

The Unhappy Slapper heads for Margate

By [The Unhappy Slapper](#)

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It's T minus 6 days to Loeries and I cannot find a thing to wear. In fact at this rate I'll either be wearing my boyfriend or two well-placed stars and last year's *Beeld* mock Loerie on a piercing through my clit (the closest I've ever come to a Loerie, I hear you ask).

Either that, or I will make a last minute dash to the Margate Penguin Sanctuary and politely ask to be tarred and feathered. In truth, though, I think that last year's kit and a set of Polar Snuggles it will be. (Take my advice, never ask a fresh-faced sales person from Cape Union Mart for crotchless thermal underwear.)

So, we go down South again (south since last year I mean, for those who spend 80% of their careers on their knees).

South for the circus tent, the buses with their merciless cabin lights and merciless music (don't let's all sing along now), the jacked-up prices that would make an Englishman's eyes water and the stiletto-deep muck in the queue for the Portaloos that reduces everyone, great and small, to five foot squat. (This whole Circus-comes-to-town thing is a slap-in-your-face metaphor, and a free gift to any Margatean subeditor who may not have thought of it before.)

This year we are "seeking creative excellence". Though I'm not entirely sure what this phrase means – "knock on the right door at the right time, and it will be answered"; "seek and so shall you find" or "if you sniff it, they will come".

Personally, I prefer the words "Splendid Regurgitation". Not in the "seen it", "been done" sense. But rather the fact that what went on three weeks ago in the airless bowels of the SABC will now be gloriously spewed forth for the rest of us to marvel through and pick over like the team from CSI.

But perhaps I should toe the official line. The Loeries are South Africa's premiere advertising award show, held in the picturesque seaside town of Margate...

Ah, Margate. Aside from bribing jailbait with second-hand Chappies, what is there to do in Margate? For starters, you could visit one of the town's nine hair dressing salons and end up looking like Jarrod from Cinema (the band aged, but the hair is timeless, if the locals' coifs are anything to go by) or go the whole Kojack and look like a certain Bullish creative director.

Or you could take a turn at the local call centre. Margate is the centre of South Africa's phone sex industry, I kid you not. When you're sweaty fingers have dialled 555-Angelina on your slippery phone, chances are you're talking to the little old lady who will sign you in on Saturday afternoon or hand you your blue-berry muffin on Sunday morning. A buck in the right pocket will show you their office, so stop by for a cup of Ricoffee, and if you're in a charitable mood, do a trick with pen

and paper – word has it they are in desperate need of new material.

Well then, I guess we look forward to the weekend when egos will be steamrollered, agencies will rise and fall, nations will tremble (oops, wrong brief). Until then, I'm off to practise my Cosmo pelvic floor workout and pack my ping pong balls. If I'm not going to walk off with an award, I better have a few other career-advancing tricks up my whatsit.

- Read more about her further musings and adventures on the Bizcommunity blog at <http://blog.bizcommunity.com/index.php/category/the-unhappy-slapper/>

ABOUT THE UNHAPPY SLAPPER

The Unhappy Slapper, who works as a creative for one of the top agencies in sunny SA, will be in Margate again, and prefers to remain anonymous in the interests of protecting her secret identity so that she can write (and party) with wild abandon, go commando, shag anyone she likes and get a good story for Bizcommunity.com, all incognito, with only her own name to throw away. She would also prefer that you think of her as a natural blonde Pamela Anderson lookalike with a fabulous personality and a sense of style. In short, the skank who knows too much. She's been around the block, six ways from Sunday. Discontent and cheap perfume leak from her pores like last night's rum. She's been in advertising longer than Graham Warsop's dog and has a penchant for christenings.

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