



GAVIN PRINS

JOOST AND
AMOR

BEHIND THE HEADLINES



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CONTENTS

Introduction	3
1 The Video	9
2 The Meeting	17
3 Friendship	29
4 The Party	41
5 Family	49
6 Threats	61
7 Kurt	73
8 Caught out	79
9 Scandal	95
10 Betrayed	105
11 The Book	143
12 Separated	155
13 The Disease	163
14 The Fight	181
15 A New Beginning	193
Afterword	205
Acknowledgements	207

This book is dedicated to Joost van der Westhuizen, the once active sporting hero transformed into a thin, terminally ill man by motor neurone disease. And to Amor Vittone: Have you ever? Life has thrown many challenges in your path, but somehow you've always managed to pull through. It is a privilege to know you.

Also to my mother, the late Petro Prins, and to my soulmate, Alvino, and our children, Clyde, Adriaan and Kenya.

‘Whose house is of glasse,
must not throw stones at another.’

– George Herbert, 1640

INTRODUCTION

Joost van der Westhuizen and Amor Vittone were one of the most powerful social couples I had ever met. Their charisma was so potent that they only had to appear on the red carpet at a celebrity event and they'd have both the English and the Afrikaans media wrapped round their little fingers. They featured regularly on the front pages of magazines and newspapers. Readers didn't hesitate to respond. And when Joost and Amor showed up on Twitter, tweeting about their daily lives, it brought fans one step closer to their hero and heroine. But I was even closer. I enjoyed an extremely close friendship with them. We would often hang out together at their house. But never at ours.

All hell broke loose in 2009. On Valentine's Day – I was still working at *Rapport* – the magazine *Heat* gave me a video clip to use on the front page of that Sunday's edition. The video showed Joost having oral sex with a woman who was not Amor. Stills from the video were published, but the quality was poor. This enabled Joost to keep the media on a string for months with 'that's not me in the video'. At the beginning, the couple, with the help of private investigator Mike Bolhuis, was set on finding out who was behind the video. Joost subsequently hired private detectives to follow me and to tap my cellphone. A mystery video was even made of

me, showing how I supposedly offered a young woman a R50 000 bribe to fake a story about Joost.

My biggest story had become bigger than me. Magazines and newspapers wrote about me. I was the bad guy, the friend who had stabbed Joost and Amor in the back. I hesitated to tell my side of the story to the media because I didn't want to hurt Joost and Amor unnecessarily. So I took the blows like a stoic. Some celebrity friends of the couple tried to persuade my sponsors not to do business with me any more. Had I ignored the video, however, *Heat* would have approached the *Sunday Times*, *Rapport's* competitor, and when I look back now on how the story developed in the media at the time, I realise I would have been in even deeper trouble with my bosses for ignoring a very good cover story.

But why a book about Joost and Amor? Many people asked this question when I explained what I was busy with. And it's not an inappropriate question. Joost and Amor had ample opportunity to have their say and they were widely quoted in articles. I was always too frightened to say anything to the journalists who called me for comment after the story broke. I was afraid my answers would be too emotional. But here, with the assistance of experienced publisher Marlene Fryer and editor Ronel Richter-Herbert, I can present my version of events in my own way and in my own time.

In Cape Town, during my first meeting with Marlene and Ronel in 2012, I made it very clear: this was not a book that Joost and Amor could slate. Do not expect earth-shattering scandals. The sex video tested a lot of relationships. And at that time, in 2009, everyone wondered what the truth really was. Well, Joost and Amor had the opportunity to share their truths with the public. Now allow me to share mine.

This book offers insight into one of South Africa's greatest sex scandals with information that has not come to light before. It provides a glimpse into the shared life of the adored couple as well as insights into why I made certain decisions. Some of the information in the book comes from first-hand experience. I came upon other information through in-depth interviews with the couple's staff, friends and former acquaintances. The

remainder of the material is compiled from articles about the couple published in various media forums. And the legendary private investigator Mike Bolhuis gave me access to secret statements that have not been publicised. Well, until now, that is. The contents of these statements made me gasp for air.

This book was written with Amor's permission, and Joost assisted me with facts while I wrote it.

This is my story ...

Gavin Prins

“It’s better for the whole world to know you,
even as a sex star, than never to be known at all.”

– Marilyn Monroe

1. THE VIDEO

August 2008

She placed her handbag on the edge of the toilet seat. She took the video camera out of the bag carefully and switched it on, then put it back in the bag and drew the zipper half closed. Her nerves were gnawing at her. She pulled off her top and jeans but kept the satin underwear on. She put the clothes on top of the handbag so he would not see the camera.

About thirty minutes earlier, Joost had picked her up from her flat and brought her to this house in Moreletapark, Pretoria. She wasn't sure exactly whose house it was, only that it belonged to a rugby coach. Her hands were shaking. What if Joost got suspicious? What if the camera didn't work? What if, what if, what if . . . the questions churned in her head.

Keep calm, she reminded herself. But dammit, it wasn't easy.

Joost was wearing a white T-shirt and blue jeans. She'd never been able to figure out why women were so mad about this rugby hero. Not her type. But here she was now. Half naked and ready to do what she was here to do. Under false pretenses. And Joost didn't have a clue.

Inside the house, Joost had poured them each a glass of wine. At her flat, before he'd come to fetch her, she'd sniffed a bit of Cat to give her

courage. It was just the two of them at the house in Moreletapark, and when the wine glasses were almost empty, Joost had brought her to this entertainment room outside the house.

That was when she'd said she needed to go to the bathroom. He'd then gone back to the main house. Heaven only knows what for.

Oh, hell, I can't fuck up now, she thought. Otherwise Anthony would lose his temper again. The first time they made a video of Joost, it was a disaster. Anthony had given her a technical explanation and she hadn't listened properly. All she knew was that the video was impossible to use. And yet Anthony had decided to have another go with his aunt's ancient camera this time. As long as they had identified their mistakes from last time, she didn't mind.

Anthony and his mates had planned to set a trap for the rugby star for eight months. There was a lot of money at stake. Joost had a lot to lose because he was a celebrity, married and the father of two children. She was just the actress in the video. It was Anthony who'd persuaded her. But it wasn't a big deal. Peace was all she asked for in the already stormy relationship.

To her family, her three-year-old son and the community at Hartbeespoortdam, she was Marilize van Emmenis, a twenty-four-year-old who was studying fashion design in Pretoria. But at Teazers – a strip club for men (and women) – when she got rid of her clothes, she was 'Jennifer', the pole dancer. Jennifer with the tattoo on her lower back, the sexy blonde with the love-gap between her front teeth, the temptress.

Marilize came from a broken home. Her parents separated when she was young. Marietjie, her mother, was later diagnosed with breast cancer. Things did not go well with the Van Emmenis family. Marilize had never excelled at school. The teachers could tell that she was easily distracted.

After high school she went to study fashion design in Pretoria, but dropped out after a short time. Then she started dancing at Teazers and the money rolled in. For ages, Marietjie was under the illusion that her

daughter was still studying fashion design. Then Marilize met a young man. A night of passion, and nine months later little Dylan was born. The relationship didn't last long and they separated.

Months later, Marilize met Anthony de Beer in a Pretoria club. Later, the media would refer to him as 'Anton'. They exchanged numbers. Right from the beginning, she was frank about the kind of work she did and she made it quite clear to Anthony what he was letting himself in for. He was a young student and didn't give a damn about her work. He even came to Teazers to watch her dance. Later, Marilize was to describe him as a spoilt brat, a real rich kid.

Anthony's parents, Andy and Karen de Beer, were highly unimpressed with their son when they heard about the relationship. The De Beers owned a real-estate business in Pretoria and another company in George. They were respected members of the business community.

Status was never a big deal for Marilize. She wasn't interested in how much money Anthony's parents had. She wasn't concerned about who you were. Even that day – on her twenty-first birthday in 2005, to be precise – when a stranger tapped her on the shoulder and asked her if she'd like to meet Joost, she had to stop for a moment and think, Who is that, again?

She was standing chatting to a couple of friends at the bar when the stranger came up to them. Joost was socialising elsewhere in the club.

'Ja, okay,' she answered. Within minutes, Joost had bought her a drink, and the two of them fell into conversation. Numbers were exchanged and that was that. Or so she thought.

Just as she and her friends arrived back at her flat that night, her phone rang.

'Can I come and visit?' asked a man's voice. It was Joost.

'Yes,' she replied.

It was just her and three friends. Minutes later he showed up at the flat, armed with bottles of whisky. And so the party proceeded. In addition to the whisky, they also got stuck into the Cat.

The girls made a few lines on a piece of glass. Before they began, one of them asked Joost if he'd mind if they sniffed. The former Bok said he

didn't mind, and then brought out his own Cat and began to sniff. Joost and one of the girls got completely carried away, fondling one another. Eventually Marilize and her other friends felt so uncomfortable that they asked Joost and the girl to stop. Joost was not impressed with Marilize for reprimanding him.

After that night, Joost regularly got in touch with Marilize, sometimes in the small hours of the morning. SMSes and calls. And it was always the same story: 'I want to come visit', or 'Can I meet you somewhere?' And she said no every time. 'I don't sleep with celebrities,' she explained. But he persisted.

And when she reminded him that she knew he was married, he said that he and his wife were in an open relationship. She was the famous TV personality and singer Amor Vittone.

Sometimes Joost rang when Marilize was with Anthony, which made Marilize slightly uneasy. Then one night Anthony got fed up and decided it was time to put a stop to Joost's bugging around. There and then, he came up with a plan: make a video of Joost using drugs and having sex outside his marriage. Then blackmail him. A brilliant plan, Anthony decided.

Back to the evening at Moreletapark.

Anthony and his two friends sat biting their nails in his small student flat in Pretoria, some way away from where his girlfriend was being used as bait to trap the former Springbok. The wine and drugs had, in fact, not steadied Marilize's nerves. She walked back to the sitting room carrying her handbag with the clothes on top of it. It was a winter's night, but the wine and the Cat had raised her body temperature.

She put the bag on the carpet, making sure the zipper was open enough to allow the video camera to record Joost.

Camera, lights, action.

He came in through the door and sat down on the couch. After a short time he pulled off his shirt and jeans, leaving on his white underpants and

black Polo socks. There were holes in his underpants. Strange, Marilize thought. She was so nervous that she began to chat non-stop.

Joost was not wearing his wedding ring. She wore only her Temptations G-string and bra. Rock band Fleetwood Mac's 'Don't Stop' played softly in the background. She knelt down and took off her bra. Joost sat down on the carpet. The CD got stuck and Joost got up to sort it out. 'Don't Stop' played on. Her handbag was strategically placed on the other side of Joost. She crawled over to it to make sure that the clothes hadn't fallen in and covered the concealed camera.

Joost put a hand into his underpants and began to rub his penis. She saw he had an erection and crawled closer to him. Leaning over, she put her lips to his penis. He groaned softly.

Her cellphone rang. Dammit: it was Anthony. 'You must answer your phone,' said Joost. She ignored it.

The CD jammed again and Joost got up to fix it once more. This time he pressed the 'forward' button for the next track.

Marilize stood up and moved across to her handbag on the carpet. Was the camera still okay? She saw the little red light glowing, which meant the camera was still rolling.

Then she fetched a tray with Cat on it. She knelt beside Joost with her back to the camera, buttocks in the air. She wore a thin gold chain round her waist. She began to prepare the Cat, pushing the powder into narrow straight lines with a bank card. Joost moved closer to the tray and began to sniff the Cat up into his nostrils.

Marilize was careful to lean back so that the camera could get Joost.

Then she stood over him. He took off his underpants. She sat on his lap and he caressed her buttocks while he nuzzled his face between her breasts. He was still erect. He took off his watch. She produced a condom and passed it to him. Just as he opened the condom, he lost his erection. He rubbed and rubbed but nothing happened.

With Joost sitting naked on the couch, they just talked. 'You know this session isn't going to cost you anything,' she said.

‘I know. That’s why I prefer going with women like you.’ They chatted about this and that until Joost suddenly glanced at the wall clock. Time was marching on. ‘We must get a move on. I must go home soon,’ he said.

It seemed that Joost wasn’t going to be able to get his penis to perform and he decided to get dressed. She did the same. They went home.

Anthony and his friends showed up at Marilize’s flat shortly after she got home. They switched on the video camera.

‘It worked! It worked!’ yelled Anthony excitedly. Here was the former Springbok trapped on video – nearly twenty-nine minutes of sex and drugs.

Twenty-nine minutes of pleasure; a lifetime of sins.