

## Lessons learnt as an RTD first-timer



7 Oct 2014

I have been well and truly Rocked by the Daisies (well the synthetic daisies, but still). I've never been to an outdoor music festival and I was slightly apprehensive as I like my home comforts. So I wrote up hundreds of lists, Googled every 'festival hack' I could find and eventually packed up on Thursday to head to Cloof Wine Estate.

The first lesson I learnt was arrive before the sun goes down, there is nothing quite like trying to put up a tent in the pumping wind, with only a small torch to guide you. But of course, in true Daisies form, there were plenty of fellow campers offering a hand and helping out. I was relieved we arrived on Thursday, although there was only the one stage open it allowed us to find friends, get a lay of the land and prepare ourselves for the weekend.



I had idealistic ideas of sleeping in a little late on Friday, rising gradually, having a shower and getting some breakfast. How wrong I was. Startled awake by the sweltering heat at 7am and seeing the queues already starting, it was evident that a cold shower and some crisps would have to do. And as I overheard one of my neighbours say: "Bro a hangover is not a reason for suicide".

With 30 degree heat on a dusty wine estate, the second lesson I learnt was always remember sunblock, sunglasses and an umbrella/parasol. They were absolute life savers. Unfortunately there wasn't much ice available so unless you took along a cooler box packed with dry ice - it was warm Brandy and Coke from Friday onwards. (By Sunday you could bribe me with a simple block of ice or semi cold anything).



The Friday lineup was awesome, I love my South African music and jamming along to Al Bairre, Jeremy Loops, Fishwives, Dan Patlansky and Albert Frost (to name a few) was enough to put the thirst, hunger and dust out of my mind. Although unbearably hot, once that sun goes down it's freezing. Thus, lesson number three: take wellies or at least closed shoes. As hot as you will be, you will be equally cold.



Al Bairre

Saturday brought on the international acts, which, if I must be completely honest, were outshined by the local bands (perhaps I'm simply biased). One of the acts - and if you were there you'll know who I'm talking about - nearly cleared the main stage arena. But all in all everyone was so pumped that it didn't matter what was happening, everyone wanted to be part of those 21,000 people dancing and singing along. Lesson four, by Saturday night you will be gross and dusty and wet wipes will become your new best friend and even a currency. (Also, taking an hour to sit in the car with aircon blasting is a wise, wise idea).

I will give it to Daisies and Savanna, having the comedy tent was a genius idea. When the heat was excruciating and the music too much it was delightful to sit in the shade and have a good laugh.



**Crystal Fighters** 

By Sunday, although sad to leave, I was ready for a shower and my own bed. I was definitely over prepared, but I was glad to have all the bits and pieces (I don't think I could have slummed it). The type of camper you are will determine what you will take with you or miss not having.

My legs are sore, my voice is gone, I think there is still dust in places I didn't know existed, I may very likely still be hungover and I'm positive I will have this sunburn for a month. But I loved every minute of it and will definitely be there in 2015.

Photography by Kayla Parker View gallery

## ABOUT JORDAN SCOTT

Jordan Scott is a student of marketing and lover of life.

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