



Because this time of year, absolutely nobody has time for anything, least of all enhancing your aura, karma, and spiritual well being, this newsletter will be composed of little meditations on eating, life and ..... is there anything else??

Did she already know, years ago - when it still sold for R2.35 - that by writing cult cookbook "Kook en Geniet" in 1951, life and love would come to revolve so much around food. Did she know - when choosing the grilled chicken, garnished with tomato wedges and curly leaf parsley, photographed next to the chocolate ring mould, with squirts of sweet cream circling the plate - every mother would pass it down to every appreciative daughter, generation after generation. Did she know that after haute cuisine, stacking, decomposition, frothing, foaming, liquid nitrogen poaching and everything fused with Asia - we would all return to the pleasures of oxtail, bobotie, mash potatoes and liver with onions and bacon. Do we not all secretly harbor a strange fascination with the fish mould?

Sadly, at the age of 91, SJA de Villiers, the lady who taught the nation how to cook, passed away on 23 September 2010.

We would like to say thank you, for leading the way, for compiling the South African LaRousse Gastronomique and for always being the unfailing reference when all else does indeed fail spectacularly.

"Hierdie kookboek is so kop en skouers bo boeke van sy soort, in watter taal ook, dat dit 'n moet sal wees op die verlanglysie van elke huisvrou, jong dogter of verloofde nooi" -  
Die Transvaler



Then on to a lady who believes she DOES know. She prides herself on knowing, predicting, forecasting and trendsetting. I was first introduced to the predictions of American Faith Popcorn when yawning my way through a 'history and philosophy of design' class in the late 90's. Now believe me, I am the last person to jump on the fortune telling train, but even the hardest nut has to admit this girl might be worth having over for a few glasses of good red.

Referred to as the "Nostradamus of Marketing", Faith has been predicting for years, a return to simpler living, also known as "Local Cocooning". A growth in local culture and community involvement - with farmers markets hitting the top of the list. Now who are we to argue? The fresh, simple idea of European style open air markets has hit us hard, and we're not missing out on this one. Passionate entrepreneurs, gutsy, dynamic youngsters, pensioners, anybody with something to offer, are cooking up a storm before sparrows fart on a Saturday morning. Ready to proudly showcase their products, made with more love that one would ever hope to find in the manipulative world of retail. Consumers quite clearly seem to prefer open air, rather than air conditioning these days, and a fast growing group of fiery producers are eager to oblige. By cutting out the middle man, more and more professional vendors make sure the consumer walks away with the freshest products possible, and more often than not, a laugh and a touch of personality, is included in the price.

So let's give it up for all the brothers and sisters doing it for themselves!!

We're loving it....



### **Markets to remember:**

Fondly, we remember the Mexican day at Hazel Food Market. Fun, chillies, cheese, guacamole and tequila was the order of the day - muy bien!!

### **Markets to remember to look out for:**

- German day, morning and evening market on 23 October at Hazelwood. Evening market until 9pm. We'll be braai'ing like you won't believe...
- Look out for a new fun market concept at Menlyn Retail Park. A fusion of colour, performing arts and street food - think lots of lights, scrumptious smells, mad music, friendly food and tasty people. Dates to be announced.

To quickly paint a different vignette - some soul food, a guarantee that there is more to Gauteng living than road rage and traffic circles...

We hit the road to Mabote River Camp, about 60km West of Naboomspruit/Mookgapong. Not a long drive at all - especially considering the added pleasure of completely empty oranges, sold in harmonious conjunction with sweet potatoes, from exactly similar looking roadside vendors, at 3 meter intervals. It is, quite honestly, the oddest surprise when digging into the first gorgeous orange, already feeling the sticky juice dripping down your chin, the citrus scent filling the air, the river rushing by 10m below the reed and mud hut, and then finding the inside strongly resembles the loofah you left behind. And in the corner, on the clay floor, leaning against the only solid wall in the hut, 30kg of bargain priced oranges, ready to give your back a good scrub. But, let's not be discouraged by the orange phenomenon, and concentrate on the complete zen that is Mabote. No electricity, no cell phones, no noise and no other people. At Mabote it is just you, loads of time, the river and fire to cook your food. Pure bliss and perfect recharge.



A getaway of a different type, a little faster, noisier and windier - allow Dylan to offer his account of the Anopheles Motorcycle Rally. An "invite only" ride that takes the bikers on an awe inspiring journey through Mpumalanga(unfortunately no scenery pictures - due to motorcyclist's no snapping while driving policy.)



By Kaapse Hoop, Bistro Salvadoré ( waar die wilde perde freely rond loop , en jy moet oppas om die sweeping turns as hulle oor die pad hardloop). Groot ronde rotse wat oral rondlê, lyk of dit deur eeue se wind en weer koëlrond geslyp is, met veldblommetjies klein en fyn tussen hulle.



By 3 Rondawels ( net so duskant Gods Window) Pit stop. Drink 'n paar waters en die opsionele biertjie Van hier af kan jy sien tot daar waar jou oë nie meer kan nie en die rivier onder in die gorge soos 'n klein silver slangetjie lyk.



Laaste dag oppad huistoe , nie sonder opwinding nie. Long Tom pas het in Tafelberg verander! Met sy mis-komers om ons gevou kon 'n mens nie verder as die bike voor jou sien nie, en maar net die rooi ogie van die ou voor jou se motorfiets volg deur 'n oop helmet viser - terwyl die waterdruppels soos klein spelde in jou oe steek het as jy enigsins vinniger as 50 km/h ry !!!

Then, last but not least, our show off gallery. A small collection of images, assembled from our functions this month.





Some thoughts on *TOAST*:

In Chicago, in 1871, there was a great fire that virtually destroyed the entire downtown "Loop". Architects from all over the world came and they stood on the nothing, on the rubble of the nothing, and they said: "Good. This is good. This is the beginning." They could see, as from some very great distance, that what appeared to be the end was really the beginning.

Thank you,

Chani, Dylan and Mariette.