The Telegraph SMART MOVES How to be safety savvy on the slopes WIN a high YOUR COMPLETE GUIDE TO THE SLOPES performance backpack Into the Freeride adventure in Montenegro **RACE READY** Team GB's best medal hope at the Winter Paralympics **ON TEST** Intermediate skis Top-end snowboards **LATE SEASON SNOW** Where to find great conditions in April Insider's guide MARCH/APRIL 2014 £4.50 TELEGRAPH.CO.UK/SKI to Chamonix

RANT

to be found in 66 It just the Alps as they might be that holiday. Not everything is are the muddy farms of a festival will made better Somerset (or fields of Leeds). dilute your From peak to peak, revellers break 99 neglect sleep to

through the early hours, rendering first tracks in the morning nigh on impossible. A stellar entertainment line-up is supposed to be the draw, featuring bands, dis, comedians, poetry readings, interpretative dance, sausage hurling and everything in between. Oh, and there will be mountains, snow and all the rest of that too.

dance and drink

Herein lies the problem. My experience of festivals is mainly sitting around. chatting, perhaps having a drink or two, stumbling from band to band or silly hat stall to silly hat stall, wherever the mood takes you. But adopt that approach in the mountains, with or without a festival, and the time you spend on the slopes enjoying the thrill you've waited a year and travelled miles for will be severely diminished.

A festival isn't something to be shoehomed into another getaway scenario just to add value or to lure in more punters. It's an event in its own right, a few days to savour, to be experienced in a way no other few days could.

And so, too, is your winter by the addition of facets, by exhaustive . diversification - the tireless

march of the "more is more" brigade. It just might be that a festival will dilute your break, rather than enhance it.

There are many successful and attractive festivals in resorts, enjoyed by hundreds, if not thousands, each year, and many of them do good in bringing people to the mountains who might not otherwise come. But to get the most out of both, I think I'll keep my skiing and my festivals as far apart as Yorkshire and the Alps.

FIVE-STAR SKI TOURING?

66 We linger

Italian feast comes with all the trimmings

Like me, you may agree that hell is other people - and that heaven exists beyond the well-travelled pistes, in the deep powder and forgiving corn-snow found when you attach skins to skis, walk up, and then enjoy a long, well-earned descent. In my heaven, rather

than the tourer's usual rustic bunk up at the end of the day, there's a deep bath, blow-out dinner and OVER a platter a down-dappled bed.

Turns out it's no fantasy. Of IODSTET For my ski-fari organised by Dolomite Mountains, criss-crossing the terrain of

South Tirol, I begin in San Cassiano on the Sella Ronda circuit, at the five-star Hotel Rosa Alpina with its two-Michelin star St Hubertus restaurant, spa and the iconic Dolomiti pink spires shimmering in the near distance.

Guide Luca Gaspirini has teed up a short climb on skins under the gaze of Piz Boe (3152m) into soft powder. Easy pace, fab scenery. "We can take our time," says Luca.

Time. High among pastel peaks, we're virtually travelling through it. A million years ago, the Dolomites were water, at the bottom of the ocean. Today, Sass de Forcia is a 3000m limestone tower. We halt steps from its edge.

Below, cars on a road look like the bits rolling around the bottom of a Cheerios box.

"For many people here, their only decisions are where to ski and where to lunch," observes Agustina Lagos-Marmol, founder of Dolomite Mountains, "And not in that order."

> We linger over a platter of lobster spaghettini washed down with Pinot Grigio at Rifugio Comici under photos of glamorous Italian film stars.

The second night is at the Rifugio Lavarella, in the heart of Spaghettini 99 Fanes-Sennes-Braies Natural Park, near Cortina d'Ampezzo.

Like a simple hotel - shared showers, twin bunk rooms - the hearty simple cooking is a treat. We ride up in a snowcat and spend the day ski touring lost, untouched mountains.

We arrive near the top of Cima di Re di Castello (2817m) at noon, earning our turns. Although practically whispering, Luca's voice bounces like crystal off a 200m monolith that emerges like an apparition between eerie clouds. "For me, to be up here in the middle of wild nature without a sound," says Luca, "this is luxury

Our final ski-fari







