



Cape Point is strangely crap and pointless when the bastard fog's in

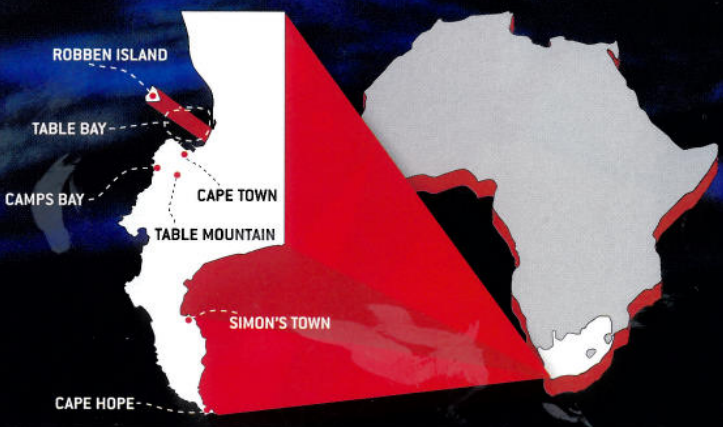
I've seen better views in men's toilets



# CAPE CRUSADER



IVAN SMITH GOES ON A QUEST FOR FUN AT THE TIP OF SOUTH AFRICA — AND FINDS FOG



**I**N CENTRAL Cape Town a bloke giving directions says, "Turn left at the robot." I imagine a bored cyborg standing at the corner waiting for the dawn of the machines. The bloke tells me "robot" is Afrikaans for traffic lights.

Cape Town, in southern South Africa, is a small, windy, attractive city filled with robots. It's also one of the few cities with a mountain wedged right in the middle, like someone parking a sixpack on an ant colony. When a travel agent promises you a hotel with "views of Table Mountain", ask what else it's got going for it, because there's no avoiding the bastard.

The top of the mountain is 10 degrees colder than ground level, about 500 knots windier, and the view's the only reason to go up there. Sometimes weird climatic conditions create a single cloud overhead. Locals call it "The Tablecloth". Those who've just spent good money on the cable car call it "The Freaking Nuisance". But on a good day the views are great. In the distance are Table Bay and Robben Island, the old prison where Nelson Mandela spent 18 of his 27 years in jail.

The centre of Cape Town is like Perth crossed with Brisbane, with added

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