



GLASTONBURY

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“IT’S ALWAYS BEEN A PEACE FESTIVAL”

Over a much-needed cuppa, *Emily Eavis* explains how she’d like for us all to take the Festival’s message of love and unity home with us

Words by *Chris Salmon*

“The thing is,” says Emily Eavis, cradling a tea in the farmhouse on Saturday morning, “we live and breathe this festival for the entire year. We’re obsessed with creating what we hope is a magical event. But of course, there’s only so much we can do.”

Because then, come rain or shine, at 8am on the Wednesday morning before the last full weekend in June, Glastonbury’s gates open.

“And that,” says Emily, “is when the final, most important part of the picture is complete. All these people come flooding in. And they’re kind and neighbourly and respectful and lovely. Just the best people. It’s always so emotional to see that.”

Particularly, you’d imagine, in a world which can currently feel quite divided. “Absolutely,” she says. “We live in a time of conflict and division. But people really are accepting here, whatever their religion, politics or beliefs. And it’s not about agreeing with each other: lots of people here stand for different things. But I think they show you can disagree in a healthy way, and we can all come together and find our common ground. And have a lot of fun in the process!”

And what does the Festival’s organiser hope Glastonbury 2024 has stood for? “Peace,” says Emily immediately. “This is a peace festival. It always has been. And I think, more than ever, we need to be reminded that peace is an option.”

That’s why, she explains, Thursday began with a ceremony in the Green Fields, where a new peace flame was created, to be kept alight in Glastonbury town. It’s also why there’s a new CND sign on the hill up in The Park. And why Serbian performance artist

Marina Abramović led an impeccably observed seven-minute silence from the Pyramid on Saturday. “That was just a beautiful, reflective moment,” says Emily. “It was incredibly powerful to see that many people standing together in silence.”

It also marked Emily’s first time performing on the Festival’s main stage since she played Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star on the violin there in 1985, aged five. “Marina gave me the job of hitting the gong to start and end the silence. The stage crew were asking whether I favoured a short mallet or a long one,” laughs Emily. “I plumped for short, and made sure I gave it some welly!”

The impromptu gong-bashing neatly sums up Emily’s role at the Festival. She puts everything into making it as fun, meaningful and memorable as any place on Earth. But while those who bought tickets can lose themselves in it entirely, Emily usually has some work to do.

“I do get to enjoy it too, though,” she says. “I absolutely loved Dua’s set. She’s a Glastonbury-goer through and through, so she really gets it. You can

bring anybody to the stage, but you can’t make them understand where they’re playing and what it means to people. So to have headliners like Dua and Coldplay – who both have such a personal connection to the event – makes all the difference.”

Even Shania Twain seems to understand there’s something a bit special about Glastonbury, despite this being her first visit. Today’s teatime legend arrived on site on Saturday because she wanted to experience the Festival properly before performing. “She’s really embraced it,” says Emily. “I think that’s part of the reason the anticipation for her show is so wild.”

And when, all too soon, the rest of us head home (“please, please pack up all your stuff and tidy up”), Emily’s thoughts will be turning to next year: “We’re taking a fallow year in 2026 to give the land a rest,” she says, “and the Festival before a fallow year is always a fun one to plan, because you almost have to fit two years into one. We’re already in talks with some acts for it. It’s exciting!”

But for now, Emily is still laser-focused on the final day of Glastonbury 2024 (“the anticipation for Shania is wild!”) and making sure everyone gets off site smoothly.

“And I really would like to say thank you to everyone who’s made this year so special,” she says. “It’s got to be the best one yet. Every single one of our vast, incredible crew is crucial to making this event work. And, of course, it simply wouldn’t exist without the participation of the kind, brilliant, respectful Festival-goers. I think people here show a better way to live, and that they do take a little bit of that back to the outside world with them. It honestly restores your faith in humanity.”



DO IT YOURSELF

Time to get hammering in Arcadia’s new kids’ area

Words by *Daisy Hearn*

In a world where uncertainty can overshadow joy, Arcadia offers a sanctuary of creativity and inspiration for young Festival-goers. Alongside the Dragonfly, a monumental installation crafted from a repurposed Royal Navy helicopter as a testament to transformation and renewal, The Alchemists’ Playground beckons. Designed specifically for children, this interactive space is inviting kids to explore, build and play, sparking hope and creativity at a time when it’s needed most.

A shipping container brimming with scrap, wood, hammers and nails serves as a treasure trove of creativity, and children are encouraged to dive in, under the guidance of Woodland Tribe, and bring their ideas to life. “The kids literally just get let loose,” says Arcadia co-founder and creative director Pip Rush. “You’d think it would be a health and safety nightmare, but they’re fine, and it’s fantastic to see what they build. It’s not like DIY, where you make something to serve a function. There are no rules; they just make it up as they go along.”

It isn’t just about the kids, though. “What we’ve realised is that adults get inspired by seeing the kids make stuff. They’re so good at it,” Pip observes. “All the adults start to realise that everyone is born with these creative talents, and we sort of unlearn them as we go through normal life.”

At its core, The Alchemists’ Playground is about cultivating community through creativity and collaboration, with workshops and activities being offered. From circus skills to welding, children are free to explore and express themselves.

“We want kids to see others being playful and creative and having fun,” he adds in conclusion. With everything that is going on in the world right now, the message to the adults of tomorrow remains ever hopeful: “It’s OK to aspire to a fun and playful life.”

STRIKE A POSE

Let us take you to a place where mullets and OTT emoting collide with Vrikshasana

Words by *Pete Paphides*

In all honesty, I can’t say I’m surprised when I discover that there’s a thing called Power Ballad Yoga. I learned a long time ago that all exercise is optimally suited to the tension-and-release, widescreen emotional sweep of a rain-lashed chorus bellowed out with radio-friendly bombast by a singer who knows that epic lovelorn self-pity can ONLY work when delivered on the wings of an even more epic guitar solo and assembled in an LA studio where a 722-track mixing desk is necessary not just to deliver bigness of sound, but also to accommodate the lines of powder that reputedly enabled such fearless grandiloquence to realise its true destiny.

Whenever I’m out running or doing my core exercises, I’m perpetually grabbing the air in despair as Heart ponder the possibilities of casting a desperate love spell on their indifferent paramour in Alone. Which explains why, along with around 300 other true believers, I’m in the Greenpeace Field following the instructions of Power Ballad Yogi Kitty Shark-Ra as she exhorts us to cast an eye around and find a partner on whom to “consensually” unleash our chakras.

A sporty, forthright Yorkshireman called Stuart asks me if I’m up for partnering with him. As the last person to be picked for sporty stuff at school, this comes as a great relief – and within minutes, Stuart and I are getting to know each other in ways that test our masculine British reserve. Kitty is keen to emphasise that she isn’t formally trained in yoga. While some of us probably deduced that from her joke shop mullet wig, red headband and spider-web tights, Stuart is one of many who arrived here carrying a yoga mat. During a cavalcade of melodramatic squats in the middle of Purple Rain, Stuart starts to suspect that he won’t be needing

any “kit” – and when Kitty tells us to stick our tongues out and shake our heads from side to side during the guitar solo, that pretty much confirms it.

Personally, I’m relieved that we’re not doing the ‘real’ stuff. For this year’s Glastonbury, I had hit on the idea of bringing an 11kg watermelon in a crocheted bag to use as a kettlebell that we could then all eat on the last day. After an overzealous inaugural session with said melon, my thighs are more tender than the Susanna Hoffs’ vocal on Eternal Flame, for which Kitty wants me and Stuart to do a downward dog over each other.

We then get to know each other even more intimately for Up Where We Belong, Jennifer Warnes and Joe Cocker’s signature duet from An Officer and a Gentleman. I notice that, next to me, a couple who also only paired up minutes beforehand have totally gone for it – her cotton leotard and his skimpy Alan Partridge shorts a poor prophylactic for an ad-hoc routine which owes more to the aforesaid film’s lesser-known ‘blue’ cash-in movie An Orifice and a Man’s Genitals.

On the screen behind Kitty and her sidekick Clitney Spears, we see footage of a sea turtle in the ocean, whose agility – even with its entire f**king house on its back – puts me to shame. Mind you, to be fair, there are sections in the song which demand that I actually have Stuart on my back. What I thought might feel awkward turns out to be a surreal hoot. This is because my inhibitions have been pulverised as thoroughly as the soft tissue around my hamstrings. Stuart and I further establish our growing bond on the top deck of the tea bus. As emails are exchanged, Stuart’s wife Izzy joins us. How was it? Stuart smiles inscrutably. What goes down at Power Ballad Yoga stays at Power Ballad Yoga.



INTERGALACTIC EXPLANATORY

Get your day off to a mind-zapping start with Dame Dr Maggie Aderin-Pocock

Words by Katie Glass

As a scientist who once spent a summer solstice standing in the middle of Stonehenge, space scientist Dame Maggie Aderin-Pocock PhD should feel right at home at Glastonbury – where she’s talking about life, the universe and everything at the Free University at 2pm today. “I like to keep my focus narrow,” she laughs, telling me how she’ll be exploring the “big, mind-zapping” questions in astronomy, like “how the universe began.”

She’s not worried about trying to explain the cosmos to people who’ve been partying for four days. “I’ll be in the same boat,” she grins. “Hungover on a Sunday isn’t a bad time to contemplate the universe. When you’re hazy-drunk you can let go of this realm and think about what might lie beyond it.”

She doesn’t find the slightly spiritual aspects of Glastonbury at odds with science; they complement each other. Working with English Heritage on Skyscape to view the skies over Stonehenge “made my heart sing,” she tells me. “I did get a feeling of spirituality and being at one with nature, but science doesn’t detract from that because when I think about space and astronomy it makes my heart leap too, and that’s what I want to give people.”

“We have a visceral, magical and emotional contact with the stars just by looking at them, but we can add another layer to that feeling of wonder, if we ask, ‘What is a star?’, ‘How does it form?’”

She’s wanted to be an astronaut and go into space since she was a child watching *The Clangers*

and *Star Trek*. During her career, she’s worked on the James Webb Space Telescope, and various Earth observation satellites. Has she seen the secret alien files? “At my talk I’ll reveal all!” she laughs. “I think there is definitely life out there.”

She thinks it’s part of the human experience to want to know if there are other beings in the galaxy: “Around the world every culture has looked up – there is something in us that wants to understand what’s out there.”

For Maggie, born in London to Nigerian parents, space also appealed because it made Earth seem united. “Growing up in England in the 1970s I didn’t feel

I really belonged – sometimes people would say, ‘Why don’t you go home?’, but my extended family would also say, ‘You are a lost Nigerian.’ I didn’t feel I fitted in anywhere. From space, when you

look at the Earth, there are no divisions, boundaries or borders, just our planet. It’s something that unites us and I loved that when I was young, and I love that now – if we could only live like that more.”

It seems apt in Avalon to end by asking her star sign. “I find it hard to understand how the stars could interact with us – but that doesn’t mean that they don’t,” she replies. But then, she would say that – she’s a Pisces.



GLASTONBURY THE BIG NUMBERS

8KM PERIMETER
12,000 PAINTED OIL DRUMS
£3.7m RAISED FOR CHARITY IN 2023
7 THOUSAND TOILETS
60K STAFF STEWARDS VOLUNTEERS & PERFORMERS
TWO MILLION SO METRES OF CAMPING
50km LED FESTOON LIGHTING
120+ STAGES
27TH BIGGEST PRIMARY URBAN AREA IN ENGLAND

EAT EVERYTHING

Snack hacker *George Egg* dishes up some food-pimping tips you can put into practice on your final day here

Ingredients aren’t always going to be easy to get hold of on the last day of the Festival but try tapping into Glastonbury’s spirit of camaraderie and ask around where you’re pitched – you might be surprised what you’re able to rustle up. Especially if you promise to share these finished dishes with your fellow Glastonbury-goers.

PIMPED-UP POT NOODLE

A stalwart of almost every Festival-goer’s provisions, the humble Pot Noodle can be made far more exciting with a few simple tweaks. Transform a hot curry-

flavoured one into a sweet-and-sticky satay by adding a generous blob of crunchy peanut butter, some crushed sesame snap biscuits and, if you can get hold of any, a bunch of ripped-up fresh coriander.

COFFEE TAHINI GLASTOGATO

If you’re with a friend, put this plan into action – send one of you off to buy two tubs of ice cream, and the other off to get two espressos. Reconvene in front of Avril Lavigne, and pour the espressos over the ice creams. For a slightly more interesting touch, add a spoonful of tahini.

PORRIDGE PANCAKES

You know those little pots of just-add-water porridge you brought along but haven’t felt up to eating? Make them into pancakes. Add one egg, a splash of milk and a pinch of bicarbonate of soda (I bet someone will have some!) to make a batter. Fry in little circles and finish with melted butter and chocolate spread.

KEDGEREE-D EGG ROLL

Tinned fish is the saviour of any budding festival-chef as it’s full of energy, it doesn’t need to be refrigerated and it tastes great. Add tinned smoked mackerel to

a fried egg roll with a pinch of curry powder and some spring onions, and you’ve got all the flavours of the classic breakfast dish, kedgerree.

RANDOM LOADED FRIES

Chips are easy to get hold of and there are any number of stalls selling amazing curries, soups and other interesting sloppy jollop. It’s simply a case of pouring your wet food over your chips. Experiment and see if you can discover a whole new fusion cuisine. And that bag of crushed crisps that you found at the bottom of your rucksack? Sprinkle them over everything for a crunchy topping.

GLASTO TORTILLA

Save some chips from lunch (or breakfast!), take them back to your pitch, add

them to beaten eggs and a big pinch of those nice, crispy hotdog onions, and fry the lot over a low heat on your camping stove. Let the pan cool, cut it all into cubes, sprinkle with salt and a sachet of vinegar, and enjoy with a nice tent-warmed white wine.

PILTON SCROPPINO

Treat yourself to an extra special final-day treat. Get a Calippo, or some other citrusy sorbet lolly from an ice-cream van, and a glass of prosecco from one of the bars. Mash the lolly into the prosecco and enjoy a twist on the classic Italian cocktail. Finish the Festival in style.



George Egg performs Set Menu at The Astrolabe Theatre, 4.05pm.

40 YEARS OF THE GREEN FIELDS

Founder Liz Eliot casts her mind back across four decades of wonderment

Words by Emily Mackay

“Anyway,” Liz Eliot is fond of saying, “that’s another story.” After 40 years at the heart and helm of Glastonbury’s Green Fields, she has a lot of them. Like the time a man presented her with a wild baby rabbit that kept coming back to the Stone Circle (perhaps something to do with the second rabbit on his shoulder). On being advised to put it outside the Festival fence, he told her solemnly: “I don’t have a ticket, I won’t get back in.” It turned out he’d sneaked in with the grand piano that had mysteriously appeared in the Sacred Space. And then there was the time she calmed a horde of would-be fence-fellers with tai chi-derived arm movements. “They all suddenly turned around – it was like the Life of Brian – and went, ‘Oh alright then, not today...’ I did ask for help from the universe.”

You don’t need to spend long with Liz to realise she doesn’t really need the universe’s help: she’s a force to be reckoned with. She spent the 1950s as an “angry young woman”, before embracing the green movement and attending the Ecology Party’s Summer Gathering, held at Worthy Farm from 1980. When licensing laws forced that event to move elsewhere, Michael Eavis offered the movement a home at the Festival, and the Green Fields were born. Liz took over from 1989.

From the earliest days (“an initiation”), the Green Fields has grown into a thriving complex of areas run on solar and wind power. Liz’s son Toby is now the area

coordinator, with assistance from her daughter ETTY, who, having attended the Festival from nine, became a performer in Theatre & Circus, and now uses those skills to create dance- and ritual-infused opening ceremonies. “We try to create a sense of community... different happenings that can push the messages a little bit further,” she says.

This year, the message is peace: the Peace Flame that burns in the Peace Dome, lit from the one in Hiroshima, will be joined by the Flame of Hope, born from the Flame of Commitment at Nagasaki. The Green Fields have also installed wish boxes around the Festival and on Sunday

evening, a Wish Parade will start from Kings Meadow at 10.30pm before the wishes are burned with the Flame of Hope. And throughout the Festival, you can take part in the Green Fields’ dragon hunt – email dragonhuntglast@gmail.com with photos of all the dragons you can find to win a poster signed by the Eavises. Forty years on, the Green Fields are flourishing by Liz’s watchwords: “simplicity and ingenuity.”

“My proudest moments used to be on the day before opening,” says Liz, “seeing everybody bring the fields alight, and all the flags up. I’d drive up in my little 2CV and see all this wonderment. It still moves me to even think about it... the unity of the Festival and the people working to produce everything with heart and spirit and soul.”



IT’S ALL SMILES

Octogenarian Oxfam steward *Graham Cole* on why he keeps returning *As told to Chris Parkin*

I started volunteering when CND were manning the gates back in the 1980s. That was before Oxfam took over: I was a member of CND in Bristol, where I lived at the time, and they asked for volunteers to help run things. In the early years, I know it was difficult for Michael to run it without too many people coming in, so working the gates was quite important.

Oxfam runs it so well now. These days we’re pretty well always on the gates, greeting people coming in. One of the important things we do is put on a smile and make people feel welcome. They’ve sometimes had a terrible long journey; in the old days they could be stuck literally for five hours in a car. Getting in is a good moment for them, and we make the most of that.

Judy [Graham’s wife] and I like the importance of the work. We like the fact Oxfam can get over a million pounds a year from stewarding and other things. And we come back partly because we’re passing our skills on to people who are new to the game. That’s useful.

One of the things the Festival continues is the getting together of a lot of awfully different people. People who probably never talk to each other in ordinary life. But they’re here together, enjoying each other’s company and being friendly. One of the things that struck me in the early years, people would come through the gates very fraught from their long journey, but by the end of the Festival, when you saw them coming back up the hill to get out, they looked so calm and peaceful.

ON THE UP

Meet the rest of the finalists from this year's Emerging Talent Competition

Words by Rhys Buchanan

One constant in the Festival's annual Emerging Talent Competition is the diversity of talent that shines through. This year has been no exception, with the live finalists – all of them appearing at the Festival this year – peddling everything from Afrobeats (Bryte), digi-R&B (Olivia Nelson), dream pop (KID 12), spiky post-punk (Problem Patterns), classical crossover (The Ayoub Sisters) and, in the case of the next two, raw acoustic folk.

"Glastonbury feels like a spiritual home for my music," says singer-songwriter Caleb Kunle. "There's an activism in my writing that just feels like it belongs here."

You only have to listen to his latest single *Power* to know what he means. "That song is about positive change through music and how we can inspire the next generation," he says. Not that his four sets earlier in the Festival failed to put the emphasis on delivering a good time. "It was so much fun!"

Nadia Kadek, who won over judges with her own take on folk, is also excited about her milestone opportunity. Describing her sound as "raw, acoustic and honest", the Leeds-based artist says she won't be able to process it all until after her show on the Acoustic Stage today (1pm). "It's still quite surreal. I never expected to be playing this year, so it's pretty nerve-racking!"

Having attended the Festival as a kid, Nadia says being here as a performer is a bit of a full-circle moment. "I was very young when I first came and all I remember is the mud!" This time around, Nadia is promising something with a sunnier lilt. "A chance for people to recharge and chill out."

Problem Patterns play *The Park Stage*, 11.30am; *Bread & Roses*, 5.30pm. *The Ayoub Sisters* play *the Avalon Stage*, 11.30am; *The Bandstand*, 2pm.

Q&A: ANDY BURNHAM

The mayor of Greater Manchester talks live music, regional rivalry and Labour

Words by John Lewis

What are your memories of Glastonbury 2022?

Me and my wife arrived on the Friday evening, not an ideal time. I'd chucked a load of stuff into the car at the last minute, and what I thought was a two-man ridge tent was actually a windbreak! Luckily, Billy Bragg's brother was my saviour, lending us a spare tent he had in his car, God bless him. But I had a great time. I'm a huge Fontaines DC fan, and they were playing *The Other Stage*. I loved *Big Thief*. And, of course, with my Liverpoolian leanings, Paul McCartney was quite something. But the best things are these spontaneous, unannounced things – like the Hoosiers playing in some tiny tent. Glastonbury represents everything that's

right about Britain: hundreds of thousands of people looking out for each other, a sense of commonality and celebration.

Your mayor's office seems be very hot on live music...

I loved going to the Hacienda in the 1980s and seeing tons of amazing gigs in Manchester – the Fall, the Smiths, the Stone Roses. But my mantra is that Manchester shouldn't trade on its past glories. You've got to look to the future. It's why we have a Mayor's Artist of the Month slot, promoting acts from the Greater Manchester area. And Brexit has had a devastating effect on music. Smaller British bands who used to be able to tour Europe now find this incredibly difficult – there are new taxes, performance visas, customs

checks and so on. It's why I set up a Greater Manchester music export office to help bands cut through the bureaucracy.

As an Evertonian, brought up in Leigh, do you see yourself as a bit of a bridge between Liverpool and Manchester?

I'm reminded by how, at Tony Wilson's funeral, loads of bands came from Liverpool with a floral tribute that read "From Liverpool, With Love". There's always been a rivalry, which is great, but a lot of collaboration too, especially musically. I love both cities. Me and Steve Rotherham, the Liverpool mayor, have these DJ battles. We did one at [Manchester venue] the Mayfield... The return leg was at the Camp and Furnace in Liverpool.

You're probably sick of that old joke: "A Blairite, a Brownite, a Corbynite and a Starmerite walk into a pub. 'Hello Andy Burnham,' says the barman..."

Ho ho. That's a "joke" for factionalists. I'm non factional. I try to work with people. I consider myself a team player. My theory is that any Labour government is better than any Conservative government, and you have to find common ground. That's possibly why I fell out with the Westminster world, and the endless factionalism, the agendas, the gossip, the briefings.

Are you happier since you left?

Oh, totally. The seven years I've been mayor have been far better than the 16 I spent as an MP. Steve [Rotherham] and I left Westminster

at the same time and built a new identity for the north-west. We wrote a book together, *Head North*. We see it as a movement. Political problems don't get changed by a change in government; you need a change in governance, more bottom-up action, more devolution, alongside proportional representation and an elected House of Lords... Power needs to flow differently.

You're talking about homelessness on the Left Field stage (today, 1.30pm)...

The housing crisis needs urgent action. Most people at Glastonbury will be renters, and we know that renting is the wild west. If you deregulate anything as much as people did with buses in the 1980s, the private interest is enhanced, but the public interest goes backwards. Housing is fundamental to everything in life: education, physical health, mental health. Just as we had a Hillsborough Law, to rebalance the scales of justice and the cover-up culture, we need a Grenfell Law, a framework for everybody to enjoy a good, safe home.

READY FOR TAKE-OFF

Jordan Watson, AKA Love Watts, tells us about the Festival's new art space with meaning Words by Katie Glass

Constructed from salvaged parts of Heathrow's demolished first terminal, the Festival's newest area, Terminal 1, is an airport reimagined and rebuilt in a Somerset field. A three-storey structure that is both an immersive art experience and a club, it was conceived as a meditation on migration and a place that celebrates our shared humanity – unified by the simple message, 'No human is illegal.'

Artists from Albania, Colombia, Japan and elsewhere have come together to reinterpret the airport experience, where the Rwandan duty-free shop rocks to the sounds of St Pauls and Notting Hill Carnivals. US artist Jordan Watson, AKA Love Watts, has "reworked the departure board almost as if it's been hacked".

He likes the way art can bring attention to issues like migration without it becoming too formal.

The *New Yorker*, who broke into the art world online by chronicling things that caught his eye, has become an international curator credited with disrupting and democratising art. He loves the deliberate casualness of Festival-goers stumbling into a gallery with meaning, without any of the snobbery or barriers that too-often accompany art. "Half the people who visit will have been intimidated by the art world," Watson says, "but here, people are going to come in, realise they're in an artwork, and not feel that."

In Terminal 1, he tells me, "There's no judgement. It will get a little playful, there will be bits of

performance, a bit of sadness, a bit of joy, a bit of confusion – and these are also all the components that you see in a real airport, right? When you go to an airport you go to the desk and there's somebody crying because they just missed their flight. There's a Somali family who aren't getting into the country... Africans heading to London and Londoners heading to Thailand – you can feel all that within this experience."

A Glastonbury newbie who's "only heard the stories", Watson wants to "see everything... because everyone has said this is just the best experience. There's going to be so much visual eye candy for me and I'll be soaking it all in. Together, we're all going to make one art piece."



LA LINTERNA/GLASTONBURY FREE PRESS 2024

This is one of seven limited-edition posters printed on our vintage Heidelberg press and available to buy from the Free Press tent in the Theatre & Circus Field. Design by La Interna/Glastonbury Free Press.

DECIMA FOR THE ARTISTS

By poet in residence Sally Jenkinson

The first thing I fall in love with

is the art. It's the scale of it.

Staring up in wonder and awe.

Cars upended, ancient and new –

Park magic, stitched by bold women –

Meatpacking street springs from green field –

Stilted creatures swarm the Circus –

My heart sings with what art can do.

Here's to the makers and painters,

the wild creators of this land.

Sally performs at *Poetry & Words*, 4.17pm.

24 HOUR PARTY PEOPLE

What is it like to make it all the way through to Monday morning? You're about to find out Words by Emily Mackay

Congratulations! You made it to the last day. But what if that last day could (almost) never end? We, the all-the-way-through crew, are here to tell you about the unique magic that can be savoured if you stay the distance all the way to Monday morning.

One person who knows all about that moment is James Lancaster of the New York Brass Band, staples of the South East Corner who fanfare the sunrise as the final act on Gaz Mayall's Rocket Lounge stage every year with their hard-dancing brass music. "We enjoy being entrusted with the responsibility of making

sure everybody goes home happy," says Lancaster. "You've gotta rinse it as hard as you can, haven't you? And the atmosphere's very special down in Shangri-La, especially as the sun's coming up. It's interesting to watch that gathering of humanity."

Luke Howard, who closed NYC Downlow in 2019 and 2022, and is one quarter of Block9 lynchpins *Horse Meat Disco*, says those final hours have "a magical sense of togetherness, that's almost melancholic because it's the end of a beautiful weekend". He tries to make his set "a full stop", turning down the tempo from heavy house to classic disco, throwing in songs

about love and unity. "I might play tracks like *Brainstorm's We're on Our Way Home* or *I've Got a Feeling* by *First Choice* because it goes, 'I've got a feeling we'll be together one day.'"

Maintaining your stamina for the last set of the night means tactical day-sleeping, or perhaps even what Felix Dickinson, the underground dance hero closing *Genosys*, calls "rave-induced jetlag" – switching nights and days in the run-up. This year, the full-size brutalist bruiser *Genosys* stage is back, and Dickinson promises that for his closing set, "every tune is a winner".

"The people who last till Monday morning and choose to spend their last dance at Block9 are some of the best the Festival has to offer, I think," he says. "It's like that final sprint of a race where everyone puts everything they've got on the line, a special type of energy... When the sun comes up and you get to see all the people you've been dancing with all night – I love that moment. There's a particular quality to the light you get first thing in the morning that just makes things look a bit special."

When day has broken and the music finally stops, "I head to the Stone Circle to catch the view of the site, and watch all the winners who've made it through."

What would he say to anyone thinking of joining them? "Not everyone gets to go to Glastonbury, yet you're here, so you may as well enjoy it," he says. "Come and dance, and rest when you get home."

AGONY AUNT: PALOMA FAITH

The outspoken pop diva answers your most pressing Festival questions

Words by Pete Paphides

From the heights of Strummerville to the bucolic overhead walkways between Woodsies and Michael's Mead, Paloma Faith is no stranger to Worthy Farm. She first came here before signing a record deal and remembers the "character building" effects of playing "a tiny tent" with an audience made up of "One person who was absolutely off their nut. Then it took me 16 hours to get out of the site because I forgot which car park I left my car in – and then it took another eight hours to dig it out of the mud." Not that any of this deterred Paloma from returning in more triumphant circumstances. She's here for her fourth turn on the Pyramid Stage (today, 1.45pm), bringing a selection of proven bangers such as Lullaby, Only Love Can Hurt Like This, Can't Rely on You and a scattering of zingers from her new album *The Glorification of Sadness*. If there's one thing that her recent memoir *MILF: Motherhood, Identity, Love and F**kery* confirms it's that what hasn't killed her has made her wiser. What better person, then, to step up to the mantle of Glastonbury Agony Aunt for 2024?

I read that you hate wearing thongs. What's your Festival underwear of choice? EMILY COOPER

When I choose a pair of underpants, I want comfort – and at a festival, the last thing I need as I'm walking around the site, perhaps eating a lovely Goan curry, is the sensation that I'm having my bum crack aggressively flossed every time I take a step. So for me, it's strictly granny pants all the way – I mean, the reason they're called granny pants is that your granny brought a lifetime of experience to bear upon the issue of optimal underwear selection. Why eschew her wisdom? I favour the cotton briefs that go right up to the belly button – a post-caesarian knicker. And when I'm on stage, I always wear high-waisted Spanx because they give you that extra bit of tummy control.

How do you pace yourself when your friends party harder than you? BETH EDWARDS

Well, I'm the right person to answer this question because all of my friends party harder than me. I'm generally the person who's drinking water, and then when everyone gets too annoying, I just go home.

I don't get FOMO, so that's easy for me to do. I just never believe that I'm missing out. And actually, leaving at the right time is my superpower. Let your friends party harder than you. In terms of drinking or whatever, you don't need to keep up, because here's the thing: drunk people don't notice other people's sobriety. They just assume that everyone feels the same as they do. So you do your thing and if you still want to sack it off early, then just remember how much better you'll feel in the morning.

What should I put on my banner to attract your attention?

LIZ WATERWORTH
"I love MILFs."

I'm scared of the long-drop toilets. What are your tips for surviving them? MIA ROSCOE

When we're on tour, we're banned from doing number twos in the tour bus toilet, so some of us have been known to do it in a bag and then empty it into the nearest services toilet. So, at Glastonbury, I would bring compostable bags and do something similar. Because I can't face the long-drop toilets either.

What's that? You bet Taylor Swift doesn't have to s**t in a bag? You're probably right. Perhaps she's like a sea urchin. Sea urchins don't poo. I'm not joking. They have different digestive systems. Their feet are like tubes and they expel their waste through them. Starfish are the same. No bums, you see. So they also don't need to worry about whether or not to wear a thong. Anyway, imagine if we were all like sea urchins – and we squirted it out through our feet. Everything would be different. We'd have special flaps on the end of our shoes. And indeed, special shoes for our flaps.

I'm shy. Can you recommend any good icebreakers for people in the next tent? ROSIE EATON

Don't forget, everyone's favourite topic is themselves, so you can't really go wrong with questions where people get to do that. I go straight in with the big questions, like what was your childhood like? Or what's the biggest trauma you've ever experienced, right? What are your hopes and fears for 2047? That always works for me, because people are like, "Hang on! You're Paloma Faith! Why are you asking me all these weird questions?"

Picture the scene, Paloma. I see one of my favorite pop stars enjoying some downtime. I want to show my love for them, but I also know that privacy needs to be respected. What do I do?

ADRIENNE SANGER

I think you should take the memory with you, OK? You can lean over to a friend and say, "Look who it is!" but don't approach them. Sorry? What if she can't help herself? [firmly] Actually, one previous time I played at Glastonbury, I got asked for so many selfies that I started asking for £20 per selfie. I ended up raising over £1,000 pounds for charity.

An annoying work colleague is here alone, and I know they're going to want to hook up. How do I manage their persistent texts without hurting their feelings? *NAME REDACTED

Well at Glastonbury I always feel like you can leave it ringing and then claim that it must have gone straight to voicemail without notifying you. Because you can always say the system was overloaded with too many people trying to make calls. If you're on WhatsApp, you just go to 'archive', so that it shows you haven't opened it – then just say that you didn't have signal and you lost your phone. It sounds like I've had to do this sort of thing before? Well, funnily enough, one of my exes who is going to be in attendance is already texting me and preparing to

be the ghoster. He's already lined it up. He was like, "I probably won't be able to see you because there's no signal there, and it's really hard to meet people." So I'm like, wow, he's doing it to me! Hopefully he'll be reading this.

What breakfast is best for my inevitable Sunday morning hangover? Full English, or fruit smoothie? NICK KERNOW

Health-wise it's fruit smoothies for restoring blood sugar, but don't forget, at Glastonbury, there are no calories. You'll be doing 30,000 steps a day minimum, so it's the one place you can have a guiltless full English.

My husband and I are trying for a baby, and I'm ovulating during the Festival. What do we do?

KATE ADAMS

Go in a bush! Actually, one of the proudest moments of my career was the fact that a couple were caught having sex at one of my shows in Hyde Park. It resulted in a court case which lasted for weeks. They were charged with indecent exposure because all these kids had seen it. So clearly there's something about my music that's conducive to procreation. For better or for worse, that couple didn't end up conceiving – they were in their 50s – but if anyone else wants to give it a try, I'm on at the Pyramid Stage today at 1.45pm. Just don't expect me to attend the Christening. I will have already done my bit.



MASTERS AT TWERK

Is it really possible to transform your dancing skills so your moves are more Rio than robot? Glasto Latino think so

Words by Emily Mackay

It's one of life's sad truths that your enthusiasm for a thing and your aptitude for it do not always align. I love to dance; my brain does not love to send signals to my limbs in good time. Only one thing for it, then: a dance class at Glasto Latino. Long intrigued by this hopping little tent near West Holts that never seems to be short of a vibe – it's jumping until 3am on Fridays and Saturdays – this year I decided to take the plunge, joining a Wednesday samba class with renowned Brazilian coach Alessandra Jansen.

"The weather is just like Rio!" she cries from the stage, and indeed, at not far shy of 30°C, it's quite toasty. But nonetheless, the

professional hoofers in the front row sporting "Ask Me to Dance" T-shirts and mere mortals alike are soon going for it like pain and sweat are things they've never heard of.

"Move your hips, Glastonbury," yells Ale, and, after some initial creaking, we oblige: we tap-tap-tap, we clap, we jump, we shimmy. At first, it's more robot than Rio, but gradually, things loosen up. And alternating between watching Ale and the dancers in front, a funny thing happens; my brain gets out of its own way, goes with the rhythm, and... I'm kind of samba dancing?

For trickier moves, we start slow, then accelerate; we move through five fiendish levels of hip thrust, from grind to full-on twerk.

"You are very good at speeding up," says Ale, "so I have one last challenge." This is the hand dance, a dose of pure, arms-in-the-air joy that closes the class, and leaves everyone on the bouncy dancefloor, and those watching from the wings, hyped for the evening to come.

As well as running dance classes all weekend (salsa and reggaeton as well as samba, which is a new addition for this year), Glasto Latino leads daily carnival parades out into West Holts in sparkly finery, to pick up stragglers and spread joy. And of course,



it's also a stage, hosting stars of Latin and Cuban music. "We've got some good connections in Cuba, and we showcase Latin music that people might not have heard yet, but when they start hearing it they dance into the tent and they're having a great time," says Yolanda Iseley, who now coordinates the area set up in 2007 by her father, Alister Sieghart.

And if someone's tempted to come and try their hand at a class, but feels shy? "I'd say give it a go!" she says. "You don't need to do the whole hour if you're not up for it, but just try a few moves, and you might end up liking it. They're complete beginners' classes and they are for all ages, all abilities... we're getting people up and moving!"

And hey! If you fluff the odd move, what does that matter in these fields of love, peace, tolerance, and, thankfully for those in my vicinity, abundant space?

Join the Glasto Latino Carnival in the West Holts field at 12noon.

NOTICES

BRINGING THE WICKEDNESS

Acid house and jungle pioneer A Guy Called Gerald is joined by powerhouse percussionist The Jungle Drummer for a rowdy, full-throttle ride at The Rum Shack, 1am.

INKY FINGERS This final-day issue of the Glastonbury Free Press was printed on the Festival's vintage seven-tonne Heidelberg press – which dates from 1957 – in the Theatre & Circus Field.

BOO! Get spooked by a showing of the horror masterpiece, *Nosferatu*. Accompanied by a live score at the Pilton Palais, 7.30pm.

James Partridge will have the whole world in his hands when he brings out all the classics for a set of Primary School Assembly Bangers at the Glebe, 1.25pm.

SCRAMBLED EGGS South Africa's blue-haired purveyor of future ghetto-funk, Moonchild Sanelly, brings her brekkie-themed banger to Wishing Well, 5.15pm.

NICE FELLA See out the Kidzfield's 40th year with the one, the only, the very bushiest of tail... Basil Brush. In the Big Top from 4.15pm.

SAM GANG See you at the Stone Circle for the final Festival sunrise, on the 183rd day of the year.

SAVE YOUR FURNITURE! Use our Glastonbury beer mats, available to buy from the Free Press tent all weekend.



HAPPY DAZE Shanti Celeste brings San Remo to a euphoric peak with a closing set of vibrant house and techno pumpers. From 12.30am.

FIND YOUR GROOVE Sophie Ellis-Bextor takes questions from the floor at Scissors, 1.30pm. Hosted by Ruby Rare and Alexis Lee.

DEEP ROOTS Glastonbury Festival may be 54 years old, but the site's oldest living thing is the 500-year-old oak tree in the Green Fields.

Metalhead Andrew O'Neill takes us on a comical whirlwind tour through the history of music's heaviest genre. Cabaret, 10.05pm.

THUMBS UP! Tanzania's The Zawose Queens crash traditional sounds with fizzing electronics for a hypnotic, grin-inducing set on the Greenpeace Stage, 1.15pm.