

A postcard from the President's suite

 By [Johann Smith](#)

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We define our love in the sweetness we reserve for lovers. Whether they deserve it or not. Nobody understands this better than restaurants, hotels and guest houses. They're in the business of "magical moments". And annually these three want us to have our most romantic reservations in their establishments. Knowing very well we wish to express our feelings to our dearest in the best possible way, in the most amorous setting with the most beautiful backdrop. Everything must be perfect, because the memory of it must be precious, held dear, suspended in time, for a future that is either abrasive or tender.

In the snapshots of our dates, there in the background are the candles, rose petals, starched linen and wallpaper - all come together to play a bigger role than the sum of their parts, giving value to our sweetness. They know it and we love it.





Sleepy Table View hollow

One of Cape Town's finer romantic delights is Point of View Villa Guest House. Situated on the edge of sleepy Sunset Beach, it has opened its doors quite recently. And I was the first to review it with my guest.

At 11pm on Wednesday, my guest and I had just come from seeing a play. We were fashionably late. The Table View air was nippy. I rang the doorbell. A kind African lady, Makoshi, answered; she'll be down in a second. The second turned into 10 minutes.

My date looked me worryingly in the eye.

"Ai Johann, we should have come earlier," I think to myself.

After the two of us had been out on the street long enough to be charged with loitering with no intent in these lush suburban surroundings, she finally buzzed us in. What kept our hostess so long, we were to find out later, was lighting candles around the Jacuzzi and preparing an "elegantly" sufficient plate of cheese, crackers and a bottle of red wine.

I pushed open the gate. A genuine art nouveau number. Wrought iron teased into floral patterns. A real big boy and quite a handful even for the broadest shoulders, but I wasn't intimidated.

After a friendly exchange, Makoshi welcomed us in with a tired (I'm sorry) and endearing smile.

The ceiling is lofty, the walls a mellowing burgundy, the floors creamy, some might say off-white, but overall if you can eat scenery it's a full three courses. But a man can't live on wallpaper alone.





Local is lekker

Everything smelt new. The house was adorned with several pieces of African art the owner had collected over the years: bead baskets, knobkerries and scenes from the location - very down home local is lekker vibes. I know this might sound like a scene for a German tourist trap disaster, but believe me it's not that. There's something about this place that says it means business. Like a homestead of an aristocrat from up north. Something you'd never expect to wander into in the deep south. You expect there to be quite a few large sedans with GP registration number plates parked outside. But to our surprise, we found it deserted.

Makoshi led us up the stairs and told us everything she thought we might need to know. Just in case we got lost. Through a doorway, understated almost to the point of secrecy, we entered an L-shaped wooden corridor. On the left was a closet, in which one can imagine bespoke suits and several pairs of over-engineered strappy sandals. After taking a left at the end we finally got to meet the boss.

The first thing is the Jacuzzi. Front and Centre, crying out for your admiration. Eager to please. The very lap of luxury indeed. Otherwise a shower on the left; complete with duplicate basins; his and hers. Because we know the president never flies solo.



Warming the heart cockles

Other attractions include a Sony flat screen; DSTv; a lounge; and bed. The only thing missing is a bar. There was one downstairs, but as I'd discovered when making the reservation, no drinks. Point of View Villa welcomes guests to bring in their own alcohol, gratis. For any local this is sure to warm the cockles of the heart. Everything is super size. My consort is smiling, it is all a bit much for her eyes. Success methinks. Makosi has delivered us a surprise, but before I could her give my thanks, she'd made a discreet exit. Even closed the door behind her without a stirring a lever.

We were now alone and able to settle down, which was a bit of a task given the length and girth of settlement. At little too much to take in one just one view. We had permission to explore every nook and cranny of the mansion. So a bit of investigating was called for.

The first door was a private entrance in the Presidential Suite and opened up into the master bedroom. Perfect for keeping children (or bodyguards) close. The same niceties that existed in our room were present in all the others, each with its own design twist.

Opulence at its best and simplest





Downstairs was a porch and a swimming pool, for unadulterated afternoons to contemplate your naval, with a separate baby pool for children. The president makes no secret of the fact that he's a family man; inside is a kitchen and two lounges laid out in an open plan - one in the main reception area, the other on the side with a door that can be locked (ideal for business or family movie time); two dining room areas and a view as the name states.

We completed our tour of the downstairs amenities by going through the kitchen. And found the chocolates they place on pillows. We sat back to compare the relative merits of LCD and rear-projection TV. With the argument settled in favour of the LCD system, we finally hit the Jacuzzi and cheese.

Finally relaxing into the situation and scene we inevitably began comparing Point of View to all the other hotel and guest houses on offer. Most of Cape Town, as we know, attempts to be niche. There is nothing wrong with boutique hotels offering designer rooms and interactive suites beyond the norm. All of that ultimately exceeds expectation. The other end of the scale are top-of-the-range hotels that don't bear the average South African in mind. When it comes to Point of View, it offers nothing new, it's exactly what you expect: opulence at its best and simplest.



Dignified simplicity

Post-Jacuzzi we wrapped our soaked bodies in the sleek shwe shwe gowns provided and sneakily enjoyed a cigarette out of the window while watching mist covering Table Mountain and the distant flickering lights under a grey veil. As an unabashed libertarian I must say that I find the restrictions on smoking in not just this establishment, but too many others in this country quite irritating. But fortunately we had a bottle of wine to take my mind off the demise of personal freedoms in the modern age.

With both bottle and glasses in hand we headed down to the cinema in the centre of the house, for a private midnight viewing. Satisfied we retired upstairs and called it a night. The next morning Makoshi called us down for breakfast. The endearing smile ever present. Our meal was nothing gourmet, nothing ridiculously fancy. Just like the rest of the this guest house. It is nothing fashionable Cape Town is offering you. Muesli and yoghurt, eggs and bacon, coffee and fresh orange juice, freshly baked Bread and Muffins - prepared by the person who has made this all this all possible, the house manager Chivaughn Hill. Nothing to upset your morning. Even the most important meal of the day served with dignified simplicity, just what you'd expect.

The best way to understand Point of View Villa, is perhaps its main attraction: that classic, and I admit maybe kitschiest, sight of Table Mountain. The one which views Cape Town in the distance dwarfed and nestled beneath an immense mountain, across a stretch of the Atlantic. The first view that greeted seasick sailors to the Cape. Exhausted yearly in travel books, it will never grow tired to some. Because it is what it is, and doesn't require change. Like so many other masterpieces the world has tried to improve.

Wish you were here.

Wheelchair access: No

Smoking area: Yes (outside)

Room prices: On request

Swimming pool: Yes

Meals: On request

Bar: Yes, bring your own.

Internet: Yes

Shuttle service: Yes

Conference facilities: Yes

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