is in the best interests of its people.

Interviewer And what about its timing with regard to the forthcoming talks in South Africa on the trade in conflict diamonds from Angola?

Minister Well, we believe those talks are extremely important to bringing a lasting peace to this area. UNITA rebels are using the income they raise from the sale of conflict diamonds to fund a war that has already gone on for 25 years. As we have seen in Sierra Leone, the consequences for the people of these countries can be catastrophic, that's why we are doing all we can to promote the creation of a world-wide ban on all illegal diamonds. We are working with the Angolan government and the diamond industry, and the upcoming World Diamond Congress talks in South Africa will be a crucial part of that process. I shall be doing all I can to make sure that these two very separate issues don't get confused.

Interviewer Minister, thank you very much. Now here's the weather from Dominic Corcoran...



Martin turned off the radio and picked up the phone. Time to see how hot the issue was getting. Time to make sure that the first place everyone went to for the truth about Fury Fever was furyfever.com.

João sat in the bar at the Continental and took his usual beer. One beer and a chance to read some week-old newspapers, and maybe the odd magazine. João had once done a story on street sellers in Luanda, young children who search the rubbish dumps on the edge of the city, scavenging for something, anything that might be of value: a shoe, a blackened pot, or a four year old copy of Time magazine, tattered but with a few pages of ads still intact. And he remembered this young girl, maybe no more than five or six years old, desperately trying to sell him those few torn pages. Bright images of a consumer world which might decorate a wall somewhere: an imaginary window onto the Martini world.

Now, as he sat in the veranda bar, leafing through an old copy of Newsweek, he didn't feel too different from the child street sellers. He knew the scavenging emotion. You don't live in a country like Angola without carrying a little of the hyena inside you.

Things had been odd for some days now. And in Angola, that was saying something. Angola was becoming a subject of interest for the world press, not exactly the usual state of affairs. It was almost a source for pride among some commentators. People in the West, in Britain and America actually want to read about us? We must be important! People are listening to us! The country was like a patient at visiting time, knowing that for a few moments he has the attention of everyone at the bedside for no other reason than that he is sick.

At first, the Government had reacted angrily to the threat of action or embargo. The whole situation was unfair and misinformed. There simply was no Fury Fever in Angola and the only plausible explanation to all of this had to be that it was the work of UNITA and Jonas Savimbi. Savimbi must have put out this story to undermine the country in the run-up to free and fair elections, but also, and more importantly, to undermine the ongoing "talks behind talks" over conflict diamonds. Savimbi was the only one who could benefit from all these rumours, so it must be him that started them. That was the official line.

Since the initial flurry of indignation most of the more thoughtful press and media in Angola had turned their attention to Fury Fever itself. Did it exist? Why was the world pointing the finger at Angola?

The answer to the first question seemed to João to be a resounding, no. None of the articles or programmes could support any outbreak of Fury Fever. So the question was, why? Why invent this story about Angola? This time the answers were less clear. Of course, the party line was that this was all a hoax drummed up by Savimbi. But other, quieter, more thoughtful voices were also concerned as to why this rumour had taken root so firmly in the West. To them it was another example of "Blame it on Africa". AIDS was all Africa's fault. So why not some new super-virus too?

The respected Jornal de Angola, the TV show "Em Foco" and even the independent Catholic station Radio Ecclesia, all seemed to think that it was the Western media that had "gone mad" on this story.

Some of them wondered whether it was the Western media's revenge against dos Santos' proposed new press law which would grant government the power to decide who can be a journalist and to ban publications at its own discretion.

Whatever the cause, there seemed to be very little public concern about Fury Fever. João wondered whether this absence of public concern was a direct result of the overall lack of information in Angola, whether the tight state controls on news stories did have an effect, or whether it was simply that the struggle for survival simply wasn't "news" in Angola? It was a nice irony to João: did the Angolan people not have Fury Fever simply because they didn't know about it? Is freedom of speech the real source of contagion? Is speech the reason that the panic spreads?

João thought about such things over the remains of his beer. He thought about war as a fever; the confusion of a diamond war. That an advertising line – "Diamonds are forever" – could have such a dramatic impact on the fate of a whole people.

But that was all so much speculation. Tomorrow João was on a press trip with the World Health Organisation's task force under Sven Larrson. He'd be taking a flight with them up to Kuito. He would do some interviews. Try to fill a page in a magazine that would sit on some table and remain unread and eventually be valued only for the pretty pictures and the advertising. Or maybe he would write a piece that would change opinions; a magical thousand words that would touch people in other corners of the world unused to the dangerous, splendid, rank odour of Africa.

He got up – and all he could think of was that battered copy of Time magazine he'd bought from the rubbish tip girl, which he kept in a draw in his apartment.



It was a warm clear Paris day. The sort of day when the prostitutes along the Rue St Denis do their washing, hang it

out to dry from the balconies and watch the street life. It's a curious rule of the Rue St Denis that the hookers have a pitch according to age. The lower end of the street, nearest to the Seine, is where the really old crones hang out. The far end, toward the Porte St Denis, is the preserve of the scarcely legal, young girls in jeans and fake Armani T-shirts.

Sabine sat outside the Café Stark at about the middle-age mark along the Rue St Denis. She faced into the morning sun wearing shades and a scarf. The Grace Kelly look. Yves sat next to her watching the hookers hang washing. The waiter brought them coffee.

"So, Martin's not coming back to Declaration?" asked Yves.

"Not right now," Sabine replied. "But don't worry about him. Give him a few months and he'll be back on the streets with us."

A prostitute smiled at them. Lifted her skirts as though she were about to do some flamenco and made an obscene gesture instead. Yves sipped his coffee.

"What makes you so sure?" he asked.

"He's experimenting. That's all. Just exploiting an opportunity and when it fails he'll realise that we've got something much bigger going on here. All this website stuff is just a smoke-screen. What he's really doing is exploiting the English weakness: panic. Strange that the nation who invented the stiff upper lip now suffer from panic attacks."

"Losing their confidence."

"Losing their identity. I mean all this would never happen in France. Look at the reaction of the French press to the reports on Fury Fever. Indifference. No sweat. The government's ignoring it too and the guys at Elf must be laughing all the way to the oil terminal. Talk about shooting

British interests in the foot – Elf will now have an even bigger say in what happens to Angola's oil. The British companies won't get a look in."

Yves took another sip of coffee.

"I remember meeting one of the senior managers once and talking about Africa. He said, "We don't need to rule colonies any more, we rule economies." Can you imagine having the face to say that to me!"

"But he was right."

"Yes he was. Napoleon in corporate drag."

"And meanwhile the English patient just gets sicker and doesn't understand that the morphine won't stop the collapse of their identity. So they'll continue to panic whenever the drugs wear off. Panic because they don't know who they are any more. Don't know what they believe in. In Europe or out. Military power or the US President's poodle. It's as though they're Imperialists, but without the past."

"So you think all of this will blow over?"

"I'm sure it will. The British press will find some other cause to panic about and Martin's experiment won't be news any more. And then he'll be back."

"I hope you're right – we do need him you know," said Yves.

"I know. But I'm right about this. He'll be working with us on the Washington gig – I bet you."

A young black man walked into the doorway in front of him. He was about to discover what it's like to be forty five and still on the street.



The interest in Angola was giving João new options. He had a whole series of features he wanted to write and now that

Angola was in demand there was a better chance that they'd be accepted, like the story about diamond mining in Angola. Not the illegal trade in conflict diamonds, but the story of the garimpeiros: the 350,000 freelance diamond miners who were working in Angola. The Government had recently introduced a system of bar-code licences for these miners and once fully in place, official buyers in Angola would only be allowed to purchase diamonds from registered garimpeiros. João loved the idea of licensing these desperate men and women and giving them an official status. It was like bar-coding the Wild West. It could be a great photo story too. He had flown over one of these mining areas once and could remember the scene – pot-holes as far as the eye could see, men up to their chests in red soil; digging for a different survival.

But, for now, he was on the WHO story.

João looked over at Sven Larson. Larson was a long-time WHO man. Widely respected, with a small beard and thin glasses. Light coloured hair swept back off his forehead. Impeccably objective, he had that Swedish air of never seeing the wood for the trees. We are all moulded by the landscape we inhabit, thought João.

They were sitting at the side of the runway at Kuito airport. A Russian Antonov plane had recently landed and was unloading its cargo of soybeans and cornmeal onto the trackside. The runway was pock marked and splintered – the tell tale signs of the heavy landings of huge cargo jets bringing in food from the UN's World Food Program – landings for which this regional airport had never been intended. The state of the runway was testament to just how much food aid was being brought in: the UN was currently feeding some two million Angolans.

"We're here on a fact finding mission," said Larrison,

holding his hand up to shield his eyes from the sun. "There is concern in Britain, and other European countries, that a virus has caused the deaths of a number of visitors to Angola. Since we do not have the full facts of this matter, we need to come here and conduct our own investigations. The Angolan Medical Authorities are giving us all the help they can."

"How exactly will you be operating?"

"Well we've drawn up a list of regional hospitals and health centres that we will visit over the next three to four weeks. We'll talk to officials and doctors at these centres. Collect anecdotal evidence. Talk to local people and generally assess the stories we have received so far of virus victims – the Belgian mining engineer and the oil manager. We'll also be talking to people who worked with Richard Palmer, to see if we can understand his case better. So, we'll be doing all we can to bring some objective analysis to this difficult situation and of course, if we do identify individuals who are suffering from unusual symptoms and who may be carrying this so-called Fury Fever, then we will be in a position to isolate them and carry out detailed examinations."

"So does that mean you are expecting to find evidence of this mystery virus?"

"It's far too early to tell what we'll find. We have only just arrived in Angola and conducted our first discussions with health officials in Luanda. But so far – and I would repeat that we are right at the beginning of our visit – we have found no indications of any unknown viruses. We have a number of rumours and allegations. That is all."

"How long will you be in Angola?"

"We hope to have our preliminary review completed within four weeks, but of course one of the big problems with somewhere like Angola is access. Some parts of the country are just extremely difficult to get to, and others are

extremely dangerous to access. Angola is at war and we must never forget that.”

The interview had covered a few more topics such as the scope and remit of the fact-finding mission, but João had realised that this WHO trip was going to be played very close to the chest and that although Sven Larson was charming and helpful, he was never going to get a lot out of him. So they called a friendly halt to the discussion and agreed to talk again.

Maybe João’s instincts as a journalist were failing him. Maybe he didn’t want to stick with the WHO trip for fear he’d get to know things he wished he didn’t, like how many people were sick and dying in his country; how many were being treated in appalling conditions with little or no medical supplies? Or maybe he was just getting lazy. He’d made his mind up about this story and he reckoned he wasn’t going to get anything out of Mr Larson even if they did turn up some spooky virus in a remote province.

Whatever the reason, João had made a big mistake. Otherwise he would have agreed to travel with the WHO team to their first field clinic, about three hours by jeep from Kuito. It would have been an interesting drive, because about two hours into their trip, the WHO team took a wrong turn, got off their route, tried to retrace their steps, and drove straight into a minefield.

The lead jeep was blown into the air, ripped and tossed and spat out. The driver lost both legs. Welcome to Angola.

It’s true, thought João, people are moulded by their landscapes. Especially if the landscape is contaminated.

Land-mines hadn’t been big news in Angola since the ‘Di Visit’. João remembered the ‘visit’. Who’d forget the zoo it created? Got huge press back in the West, yet few in

Angola knew who she was and those that did had little idea of the impact her ‘visit’ was having on the outside world. It had made land-mines a big hot issue.

João remembered the picture of Di on the news, being given a land-mine as a souvenir. Some souvenir. But then Angola was that kind of country, João reflected, and maybe it did make sense. After all there are an estimated 15 million land-mines in Angola.

He remembered other scenes too. In a hospital, a 55 year old woman who had stepped on a land-mine while looking for her granddaughter. She was blind but she’d still gone out to call for the little girl. Now she lay in a narrow bed; bandages around a bloodied stump, confusion in her mind. She could not see the doctor at her bedside, the doctor who had dressed the wounds, who had done all he could but knew that it was better for this old blind woman to die than to survive.

The mine which had blown up the WHO jeep was a 72. Made in China, fabricated in plastic and primed to explode with as little as a 10 degree tilt. No wonder it had gone ‘kaboom’ when the jeep wheel went over it. It would have gone up with only the slightest pressure from a child’s footstep.

It was a small mine. But it made great headlines.

“WHO task force blown up by land-mine.”

A little askew of the truth but in the right area. Somehow, the fact that a World Health Organisation team could be the victim of a land-mine confirmed all the prejudices about Angola. João realised that, to the Western press, it made it even more likely that the WHO task force would find evidence of Fury Fever. Whatever João wrote was going to make little difference to people whose mind had been made up. If he was going to influence matters, then he would have to find another route.



“So why didn’t you make it as a newscaster?” asked Martin.

“I didn’t have the looks,” said Anthea.

“Can’t believe that,” replied Martin, raising his hand to stroke her hair. He was glad that he had invited her round to his house.

“No really. They said as much – I didn’t have the presence was how they put it. Then they gave the job to that weather girl with the leather trousers.”

“Yeah. Well news is a commodity. So I guess you have to realise it’s a sales job too.”

“But it shouldn’t be. You know... it has something to do with the truth doesn’t it?”

“Rarely,” said Martin. “Would you like another drink?”

“Well I ought to be going. It’s getting late.”

“Sure?”

Anthea turned, uncertain how to reply.

“I’m not sure I have to go, if that’s what you mean. Rory’s with his father this weekend so I’m my own woman.”

“Stay and have another drink then.” He fixed her another single Malt. Lagavulin. 16 years.

She got up and walked around the room. Loads of books. Neat hi-fi. A photograph of Martin as a teenager; in tails and wearing a brightly coloured waistcoat. The photograph was entitled: ‘Pop 1992’.

“What’s ‘Pop’?” she asked.

“Oh, it was a sort of society at school. I look suitably ridiculous don’t you think?”

“Rather dashing actually.”

Next to it there was another photograph of Martin on holiday.

“Where’s this?” she asked – pointing to a shot of Martin against a dreamy Asian landscape.

“Burma. I went there a few years back. With a mate of mine. Pretty scary place, but I wanted to take a look for myself. See if there was anything I could do.”

“And was there?”

“No. My mate stayed on. I reckoned I could be of more use outside, getting the issues out in the open, working to get the international community to recognise the madness that was going on there. I’m still trying.”

“Oh I didn’t know.”

“Yeah. I help out with a pressure group – when I’ve got the time. But right now I’ve got my work cut out with the next documentary and handling the fever site.”

“You’re doing pretty well – I’d say. By the way, did you know I’ve got Katey another interview in Marie Claire? I set it up earlier in the week.”

“Yeah. She told me. I haven’t thought it through properly yet. Sorry. I’ve been too interested by what’s going on in with the Land-mine Trust. It makes me laugh. They’re hitching on to the fever bandwagon. That business with the WHO team has given them a new angle. In some ways we’ve done them a huge favour. They haven’t had a decent story on land-mines for three or four years. Out of the swim. Now they’ve been gifted an opening and they’re using it. Pulling a stunt in Hyde Park. I mean how desperate can you get – painting ‘Perigo Minas’ in red paint on the grass. Hardly imaginative.”

“Do you think it will do them any good?”

“No. Kids stuff. It just tells everyone they’re hurting. Not getting in the funds like they used to. Like all that business of painting Churchill’s statue. Who remembers the “why” or “who” of that stunt? That’s what all these guys are missing –

from Greenpeace on down. Stunts don't work anymore. Because you can't fix them clearly enough in the public attention. The public dismiss it as just another loony fringe with nothing to say. The IRA understood that. They realised that the bomb was a stunt that wasn't working. Not because it didn't shock and not because it didn't get the headlines. But simply because stunts were becoming so commonplace, that they weren't affecting policy. Too many direct action teams had dulled the public's appetite for the stunt crew. They wanted something different. They wanted celebrity. This is the Age of the 'Hello' Protester. Film stars as UN ambassadors. Spice Girls as special envoys. Stunts don't work in this kind of comfortable society."

"So where do we fit in with all this? Darling Katey isn't exactly Geri Halliwell."

"Well we're about a new force. I have this theory. Every age creates its most powerful tool, and the most powerful tool defines how you fight. Once upon a time it was a sword, then a cannon, then a tank, then a bomb, now... Now it's the search engine. That's our most useful tool today and that's how we fight battles. With the search engine. If Geri H or Gerry Adams realised that, they'd be winning the race for the US Presidency. In fact, I think Gerry Adams has understood it pretty well."

"I don't get you."

"Well the pure thing about the search engine is that it connects randomly held information into a single coherent list. In the information age, it is only mechanism that connects. So increasingly we're going to see search engine politics – where groups of different persuasions are brought together on a single subject – because they all sign up to the search for a solution to disarmament or global warming or GM crops.

"And the thing about search engine politics is that



it's global and instant and it amasses such huge support that it can overturn governments. They don't even see it coming.

"What we're doing is getting Fury Fever onto the search engine list – so that it unites that disparate group – the worldwide seekers after truth. It's on the same search engine list as 'open' or 'freedom of information' or any of those labels – tap any of them into the global political consciousness and the search throws up Fury Fever or rather furyfever.com."

"Is that what we're after? I mean I thought this was all about getting to the truth about Richard Palmer's death? Isn't it?"

"Sure. I'm sorry," said Martin, realising he'd been sounding off a bit too far. "Sometimes I get all cerebral about things. It's just that I like playing games."

"For a moment there I thought you were pretty serious," said Anthea still smiling, impressed by his passion.

"No, never take anything too seriously, especially what I say. What was it Auden said – "I wish you first a sense of theatre; only those who love illusion and know it will go far. Otherwise we spend our lives in a confusion of what we say and do with who we really are."

Anthea liked the fact he could quote Auden. Education is always a clincher.

Tara was still asking questions about Daddy. She had grasped the fact that Daddy had gone away and wasn't going to come back. She could deal with that. But she didn't know the meaning of death. Not, at least, the adult meaning – that Richard had gone, but you didn't know where. Tara didn't understand that you didn't talk about those who had left

because it would cut you up inside; and that this could only be done so often, because sooner or later, the strength to mend like some Prometheus would leave you. And then you would realise that you were just mortal after all.

So when Tara asked Katey about Daddy’s job, she found that hard. They had been talking in school about what their Daddies did, and Tara had said she couldn’t remember what her Daddy did before he went away, but she would ask Mummy.

And she asked Mummy.

Mummy felt the knife go in again. To the liver. That just a few months after his death, his daughter did not know what Richard did for a living. Did not know the context of his death - because if he hadn’t worked in the oil industry he wouldn’t have gone to Angola, and if he hadn’t gone to Angola he would still be alive today. Alive to tell his daughter what he did.

It made Katey want to find things that were real about Richard. Touch his ties that still hung in the cupboard. Hold a photograph. Handle his papers.

She went through a box of his things. Photographs. Old cheque stubs. A single cuff link. His diary.

Richard was a bad diary keeper. He made occasional notes. About things that mattered. She found it difficult to read. Lines about her and how Richard missed her.

God I love this place. For all its squalor and violence. For its meaninglessness. Yet it is closer to the truth. Not that sensible lie of advanced societies that promise riches in heaven if you are good. Africa is much closer to the shock of nature. Of lion killing its prey, with no thought that the prey will suffer. No thought that the prey has calves it must

protect. It is ruthlessly true. And violence is indistinguishable from beauty. And care is indivisible from murder. And there is not good or bad. But both are the same.

Katey realised at that moment that Richard might not approve of what she was doing, might think that she was harming something he had loved. Was she damaging Angola? Was João right? Had she unleashed forces that she could not control?

It did not make her sleep easily that night.

She awoke at 3.30, in that soundless pitch between night and morning. She went back down to her office, switched on her PC.

She played the MP3 file that João had sent her: Canto a Luanda. She looked back at the files. Thousands of notes, from all over the world.

She logged on. Sent a message to João.

from
katey@furyfever.com

Dear João

I want to be sure that I am publishing all opinions. Please send me any information you wish about Angola and Fury Fever and I will make certain that it is included on the site.

With best regards

Katey.



Peter Markowitz didn't often go to shopping malls. In fact he detested them. He'd spent most of his life abroad, as a TV news cameraman, trying to get away from all this. So anyone who knew him would have been surprised to see Peter in the Atlanta Gateway Mall, cruising the marble corridors of retail heaven.

He took a look into a Starbucks Café. Crowded. Ideal.

He pulled out an Uzi automatic. Flicked off the safety catch and hitched up the nozzle and sprayed the room with bullets. Sometimes he took aim at a particular table; watching as the bullets ripped into the arms or chest of a young woman, gritting his teeth as he shot off the jaw of a kid in a leather jacket, smiling as the staff behind the counter took a spattering of rounds in their chests. Other times the bullets just shot up posters or mugs or the pastry display cases. No matter.

Peter Markowitz killed thirteen people in just under three minutes. Injured a further twenty four. Then brought the muzzle of his automatic weapon up underneath his chin and pulled the trigger.

It was, as one commentator put it, the first outbreak of Fury Fever, USA.



ABC News Bulletin

Presenter to camera: Mystery still surrounds the attack on a Starbucks Café at the Atlanta Gateway Mall yesterday, in which a lone gunman killed thirteen innocent victims and seriously injured twenty four others, before turning his gun on himself.

Here with the latest from Atlanta, Bill Burns. This report contains disturbing images; they are unsuitable for children and trauma-sensitive adults.

Cut to:

Bill Burns at exterior of Atlanta Gateway Mall. To camera: In Atlanta, they are counting the bodies. Thirteen victims and one gun man.

Cut away to images of ambulances ferrying the injured
Sound: sirens

Mix to stock shot image Peter Markowitz

The gunman Peter Markowitz, a well known and highly respected news cameraman working for NBC, had never owned a gun until a half an hour before he shot his first victim. Yet he will go down as one of America's most notorious murderers.

According to sources at the Atlanta police department, Mr Markowitz, who had no previous

record of violence, had become involved in an argument in a traffic hold-up in the area. A scuffle had broken out with other drivers. Mr Markowitz had complained they were trying to crowd him off the road.

Interview clip: Police Detective James Maldini

Mr Markowitz parked his car, walked into an arms store on Planetarium Boulevard, bought an automatic weapon on his Amex card and then walked over to a shopping mall and killed 13 people. It just doesn't add up.

Cut to scenes taken from CCTV camera inside the café. Images in black and white of man walking slowly through the entrance, raising a weapon and firing. Victims are desperately trying to protect themselves, hiding behind tables or chairs, some even raise their hands in an act of useless self-protection. Several victims are shot in vision.

These exclusive images taken from the café's CCTV cameras show that Markowitz shot indiscriminately. Without hurry and hardly taking aim. This was just random slaughter; like shooting targets at an arcade. But with real bullets and into real flesh and bones.

Bill Burns to camera Mr Markowitz had recently returned from a trip to Southern Africa. He was working on a documentary program investigating the South African arms trade and had reportedly been filming meetings between Southern Africa's arms traders and representatives of Angola's UNITA rebels.

This has prompted some of his friends and family to ask whether Mr Markowitz could have

come into contact with carriers of the so-called Fury Fever, which has caused the violent deaths of several Europeans.

They think that this may explain Mr Markowitz's sudden change of behaviour – from peace supporter to crazed gunman. But it won't stop people in Atlanta asking the US President, why do we allow guns on our streets?

This is Bill Burns, at the Gateway Mall, Atlanta.



Herald Tribune

December 13th

IS THIS THE FACE OF FURY FEVER USA?

News cameraman, Peter Markowitz, who shot and killed thirteen young men and women in a bizarre gun attack at the Starbucks Café in Atlanta's Gateway Mall yesterday, may have been the US's first victim of Angolan Fury Fever.

Casey Lusaka, Peter Markowitz's long standing partner and mother of his three children, has been in touch with Katey Palmer, the UK campaigner, to see whether any links between the deaths of the two men can be established.

"Peter was normally the quietest and most loving of men," said Casey. "He avoided confrontation, rather than courting it. He loved his

work and was really excited about his recent assignment in South Africa. He told me that he had been up to the Angolan border on several occasions over the past weeks and had overnighted in Angola twice.”

Friends and family are now asking for further medical evidence. They point to the fact that Mr Markowitz was a known pacifist, and keen supporter of the ‘Staring Down the Barrel’ movement advocating the abolition of the US right to bear arms laws. Why then, they ask, would a man who has spent his life working to uncover the men behind violence and arms sales around the world, suddenly buy a gun and turn it on a crowd of innocent victims? Why indeed.

Certainly the similarities between the deaths of Peter Markowitz and Richard Palmer merit our further attention, as Anthony Mantenas, author of ‘The Battle for Supremacy: How Viruses Compete for Our Bodies’, comments:

“It’s quite possible that some form of virus infected Mr Markowitz. It is not yet clear whether this has anything to do with Fury Fever - but the public needs to be assured that every possibility is being looked into very carefully over the coming days. We need to be assured that everything is being done to prevent this virus entering our country.”



Katey read the news about Peter Markowitz on the site. It shocked her perhaps more than she had expected. Another death and in another time zone. It was that element – the distance – which really brought it home to her. That a virus can kill in different continents made it all seem so much more real. More threatening. She hadn’t dreamt all this up. Perhaps there truly was a virus out there and it was killing people. Other people had the virus and it would kill them too and they didn’t know. Had no warning. Just living on borrowed time.

Katey, alone in the room, said out loud: “My god! It’s real.”

Maybe until now that she had only half believed the reality of Fury Fever. The struggle to get anyone to take her seriously had gnawed away at her confidence. Then there was all the stuff with the site. Getting it launched, dealing with Martin, playing politics. It had distanced her from the tragedy. Now she was back there in it. It paced the house with her.

Another thing had worried her. Tara. She had acted strange the past couple of days. Then yesterday, she’d been to a friend’s birthday party, and had been brought home early. The parents had told Katey that Tara had got in a temper over some game and had pushed one of the other little girls over. Quite unlike Tara they said.

Katey agreed. Tara never lost her temper. She was the sweetest little girl. She was her only little girl.



Martin checked the emails; the US "incident" was beginning to send its shock waves round the Net.

to sysop@furyfever.com [series of linked emails from other sites]
reroute:

Perhaps the real legacy of apartheid was that it left behind a people accustomed to violence.

johnfraser@hotmail.com

South African guns are killing more blacks now than under apartheid.

maryneat@aol.com

Africa is flooded with weapons and Africans are the cannon fodder for the global arms industry. The diamonds of Angola buy bullets of blood. They feed the Swiss bank accounts of the despotic rulers, who in turn are aided and abetted by global corporations.

samantha@penmail.com

Now you're getting to be a star in the USA Katey. How does all that celebrity feel??

thedoctor@who.demon.co.uk

My husband was convicted for murder three years ago. He has always protested his innocence and has even tried to commit suicide on several occasions since his detention. Do you think that he could have been an early victim of Fury Fever? If so, how can I prove it? I know my husband would never knowingly do the terrible things he did. It was a moment of madness, and now there is an explanation. Thank God. Please send me more information, any information, on Fury Fever.

susheila@aol.com

[more emails]
=====



furyfever.com

PRESS CUTTINGS

The New Scientist Magazine

The 'Blindside Virus' Theory

by Richard Majors

Research funded by the Institute for an Independent America claims that mankind is being stalked by a new kind of virus.

US scientists monitoring the incidence of virus development in recent years believe that viruses are becoming more intelligent. A new generation of viruses is seeking new ways to infiltrate hosts and to spread far more rapidly. Yet their new 'intelligence' doesn't stop there; these new super-viruses are finding ways to become undetectable.

"I think we could be dealing with a new generation of virus that some colleagues in the scientific community are referring to as the 'blindside virus'. By that they mean a virus that mankind simply doesn't see coming and that hits our species so hard it could wipe out all mankind within weeks," says Alan Marks of the American Institute for Viral Research.

Some scientists have suggested that we had the first example of this with AIDS. That was a warning shot that we haven't heeded. To date we have concentrated on the epidemiological side of the disease - how

it spreads how we can protect ourselves from it and so on. But we have forgotten that viruses are living, evolving entities. We have stopped asking ourselves the really crucial questions: what is the AIDS virus *raison d'être*? Why does it attack the human immune system in this way? What are its motives?

If we start thinking of a virus as an organism with will, a being that can change and mutate to increase its chances of survival, we very soon reach a position where it is possible for a virus to start understanding its prey; not just on biological level, but on a social and intellectual level too. The virus senses where we are weakest and then attacks.

These new 'intelligent' viruses are adapting, almost as though they recognise that their success is the extinction of the human species. So far science has prevented wide-scale panic, by describing the relationship between man and virus as that of host and parasite. We have been led to see ourselves as the hosts for viruses; that they need us if they are to continue to thrive, and that if they kill us off then they are defeating their own object.

But what if viruses see us not as a host but as the enemy? After all they have been fighting with our DNA since the dawn of time. So far we appear to have been winning, because of our superior intelligence; but what if the virus world now sees its only option as the extinction of the human species, so that it can continue to exist on earth and form its next hegemony. Indeed, if one studies the human vs. virus battle from another perspective, one could argue that the viruses are winning. For mankind has never been able to eradicate a virus, we have simply prevented it from spreading within our species. Meanwhile viruses have been doing a pretty good job of destroying whole tracts of human life.

If the current views of Angolan 'Fury Fever' are correct, then we could

be seeing the next stage in the development of 'blindsides viruses'. A stage where the virus kills its host rather than keeping it alive. And in this case the virus is getting man to do part of its work for it - 'Fury Fever' victims kill other people before taking their own life. The virus is using man's latent aggression to achieve its own ends.

Indeed, Fury Fever could be the 'blindsides virus' itself. A virus that spreads through new modes of contact and against which we have no protection. Its affects are not physical at all - but behavioural.

If the above theory were to be true it would require not just a change in science, but a change in political thinking. Why? Because worldviews, embedded in science, are closely related to political and ideological views that serve specific economic interests. In other words there is a direct connection between science and the dominant ideologies. To get a better science we need to reshape the ideology.

If we are to understand Fury Fever we need to change the way we think. We need to redraw the political map. Make it clear to the virus that we are strong.

The loose morality of the 1960s caused AIDS. Perhaps the current pacifism on the part of so many societies is causing Fury Fever. It is showing a weakness to the virus world, a point of vulnerability where it can attack.

While much of the scientific establishment is prepared to disregard the possibility of 'blindsides viruses', others are warning that Fury Fever and other viruses will not afford us the usual luxury of hindsight. It will be too late.

sysop@furyfever.com
reroute

Why isn't America doing more about Fury Fever? I'll tell you why. Because 7% of US oil is provided by Angola. A figure that could double in the next five years.

USA buys 65% of the world's diamonds. We could stop the trade in illegal diamonds tomorrow if we gave ourselves copper rings instead of diamond ones. Copper is forever? It's a start!

reroute

Staten Island

Health officials believe that the West Nile virus is ravaging the bird and insect population of Staten Island. But NY's West Nile czar says nobody knows whether Staten Island really has more cases of the virus than anywhere else - or whether it's simply better at reporting them. "When you find something in a particular area, that makes you look harder. It becomes a self-fulfilling prophesy." But there's another factor at play here: Staten Island is the only borough with a daily newspaper - and a wildlife pathologist has noticed that the areas with more local media tend to submit more dead creatures. So is the media attention breeding the virus? Gets you thinking huh?



The doctor had told her not to worry. He told her that children dealt with grief differently to adults. That it was to be expected that Tara might behave a little out of character, now and then. Perhaps seek more attention than she would otherwise. Become withdrawn at times and at others over active. It was all part of her way of dealing with the loss.

“So you don’t think there’s anything wrong with her. I mean physically that is...” Katey had asked.

“No nothing at all. She’s in perfect health.”

“Well that’s good to know,” she’d said and, almost convinced, thanked her doctor for seeing them and left.

Back at home she’d been sorting things out for Tara’s next day at school when she heard the signature music of the six o’clock news. Now it had become almost second nature to her to catch the news.

Newscaster Good Evening.

This is the Six O’clock News.

First the news headlines.

Following increasing fears over the spread of the mystery Fury Fever from Southern Africa, the Government has announced a complete ban on all persons returning to Britain from Angola.

She stopped folding Tara’s clothes. She stopped thinking about school things. She had to speak to Martin.

They had arranged to meet in the usual café in Victoria. Martin was as punctual as ever. Katey had got there early. She was reading the front page of The Times when Martin arrived, and she got straight to the point.

“Why the change? Do you think the WHO team have found something?” she asked.

“Could be, but I think we would have got wind of it – and besides, that incident with the land-mine set back the WHO team by several weeks, Martin replied. “I think it’s just pressure telling. And the fact that this has gone global. It’s one thing to have isolated incidents in the UK or Europe. But when something happens in the US, it moves the whole situation into a new dimension... Fury Fever is now a threat to world health. They have to act in a new way.”

“Do you think they really can impose an entry ban on all visitors returning from Angola?”

“Sure. Britain can act independently because it’s a matter of national health. What the other EU countries do is up to them. The French are acting all high and mighty about it right now, saying that the UK Government is overreacting – but then we all know about France’s vested interests in Angola. And the scandal over payments from French oil companies to the Angolans has stretched all the way across the Franco-German axis. They’ve even implicated old Helmut Kohl in it. So of course they’re going to tread warily. But the fact is that closing the borders to a potentially devastating virus like this is all that the UK Government can do – especially since health issues are so high on the national agenda right now, with the Sino Flu problems still wiping out

most of the work that's been done on the National Health Service."

Martin ordered a double espresso. Lit a cigarette. Katey ordered cappuccino.

"Well I hope you're right. Weird, but after all this time I almost dread the fact that they will find something. Get the virus I mean. Because then we'll know what it is and the danger it poses and the number of people it will kill

She paused.

"Ironic isn't it – but I almost don't want to know."

Martin looked at her quizzically, but he understood. They said nothing – each took a sip of coffee.

"Are we going to post the Government's entry restrictions on the site?" she went on. "I reckon we should and I've also got some stuff from Angola that I'd like on to put too. The Angolans are going to react to this pretty harshly aren't they? Strange that we're in the middle like this. Just publishing the information – when you could say that we've driven the pace on everything and made the Government take the stand it has."

"We haven't made the Government do anything," said Martin. "All we've done is to bring a big issue out into the open and then let Government do what it will. The truth is, there is a situation here. Officials can't just hope that Fury Fever will up and go away. It won't."

"Do you think that we're responsible for it? I mean are we actually creating the fever, like that email said? You know the one about the outbreaks of West Nile Virus on Staten Island. Why should Staten Island be such a hot spot for West Nile Virus? I mean it made sense what that guy said – about how the more you report a subject the more it happens."

"Nice idea," he replied. "And I could get all philosophical about it. But in this instance, Katey, all we've done

is to bring the truth about a potentially devastating virus out into the open. Openness is what protects us. Knowing the virus exists means that more effort will be made to find a cure for it. If this had happened earlier in the AIDS epidemic, then thousands of lives would have been saved. Right now we could be saving people's lives. That's worth it isn't it?"

Sure, it was worth it, Katey thought. That's the reason I'm doing all this.

"Of course I don't want other people to suffer the way I did with Richard," she said. "But that doesn't mean I don't get worried about where all of this is taking us.

She paused – and then, "I had another call from attorneys representing Peter Markowitz's partner, Casey, yesterday. They're pressing for a full World Health Organisation review."

"Yeah, well, I knew the lawyers would get involved sooner or later. The main thing is that our site is becoming the centre for this whole debate. We're running the show. We had over 300 hits yesterday alone."

"And have you seen some of the new mail we're getting into the site now?" Katey remarked, a note of concern in her voice. "It's coming from all over and from other linked sites. It's far angrier now and far more political."

"Not surprising. I have been working to get a number of other sites hooked up to ours. It's the way that we'll really start to get influence – when governments begin to realise that we know more about all this than they do and that we're running the show. We can develop the strength we've gained in the past months to benefit other causes."

"What other causes?" she asked.

"World health causes. Our site can become the epicentre for all of these issues. The place where you start any

search from; and the site that brings people together on these issues. People who would otherwise have no way of knowing that they have causes in common can get together through our site. It's a fantastic opportunity."

"Well, I'm just interested in doing what's right for Richard and Fury Fever. Besides I've got his and my family to think about. It was difficult enough getting their support in the beginning. I can't betray then with some agenda of my own."

She paused again. Looked directly at Martin. For the first time actually taking him on.

"Would you call all this off tomorrow if I asked you to?" she asked.

Martin seemed surprised by the question. She detected just the slightest annoyance.

"Of course I would Katey," he said. "But what would that achieve? After all the Government's got involved now. The process is rolling. If we pulled out it would just carry on."

For a moment she couldn't decide whether to press him further or believe him.

She went with her emotions:

"Yes. You're right," she said. "It's just that sometimes I worry about Tara. Whether she's being affected by all this publicity about the site."

"Well only you can know that. But I'm sure she's fine. Kids are very tough you know."

"I know. It's just that I couldn't bear it if anything happened to her. That's why I get terrified that they might find out about this virus. Discover something we don't know.

"What do you mean?"

"Like the way it's passed on..." she said faltering a little. "I'm just terrified that Richard could have passed it on to her. Maybe he'd been suffering from it for a while, and we'd never known."

"Oh I see," said Martin. "Look you're worrying yourself needlessly... You and Tara are both fine. But if it would make you feel better, why don't you go and visit a specialist in Tropical Medicine. Get a check up."

"I wouldn't know where to start."

"I can help you. We'll find a specialist you can go and see. Now let's get back to business. The real business of the site..."



They don't have many press conferences in Angola. If by conference, you mean the opportunity for journalists to ask any question they like. So João was interested to see how things went.

The Minister began with all the usual hyperbole about the People's Republic of Angola, before getting into the meat of it:

"We are astonished and saddened by the actions of the British government... we strongly deny any knowledge of any outbreak of unknown viruses within the People's Republic of Angola... The British Ambassador has been asked to explain the actions that have taken place... We draw the attention of the international community to Angola's excellent record in eradicating disease within the country, as evidenced by the recent recognition by Rotary International of President dos Santos with its Polio Eradication Champion Award, in honour of the President's active support for a major polio eradication vaccination campaign in Angola..."

"We see the British ban as an unwarranted act based on baseless rumour... We believe that these rumours have been started by members of the rebel UNITA movement, with the aim of destabilising the country and undermining

its trading relations and the oil industry in particular... We challenge members of the Western press to visit Angola and see for themselves... There is no Fury Fever and we believe that the outcome of the current World Health Organisation's investigations will vindicate our position... We have to warn the international community that such actions will have an adverse effect on confidence in Angola, and that this in turn will harm our country's economic performance... In particular we are concerned about the impact of the British Government's actions upon the forthcoming World Diamond Congress talks on the eradication of the trade in conflict diamonds – indeed Angola's very participation in these talks is now under threat and we urge all concerned to reconsider their position towards Angola..."

João took notes – and wondered how likely it was that international journalists would visit Angola in response to the Minister's invitation. Sure a few TV crews would turn out; CNN would probably send a crew in now that there was US interest. But he'd hardly expect British journalists to come out now – if they did how were they going to get back into the UK?

It was all such a shambles, João thought. He rarely agreed with everything the Minister said, but on this occasion there was no doubting that he had a point. Entry restrictions on visitors returning from Angola would have the same effect as a trade embargo – particularly in the oil sector – which relied on foreign nationals in so many key positions. How would this affect Angola's oil output, if these personnel decided to, or were forced to, stay away? Time would tell, but anything that affected oil affected the Government.

So they were right to question the motives: why was Britain and, tacitly, the US, taking this position? Were they switching sides once again, going over to Savimbi's camp?



After all they'd supported Savimbi in those early days after independence. João couldn't believe that a mystery virus could change the face of his nation like this.

Besides, there was no actual evidence yet of any outbreak. All hearsay - and intriguingly no native Angolans had been affected - the rumours surrounded white visitors to Angola. Was this a virus that simply attacked Caucasians? It was all too bizarre to contemplate. João would be getting into the realm of quack science too. His best next move was to catch up with the WHO team and see what progress they were making.

Above all João sensed, from what the minister had said, that it was the conflict diamond talks that were the big prize in all this. For the West as much as for Angola. That was the country's ace card. And it sounded as though they were going to play it.

Edward Knowles had suggested that they meet at i Paparazzi, favoured by politicians for its playful name, so Martin knew he wanted something important. If it had just been for a casual chat, they would have met at the ICA café.

Edward and Martin had met at one of evenings organised by Burston Marsteller, in the aftermath of Seattle, when the politicians – taken by complete surprise by that event – had endeavoured to meet with members of the more radical agenda. They had got on fine, exchanged phone numbers.

Edward was a Private Adviser to the Foreign Secretary. One of those charged with being both an early warning system, and a rapid response unit. He had worked on the Financial Times for a while, but was still only in his late twenties. Perhaps a year or two older than Martin.

Martin had warmed to Edward. He was sharp and not at all the usual adversary. It amused Martin that they were so alike, they could have changed sides. And, for his part, Edward had spotted Martin as a useful candidate. Full of other ideas, full of the disorder debate but with his feet firmly on the ground. Edward found Martin an intriguing mixture.

When they entered the restaurant, Adriano had greeted Edward with warmth and enthusiasm. He was a regular. As they sat, Edward told him that a rather well-known member of the House had once said he thought Adriano would make a marvellous Foreign Secretary. "After all," he had said, "diplomacy is the art of seating people at the right table."

Over the new communion, ciabatta and olive oil, they talked easily and quickly.

"Have you seen all this stuff about Fury Fever?" asked Edward.

Martin looked across at him. Did Edward know he was involved? Could be, but he'd let the conversation evolve.

"Some. Yes," he replied.

"There's a sense of frustration. That the Foreign Office is losing the debate," Edward went on. "We're not in control of the information. The press are taking the story. But we're not briefing the press. They're getting everything from a website. The question is how do we regain the initiative."

Martin dipped his bread in the green olive oil. Relief. Edward didn't know he was behind the site.

Edward went on -

"And the thing that worries me is the validity of information. I mean no-one checks whether this stuff on the website is true or not; they just take it. But the stories on the site could be simply unfounded. How do we use this issue of invalidity? We can't do it by just throwing mud at the site."

"If I was running this site, my job would be to just get the information out," said Martin. "You forget the notion of validity. Forget the truth. There is no such thing as pure truth any more. Information is coming in from too many sides to be checked. So the truth becomes relative."

"But that's not a position we can take, is it? Our information has to be valid, that's what the public expect, and must see."

"But you don't have time to check the information any more," Martin went on. "Take this Fury Fever thing. You've been wrong-footed from the start because you've been waiting for the truth. Meanwhile these guys with their website have been out there capturing minds and imagination. They've said we cannot wait for absolute truth, we want today's version. And the truth changes with the calendar."

"But that's anarchy," said Edward.

"No, it's a new kind of order," replied Martin. "Governments have always had an agenda. Then parallel to that they have had the truth. They have in the past decided which bits of the truth to reveal, and at what point so as to coincide with their agenda, right? Well that can't happen any more - openness has put an end to that. So now what you have to achieve is the daily intertwining of agenda and information. Giving the two out as one; always providing information but with a spin to it. The news is a constant stream, put together by journalists on mobile phones. If you don't provide it someone else will. So you have to make the news, not just react to it. And that's where you have been going wrong with Fury Fever. Reacting. Sticking to the facts. Making comments. You haven't been driving the issue.

"But there was no issue to drive - as far as we could see. There is no Fury Fever," said Edward.

"Then don't wait for the facts to catch up with your

opinion. Just give out your version. You're locked onto the wrong notion of what being right is. Being right is being now."

Edward looked at Martin for a moment or two, taking in what he'd said. Sifting what was genuinely useful and what was simply radical rhetoric.

"Hmm... interesting. We don't want this to start undermining the diamond conference. We've spent ages setting that up and it's a way of tying so many different elements of Africa together. It's a point of convergence, which could achieve much wider dividends in terms of African coherence."

"Then you'd better get the Angola situation sorted – or there'll be no diamond conference. What is the deal with that Congress anyway?"

Edward smiled.

"Sorry. That's not a subject I'm able to go into. Some things are still done behind closed doors."

The rest of their conversation was mostly about globalisation, forthcoming meetings in London, the likelihood of demonstrations and so on. It was a good chat. One they both enjoyed. But maybe Martin in particular. He felt a real buzz from acting both roles, and getting away with it. Being the brains behind the threat and also the person turned to for advice about how to deal with it. In that moment he understood espionage.



furyfever.com

PRESS CUTTINGS

The Economist

Is This Where Foreign Policy is Made?

By Mark Rolins

It is a truism these days that 'governments should be open' and this government has been doing its best to follow the advice. Yet in a recent poll, 75% of respondents felt that 'the government is hiding something' and 67% commented that 'the government is not taking the right steps'. Perhaps an explanation of the government's dilemma can be found in the current furore surrounding the alleged health threats from the 'Fury Fever' virus.

Openness has modified the relationship between policy makers and the public in unexpected ways. Not least it has changed our attitudes towards authority. Being in control now equates to providing information. Hence the constant pressure to say something, anything. An admission of ignorance or uncertainty while appearing 'on top of things' is proving a difficult trick to pull off. Worse, ignorance, hesitation even, now suggests the desire to hide.

How often have we heard the scientist and government spokesman ask for time? "We haven't got all the facts," they say. We now see this as avoiding the issue – when it may very well be the truth.

Waiting for the facts may seem like an admirable position, but it doesn't answer the problem. In basic terms, the media consumes information faster than it can be produced. And when new information runs dry, it is simply replaced by speculation. Naturally, the only way to prevent speculation is to provide information. Awkward isn't it?

In an increasingly technical world, we look to experts as interpreters, 'infomediaries', who translate complex issues into the language of the consumer. If one expert can't answer the problem there's always another on-line. Trouble is that experts disagree, and the experts who advise policy makers are not any different. In the case of 'Fury Fever' experts advising ministers within a single government disagree, and not surprisingly experts within the single European community disagree even further. In fact, it's hard to find any agreement at all, even about the existence of the fever, let alone our ability to find a cure for it.

With so many different sources of information, which is right? Who do we trust?

Need to Know

To be fair to the policy makers and their advisors, they are facing impossible pressures. Information and communication technologies have created a society obsessed by the need to know. Once there were news programmes, now there are news channels. Internet search engines scan a billion pages in less than a second. Mobile phones alert you to stock price falls while you're in the bath. We are being driven mad by our desire for facts – as much a 'Fury Fever' as any borne by virus.

The reality is that though we may be better informed, we understand less. The individual's experience is mirrored in society: we're all suffering information overload.

Openness has led to a frantic cacophony of different voices producing confusion rather than enlightenment. Not least because in an open society everyone's voice carries equal weight.

Crisis of authority

'Who is in charge?' is the question we are left with. The answer, it seems, is nobody. We are facing a crisis of authority, where we no longer know whom, or what, to believe about anything.

The result is that foreign policy is being made on a website; answerable to nobody, but open to everyone.

More information is not necessarily better. In cases where pressure for instant results cannot be met with certainty, confidence and consistency; silence, and yes, secrecy, may be the best policy.

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The Economist article didn't exactly please Martin. But he didn't have time to worry; the action was elsewhere. On the net. Following the death of Peter Markowitz the debate had escalated and there was now a new development. A competitor site to furyfever.com. Only this site wasn't playing by the rules. It had published the names and addresses of all visitors recently returning from Angola.

angolafever.com

Here is a list of UK nationals who have returned from Angola within the last six months. You need to know if one of them is living in your community.

- John Watkins, Rickmansworth
- Alan Blanch, Southampton
- David Tress, Godalming
- Andrew Harvey, Spalding
- Mackenzie Donovan, Perth
- Angela Harding, Newcastle

...and so on.

540 names on the list. Not what Martin would have done. But he wasn't that fussed about it. It was good for the experiment - see how far you could push things. How much openness could the public bear and are they prepared for what it costs? Martin would find out.



Eight o'clock at a school gates. Not the usual place for a protest. And as far as direct action goes this was pretty peaceful. No banners, no placards. Just a group of parents. No children; the whole place strangely quiet for a Tuesday morning at King Edward's Comprehensive, Spalding.

The parents were ushered in to see the headmaster and they handed over a letter with the names of 120 parents. The letter was simple.

The Parents Association for King Edward's Comprehensive are concerned at the continuing press coverage of Angolan Fury Fever. In the past 24 hours it has come to our attention that one of the pupils at King Edward's is the daughter of a person recently returned from Angola. Given the unknown nature of this virus and the possible contact with a potential carrier, we are withholding all children from school until adequate assurances can be given that there is no danger of other children contracting this dangerous virus.

A few hours later the parents of King Edward's, Spalding were in the news and Martin was getting feedback to the site.

furyfever.com

Press Cuttings

Fury Fever Protest at Local School

Parents at Kings Edward's Comprehensive, Spalding, Lincolnshire refused to let their children attend classes today. They were concerned about one of the pupils at the school, Gwyneth Harvey, the daughter of Mr and Mrs Andrew Harvey. Mr Harvey was recently named on a list of those who have visited Angola over the past six months. Parents claimed they were concerned that their children might catch the so-called Fury Fever from his daughter, Gwyneth.

"Right now we're just taking the steps we think are appropriate to protect our children," said Susan Adams, Chairwoman of the Parents Association. "We don't have an argument with the Harvey family. However we do believe that until this situation is resolved, Gwyneth should not be allowed to attend school. The risks to our children's health are just too great."

Mr Andrew Harvey was unavailable for comment.



Rory was playing with Tara on the small patch of lawn at the back of Katey's house. It was warm summer's day and they both seemed happy to see one another again.

"It's lovely to have them playing together," said Anthea, looking out of the back windows.

"It's very kind of you to come over. Everything's getting on top of me rather. I didn't want Tara dragged into all of this. In fact that's the last thing I wanted."

"So what are you going to do now?"

"Since we spoke on the phone, I've had a brief meeting with the school to explain to them all I know of the virus and that as far as I am concerned there's no likelihood of either myself or Tara being carriers of the virus, since we didn't actually meet Richard at Heathrow that day." Her voice faltered and her eyes swelled with tears as she thought of those terrible moments waiting in the Immigration office at Heathrow.

Anthea put her hand out and held Katey's arm.

"Poor love," she said. "It's so terrible that this is bringing it all back for you."

Katey turned slightly away from the children and wiped her eyes.

"Anyway, the thing is that the school are saying that it is possible that Richard could have contracted the virus on an earlier visit to Angola and that therefore they have to be sensitive to other parents concerns. So I'm keeping Tara out of school for a while."

She started crying, more openly. Turning her head again from the two children.

"But the awful thing is that I have kept myself from thinking about all this. I did worry briefly about us getting the virus from Richard, and then I told myself not to be so stupid and to stop worrying. And now I'm terrified. Maybe he did contract it on an earlier visit. After all, we don't have any idea about the incubation period. Maybe he did give it to us. It's all so awful..."

"Look, sweetheart, your first instinct was right,"

said Anthea, looking at Tara. "She's absolutely fine. I think all of this is just mindless panic. People going overboard."

"Yes. But I've brought all this on myself. I caused the panic. I can't blame people for being worried about this fever, because I told them about it."

"I know, but this nonsense is just overreacting. See, I'm not worried about Rory am I? Rory and Tara are still playing with one another. And I'm sitting here next to you. Remember what we wanted from all this is the truth about the virus, not for people to boycott schools," said Anthea

"Yes. But I'm not sure I want to know the truth about this virus. I'm worried about me. And I'm worried about Tara. Did I tell you I was taking her to see a Tropical Disease expert in a few weeks?"

"No."

"Martin helped me sort it out. He said that it would put my mind at rest."

"That's really kind of him. He's like that. Did I tell you we were meeting up tomorrow evening?"

"No. You two getting friendly then?" asked Katey.

"Well sort of. Surprised?" replied Anthea, with a brief smile.

"I'm never surprised anymore. But look after yourself, I mean we don't really know anything about him, do we? He seems a nice bloke and he's been a fabulous help to me. But... well you've only just got over one man... I know you can handle yourself... but take care of yourself, that's all. Promise?"

"I promise," said Anthea.

There was a shriek of pain from the garden. Rory came into the house, holding his hand up, tears flowing down his cheek.

Tara had bitten his finger.



Katey looked across at Anthea in panic and they both rushed over to Rory and Tara. Saying nothing to one another.

to katey@furyfever.com
from sysop@furyfever.com

Dear Katey

Have you seen these emails to the site? What do you think we should do about them?

Martin

Attachments:

Getting back to England from Angola

We are setting up a site to help Britons and other nationals who wish to return to this country. The route will be through other European countries, particularly France and Belgium. We can arrange for a short stay in these countries. This will allow individuals to avoid being "connected" to Angola.

contact us at beattheban@demon.co.uk

Return from Angola

One way around the entry ban is to travel from Angola to South Africa. From there take a flight to Europe, and then travel via the Channel Tunnel into the UK. Friends have already made use of this route and report no checks at the Channel Tunnel. You just drive straight through.

route1@aol.com

from katey@furyfever.com
to sysop@furyfever.com

I think we have to publish them on the site. Don't you?

Katey

reply from sysop@furyfever.com
to katey@furyfever.com

I agree. We have to publish. We can't accuse the UK Government of withholding information if we then censor our site. Anyway, if we don't publish, other rival sites will. However, we have to be aware of the risks attached. Our site is most certainly being monitored by the authorities. We may be accused of aiding illegal entries into the UK. That could lead to them closing down our site. Something to think about.

All the best

Martin



Anthea and Martin made love the moment she walked into his house. Knowing what they were doing, but enjoying the kick that comes from a new love. A double pleasure that neither left them feeling guilty or satiated. Lust has sometimes its rewards.

They rested now in one another's arms naked on the sofa. "You know Katey's getting paranoid about Tara don't you?" said Anthea.

"Yes, she said something a couple of days ago about her. She wanted to get her checked out by a specialist in tropical diseases. I said I might be able to help. In fact I was able to put her in touch with a specialist."

"That's kind of you. Katey's really worried, though she doesn't let on much. And I have to say Tara is behaving a little oddly. She bit Rory's finger when I was over there yesterday. She's never done anything like that before."

"That's because she's never been 5 years old before. She's just testing things out. Discovering what she can and can't do. That's all. All children go through that phase. It's just that Katey's hypersensitive to it all. She's obsessed with the virus and that it could be passed on."

"Don't blame her... poor love."

"Did I ever tell you you're beautiful?" stroking the soft, low contours of the underside of Anthea's breast.

"Not often enough anyway."

"Is that a statement or a description of how you're feeling?"

"Take it as a request," she said, knowing he would and she wanted him to.



Angola announces imminent withdrawal from Diamond Talks

Luanda
AP Newswire

In a surprise move yesterday, the Government of Angola announced that it was preparing to withdraw from the World Diamond Congress conference to be held in South Africa later this month.



In a statement from the Ministry of Communications, the Government warned that "...due to the continuing uncertainty caused by the ban on citizens re-entering Britain from Angola, the Government is concerned that the World Diamond Congress conference being convened by Britain, may not be held in an atmosphere conducive to co-operation. The Government is therefore reviewing alternative arrangements."

In a further worrying development for the talks, spokesmen for the Governments of Zaire and Togo confirmed that their teams were also considering withdrawing from the Congress. Along with Angola, Togo is seen as a key participant in the talks as it is currently a known destination for conflict diamonds and is suspected of trading arms with UNITA rebels in return for diamonds.

Martin liked watching television in bed. He lay there, his arm around Anthea, stroking the fall of her hair. They had gone to bed early - and were watching Newsnight. The Minister had agreed to an interview. About Angola, but not about Fury Fever. What he really wanted to talk about was the diamond conference.

Interviewer I mean this is mayhem isn't it? You've got these entry restrictions in place and people are not taking a blind bit of notice of them?

Minister That's not quite true, Anthony. The entry bans on visitors returning from Angola are in place. It is regrettable that some people are seeking ways to circumvent them. We are looking into that.

The main thing, Anthony, is that we are acting to protect the public health. Would you rather we just ignored the situation and potentially allow people to die from this virus needlessly? Of course not.

Interviewer So when will you know what you're going to do about this mess?

Minister Well normally I would say that we have to wait until the scientists have delivered their verdict. But as we all know scientists are extremely cautious and getting results out of them can take months. So in this case – because I know people are concerned – I have taken the unusual step of asking them to provide us with preliminary report straight away. Indeed we should have these findings in the next few days. The results may not be complete, but nevertheless I think we have to give people the information now and not play the same game of waiting and covering all our exits. I am taking full personal responsibility for this action, and I am putting myself on the line because I believe it is in the public's best interest to have information sooner rather than later.

May I just add that unlike others, notably those who are causing all the misguided panic about this mystery virus, we are accountable – and rightly so – for the actions we take. They can post opinions as

facts and no one seems to demur if these "facts" are wrong. But as a Government, we have to be accountable not just for our actions, but the information we give out. That's the basis of our democracy.

Interviewer Does your decision to publish the preliminary results have anything to do with the ongoing negotiations over the trade in illegal diamonds?

Minister Not at all, Anthony. These talks – which are vital to the security of the whole region – are going ahead quite separately to any domestic decisions we make about public health. We are working hard with all the parties concerned to bring about a resolution. But they are quite separate talks. Nevertheless, I can assure you that the British Government takes no pleasure in the current situation over the entry restrictions and we're making every effort to have these lifted as soon we possibly can.

Interviewer Minister. Thank you... Well that's all we have time for tonight. But before we go here's a brief look at tomorrow's papers...

At last the Government information machine is gearing up, thought Martin. They took what I said seriously. Fine. Let's see who wins.

He leant sideways and kissed Anthea's forehead.

05



Sabine turned over. Stroked his arm. He slept. Martin was a good sleeper. She got up, put on his dressing gown and walked to the window. Opened the curtains slightly, then moved through to the sitting room.

It was 8.15.

The telephone went. She picked up the phone.

"Hello," she answered.

A woman's voice on the other end – "Hello, who's that?"

"Sabine. I'm Martin's girlfriend. Did you want to speak to him?"

Pause.

"No, it's all right thank you. Could you just tell him that Anthea called? I need to have a word with him about the site. Thanks." Anthea put down the phone.

Sabine went through to the kitchen.

As she did so Martin called out:

"Who was that on the phone?"

"Someone called Anthea. She asked if you could call her. Not urgent but she wanted to talk to you about the site."

"Oh right."

"Coffee?"

"Yes please...."



Anthea was surprised at the choke in her voice. Like it meant something to her; she hadn't fully realised.

"Look I don't mind being the other woman – God knows that has happened before. But why didn't you tell me about her?"

"I'm sorry. I didn't think that you needed to know," Martin replied.

"I hate feeling like I have been deceived. You could easily have told me there was someone else. Someone you've been going out with on and off for three years. I mean, that's not a one-night stand is it? It makes me realise I don't know anything about you. You could be anyone. What else are you trying to hide?"

"Look Anthea. I'm sorry I've upset you. It was thoughtless of me. I didn't realise that you felt we'd got involved. It was just a friendship thing. But that doesn't excuse my behaviour and I'm sorry. Am I forgiven?"

"Of course," said Anthea – meaning not at all. "Look I've got someone on the other line. Can I give you a call later?"

"Fine," said Martin. "Speak soon."



"Oil is Angola's hope. Diamonds its curse."

João remembered writing those words some years ago, when nobody was particularly interested in Angola. The agency didn't take his story. Angola was just another war-torn African state. No news there.

Now Angola was news. The accusations about Fury Fever, mysterious deaths of white visitors to the country, the WHO team's field visit, a death in the US – they had all put Angola on the front pages. None of this coverage talked about the difficulties his country was facing. None of it explored the issues of a country broken by poverty, a country so poor it relied on international aid to feed one fifth of all its people. None of it mentioned that Angola was in the midst of one of the world's deadliest wars, with fatalities running at more than 200 a day – far higher than in the newsy Kosovo

or East Timor. Instead the coverage was all sensation. Sensation was a word that summed up the West for João.

When the WHO team were hit by a land-mine, for example, the headlines were all about the impact of the blast the trauma caused to dead man's wife and children, the shock to other team members. Why was this news, when it was just one incident among so many? After all, there are over 15,000 amputees in Angola as a result of land-mines. It seemed to João that the answer came back to sensation. This incident captured a sensation that could be transmitted into comfortable living rooms of the West. It was a sound bite of tragedy. But the plight of the whole country went beyond the immediately sensational, beyond the capacity of the sound bite, so it wasn't newsy news. The news business was not interested that the true impact of Angola's ten million land-mines was not amputation, but starvation – farmers are so frightened to go into their fields that they often leave crops unharvested. Imagine, sitting in a chair on the edge of a field, starving, but you can't step out and pick the crop that would save you. That was what Angola was like for many. No sensation. No choice, other than which way to die: quick or slow. That's not a choice you can sell on the news.

The irony wasn't lost on João that he was in the news business too. He existed by selling information. Maybe he just wasn't as good at it as other people. Because throughout all the hysteria, his own stories had not got the coverage he'd wanted.

But now he had another chance. The WHO had concluded their research. He had another interview with Sven Larrson arranged for tomorrow. And there was another issue on the agenda. Diamonds.

Diamonds were the big story around the corner. João could sense it. The counter-threat by the Angolan Government, that they might pull out of the World Diamond Congress, had obviously been made for a good reason. After all, the Government wanted these talks to go ahead; they could establish a vital international coalition, which would strangle UNITA's access to funds. And without funds, no guns. Yet they were prepared to put them in jeopardy - which meant they sensed that the Western powers wanted them just as much as Angola, and that opened up a bargaining position.

João looked out his original story, filed on thin typing paper in a binder marked: Unpublished. It was written two years ago, long before the phrase "conflict diamonds" had been coined. He had been living with his wife Sagradio then. Sagradio had died of malaria eighteen months ago. The disease we are supposed to have beaten, but which is still killing thousands in Africa, and around the world, each year.

It hurt to read the words again.

Oil is Angola's hope. Diamonds its curse.

Welcome to the Wild West. African style. I'm walking down a street and the two men bare-chested beside me are walking at a gunfighter stroll. They're carrying enough firepower to blow away the OK Coral. Forget the pearl handled Colt 45. Take a taste of this automatic weaponry - 145 rounds a minute. Blow you into little red pieces, cowboy.

And like the Wild West, there is a strange code of honour at work here. You don't break your word and you don't steal from a fellow "garimpeiro", not if you're going to leave him alive that is. Because sooner or later he'll find you and you'll wish he hadn't. Around here folks don't go in for petty theft. Not like Luanda; if you walk the streets in Luanda with a watch on, you're likely to lose your arm to a machete; but not here. Things are lawful in this lawless world. But then, I've always noticed that in a mad world the paradox dimension kicks in. Like some force field you become part of, which turns the laws of living inside out.

Here for instance, you'll see a kid in tattered clothing walk into a shop and hand over \$700 to the trader for a few bags of corn, dried milk, rice and coffee. Cornmeal costs \$100 a bag here. Garimpos wander around towns with thousands of dollars in their pockets and no shirt on their backs. You can sell your diamond for \$200, maybe ten percent of ultimate price. Having a hundred thousand dollars in your backpack doesn't mean you're wealthy. It means you can survive to dig some more. Enough to pay off the UNITA rebels' "protection gangs"; enough to pay for weaponry and some equipment. And then a little food. Enough to buy you into tomorrow.

Yet this is paradise to many. People from all over the world, let alone Angola, have flocked to these red earth riverbanks, rich in diamonds. Wildcat prospectors from Brazil and the Philippines. The traders from the Lebanon, Senegal, Mali, even Belgium. Anyone can deal in diamonds here.

João lent back in his chair and turned on the light. There was electricity for a while. He read a little more, thinking of that trip and his flight in a light aircraft over the diamond fields.

The flight took us along the banks of the Bie River. A lunar landscape. Pock-marked as though from a thousand thousand sores. It looked like insects working; then you realised they were men. Up to their necks in red dirt, digging.

These men are digging for alluvial diamonds. They are professionals. Their methods are ruthless and simple. First find your river. Divert the river from its natural course. Allow the alluvial deposits to build up. Then start digging. When the mining's finished, the river is left to run its new course. Waters are polluted; flora and fauna destroyed. What was surrounding agricultural land is now wasteland. Surface and ground water are contaminated. The local

people start to get sick. Drinking water goes brackish. Dysentery, malaria, schistosomiasis and *Biomphalaria pfeifferi* take their toll of more lives.

When they discovered diamonds in Angola, back in 1913, the prospectors probably believed they would bring wealth and prestige to the country. Instead diamonds have proved a curse which breeds greed, disease and madness.

Little had changed since João had written those lines. The Government had sent in its most feared army unit, the Commandos, to clean up some areas. But the "garimpos" had simply moved on to new stake-outs, and in the UNITA held regions, the sacking of the landscape continued unabated. João didn't often feel sorry for politicians, but in this instance he understood. Their sentiments to stop the illegal trade in diamonds were vital, but the reality facing them was like bringing order to chaos. Like applying the Ten Commandments to souls lost in Hell. That is what his new diamond feature story would be about. The divide between political will and practical application. He had a title already: "Bar-coding the Wild West".

As soon as he'd finished his article on the WHO team's visit, he could get on with the diamond story. The WHO article was going to be difficult. After the land-mine incident the WHO team had bravely continued, and the news was that they had found very little evidence to take home. Sven Larsson would be diplomatic in his interview. Would avoid giving anything away. Would say that results would be published through appropriate channels.



Anthea sat alone in her flat. It was small but comfortable. For a single mother living with her son it was fine. Not much room to entertain, but then who was she going to?

Especially now. She hadn't realised how much Martin's deception had hurt her – or rather how vulnerable she was. Being alone wasn't any kind of choice, and for a few days she'd allowed herself to take comfort in the prospect of a new relationship. She hadn't done so consciously, still the same old sceptical Anthea on the surface, but deep down where dreams lie, she had let herself hope. And hope is the curse of the lonely.

She realised she couldn't let things just rest. Needed to do something, to find out more.

She moved over to the telephone. Should she ring him? Put her mind at rest. She hesitated, picked up the receiver and replaced it several times.

Then her mind was made up. She'd call him.

"Hello The Sunday Times, how can I help you?" said the operator.

"Hello I'd like to speak to Raymond Carver please."

"Just trying to connect you."

A brief pause. Raymond Carver was an old mate from the days when they both worked on the Evening Post together. If anyone could help her find out the facts about Martin, it was him.

He answered: "Hello Raymond Carver."

"Hello Raymond, it's Anthea here. Before you ask, I'm fine thanks – but I do need you help..."

furyfever.com

Press Cutting

International Herald Tribune

Lawyers acting for Casey Lussac, partner of TV cameraman Peter Markowitz who died of a self-inflicted gunshot wound following a crazed shooting at the Starbucks Café in the Atlanta Gateway Mall, said yesterday that they were seeking further clarification of the results of the post mortem on Mr Markowitz. Early indications suggest that the post mortem found that Mr Markowitz had suffered a severe brain haemorrhage just before his violent attack. Previously it had been claimed that Mr Markowitz may have died as a result of contracting the so-called Fury Fever while visiting Angola on a filming expedition.

"Mr Markowitz suffered severe trauma to the left hand side of his head as a result of gunshot wounds, so our findings are at best partial," commented a spokesman for the Atlanta Coroner's Office. "However it is the subject of speculation whether the brain haemorrhage caused Mr Markowitz's violent actions, or whether the haemorrhage itself was brought on by a viral attack. Obviously if the former were found to be the case, then we need look no further for an explanation of this bizarre incident and theories of the mystery virus Fury Fever would be significantly undermined."

=====

 from sysop@furyfever.com
 to katey@furyfever.com

Katey

We need to speak about the US incident. This isn't going to play well. Looks like the lawyers are running for cover. Markowitz didn't have Fury Fever.

Martin

Daily Mail

IS FURY FEVER ALL JUST A HOAX?

In a joint statement released by the Department of Health and the Foreign Office today, Ministers concerned announced the results of two research studies into the mystery virus known as Fury Fever.

"We have now had a chance to study the findings of both the WHO teams survey in Angola

and the results of our own longer term testing programme on visitors returning to the UK from Angola. We can now announce that neither of these reports have produced any evidence that the deaths of several Europeans were caused by Fury Fever. Indeed we find no evidence that any such fever exists. We are therefore reviewing the current entry ban on visitors returning from Angola and hope that these restrictions may be lifted in the very near future."



Katey was looking tired. It had been a long 24 hours since the announcement on Fury Fever.

"Look, I'm sorry Katey," said Anthea, "but I think it's the only thing that we can do to protect you."

"Are you sure that this is true?" said Katey, looking down at the printout Anthea had given her.

"Yes I'm sure I've checked it out with two separate sources. Martin works for Declaration. He's their leader."

Katey stared down at the pages.

"But I don't believe it. Why would he have not told us?"

"I guess he would say we didn't need to know", said Anthea. "Whatever his reasons, we've got to act now. I've managed to keep my sources off this story for a day or so, but sooner or later it's going to break, and it's going to be far better for you if it comes from us. If we're going to limit the damage to you and the site, we have got to go first with this. Position it properly. You were taken in, but that doesn't mean that your original belief that Richard died from Fury Fever is any less valid. You'll keep working on the site without Martin. Make it seem like you're the innocent party in all

this. Otherwise the press are really going to go after you. There's trouble enough already with the publication of those two health reports. If the press think they've been knowingly manipulated, then who knows what the fallout could be for all of us."

Anthea glanced briefly over at Tara, who was drawing with some crayons at the kitchen table.

"What made you suspect?" Katey asked.

"I realised neither of us knew anything about the guy and that worried me. If he could lie to me about his personal life, then why couldn't he be hiding a whole lot more? I just started digging, with the help of a friend who works for The Sunday Times, and within a few hours we'd tracked him down. There was a whole file on him. Martin is Mr Activist."

"I still find it so hard to believe. After all he's done for Tara and me. Getting us an appointment with the Centre for Tropical Diseases and everything. He seemed so kind. He believed I was right."

"Look Katey. You have to protect yourself. Martin brought all this on himself by not telling us. Do I have your permission to break the story?"

Katey hesitated.

"Let me speak to him first."

"OK, but it had better be quick."



Martin was as cool as ever.

"You sounded really odd on the phone," he said, looking at Katey with genuine concern. "I know it's been a bad 48 hours but you have to understand that this is quite normal. You get set backs on things like this. Accusation,

and counter accusation. What we've got to do now is go back into the ring and start fighting again. Get the Government back on the wrong foot. Keep asking them what they're hiding. My bet is that all this is connected with the diamond talks and that the Government are trying to sweep our little affair under the carpet so that they can get on with their diplomacy. I know they're still hiding something."

"So, what are you hiding Martin?"

"What do you mean?"

"What are you hiding?" she asked again.

"I'm not sure I understand the question. I'm not hiding anything – it's the Government who are keeping back the information. Just like I said, my money says that there's information in that report they don't want us to read."

"Martin, why didn't you tell me you were one of the ring leaders of Declaration?"

"Oh. I see," said Martin completely unruffled. "Well I didn't think it was relevant. You didn't need to know. My other interests haven't got in the way of what I've been doing for you and the site. Not once. In fact they've helped. All those links I've been able to set up with other sites. All the extra influence I've been able to bring."

"You did it all for yourself. Not for me or Richard. You did it for the site. You had all this neatly planned. Take a poor widow and use her."

"That's not true Katey. I didn't use you. I used the situation. I used the times. I used the relentless desire for information, for openness. I just let them have what they wanted. The truth about Fury Fever."

"So what is the truth about Fury Fever?"

"The truth is what we make it Katey. There is no absolute truth any more. It's not owned by Governments or scientists, and it changes every day. One day we believe one

version, the next another. So you get to a situation where there is no truth, but you can be right. And being right is being now.”

“Being right is knowing why Richard died. Being right is preventing others from dying in the same way. Being right brings value.”

“Fine, then we have no argument. I want to know about Richard. I want to know about Fury Fever. All I’m using is the process of discovery to break down all the old notions of authority. I want to show governments and policy makers, scientists and global business, in fact the whole machinery of power that the conventional machinery of order has changed. To do that I have to break down authority. Break down the old world.

“Sure, I used the site as an experiment,” he went on. “I used it to demonstrate that with information you can undermine authority. I wanted to show that the usual protests, the riots in the streets, chaining yourself to railings – that’s all confrontation without connection. If you’re not connecting with authority, not engaging them, you’ll never bring change. Water cannons don’t stop the way people think; they only make the legislature more resolved. Only information changes opinions.

“And I reckon our site has shown the way forward. A new way to get people to connect; one that isn’t dominated by a party line, manifesto or creed, but which allows people to come together on an issue by issue basis. I wanted to show that you can mobilise millions of people around single issues, not just giant creeds, which is the way that all political movements have been organised in the past. In the past you had to believe the whole manifesto to be allowed into the party. Now we can buy in on an item-by-item basis and find and develop new and different alliances on each occasion.



This is the Partyless Society.”

“Well I guess your experiment succeeded,” Katey said. “But you’ve lost too. You’ve lost my trust. You deceived me. And that makes you just like all the rest of them. You say you want to be open. But you don’t really. You’re openness is just as partisan, just as driven by agenda as any of the others. No, on second thoughts you’re worse than them. Because you’re accountable to no one. These alliances – who will they be accountable to? There just nameless lists. You know I could end up trusting politicians and policy makers more because of you, Martin. At least they have to answer for what they decide. And maybe that gives them the right to be wrong.”

“Katey, calm down a minute... You’re reacting at the wrong time. None of this disproves Fury Fever. In fact, I’d say that judging from the strength of the official reaction, there’s still a lot to come out.”

But Katey wasn’t listening. She got up and looked at Martin.

“I am sorry. But I won’t let you use me any more.” She turned and walked away.

Daily Telegraph

Shadowy Leader of Declaration is Fury Fever Mastermind

The Sun

WE'VE BEEN CONNED!

THE TIMES

The real Fury behind the Fever

Furyfever.com, the site that everyone has been talking about as a new departure in democratic politics, has turned out to be a front for well-known left-wing activist Martin Bellof.

Martin Bellof, an old Etonian and researcher with TV production company Short Cuts, is also the leader of the anarchist group Declaration which is believed to be the leading force behind a number of recent violent demonstrations against global capitalism. Mr Bellof has been masterminding furyfever.com for the past months, while allowing Katey Palmer to act as its spokesperson. Ms Palmer had no knowledge of Mr Bellof's connections with extreme organisations,

and has since asked Mr Bellof to withdraw from the management of the site.

Sources inside Whitehall have been commenting for some weeks that they have been amazed at how well-organised, and how well-publicised, the site has been. "There was something very fishy about it all," said Edward Knowles, an advisor at the Foreign Office. "We first got concerned about the real nature of the site when links started up between furyfever.com and a number of more radical political sites, including Declaration's own website. We thought then that there might be some connection between the two and that senior members of Declaration might have been behind the fever site, but we had no evidence at the time. It just shows how dangerous such unchecked sources of information can be."

It also emerged that Mr Bellof is a close personal friend of Dr Raymond Gregory, the scientist who first spoke out about the possibilities of a virus such as Fury Fever. Mr Bellof and Dr Gregory were contemporaries as undergraduates at King's College, Cambridge.

Mr Bellof was believed to have left the country yesterday, and he is reported to be staying in France. Sources at Declaration have made no comment on Mr Bellof's involvement in the Fury Fever scandal. "What Martin does is entirely up to him," a spokesman for Declaration said.

In another unexpected twist to this story, The Times discovered yesterday that Katey Palmer's late husband, Richard Palmer, had a history of depression and had been treated for this condition during 1992, two years before he met and married Katey. Adair Manners, the doctor treating Mr Palmer at that time, has confirmed that on one occasion he was concerned Mr Palmer's condition might become so severe it would lead to a suicidal state of mind. However, Mr Palmer had responded well to treatment and had given Dr Manners no cause for further concern. Mrs Palmer maintains that she was unaware of her husband's previous condition and that throughout their marriage he had shown no signs of any mental instability. Mr Palmer died in unusual circumstances at Heathrow Airport when returning from a visit to Angola. Mrs Palmer has always believed that he died from Fury Fever.

Mrs Palmer is currently considering whether or not to close her site furyfever.com, but maintains she is still getting mail from people who have first hand experience of Fury Fever.

"Whatever happens to the site," she said, "I am convinced that Richard died as a result of contracting a mystery virus. I have reason to believe that new evidence will soon emerge to vindicate my position and I am most upset about the speculations, which have been raised regarding my late husband's state of health.

Richard was a perfect husband and a wonderful father. He showed no signs of any clinical depression at any stage in our marriage. I would be interested to know where the press got their information about my husband's previous mental health from."

Meanwhile, the Government has confirmed that it is lifting its ban on entry of visitors returning from Angola.

"We were right to be cautious," said a Whitehall source. "Until we had the facts on Fury Fever, there was no way that we could be certain that it did not pose a threat to public health. Now we have that certainty we can restore clarity to the situation and we thank the Angolan Government for their co-operation throughout this difficult period."



The Minister was prompt. He had an important announcement to make. With Edward Knowles at his side, he turned to the cameras:

"I am delighted to announce this morning that the World Diamond Congress has been able to ratify a new accord on trade in conflict diamonds. This accord will be signed by all the countries represented at Congress; including Angola and Togo. This is a huge breakthrough for peace in Africa and we welcome the stand that all African nations are making on this issue. For every "conflict diamond" kept from circulation, tens, perhaps hundreds, of lives are saved.

This is a good day for Africa and a good day for relations between African nations and the societies in the West. For too long the heritage of a colonial past has been allowed to create a situation of doubt and distrust. I hope that we can see the beginning of a new age of mutual advantage between nations.

“Finally, I would like to thank everyone who has worked so tirelessly behind the scenes to bring about today’s accord. These are the unsung heroes of stability and order, and they remind us that diplomacy and negotiation are the best tools we have to bring peace to our world. Often the nature of such negotiations has to be behind closed doors, to protect the process. But the results are no less positive for that. We thank them for their tireless efforts.

“Thank you all very much...”

The Minister stepped down from the dais, turned to Edward and put his hand on his shoulder.

“Congratulations,” he said.



Katey went through the press cuttings as usual that morning. The main story was the accord on Conflict Diamonds. She was relieved that at last there did seem some hope that the civil war in Angola might be brought to an end. She looked on the country now with fondness; like she’d adopted its cause. Then her attention was drawn to another smaller item of Angolan news. A report in a side column, which read:

Luanda
APNewswire

One of Angola’s most respected journalists, João Pereira, was reported killed in fighting yesterday on the outskirts of Luanda. Mr Pereira was caught in crossfire between members of the Angolan army and UNITA rebels while researching his latest article on diamond mining. He died instantly.

A full text version of João Pereira’s last article “Bar-coding the Wild West” is available on our website.

Was that all? Just a couple of column inches to measure a life by. Katey wondered whether there was more behind the news; whether João had become a liability in some way to someone, and had been removed. Perhaps she had become too cynical in recent times. More than likely there would be no proper explanation. It had simply happened. He was another casualty of ongoing violence, another reminder of the indiscriminate wastage of war.

Katey played the MP3 song “Canto a Luanda” which João had sent her. Then she re-read his articles and reflected on the whole train of events of the past months. How she had felt close to someone she had never met and with whom there was no possible connection other than Fury Fever. No other sequence of events would ever have brought them together. Strange, that the things we come to care most about are the product of chance, of chaos even.

Katey knew she had been changed by events, that her life map had new territories. Some she could give a name to, like Angola or cynicism, others were less sovereign states. They lay on the edge of the map, still unsurveyed but recognised. These regions were the mix of emotions that are called experience. Still other states on the map had grown in size and importance as though they had annexed less robust neighbours. Prime among these were fear and resolution. Fear had grown inside her, but so had the determination to protect her own.

Katey had taken up the appointment for Tara to see a leading specialist at the London Centre for Tropical Diseases. Just because Martin had helped to arrange it, didn't mean she couldn't take advantage of it. He owed her that and a lot more. On the first visit, the specialist, Mr Crawford, had given Tara a full examination and also taken blood tests.

Now they had returned to discuss the results. Katey and Tara were seated together on a small sofa in Mr Crawford's consulting room. He sat in an armchair. The room was decorated with prints, which depicted the adventures of early explorers: of long boats landing on sandy beaches and strange, painted savages.

Mr Crawford was not only younger than Katey might have expected, but also more personable.

"As far as the examination is concerned, I can tell you straight – I found no evidence of any illness or infection. The blood tests do indicate that Tara has some minor imbalances, but these are not at levels where we would normally be worried," he said.

Katey looked at Tara and smiled, squeezing her hand.

"However, in Tara's case and given the background of your visit to me, I think we should keep an eye on her for at least the next year. I would suggest that she comes back

to see me once every three months, for an examination, and that we also carry out blood tests at the same interval."

"So what you're saying is – that you can't be certain that Tara is not suffering from some form of virus?" Katey replied.

"Certainty is not a term I like to use Mrs Palmer. The more open I am with you, the less certainty I can offer. Furthermore, there's simply too much we don't know about viruses for me to be certain. We're just beginning to understand that viruses can adapt and change to their environments. That they have an ability to shape themselves in order to survive. This may explain why they can go apparently dormant for quite long periods and then suddenly reappear when the circumstances are right. Now I'm not saying that this is the case with Tara, but I do want you to know there is a possibility."

"Thank you Mr Crawford, but I knew that before I came in to see you. In fact that's precisely why I came to see you."

"Yes but you came to me out of fear. Part of my job is to take that fear away, either through a categorical assurance, when I am sure of the facts, or when I'm not, to confirm the doubt in your mind. I'm not here to deny your right to be worried. In fact, the best thing I can do is to say I am looking into it, even if that amounts to a tacit indication that there might indeed be cause for concern. I believe in giving people a little of the bad news right up front, so that you can prevent them from panicking later. To me it works like an inoculation. Bad news, in the right dose, gives you the antibodies to cope with life."

Katey looked at Mr Crawford and her face broke into a smile.

"Mr Crawford, if only someone had said that to me a few months ago, I could have avoided a lot of trouble. The more I was told that there was no fury fever, the more

convinced I became that they were not telling me the truth. If only they'd realised... that I could have coped with definite uncertainty."



Martin Bellof sat in the edit studio watching the latest material from a shoot in India. He was putting together a video press release for his main client SeedSciences. The video was a mix of interviews with farmers in India who had agreed to participate in a new trial of genetically modified crops. Yields were startling...

He turned to the editor.

"Don't know about you Pierre, but I'm starving. Shall we take a break for lunch and pick it up at 2.30?"

"Sure thing, Martin."

Martin got up and walked out of the edit suite. He emerged into the busy reception of Declaration Communications. Declaration Communications was Martin's new venture and he was very excited about it. The company was only five months old, but had already picked up a number of important corporate clients. It was "an issue management business aimed at bringing global corporations closer to their opponents". Martin was just where he belonged, right in the middle and serving both sides.

The satellite TV in the corner was playing its usual 24 hour news. Martin stopped briefly beside it:

On screen there were images from Africa. The Congo. First some shots of treetops and a river below. Cut to a clearing in the forest. Cut to images of monkeys lying on the ground dead. Cut to close ups of the monkeys, their throats lacerated.

The voiceover was dispassionate as usual:

Correspondent The Bonobo monkey is known for its happy, pleasure seeking nature. In fact it's been called the world's most pleasure-sensitive animal. All the more mysterious therefore for wildlife observers who are trying to explain why whole tribes of Bonobos are committing mass suicide in the jungles of the Congo. The monkeys are tearing their throats out. Just as bizarrely, these usually gentle animals are attacking other species on sight; even far larger animals. To observers it seems like the only possible explanation is that these poor creatures have gone mad, driven to lunacy by something in their diet...

Martin hadn't moved an inch since he had turned to the TV screen. He felt a tingle of recognition. Everything about the news report seemed familiar, a description he had heard before: this was the virus. Fury fever was alive and looking for new partners.

For the first time in some months he thought about Katey and wondered whether she would pick up this item of news. Should he call her and just make sure? Should he tell her? He walked out the reception area, down a short corridor and into his office. He sat at his desk and looked at the phone. All he had to do was leave her a message, he thought. Give her the clue and let her follow it up. But to what purpose? Could she handle knowing for sure? Would she ever know the truth about her husband's death? And would truth bring finality? He doubted it. The only thing that brings finality is when the information stops.

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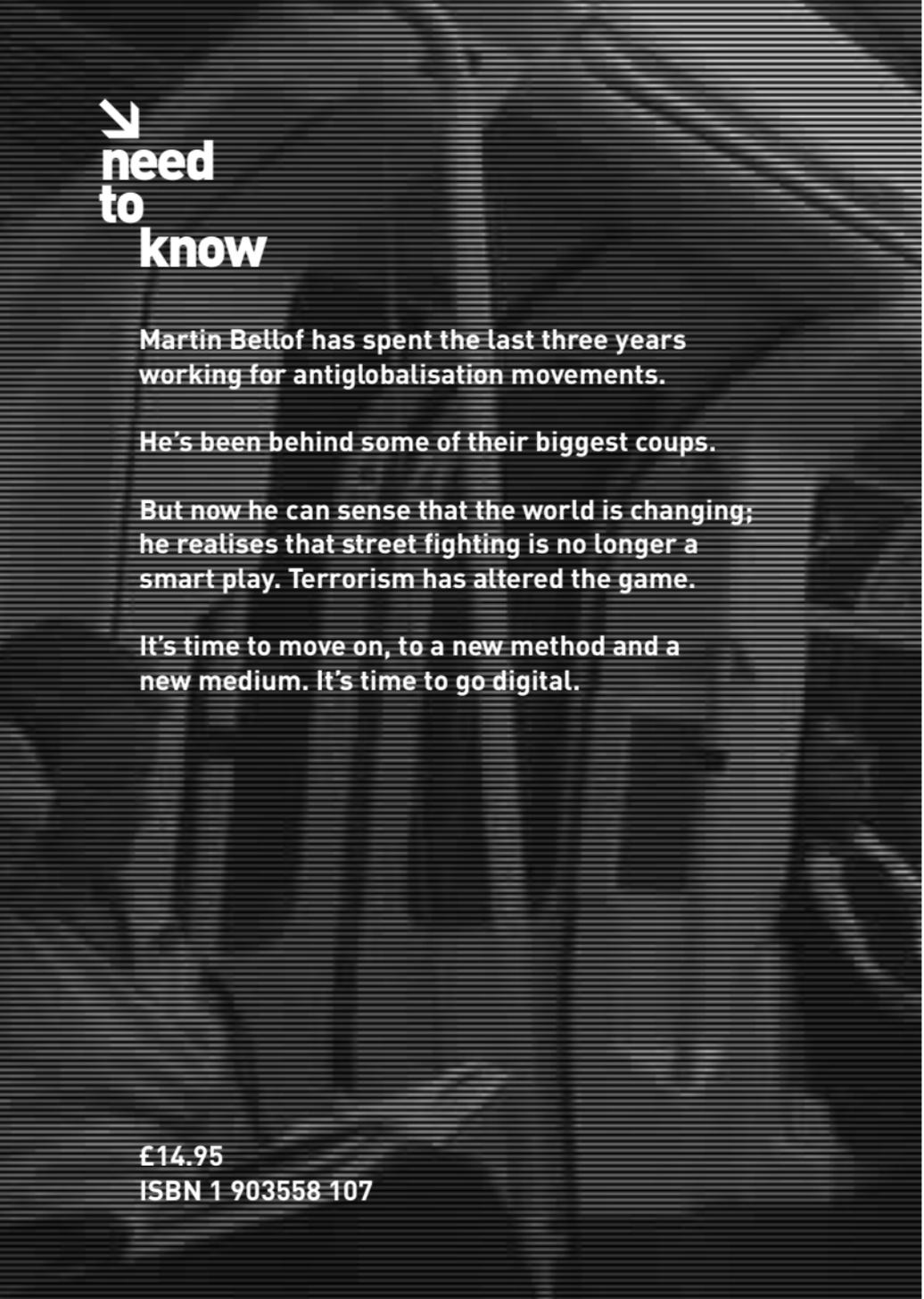


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