

CTEMF 2014 - An imagined community



By [Megan Holt](#)

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This was my first Cape Town Electronic Music Festival and, to be honest, the cynical, mocking part of me was dreading the thought of possibly being hoisted into a situation with underage Bambi-legged drunken girls and guys who say things like "traaatatatata" all night long. Alas I was wrong, CTEMF was the best fun I've had since the year started.

I now have abs of steel from all the laughter and I'm walking like Pinocchio after dancing for seven hours straight. It was situated at ye ole faithful Grand Parade in the CBD. I immediately thought to myself I'd better tell my friend to take his canopy and seat covers to the party, but, hey, if Jeannie D felt safe enough to rock up then I guess we'll be going home with wheels attached to the car.



Justin Martin

The dream team

Kudos to the organisers - even though Benga fell through at the last minute, you had Justin Martin, Protoculture, Caspa and Haezer as your saving grace. Justin Martin ushered in the weekend with an easy palpable set - just what I needed as I was swaying my hips relentlessly in the downpour of rain. I must say the rain created quite an ambience - even though it was as relentless as my hips, no one budged, but decided to stand there and take it, like they were in a Burger King line. My only problem with the rain was that it brought about plastic rain ponchos - anybody who knows me knows that I hate fashion faux ponchos, but the party went on with everybody walking around looking like Teletubbies. After the rain dried up and everyone's hair went into its au natural phase - we saw one of the best-looking DJs take the stage: J Phlip. She makes you want to be a DJ, even if you're in the same rank as Paris Hilton. Aside from her being good looking - she made the dance floor just a little bit dirtier and brought out the kitty in me; this is when things got hazy, my vision became impaired and everybody began to look like friends. Man I love music festivals.



JPHLP

When I dance, I dance

Upon exiting on Friday to head to Waiting Room - I had separation anxiety as the music was booming in my ears, my legs weren't used to relaxation and my neck was halfway between whiplash and induced tunnel vision. When I woke up the next day with two wristbands and three stamps on my arm I knew I had to go back - it would be almost blasphemous not to. Now I'm not an electro fundi, but somewhere between Bloody Beetroots circa 2010 and my sister taking me to trance parties at a young age I managed to gain an appreciation for all things electro - and CTEMF managed to encompass all of my experiences into a nice compact package close to home. I thought that nothing could top Friday, but upon arrival on Saturday and seeing Caspa, life got real. For those who don't know Caspa, he's the Bruce Springsteen of electro, the last Mohican standing from the 90s. I watched a girl stand in the crowd pulling a middle finger at the guy for about an hour and forty-five minutes - possibly because she had seen better acts or her boyfriend told her she's too fat to get on his shoulders, but as she swiftly lost my attention I looked around and everyone was in sync like it was an electro Mexican Wave.



Where is my medal for getting through this?

At this point everybody had lost their inhibitions; they could not go home to their mothers, all roads were leading to lost voices, McDonald's and dirty memories. Between the guy who was wearing his pants around his shins and his tattoos like Justin Bieber, and the guy who was willingly jamming in a reclining position because he could no longer stand (his feet were moving, well done trooper) I had no idea who to focus my judging eyes upon. I felt like walking around handing out moral compasses to everyone, but then I realised I love drunken people. By the time Haezer was on stage with female dancers drenched in gold - the crowd stopped somewhat as one does when faced with people who dance professionally. They looked like Medusa and a Cadbury slab's love kids - but man did they dance; the audience was enthralled and it

definitely made Haezer's skit one to be remembered.



The best things in life aren't free, they're shared

My only gripe was that it ended too early, but, hey, it's a public space and obla di obla da. I made some of the most devastatingly beautiful memories, from being eight people in one car because we felt bad for Steven Segal and Jonah Hill's love child who was destitute, to being asked for my number (you're probably thinking what's so funny about this, he told me he doesn't mind if it's the wrong number as long as I enter my digits). Anyway, when it's all said and done, one has to have a little fun and I did to the point that I stayed up with friends talking about all the zombies we saw, drinking leftover Jagermeister and then laughing ourselves to sleep. Oh, before I finish this, if anybody finds the footage of Garth and I videobombing Justin Major during a Pulse Radio interview please give it to me - Red Bull brings out the spidermonkey in me. Thank you CTEMF - you'll see me again.

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Photography by Luke Daniel, Redbull

ABOUT MEGAN HOLT

Marketing Assistant at Bizcommunity
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