

A sign hoping to persuade festival-goers to clean up their act

gf456



Partied out early on

gf199

Show me the way to go home

DIARY OF A GLASTONBURY FESTIVAL VIRGIN

Friday

It's late. It stopped raining hours ago and the pitter-patter of water moistening the outside of my tent is a Glaswegian peeing on it.

This is my first time at Glastonbury Festival, and its legendary rain, mud and those abominations loosely called toilets.

Arriving late afternoon, I trudged over what felt like a minefield of cake and pitched a tent in the middle of a monsoon. And I really wanted a wee.

But before I could ask a steward behind the Pyramid Stage where to ditch a full bladder, I was shuffled with a mob of photographers through a gate and two ear plugs were pressed into my hand.

Instead of a loo, I was feet away from a band I'm expected to know.

To blend in with the snap-happy professionals and their long lenses, I drew out a disposable camera with five shots left from my father's wedding before I realised who I'm photographing.

I'm still annoyed I wasted those pictures on The Feeling.

Now it's late. I'm using a thermos flask of chilled vodka as a pillow and a Scotch voice outside my tent is muttering: "No more broo for yeh, wee dancer."

Perhaps a deep-fried potato starch peg will make him go away.

Saturday

Jay-Z just finished, my boots are biting and I want constipation.

At 6.30am I queued for a chemical toilet in a truck that smelt like the Devil's fart after the first cubicle I tried had a perfect specimen nesting on the toilet seat.

A toilet door clicked open, a fat man shuffled out, hitched his belt up with one hand and jerked his thumb back towards the cubicle. "There's a wet 'un in there."

He's right. I'm in two minds to go find a shovel and kill it.

Two-and-a-bit words can summarise the blue stew chemical nightmare that is a Glasto toilet: sausage 'n' mash.

At the pre-clean up Pyramid Stage, the sun has baked the mud to a lava crust and last night's human tide has left a flotsam of polystyrene kebab boxes and Hoffmeister cans up to the distant city of tents.

It's what Walt Disney World would look like if nuked.

Sunday

For me, the best day of the festival. I had a comfy seat, my personal space was un-invaded and I had enjoyed VIP status – a bath, fresh food and a front row seat for Neil Diamond's afternoon performance.

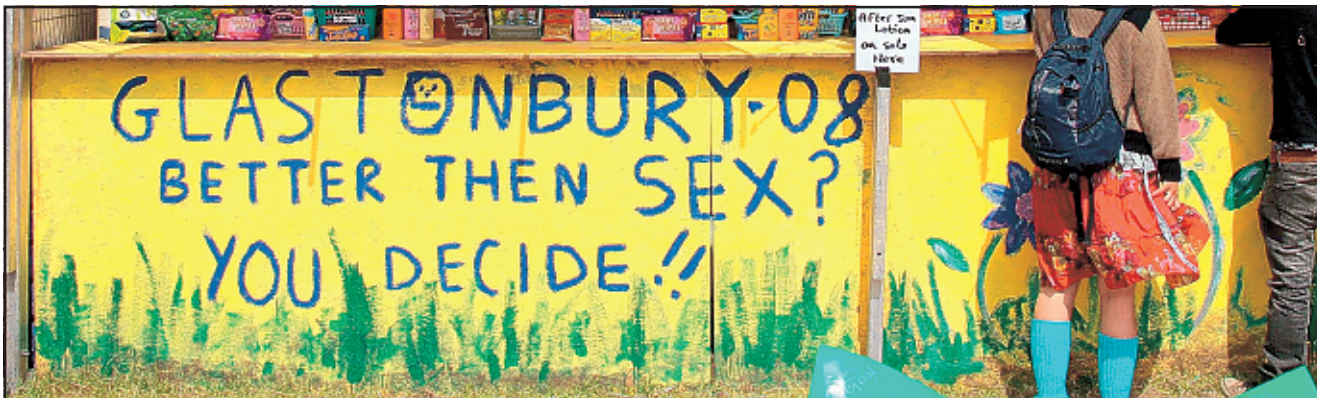
Yes, I really enjoyed the BBC's coverage from the comfort of my living room while eating a chicken burger sandwich.

Of course, my house now resembled a mini-festival site from the 18lb of caked mud I brought home, and I was too fest-igued to be coping with an overflowing wash basket.

I suspect I'm not a festival man and perhaps this is a last-time experience of Glasto, not the first.

But a part of me will always remain there, dissolving in its own Scotch mist until the mud or rain claims it.

Ian Mat



Our reporter Ian Mat will have a rather rude answer to this question...

gf204

Camping on Pennard Hill

gf646



Feathered friends in the Theatre Fields

gf636