



NEIL PENDOCK

Kommanderie Kuier te Leke

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We had to turn *commandeurs* away last night at the first function for 2016 of the **Commanderie de Bordeaux** held at Morgenster.

It could be because **Winne Bowman** has taken over as *maitre*. It could be because **Emile Louw Joubert** was arranging things. It could be because the wines of **Morgenster** are about as good as it gets 8000 Km from Bordeaux. Or it could be because the dinner following the intronization of five new *commandeurs* was to be held at **95 @ Morgenster**.

Which is only out by six years (Morgenster maitre **Giulio Bertrand** is a mere 89 years young). To celebrate, Winnie declared generous Giulio to be an honorary *commandeur*. "What does it mean?" he asked. "You don't need to pay annual membership fees." Which at R1,500, is good news, even for a billionaire. But well worth the money to taste **Chateau Figiac 2001** and other goodies given the Zupta exchange rate, even if one butterfingers smashed one of the two bottles.



95 @ Morgenster restaurateur **Giorgio Nava** is famous for a palace of meat called **Carne** on Keerom Street, Cape Town and **95 on Keerom** across the road, with signature dishes chops from his Karoo farm and fish from Table Bay. Above he demonstrates how best to eat yellow tail. But the real treat is dry bread and a chance to taste five bottles of Morgenster olive oil on each table. Well worth the journey, as the **Guide Michelin** might say if celebrity *sjef* **Jan Hendrick van der Westhuizen** ever persuades them to come to SA.

The commandeurs who signed up for the jolly crew were journalist **Maryke Roberts**, Woolies wine worthy **Allan Mullins**, Barriedale wine hero and hairy/hunky biker **Meyer Joubert**, Mr. Cork **Joaquim Sa** and the voice of SA wine **Bennie Howard** who mistook yours truly for a *dominee*. We also welcomed a visiting *commandeur* from Germany, confirming the global reach of the organization. It's like a benign **Illuminati** or **Opus Dora** (surely **Dei?** ed.) without the self flagellation, alas.



I'm off *en primeur* tasting in Bordeaux tomorrow and only hope the gees that side is as great as it was under the Helderberg.