

★ ONE bewildered soul was heard to mutter: "It's like attending a congress of dinosaurs — the money, I mean." He added hastily: "I thought this kind of wealth was extinct..."

But that is tangential.

On Tuesday evening, to celebrate the launch of Cartier Vendome, the new Cigarettes Les Must de Cartier, the Errol Arendz Collection was shown at a gala champagne and oyster soiree at the Saxonwold, Johannesburg, home of Mrs Lorraine Mulholland.

Every ditzzy monied matron was at this Milano-matching celebration of style. After all, it was the Ultimate Photo Opportunity. The complete absence of slopperati was conspicuous.

Snubbed

While the heels of rhinestone-encrusted Frassinellis, Maglis and Blahniks sank like little Venices into the emerald lawn, the "Pot-pourri" cameras filmed away madly.

"Sundowner" had been pointedly snubbed. After all, this WAS a top function and only the top magazine programme should have the privilege of covering it.

Only keen students of The Facade would have picked out a couple of covert,

It was, as they say, Le Must



sideways glances that served to confirm that (*Thank God*) hubbie was making enough scratch to keep them looking up to scratch.

Some, quite frankly, didn't, well, quite Make The Grade.

Not according to society seamstress Greta Abrahamson. Take, for example, that theatrical creation involving a lot of Teutonic-looking

leather and deceased spotted beasties. Obviously the wearer was going for the jungular.

Competing seriously in the sartorial stakes is as perilous as plunging into shark-infested water. Observed MC Barry Ronge: "Some of those ladies — well, if they had been the Titanic, the iceberg would have sunk."

The Designer-darling who

positively owned the night, was of a different opine to the SS.

The beautiful Errol Arendz, plugged in and buzzing with excitement, sang gaily: "EVERYONE, but EVERYONE, darling, is looking simply A-MAAAAZING... Barbara's (*Barnard*) looking absolutely a-MAAAAZING... Anthula (*Markovitz*) is look-

ing STUNNING and, of course, DELLIE (*Adele Searll*) looks ABSOLUTELY wonderful... but then maybe it's because they're all wearing my creations!"

Errol shrieked, ray-gunning everyone with Ysatis and his outrageous camping, while his sister, Gloria, smiled indulgently. A tiny, creamy-skinned creature, she made everyone around her feel as feminine as Lee Van Cleef.

Oysters

To the manor born Lorraine Mulholland retained her Annigoni cool, while the *Tyrannosaurus Rich* fastidiously slurped dunes of oysters off the silver platters.

Seated beside Errol's chief cheerleaders, Adele and Anthula — my NBF (New Best Friend) and her OBF — and trance-like watching the extravagant fantasies of Errol, I recalled Ari Onassis once said: "If women didn't exist, all the money in the world would have no meaning."



□ Gloria Arendz, Errol Arendz and Barbara Barnard

Picture: MARGOT WILLIAMS