

A day at The J&B Met

 By Riccardo Spagni 3 Feb 2010

I remember the first time I went to the J&B Metropolitan as if it was but a few years ago, so, having been there before I had a reasonable idea of what to expect. I have always maintained that I would never go to the Met without being in a tent. This year was no exception.

For me, the greatest adventure about attending the Met is planning your outfit, so I opted to take along my little sister. Shopping with someone who models for a living presents its own unique and interesting challenges, as the choosing of an outfit for a single event involves multiple shopping trips and the trying on of many, many different articles of clothing.

Over the top



Only once she had chosen her dress and it was met with my nod of approval, did the real hunt begin: getting me to match her to a degree of perfection. Two dress shirts, one tie, and one pocket handkerchief purchased later left us still dissatisfied with the results. With a mere handful of days left to the Met, I threw in the towel and purchased a second dress, the same as the first, and took it to the dressmaker. Working like a demon, she managed to tear up a perfectly good dress in order to make me a tie and a pocket handkerchief. Expensive. Surely. Over-the-top and completely OCD? Most likely. Fun? More than I'll ever care to admit!

The trip to the Met was filled with raucous laughter at the thoughts of the fun we were about to have. We parked in the hospitality parking area, and were taken by bus to the track. Much to our great chagrin, we were not neatly deposited at the entrance to our tent, and had to drift through the masses of eloquent and insanely dressed revellers. Even more to my sister's chagrin was the soft grass, which soaked up her heels faster than one of those big bath sponges.

Pink tutus



You can't help but notice the two odd girls dressed in pink tutus, or the strange lady in a belly dancing bikini. You stare at the tall couple with flawless skin, perfectly proportioned bodies, and outfits that look like they're straight off an H&M catalogue. You giggle hysterically at the ludicrous outfits designed purely to be stared

Our tent was filled with similar outfits, and had the added joy of circus performers running around. The dog and its owner on stilts was a firm favourite, with everyone clamouring for pictures. We arrived around lunchtime, and immediately began the hard task of tackling the bar. After making the rounds we took to having a bite to eat. The Caveau Group, which now owns Caveau; HQ; and Gourmet Burger, provided the food. The burgers were up to Gourmet Burger's normal high standards, and the sushi was so fresh you looked for the secret fish pond behind the sushi chefs.

A blur of activity



To be brutally honest, the vast majority of the afternoon was a blur of activity, good times with friends, amazing music, new introductions, and the occasional annoying horse race to interrupt the musical continuity. But that's okay, we'll forgive the horses.

Sadly, I have to complain about the behaviour of a small number of people. I know it's a free bar, guys, but could you try not drink yourselves into a complete coma? Having drunk guys or girls stumbling around, falling over things, passing out on couches, is simply not acceptable for a supposedly top-end event. Just pace yourself, and when you've gone over your limit, switch to mineral water. Don't ruin it for everyone who has a modicum of self-control.

On a final note, a huge thank you must be given to Dave from Sushi Sunday for holding onto my tickets and making sure that they weren't snagged.

ABOUT RICCARDO SPAGNI

After serving his time in Namibia, Riccardo got bored of Johannesburg and moved to Cape Town to become one with the mountain. He spends his days trawling biscuit factories hoping to discover the Next Big Cookie Flavour and writing reviews for the BizLounge that he traditionally delivers four or five days after deadline. [View my profile and articles...](#)

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