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FREE

AFTER A SENSATIONAL SATURDAY, WE'RE...

YEEZY LIKE SUNDAY MORNING

Chris Salmon

It's Saturday morning and Emily Eavis is sitting at the farmhouse's kitchen table, cradling a cup of tea. "It's been a phenomenal year so far," she says, beaming. "Really magical. The atmosphere when people arrived on Wednesday was actually quite moving. I was up by the tipi field that night and it was just lovely seeing all those people so happy to be here. It really makes you feel that all the effort is worthwhile."

Even during our conversation, it's clear how much work Emily – and the whole Glastonbury team – put into making this event as good as it can be. She's going straight from here to a meeting about sound levels, and as we chat she takes a call about worryingly high levels of urine in the streams – Emily asks us to pass on how important it is to only pee in the toilets.

"The Festival does take over your life," she says. "We live this. And we're constantly thinking about ways in which things could work better and making it all as good as it can possibly be."

The irony of that, of course, is that Emily spends her entire year creating this incredible event, much of which she doesn't get to experience. "That's the one downside of the job," she says. "You have to slightly let go of the fact that you're planning all these things for other people to enjoy that you won't actually witness yourself. But then you get such a high from bumping into people in the crowd who tell you about all the special moments they've experienced."

And Emily certainly got to enjoy herself on Friday night. "How good were Florence and The Libertines?" she says. "The moment the backdrop came down with The Libertines' logo on it was just phenomenal. We were determined to keep their set a secret, and it was such a high to see the crowds' faces when they realised who it was. And they just stormed it."

She's equally fulsome in her praise of Friday's replacement headliner. "Obviously it was gutting when the Foo Fighters had to pull out," says Emily. "But for me there wasn't any question about Florence getting that slot. And she

was just incredible. She owned it completely. She's going to be headlining festivals all over the world. What a star."

Emily has also spent time exploring the site. "I absolutely love walking through the crowd, picking up on the atmosphere and overhearing people's conversations. The site looks incredible. We've brought in as much visual art as possible, to try to change the way people look at things and to just blow their minds. And I've got a long list of tweaks and changes for next year that I've noticed from walking around."

So is she already turning her attention to Glastonbury 2016? "Yes, absolutely. Next week we'll feel completely exhausted and knocked out like everyone else. But we begin the clear-up straightaway and then we'll be on to bookings. It never stops!"

For now, though, is Emily happy to follow in her dad's footsteps and declare that this year's Glastonbury is, once again, the best one yet? "Oh, absolutely," she grins. "I've got to say that. But I really do think that it is."

Magical mystical Tor

Florence Welch has called on the energy of Glastonbury's leylines to help heal the Foo Fighters' Dave Grohl – but what the heck are they?

Emily Mackay

During those seemingly visionary early mornings at the Stone Circle, you might discuss how Glastonbury has something sort of mystical about it to do with leylines and all that jazz. But if you crave to know the truth of the Festival's spiritual secrets, let Luke Piper be your guide. He's worked here for more than 16 years and is a successful painter who has travelled the leylines of England.

But what is a leyline? Simply put, they link points loaded with communal historical significance. Luke compares the energy of a leyline to the difference we feel when looking at a photograph of a relative compared to one of a

stranger – a jumble of accumulated feelings and associations. "Imagine that same difference with a place," he says. "And I think that feeling can be collective."

The Festival is nestled between currents of the St Michael leyline, which links significant sites including Glastonbury Tor and Avebury Stone Circle. The leyline also aligns with the sunrise at the midpoint between spring equinox and summer solstice, coinciding with the Apparition of St Michael and close to May Day, the Celtic festival of Beltane – since ancient days, a time to PARTAY. "There were always people celebrating at this time, so maybe there's a collective footprint," Luke adds.

Luke is an area organiser for Avalon and The Glade. The latter is on the Stonehenge leyline, while

the former's name links early Christianity with King Arthur. The story goes that Jesus's great-uncle, Joseph of Arimathea, buried the Holy Grail at Glastonbury Tor, aka the Isle of Avalon, and King Arthur was laid to rest at Glastonbury Abbey. The Pyramid Stage, meanwhile, was deliberately placed in relation to the site's leys by 1971 Glastonbury Fayre organiser Andrew Kerr.

"They dowsed the site for a blind spring, which is a spiral of energy where the line comes up out of the ground," explains Luke, who is in no doubt that the unique nature of Glastonbury is in part due to its location. "I've done a lot of research going up and down these lines, painting the landscapes, and you get a feeling for it. Glastonbury has that feel, too. The buzz."

Life improvements

Green Fields site manager Toby Eliot tells us which life lessons you should be picking up

John Lewis

1 Learn how to laugh
“The laughter workshops in the Healing Field are just phenomenal. Two or three times a day, a group of strangers get together and a leader will get them all laughing. And they really, really laugh. It’s contagious! And it really does set you up for the day!”

2 Free hugs!
“There are 30 or 40 huggers offering their hugging services. We want the entire site to be hugging each other today! There are also hugging workshops. Apparently, the optimum length of a hug is 17 minutes. That sounds ridiculous, but apparently something profound happens.”

3 Learn a craft
“You can learn to carve your own wooden spoon, or create your own metal pendant. There are workshops for adults and children.”

4 Get away from the madness
“You soon realise that you can communicate with anyone around the Green Fields. It’s an ethos you can take into everyday life. Try talking to someone on a bus, or in a shop. You’ll learn a bit about each other and feel a tiny bit more connected to the cosmos.”

5 Try gong therapy
“It’s a guy who uses different gongs, each with different vibrations, to apply to different parts of the body. Even if you’re sceptical about balancing chakras or meridians it’s incredibly relaxing.”

6 Check out the Green Kids’ pirate ark
“The ship, Cadmus, was designed five years ago by a couple of Cornish artists, Mark Cann and Loz Harris. It’s 40ft long and 40ft tall and made out of this recycled plastic wood stuff, called Plaswood. It’s really quite beautiful.”

7 Harness the energy of the sun
“The Croissant Neuf is a solar-powered bandstand. Among the dozens of bands, we always get at least one big act playing secretly – Ed Sheeran last year, Paolo Nutini the year before.”

8 Avoid nitrous oxide in the Green Fields
“It’s not really part of the ethos here at Glastonbury. People call it laughing gas, but nobody’s laughing on it.”

9 Check out The Groovy Movie Picture House
“It’s a solar-powered cinema! We’ll be showing ecologically-themed short movies throughout the Festival.”

10 Visit the heart and soul of the Festival
“Those original organisers at the first Glastonbury Fayre in 1971, like Andrew Kerr, had a very strong ecological ethos. My mother, Liz Eliot, first came here in 1981. By 1985, she was organising the whole ecological side of things. By 1990, she’d established the Green Fields. At 60 acres, it’s the biggest part of the Festival, and it’s the heart and soul of Glastonbury.”

Make, do and mend

Matthew Horton

If schlepping around the gargantuan Festival site hunting for secret sets has worn your Achilles tendons down to cheese strings, or if bug-eyed raving in front of a tiny wine bar playing the Small Faces’ Itchycoo Park has left you questioning your life choices, well, there’s a place you can go. The Greencrafts Village offers you a chance to do something useful. That’s if you consider chiselling out a marble sculpture of your cider-ravaged face useful, of course.

There’s far more to it than relief models of your craggy visage. Tucked away in the Green Fields behind Croissant Neuf, Greencrafts hosts a range of workshops manned by infinitely patient handymen and

women, artists and basket weavers, who’ll be happy to bless you with their knowledge and guide you through some tricky procedures – and it needn’t cost you a penny.

Every day at 10am – remember then? – Greencrafts has a free Happy Hour. If you get in early, you’ll be able to whittle yourself a walking stick that can double up as a makeshift punt if conditions get biblical, or carve out a spoon to bale out your tent, and all for nada. Not everything on the menu comes under the Happy Hour aegis, but there’s plenty to choose from – and even at other times it needn’t set you back too much.

Normally, I possess all the manual dexterity of an arthritic rhino, but I found a sympathetic leather craftsman who thought a bookmark wouldn’t be too challenging. James runs Green Dragon Leather Crafts

over in the southeast corner of the Green Fields and, with his beard, leather vambraces and tunic, looks impressively like Russell Crowe on a dicey quest to Mordor. He has the mental fortitude and bravery to entrust a Stanley knife to someone whose hands haven’t stopped shaking from the night before, has a wide range of stamps for you to hammer into your leather on an upturned log and talks you through the process from trembly slicing to polishing your finished goods. He offers a key fob for free during Happy Hour, but I went for a bookmark because, let’s face it, I’m obsessed with bookmarks.

Make some time, get yourself down there and fashion something that’ll last longer than a hangover.



Illustration by Susanna Kendall

How to be a Mutoid

Alexia Loundras

For 30 years, “Mutant artist” Joe Rush’s industrial metamorphic creations have helped transform these lush verdant fields into Mad Max-ish wonderlands. This year’s inspired contraptions include the Zeppelin Whale floating above the charging station in Left Field and Scrap Trident’s ravenous crab near the John Peel Stage. Here are Joe’s top tips to do it yourself.

Everyone can be a Mutoid. A Mutoid is someone who sees things with different eyes. You have to try to think like a child – with wonderment and interest.

Start by taking things to pieces. Dismantling objects is at the heart of the Mutoid process. Take everything apart – an old washing machine, a fridge, anything.

If you do want to work with aeroplanes and tanks then just head to a place where they’ve recently had a war. That stuff is just lying around everywhere. There’s nothing more wasteful than war.

The recycling side of things is important but the best bit about using waste objects is having lots of random things to work with. If I see a brand-new car going past, I know that one day I’m going to be taking it to pieces.

Once you’ve taken everything apart, you have to put on your Mutoid eyes. Look at things for their form and don’t think about what they used to be. They might remind you of a fish or a face, it might even remind you of a flower. Then look for the other bits of the flower, the petals, the stem, all of it. If it’s a dog, you look for the tail. It’s an observation process as much as anything.

The main skill of a Mutoid is making things stay together in the positions you want them. My box of tricks for this is huge. I might use cable ties, glue, string, welding – whatever works, really. Working in groups is the best way. That’s why the Mutoid Waste Company was so good – we all learned different skills and expertise off each other.

The aim of a Mutoid is to make people believe that they don’t really ever have to grow up. Adults can do this for fun. I remember as a child seeing somebody build a model racing car that worked. I saw my dad turn an old fire engine into a giant dinosaur. These things really do stick with you. That’s why I like to get the big monster machines walking around – those who see them will really remember them. They hear them coming; they can smell them.

A SMALL ENTREATY FOR HIS HOLINESS THE 14TH DALAI LAMA

A POEM BY PATTI SMITH

May I be nothing
but the peeling of a lotus
papering the distance
for You underfoot
one lone skin
to lift and fashion
as cap to cradle
Your bowing head
an ear to hear
the great horn
a slipper to mount
the temple step
one lone skin
baring this wish
May Your hands be full
of nothing
May Your toys
scatter the sky
tiny yellow bundles
bursting like stars
like smiles
and the laughter
of a bell

Patti Smith plays the Pyramid Stage on Sunday, 2.15pm

Worthy causes

Jodie-mae Finch

Glastonbury is all about fun and frolics, but there’s a serious message behind the mayhem. Just by buying a ticket you’ve helped three important causes – WaterAid, Greenpeace and Oxfam – but why stop there? Together, they’re doing their bit to make this planet a better place for all, and you can too.

So, what have they been up to? As well as their own dedicated teams and areas around the site, they’re putting you on the main stage. Okay, so it’s a Pyramid replica in William’s Green but you can dress up as your favourite artist, sing your heart out, and support the causes.

“You can pretend you’re a star, but we’re also talking about our work – that’s why we’re here,” explains Sandeep Banwait, a member of the Greenpeace team. “It’s really important that people come along and talk to us; we’re really happy to explain anything they don’t know.” This year, Greenpeace are focusing on the oceans and the plight of the Great Barrier Reef.

Oxfam and WaterAid are doing incredible work, too. With your help, WaterAid are providing clean water and sanitation around the world – and they’re also keeping you hydrated with water points around the Festival. Oxfam’s mission continues, too, with their Big Lip Sync. Whack on some green lippy at the Oxfam tent near the Pyramid Stage and lip-sync to pop classics, all in the name of raising awareness of the causes of poverty.

Night time is the right time

Minnie Wright

Night-time in Glastonbury’s southeast corner is something to behold – even on a Thursday. Introverts and extroverts blend effortlessly. Young women in nipple tassles punctuate a wide-eyed crowd in all their bejewelled confidence. And the buzzing atmosphere builds as people steel themselves for a full-on weekend partying in Shangri-La, Block9 and The Common.

Our first port of call, on Thursday evening, is Shangri-La’s Heaven, which develops into something like the bastard offspring of a circle pit and a conga in front of our very eyes before morphing into a mad, fully-fledged dance-off. Hats off in particular to the girl doing “the worm” in her summer mini-dress. What we’re really all here for, though, is a set from breaks man Ed Solo. As the evening progresses, moods get higher and inhibitions fall away – fast. Perfectly timed with the setting of the sun, Ed Solo begins his set and my small party becomes increasingly euphoric, in tandem with everyone else in the southeast corner.







Later in the night, we find ourselves wandering through the

idyllic garden area behind the place our night dance needs were met just a few hours earlier. We head towards a glowing white light to be greeted by an angel – such is Glastonbury. “Welcome to Heaven,” she says. Heaven, indeed. It’s an oasis of calm and tranquility, which boggles the mind considering its close proximity to the gleeful chaos of the rest of the area. Velvet cushions and sofas, twinkling fairy lights in little clouds of tulle and – get this – a spontaneous group yoga session featuring a few angels and some blissed-out and glittered-up Festival goers.

Hazy memories of a night partying in the southeast corner – and being floored by the raving craziness and imposing installations of Genosys and the rest of Block9 – are dominated by the fantastical colours and lights of Shangri-La. Oh, and the realisation that, although this night is brilliantly good fun, I’m nowhere near as hardcore as I need to be to keep up with the people out here in this near-lawless outpost.

This non-raver’s mind is made up: I’ll find the energy from somewhere for nights like this. But only if angels are guaranteed.

FINAL-DAY BINGO CAN YOU GET A FULL HOUSE?

<p>1 Grab some pals and go in search of the Festival's giant stone dragon (check out the picture clue on page 3 for some help).</p> 	<p>5 Eat a tasty Welsh Oggie. Be warned, though: they are large enough to feed an entire family for a week, so should be deployed carefully.</p>	<p>7 If you're not already dead on your feet, give your thighs a proper workout by trekking up the hill to Strummerville – and then put your feet up in front of the campfire on arrival.</p> 	<p>11 Marvel at the towering favela-styled The Blues in Silver Hayes, take a stroll down Dub Street, get lost among the reggae sound systems and treat yourself to some jerk chicken.</p>
<p>2 Get those cockles warmed tonight with a cup of hot rum punch from the Organic Wine Stall by Avalon.</p>	<p>3 Enjoy a kamikaze-style singalong at the teeny-tiny BNP (Beautiful Naked People) karaoke sessions in Shangri-La.</p> 	<p>8 Give yourself a neon makeover in time for the journey home on Monday morning at the UV paint fight in The Temple at The Common, 12.20am.</p>	<p>9 Immerse yourself in the wonder of Babylon Uprising, near The Bandstand. Where else are you going to find a Trinidadian percussionist, alongside a grime MC and a troupe of Welsh can-can dancers?</p> 
	<p>4 You've got one more night to find the Underground Piano Bar – where the poteen runs free. It's better to have tried and failed than never to have tried at all.</p>	<p>6 Send a postcard home from the Postcards Stall in the Green Fields while you still can. The choice is plentiful.</p> 	<p>10 Walk from one end of the railway line to the other, stopping off for a restorative cuppa in the blissful tranquility of the Permaculture Garden. You've earned it!</p>
			<p>12 Pay a visit to the Glastonbury Free Press tent to see the vintage, seven-tonne Heidelberg press this very paper is printed on in action.</p>

At the movies

Chris Parkin

We've been full for pretty much every show," says Michael Denner, the man responsible for packing them into the Pilton Palais Cinema tent. His crew have serious competition every year, but the Palais have been screening films for 32 years now and they've nailed the formula.

"If you play brand-spanking new films, people either haven't heard of them or don't want to risk it when they could do something else," says Denner. "So we pick films to suit everyone."

That's where his curatorial chops come into play. This year's line-up veers from Blade Runner and The Rocky Horror Picture Show – "A few years ago they all stood at the front and threw rice and flour and held their lighters up," says Denner – to Paddington and the spooky The Babadook. At midnight tonight, Minima rescure The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari.

There is one new film at the Pilton Palais, though. Every year, they screen a new kids' film in their exclusive first-look slot on Sunday. This year it's Pixar's Inside Out (at 11.15am), which won't be in cinemas until 24 July. "We've been doing it since WALL-E, which was the first showing outside of the Edinburgh Film Festival. Pixar films pull in a lot of people!"

THANK YOU
FOR
COMING
PLEASE TAKE HOME
YOUR TENT



The ten stages of strife

John Lewis

Trying to race between ten of Glastonbury's major stages to see every Friday-night headliner seemed like a stupid challenge when initially commissioned. After an hour of afternoon rain rendered most of the walkways sludgy, it seemed positively silly and hazardous. But it has to be done.

I start at the Acoustic Stage, if only because Christy Moore's headline set starts at 9.35pm, the earliest of all the main stages. He's great, growling A Pair Of Brown Eyes, City Of Chicago and Ride On with only another acoustic guitarist in support. I confidently predict that he'll be the only headlining frontman to perform his set sitting down. Unless the bloke from Rudimental has twisted his ankle in the mud.

I start to head over to West Holts, where Hot Chip are playing The Beach Boys' Til I Die as their intro music. Alexis Taylor comes on at about 10.15pm dressed in what looks like a Guantanamo jumpsuit. One Life Stand is

terrific, but I've got to leave to catch Rudimental on the Other Stage at 10.45pm. Their slightly unhinged MC clearly hasn't twisted his ankle. He's running around every square inch of the stage, chivvying his band and hectoring the audience, like a slightly scary PE teacher. He even manages to make a tribute to his five-year-old son sound like he's collectively telling us all off.

By 11pm I'm at the Pyramid Stage, lured by those unmistakable foghorn tones, and see Florence absolutely slaying them. People hundreds of yards from the stage are punching the air and singing along to songs they barely know. I complete a circuit of the Pyramid Stage and get to the John Peel Stage at 11.15pm, where Enter Shikari are playing an ambient orchestral interlude before returning to their characteristic bloodcurdling thrash. Just as they start getting squelchy and dubsteppy and really rather interesting, I have to make my way to Silver Hayes. It's 11.30pm and Glaswegian dub merchants Mungo's Hi Fi are ripping up The Blues stage, and Borgore are playing to an pumped-up crowd in the Sonic tent.

By 11.35pm, I'm walking back past the Other Stage, where everybody in a half-mile radius seems to be hollering along to Rudimental's Waiting All Night. I also pass Arcadia, where I can see a great giant spider on fire. It looks amazing, but I've got to get to Super Furry Animals in The Park before they finish. By 11.50pm I finally make it, but I enjoy myself rather too much and stay too long. As I leave to the strains of The Man Don't Give A F***, I realise that I've left myself perilously little time to make it to the Avalon Stage for Lamb, who finish at 12.20am. I also get completely bloody lost in the Green Fields, and realise that I can't actually find Avalon. After three hours of racing through mud, I have a chai tea and go to bed.

What have I learned? I could probably have seen most of what I did on the BBC red button, and in better detail. But I'd have missed the anthropological details of what makes live music such a joyous experience – the audience interaction, the throb and noise of the crowd. I've also realised how the Festival's embarrassment of riches makes us all victims of choice.

NOTICES

OBSSESSED WITH GAME OF THRONES?
 Come and see Grey Worm at The Gully at 8.45pm tonight.

VELOCIRAPTOR wishes Sophie Melrose & Gregg Herzberg the best "annibirthdays", from Melissa.

WANTED: Rabbit dog to accompany Dog Rabbit to The Rabbit Hole! Enquiries to Blanny.

WILL MACHIN, have a great stag, behave yourself in your nice pink outfit! I'm watching you! Nai x

A BIG WELCOME to nine-year-old Jake Lucas Alexander Johnson. Welcome to your first Glastonbury! Love Grandma Jane.

FOLLOW @GF_Glastonbury on Twitter for all your gluten-free trader information.

MY LITTLE pocket rocket. Thank you for being my rock. Love always. Your hunk of burning love Dave x


WHY IS AN ORANGE ORANGE? Because you can't clean a window with a spade.

YUM! Take a load off and grab a custard tart and Pimms in the Treehouse Café in The Park.

CONGRATULATIONS to Emma and Shan on the birth of their Glastonbury babies. Love and peace to the future generation of festival goers x

BARRY GALLIVAN you salivating, crooked-necked maniac, I'm coming for you at Glastonbury. The shaman won't save you this time. Dolly x

CONGRATULATIONS to Chris Bull and Phoebe Baker who recently tied the knot 25m off the ground at Wookey Hole in the UK's first high-wire wedding! Catch their display in the Theatre and Circus Field.



 Tune into Worthy FM for music and essential information as you leave the site – they're on 87.7FM or online at worthyfm.com/listen-live.

WELL DONE to Matt Seller for being the only person to bring celery to a festival.

HAPPY 21ST JACKUS – does this mean you're a grown up now? Mozo & Fav x

HAPPY FIRST GLASTO gorgeous Henry (aged 22 months) – Hannah Gardiner x

USE THE TOILETS PROVIDED! And please stop others from weeing in hedges and anywhere else that isn't a loo – it's monitored and could jeopardise the Festival's future.

HAPPY 30TH birthday to a very special lady, Amy Games. Love all your girls: Sandy, Em, Tash, Stacey and Lauren x

JOSEPHINE HARPER BROOKS I love you very much. Thank you for your contribution to the medical team. Nick.

GRACIAS to all my amigos in Valencia for making it a fantastic year abroad, 2014/15. Hasta Natura Chicos! Ybles.

PAUL & GANG make sure those catering appliances are gas-safe and you're showing Vim the ropes! From Alan.

SORRY WE MISSED another birthday Mum but your birthday ALWAYS clashes with the best festival. Love you V & A.

DONATE your unopened, non-perishable food waste to any of the property lock-ups. It will be transformed into nutritious meals for vulnerable people by Fareshare who will send them out to charities and community groups.

