

Drama and nasty winds fail to dampen the spirits of Splashy Fen fans

# What a party!

Report: **Glenn McDougall**

Pictures: **Garth Stead**



Paul Lewis travelled from Australia to be at the festival.



The way to do it . . . Marc Golde (top) and friends in relaxed mood.



A car and trailer like you've never seen before . . .

THERE were a few moments of drama at this weekend's Splashy Fen musical festival in the Southern Drakensberg when strong winds sent large sheets of corrugated iron cartwheeling off the roof of the stage and across the field.

"What a party! We blew the roof off," said one unsteady but happy reveller, who looked as if he hadn't slept for a week.

No-one was injured and stage crew were soon at work securing the roof.

More than 3 000 people of all ages, sporting a wide range of sartorial excellence and excess, converged on Splashy Fen to enjoy music, mountains and a pace that can only be described as extremely mellow.

By late yesterday, the hills and river banks were crowded with multi-coloured tents and vehicles and even more colourful people.

"We're very happy with things," said an exhausted Bart Fokkens, one of the organisers of the festival.

"We've had no major problems and everyone involved has worked very hard to make things run smoothly," he said.

What brings people to this fairly remote location for a festival?

"To listen to good folk music with good folk," said Frank Later of Durban.

"Rats!" said Bruce Trevarthan of Sherwood, Durban, who then went on to explain that "rats" was a drinking game played by him and his friends which put them in the right mood for the festival.

"It's just the whole vibe . . . everything," said Lianne Steele.

By late yesterday, the weather had turned cool and windy, with forecasters saying there was an 80 percent chance of snow.

Festival goers greeted the news with hoots of "right on" and "snow baby, snow".

With the wind causing havoc on stage, organisers decided to move the show from the main stage to the Black Label marquee on the hill. This entailed the moving of large amounts of sound and lighting equipment.

By the look of things, it is possible that not even a full scale blizzard would dampen the spirit of hard-core festival fans, who rushed to volunteer their services for the move.

"Like the cliché goes: The show must go on," said soundman David Marx.



Shaun Pottergill of Johannesburg soaks up the music . . . and the sun.



A member of the band Bomvu does his thing.



No reason for claustrophobia here . . .



Tents and cars dot the hillside.

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A member of the

