

“Hopes for next year: The world economic misery does not kill this fine jaunt. On this year’s evidence, it’s got a lot of life in it yet.”



It's Snowbombing 2009!

Lo and behold, the NSM machine has returned from another year's hard [Snowbombing](#).

It's a strange time for the festival. A product of the cash-rich turn of the century boom era (it celebrated its tenth anniversary this year), its the first time its really had to grapple with utterly adverse conditions, which already killed off nearest competitor [Snowside](#). Not only is it much harder to get money, but sterling is weaker than my excuses for missing P.E lessons in school, and Eurozone jollies are now, for most at least, fiscally crippling ventures.

Still, for now things look rosy. Here's what went down....



TOP BANANA: From what NSM was privy to, the eminently nawwwty [Chase & Status](#), and [Fabio and the newly-free Grooverider](#) in the colossal Racket Club venue did wonders, followed closely by whenever [Beardyman](#) reared his head. He did 'Windowlicker' with his gob at Bloc, and this time round he quite spectacularly did that La Roux tune that you like at the Street Party, and when he tuned up on the forest stage, utterly blew a misfiring and utterly below par [2ManyDJs](#) clean offstage. Far more than the sideshow I'd had him down as, he's a fantastic draw in his own right.

UTTER PANTS: Misplacing mobile phone in forest clearing, calling it up to find Austrian geezer has it, being told to meet outside Strass hotel in 20 minutes, only to wait two hours in the bleedin' cold with no sign of "short Austrian with white snowbombing t-shirt" arriving, utterly killing one's vibe and any enthusiasm for the much-anticipated [Dirtybird](#) takeover of the Schussel and leading to an early, frustrated bath. Gutted.

BEST COSTUME: There's a lot of costumed hijinx at Snowbombing, and its probably the only place on earth you can punt around on skis or a board spotting Batman, Robin and even Scooby Doo on your way down the slopes or on the lifts. But top honours here have to go to the lad dressed as South Park's [Towelie](#). Inspired.

THE RATHER YOU THAN ME, MATE AWARD: Goes to Dirtybird man [Justin Martin](#), one of NSM'S favourite producers and all round top chap. Not only were we amazed that Claude Von Stroke, the aforementioned DJ and his brother Christian were slumming it on the coach back to Munich with the ladies and gentleman of the fourth estate, but the San Fran native, looking a bit fragile was following the evening's festivities with an appearance at Fabric in London. Poor sod...still, having a look at all those Jagermeister empties, it's no surprise. Looking forward to him coming to Cardiff this week though.

DOWNTIME BUSTING FUN: The film of David Peace's '[The Damned United](#)' kicks arse, so I finally got stuck into [the book](#). Dark-hearted gallows humour abound, utterly, utterly compelling and available for a song at your local shopping centre. Followed it up with ex Kraftwerk man Wolfgang Flur's [autobiography](#). Couldn't contain laughter at his description of teenage self-induced vinegar strokes to The Who's 'My Generation'. What a strange fellow....

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Posted by Kristian Dando at 11:22 PM

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