



Indie - Live



The rage crew get into the corporate limo and take a look at Glastonbury, and decide that it's not so bad after all.

Saturday

Saturday, and yesterday's hot and sunny day is a distant memory. It's overcast and much colder. Skunk Anansie soon warm things up though. Skin, the frontperson, is dressed as the generic cat burglar, an all black outfit with trainers and even a black woolly hat. Unlike the better cat burglars though she makes a great deal of effort to be noticed. She leaps around the stage appearing to be genuinely upset at the world's problems. Who put a baby little swastika on the wall? she screams as she hurls the microphone stand of the stage. Behind her the band hammer out a huge noise and maintain an unsettling edge for the entire performance. Even the current single I can Dream sounds like a powerful anthem rather than the limp recording which they released. Skunk Anansie are growing up in public. If they can capture some of the venom of the stage show on record they could be huge. These Animal Men are next up. They seem to have dropped the Adidas shirt gimmick and musical more subtle than their earlier days. It is still mainly loud chord based thrash though with barely a pause between songs. All in all it's very reminiscent of the Senseless Things, and look what happened to them. Live arrived in the trough of the cur-

rent American invasion. They are huge in the US but despite their efforts their REM/Pearl Jam styled songs have never really been popular over here. They've sold so many records over there though that they don't need to break the British market. They probably consider Glastonbury as an expenses paid holiday which they can write off against tax. Today their angst filled song are stylishly performed to all those who can be bothered to get here to watch. For those of you who couldn't I'm sure there will be one of their videos on MTV within the next ten minutes.

Over on the Pyramid stage Jeff Buckley is preparing to win over some of the people who are unaware of his wonderful soulful voice. People who have ignored the press proclaiming him to be the new messiah. People who have failed to buy his stunning album, Grace, even though it retails for less than a tenner. Surely they've seen and heard enough to make the journey to the front of the Pyramid stage so that they can judge for themselves. On first inspection it would appear that most people have managed to fight their curiosity.

So how will Jeff attempt to win over the limited numbers of punters who will be making up his mind? He wails. A drifting guitar riff and he wails over it using the full extent of his vocal range. He wails for a full two minutes and it is wonderful. When it comes to wailing Jeff Buckley is your man.





John Peel Signs Autographs for what seems like the whole of the festival

Post wailing and Buckley moves on to perform tracks from his non selling album, Grace. Each song is completely absorbing. An intense rendition of So Real slowly builds towards a soulful yet manic climax. Last Goodbye rises and falls with the sentiments of the song. There's no dancing here people are just standing in awe, too overwhelmed to move. The most relaxed person in the field is Buckley himself. He laughs between the songs, worried about the lack of communication between himself and his audience. After one song he try's to encourage a little crowd surfing and for a moment the crowd relax. It's all temporary, and they are immediately mesmerised again as the haunting Mojo Pin starts.

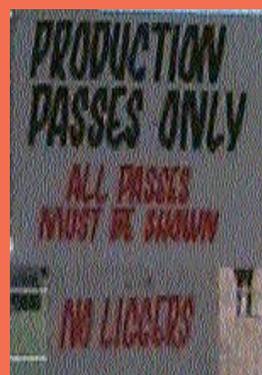
He moves on to perform a couple of sub metal numbers including a cover of Kick Out The Jams with Everything But The Girl's Ben Watt. He concludes with a magnificent version of Grace and it's all over far too quickly. How long before his record company stop trying to push his first album and release a second?

The Boo Radleys are here on the back of huge commercial success, Wake Up Boo put them in the charts. The conversion from critically acclaimed but publicly ignored to numerous appearances on Top Of The Pops and features in Smash Hits happened overnight.

They're now big enough to play the Pyramid stage and they arrive with big smiles and large



hats. All is not well though. The vocals, which not their strongest point on a good day, are a mess.



Singer, Sice, is clearly upset. After each song he glares at the mixer. The rest of the sound is fine and they run through the current album inter-

persed with the odd track from Giant Steps. Their chord driven guitars and catchy brass section creating a wonderful noise. Sice, meanwhile, grows more and more unhappy and concludes the set by slinging his guitar towards an amplifier and storming off the stage.

No encore likely here so it's back to the NME stage to see non-fashion

junkies Weezer, who provide something for everyone. There's a little thrash, a little Lemonheads and at one stage they veer close to Pavement territory. As the set matures, the sound becomes more engaging and by the time they reach the hit single Buddy Holly... I find that it's been far better than expected.

Which is more than can be said for Chicago's total fashion junkies Urge Overkill. Their hit single, a cover of Neil Diamond's Girl You'll Be A Woman Soon is poor preparation for the live Urge Overkill experience. They make a far rougher noise than that. Nash Kato is wearing a fine silver suit which is typical of their fashion sense or lack of it. The rest of the band had turtle necks and medallions. If only they made as much effort when they wrote their songs. The set is short but not that sweet.

PJ Harvey continues to reinvent herself. Each song is sparse and thoroughly absorbing, no easy listening here. She is wearing what appears to be a bright pink wetsuit and looks calm and composed.

Galliano start their set with a drumbeat and it slowly turns into Jerusalem. It sounds engaging at the start but I suspect that it would quickly become tedious. There's no time to hang around and watch it get dull though a certain unannounced band is about to play in the acoustic tent. Unannounced on the promotion for the event that is,

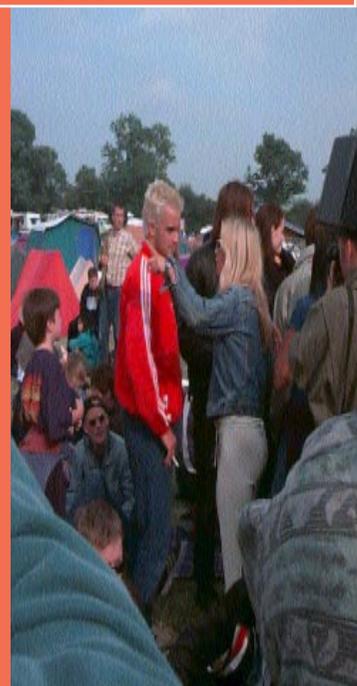




It's Robbie From Take that !!

the interview and listing in the programme is more than a bit of a give a way. I arrive at the rather small acoustic tent to discover that The Portishead performance is about as secret as Christmas. It's packed, fuller than Frank Sidebottom's legendary Reading performance when people had to be turned away from the tent. As we all manoeuvre for position Nick Lowe entertains us. His country sound is rather tedious but it's over running so there is time to get within ten yards of the stage. He finally leaves, twenty five minutes late. The Nick Lowe fans leave and everybody else moves a little nearer. It's hot, it's late, people are tiring but the temptation of seeing Portishead keeps them here. The compare comes on and announces that Evan Dando is going to play his solo spot which he missed this afternoon. This does not go down well with the thousand or so people who've spent the last hour of the festival trying to get a good view. First there is booing and then chants of Portishead Portishead. Evan Dando, indie sex god is about to play to an unappreciative audience.

For some reason the acoustic stage has curtains so there is no way of knowing what is going on behind them. The curtains are eventually pulled back and it's Evan, alone, with his guitar. Glasses fly, boos ring out, even those who do want to hear him can't due to the chants. The legendary Glastonbury spirit is being tar-



nished. Evan try's hard but it's a losing battle. His patience wear's thin "Why don't you leave and look at the rest of this hippie fuck festival?" Some of the crowd are won over but after twenty minutes he gives up and leaves to a huge round of applause.

Portishead, of course, have been told that they won't be needed for an hour or so which means Evan's hasty departure will probably not hasten their arrival. Twenty minutes later and the combined effects of the hot weather, lack of washing facilities and compact spacing begin to have an effect on the crowd. It's hot, sticky and beginning to stink. People are leaving just to get a breath of air. As each song on the backing tape finishes optimism grows then falls as the next one starts. Eventually, at 11.20, Portishead start their set . The stage is at the top of a large hill so that the area that the



Jarvis signs for England

crowd stands on slopes away from it. This means that only the front couple of rows can see. For the rest of us it's a stage bathed in blue lighting with an appearance of the odd (Portis)head once in a while. Everybody pushes forward to try and improve their view. People start collapsing with the heat and find it difficult to move out due to the crush of others still trying to improve their position. It is a complete farce, Portishead should be playing to lovers relaxing in cafes not thousands of drunk sweaty youths crushed uncomfortably in a field. The sound is wonderful but as Portishead recreate their hugely selling album the heat and time appear to be taking their toll on the punters. This is not the enjoyable experience it should be.

Time to go and see Pulp on the main stage. Considering that they filled in for the Stone Roses at the last minute Pulp seem to be taking everything in their stride. With a stack of hit singles behind them, and the advantage of being flavour of the month, headlining Glastonbury appeared to be their natural destiny rather than an act of God. Still they're making the most of it, top tunes interspersed with the ramblings of Jarvis Cocker, who can make the largest stage seem intimate. A splendid way to end the evening.





Sunday

Sunday starts with REM sound alike The Mutton Birds who manage to inject a lot of enthusiasm into their 10.45 am slot. They come from New Zealand where it's ###. They've probably made a positive effort to keep to their antipodean time zone so that it feels like an evening performance to them. The small crowd who have made an effort to get up or alternatively haven't slept yet seem to enjoy their energetic offering. If the Mutton Birds are going to enjoy the rest of the festival though, they are going to have to make a quick jump to British Summer Time. It looks like plenty of caffeine or ...erm... something stronger will be needed. Let's hope that they find something suitable here.

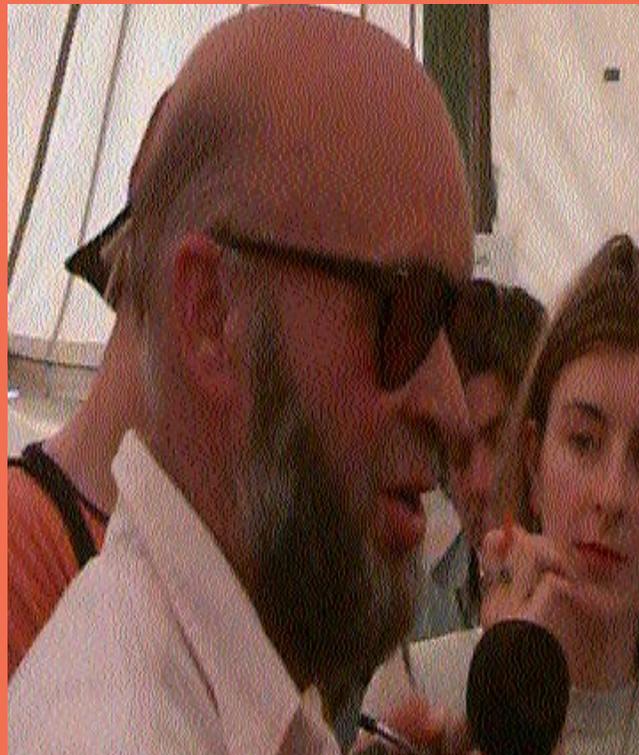
7 Day Diary represent another female led act from America who are trying to make it over here. I'm sure that they're very popular over there but I personally can live a full life without them over here.

Glastonbury is the ideal place for a band like Morphine to shine. Anything that doesn't blend in with the other acts ensures that you stand out. Having no guitars ensures that people will remember the Morphine performance as one of the highlights of the weekend. Their saxophone led tunes are a pleasant change from the endless stream of groups who try to sound like the previous stream of

groups. They have survived for three albums with their single idea, however, it does represent one more idea than most of the bands here.

Strangelove launch into their axe attack and sing songs with titles such as Living with the Human Machine and It's time for the breast of your life, apparently. They seem to have lost the Glastonbury plot. People don't need to see dry ice in the middle of the afternoon. Having spent so much time on tight fitting shirts a nice haircuts why try to hide them?

Drugstore look at first sight to be



Even Glastonbury's founder Michael Eavis looks cool

another angst ridden band who use feedback to highlight their deep personal problems. Over the top a quiet female voice struggles to be heard over the torment of life's great issues. A short time spent listening to the lyrics though and it's clear that life is one big bowl of cherries. A version of The Archies Sugar Sugar, not renowned as the angst ridden anthem of it's time, confirms that their initial down trodden appearance is deceptive. Marion appear to have the same go for it style and over sized egos that propelled Oasis to superstardom. They are teeming with rock poses and sincere stances. Each chord is struck with a 'we mean it maaan' attitude. 'We're just here for you lot' announces Jamie fitting perfectly into the caring, sharing attitude of Glastonbury. And everybody appeared delighted that they were. Their songs a powerful blend of guitars and vocals far heavier than Gene who, for some reason are generally filed alongside them. Maybe it was their female moniker that created some false expectations. The seemingly endless tunes of The Verve are next on. Their songs drift for ever never quite falling apart and often the band finish tunes at the same time. Today they have problems with the guitar and while the fix it the rhythm section entertain with a seemingly improvised section. They're enjoying it so much they turn the dry ice machine. This masks the guitar with smoke, thus making it more difficult





1st Floor Menswear, ladies fashion items going down

to fix consequently delaying it's return. The Verve make music that they enjoy first and if anyone else wants to hear it they consider it a bonus.

Menswear are thin and wiry, and so is their music. This is unfair, they steal from a variety of sources apart from Wire, The Buzzcocks and The Stranglers to name but two. Justine should pay them for deflecting the song stealing accusations away from Elastica, at least for a short while. On the positive side Menswear produce strong reactions. One girl has brought some eggs all the way from London just to throw them at them. Sadly for her she comes up just short. Menswear do put on entertaining display of energetic rock and if you weren't around for it first time around (i.e. the late 70's) then you'd probably enjoy it this time.

There's a saying in the rock world which reads, "Be nice to promoters on the way up, because you'll have to meet them again on the way down." The Charlatans, it would appear, have peaked and are now on the downward slope to oblivion. This is a pity because they had some tasty songs early in their career. If they'll ever write another classic is anyone's guess. They can take heart at Blur's sudden revival which occurred from depths lower than this.

Veruca Salt may have also peaked without ever really getting off the ground. Their spiky



jangle promised great things early on but nothing much seems to have happened. They are happy to be here though.." I don't know how to deal with sentimentality and shit but I'm trying really hard to feel this now and it's pretty fucking awesome." spouts Louise in a moment of over excitement. Tonight they aren't very tight but did perform a shambolic but enjoyable version of Seether.

New rock giants Gene play a set which will end any Smiths comparisons once and for all. Well until the next review anyway. The high point comes just after their cover of Aretha Franklin's I Say A Little Prayer. "Thank you ..er.. Aretha for that one" announces singer Rossiter. "We are going to ..er.. play another one of our own, this ..er.." "Charming Man?" enquires a voice

from the back. It's not. After a sadly staged encore, they leave with everyone still wondering if the next album will be rockier than the last. All the new songs sounded heavier but then again so did the old ones, and we already know that on record they sound like a Manchester band who were popular in the 80's.

Justine arrives on her stage with her popular cover's band Elastica. There were few things that weren't covered during the set. The most obvious item belonged to the stalker who climbed on to the stage and pranced around to Vaseline for a while.

As the sun set on the twenty fifth Glastonbury, Goldie entertained the remaining few with his jungle tunes. Everybody looked tired but happy. Another huge success. Despite the size of the crowd there were relatively few arrests. Almost all the groups turned up. Those moaning that they only bought their ticket so that they could see The Stone Roses could have sold it and made a handsome profit. They would have been stupid though. Glastonbury is far bigger than The Stone Roses or any other band. I suspect that it would still sell out if there were no bands playing. Roll on Glastonbury '96.

OASIS

"Please welcome the best band in the world at the moment" comes the intro-





By the time we got to Woodstock we were half a million strong

duction as Oasis arrive on the Pyramid stage. It's a big promotion from last year when they had a mid billing on the NME stage, somewhere below Credit To The Nation. The field is full. Anyone who hadn't taken a good location well before the start wasn't going to get a good view now. All the people who've come down without a ticket and jumped over the wall haven't made this much effort to sit in the green field and smoke. They all want to see Oasis. The problem has been anticipated though and there is a large bank of monitors to the right of the stage which relays images to the thousands of people who are too far away to see the stage directly. Some people are far further away than me and probably need a compass just to work out which way to face. Oasis, of course, are not intimidated by the masses who have turned out to see them. As far as they are concerned this was their destiny. Even now they are still attracting new listeners rather than having their fanbase plateau out which has happened to groups such as the Charlatans and Ride. They come on and begin the set with an unreleased instrumental, The Jam. Lack of recognition makes no difference, the crowd go wild. The monitors confirm to the majority of us that it is Oasis on the stage and not some impostors performing cover versions but, being Oasis, they don't do that much. Liam stands with his hands behind his back and sings and



the rest of them play their instruments. They have a casual air about them, as if they're playing a local club rather than headlining Glastonbury. They don't appear to be treating this as the momentous event that other bands make it out to be. The lack of movement makes the video screens pointless. When we've seen them once, there's no need to look at them again. Or so I thought. The screens suddenly fill with circles and Oasis disappear from view. I realise that I'm just standing in a large field, too far away to hear much or see anything. It's rather like watching an important football match when your team is one-nil up early on and takes a battering as the opposition try's to pull the deficit back. If your team hangs on you will describe it as the finest match that you've ever seen you will forget the actualities of the event. This will

be described as the fundamental Oasis moment in years to come. People who heard nothing will spend drunken evenings reminiscing about the glorious version of Supersonic at the Glastonbury festival, forgetting that they had to start it twice before they managed to play it properly. This is Oasis' greatest moment so far. Joyfully, the video bank returns. I move around to the mixing desk, which is about two hundred yards from the stage. There is another set of speakers mounted to it. From here we can see Oasis, we can hear Oasis and suddenly the power of Oasis is enormous. The new single, Roll with it will be number one. Another new song, Hello, features the Gary Glitter line good to be back. Another veiled Stone Roses reference perhaps. People are clapping wildly after each song which is pointless because we are far too far away for Oasis to hear anything from people this far away. A long distance phone call would be more appropriate. Oasis seem to have a single speed for all their songs. Non of them can be described as particularly fast or particularly slow. They have their own mid tempo which fortunately for them works well, time and time again. Tonight everything is wonderful. After a storming version of cigarettes and alcohol even I'm looking for a mobile phone to thank them personally. Well before the end of a much elongated cover of the Beatles' I am the Walrus' I'm moved enough to find myself



Supergrass add another notch to the TV bedpost



clapping, pointlessly, with the rest of crowd. Robbie, from Take That, puts in an appearance. Oasis have put on a great show and are ready to take on the rest of the world or should I say the rest of the world should be ready to take on Oasis.

GLASTONBURY 95, from the perspective of our little field mouse
JIMMY BLACKBURN

As usual Glasto was a collection of two hundred thousand psychotics in a big field, all subjected to entertainment of varying quality. So here's a list of the good bits, that I can actually remember at least.

Orbital were ace, especially when they spliced a bit o' Bon Jovi into the bit where they usually drop Belinda Boleedin' Carlisle. Something to do with there being nothing new under the sun. They really should have been headlining.

Boredoms. OK so a Japanese band with song titles like 'Bite My Bollocks' are hardly angling for a spot on the main stage next year, but their eviscerating racket was a joy to behold, much like those moments when you become fascinated by the sound of the Hoover while vacuuming the house. Also all their numbers consist of rock endings repeated a few times. Admirably uncar-



eerist.

The Mighty Wheel of Death. Three rather beefy South African acrobats, who look like they've wielded a djambok in their time, balancing on the outside of a rotating Mercedes badge with treadmills on the end, while a couple of thousand drug addled young Britons will them to fall off, not least so they can have a go. Great stuff, if as graceful as Les Dawson's piano playing. Respect to the heckler who yelled 'Get on with it. I've got to go to work tomorrow.'

Supergrass for doing a tribute to the recently deceased Rory Gallagher. Possibly the only act who wouldn't have sounded out of place in 1970. This is a compliment by the way. Drugstore for their name, for the fact that they looked like they'd just about

got themselves together for half an hour to play, and for having Arantxa Sanchez as their singer. Top.

The Six Hour Pint. Nowhere else can a pint last me six hours. I was surprised to find myself still holding it.

The little girl in the Tipi field who yelled 'People don't do it.' at the gullible and confused who were taking part in a Morris dancing workshop. Dead right small child. A Morris minor workshop would be more use, and boo to your dad for defending the hippies.

The dealers in said field for standing out a mile being the only Mancunians in clean clothes in a four hundred yard radius.

Quoasis for their top new single 'Rocking all over the World'. And for pissing on the Black Crowes. Your new drummers too good though. He makes you sound like, well, a band with a drummer that plays in time, like most bands in fact.

The Creole food stand for not poisoning me, and for their excellent jerk chicken and fritters.

PJ Harvey and Tricky for being the same act, West Country gothic at its most twisted. And G Love and Special Sauce for reminding many of us just how wonderful the Violent Femmes used to be. Swinging!





It wasn't all this good . The downers included

Check Trousers. What is it with check trousers? When people weren't wearing shorts they were wearing check trousers. Drugs, bootleg CDs, farmhouse scrumpy were all openly on sale on site. That's okay, of course, that's why you come after all. But do the police not have powers to close down clothes stalls openly selling the vestments of the devil? Let's face it, it could be YOUR kids going off for an innocent weekend at a pop festival, turning up on Monday in these things.

The Black Crowes. Honestly how do these dull tossers get on the bill for festivals every year. I'd rather see Cholera announced in advance. Perhaps it's just a ploy to get the kids to give up dope. People were buying it just to give it up at one stage during the twenty hour set. Now sod off to Eastern Europe you dullards, where they haven't fought the Punk wars yet, let alone seen the E generation. And take your drum solo with you. On Aeroflot.

Simple Minds. The same with knobs on. 'Let me see your hands.' indeed. No Jim, we want to see your cock. It's supposedly the stuff of legends, and what else could have attracted that nice Patsy Kensit to you

The man selling mussels. Are you mad? The drug that could induce me to eat moules that have spent three days at a festival has yet to be invented. There were no queues.

The Jesus Army. What is it with these bastards? Wherever the befuddled, vulnerable and just plain downright suggestible are found so are these pseudo religious gannets. Near the all night dancing field in fact. Hope your camp burns down, fires of hell, eternal damnation etc.

The arse of the Channel 4 cameraman which was all you could see on the NME stage. Look mate, if we all stayed at home and watched it on the telly you'd be out of a job.

The Bootleg Beatles. You expect to find fat old scousers at festivals selling you something that isn't what it claims to be, but not on the main stage surely... Come to think of it the Boo Radleys weren't much better, and they didn't do 'I am the Walrus' either. Though Oasis did.

But there were more uppers than downers, as befits a weekend taking drugs and clothes off in the country. If only thirty thousand of us hadn't been sorted for E's and whizz we might have stayed to see Pulp debut the song of that name, instead of disappearing into the ether. Marvellous times...Here's to next year.

Dick Dale The Astoria

Dick Dale is, among those who know about him, the Godfather of surf. The number of people who do know about his 30+ year career is sadly few, however, the number of people who would recognise a Dick Dale riff is enormous. Test the theory out for yourself. Do you own any of Dick Dale's records? Do you know the bit in Pulp Fiction that is used to promote every sporting event since the film was released? The powerful driving tune that is the backbone to every Pulp Fiction promotion. That's Dick Dale. Dick Dale came over to this county for the first time 3 months ago. Nobody was sure if anyone would want to see him. He sold out The Garage on two consecutive nights with the minimum of promotion. His status as the Godfather of surf was reinforced. Tonight it's the Forum.

Dick Dale does not play the happy, life is easy, girls are beautiful, the sun is shining, sex in the sand type music of the Beach Boys. His music has a far rougher edge. His music is about the highs and lows of riding the waves. From the first note it sweeps you away and you're there, on the surf board, moving faster and faster, trying to stay on your feet.

