

by Joanna Moorhead

GLASS of champagne in hand, at a decadent 11am, I'm getting my toenails painted. Later I've got a massage booked, and if there's time I might sneak in a nice glossy blow-dry before lunch.

Lunch, incidentally, is going to be a three-course affair, starting with some chargrilled asparagus in lemon butter, followed by poached salmon with a drizzle of organic pesto, finishing with an exotic fruit salad. And another glass of champagne — naturally.

This is the life, eh? But I'm not in a hospitality tent at the races, and nor am I being pampered at Wimbledon. No, I'm enjoying the Glastonbury rock festival — the latest addition to the summer season for the nation's moneyed classes.

Glastonbury may be a little less well-established than Henley (whose regatta was first staged in 1839) or Ascot (where the inaugural race took place in 1711); but, more than four decades after a stage was first erected on a farm in deepest Somerset, it is now outstripping both events as the place for the super-rich — and the aspirational middle-classes — to see and be seen. The laid-back

muesli and sandals brigade who once populated the festival seem to have been banished to the fringes by a glossy posse who arrive in shiny Volvos, chauffeured Range Rovers and even helicopters to see a line-up which includes wrinkly rockers the Rolling Stones, Scottish band Primal Scream and middle-class favourite Mumford & Sons.

And if you think the new breed of festival-goers are pitching their tents in the muddy swamps for which the event is famed, you've got another thing coming.

Glamping — glamorous camping — is the name of the game, with the five-star Pop-Up Hotel on the festival fringe the most luxurious accommodation of all, boasting a main reception tent, restaurant and 138 sophisticated tents and yurts — all of which are fully booked.

The poshest tent — the so-called 'Tenthouse'

suite — costs a cool £8,995 for the long weekend, and includes four double bedrooms, three bathrooms, expensive rugs on top of the wall-to-wall carpets, antique furniture and a butler on hand to cater for guests' every whim.

One can't help thinking that this wasn't quite what farmer Michael Eavis had in mind when he invited a few friends for an open-air jam at Worthy Farm in Pilton in the middle of the 1970 summer of free love.

Next to the hotel reception tent, there's an under-canvas spa offering a luxury pedicure for £55, or an organic facial for the same price, while Taittinger champagne is on offer for £45 a bottle in the bar.

With all that luxury, guests might not even bother trekking across the grass to hear the bands at the festival's iconic Pyramid Stage.

But if the Tenthouse Suite might be the province of the very wealthy, not everyone being pampered at Glastonbury this week is mega-rich.

Indeed, many of those bedding down in luxurious tents, enjoying massages and tucking into the £25 three-course lunches on offer on the site — washed down with £60 bottles of Veuve Clicquot — are ordinary middle-class families blowing their annual holiday budget on three days at the festival.

Enjoying a slice of the high-life is, in 2013 Britain, the way some hard-working middle-classes let off steam: people like the Tams family from Burton-on-Trent.

Retiree Jan, 67, is here with her 42-year-old son Andy, who works in the oil industry, daughter Zoe and Zoe's boyfriend Philip Grocott, a manager in a residential care home.

'I really loved the idea of coming to Glastonbury, but I didn't fancy the mess and stress of camping in muddy fields,' says 36-year-old Zoe, a speech therapist. 'I went online to see if there was anything more luxurious on offer, and couldn't believe it when I saw this place. As soon as we knew we'd got tickets for the festival itself, we booked.'

The family has two tents, side by side, at £995 each for five nights. Andy, who last came to Glastonbury in 2000, says it's very different this

MICK Jagger — headlining with the Rolling Stones on the Pyramid Stage tonight — has admitted he finds his music career 'intellectually undemanding' and says his original idea of becoming a teacher might have been a 'gratifying' alternative. On Radio 4's Today programme, Jagger, who was a student at the London School of Economics when the Stones started, told John Humphrys: 'A schoolteacher would have been very gratifying, I'm sure. There are millions of things you would have loved to have done, a politician, a journalist... I thought of being a journalist once. All these things you think of when you're a teenager. Everyone wants to have done more in their lives. It is a slightly intellectually undemanding thing to do, being a rock singer, but, you know, you make the best of it.'

time around. 'Back then I just slept where I fell at the end of a long evening,' he says. 'There was no such thing as luxury in those days.' Meanwhile, Jan says she can't wait to see the Rolling Stones on Saturday night. 'I last saw them 48 years ago,' she says. 'I'm hoping they've not changed too much.'

All over the sprawling festival site — which is so huge its perimeter fence is seven miles long, and it takes 45 minutes to cross on foot from one side to the other — there are signs that Glastonbury is rocketing upmarket. Vegan stew and lentil burgers are still on offer if you make a concerted effort to seek them out, but you're much more likely to be offered an ostrich burger or grilled salmon and new potatoes.

But it's not just that Glastonbury 2013 is a more luxurious experience; it's now an experience where looks matter, too.

Glamorous opera singer Katherine Jenkins, model Cara Delevingne, and Wayne and Coleen Rooney are among the A-list celebrities attending who will be trying to dodge the puddles this year.

A few years ago no one saw this as a place where it was important to look good; in fact, the muddier and smellier you were, the better. But it's a very different story now.

In fact, many of the revellers wandering around the field look like they should be on a night out in the



Happy glamer: Joanna enjoys festival luxury at the Pop-Up Hotel

West End — deeply spray-tanned, heavily made-up and sporting tiny outfits. Others happily sit outside their tents with rollers in their hair, plastering on their make-up ready for the bands' appearances.

Amanda Murphy, a 22-year-old administrative assistant from Liverpool, has just stepped out a coach after a six-hour journey down, but still looks fresh as a daisy — the last thing she did before boarding was to have her hair pinned up by her hairdresser so that, once she arrived, she could have a cascade of curls for the rest of her stay. 'I've had my nails done specially, too,' she says.

Her bill for personal pampering dwarfs the £205 she paid for a Glastonbury 2013 ticket, (despite the cost, all 135,000 of them sold out in just 100 minutes).

For cost-conscious Amanda, buying the ticket was just the start. 'I've spent about another £1,400 on clothes, jewellery, toiletries and the tent,' she says. 'It's not going to be cheap at all.'

A few metres away in the sea of tents, a group of girlfriends from Manchester — having spent four hours putting their tent up — are unpacking copious amounts of make-up and hair products.

'We've never been to Glastonbury before, but we thought it would be a real laugh,' says 25-year-old Amanda Bolger, as she combs out the hair extension she's about to attach to her scalp.

However bad the weather — and, true to form, the sun and blue skies turn to gales and torrential rain before the day is out — it's still important to look your best, she says.

'It's hard to get a shower or to feel properly clean here, so it makes you feel better about yourself if you can look good,' says her friend Jenny Green, 24, a primary school teacher.

The festival arena is groaning with shops, and plenty of them offer beautifying products — hair braids and flowers are big sellers.

For those who can't afford to glam it — many of them cash-strapped retirees convinced they're not too old to rock 'n' roll — there's always volunteering for marshalling duties or charity fundraising.

JANE Robinson, 60, and her husband John, 73, from Kendal in Cumbria, are thrilled to be visiting for the first time, working for a charity called Fair Mobility.

'They were, they admit, a bit daunted by it at their age — but it's all turning out better than they'd have dared hope.'

'I was expecting lousy toilets and acres of mud,' says Jane. 'But it's absolutely wonderful.'

Of course, not everyone welcomes the festival's new sparkling-clean, upmarket vibe, or glamorous visitors.

'It's not like it was in my youth,' says Paul Capel, 42, a surveyor from south-east London who's been a regular here since 1997. 'I can't help feeling the place has lost a bit of its magic.'

'Back in the day you'd come here and it would be a real adventure. Today,



From mud and lentils to spas, Champagne and 5-star hotels... in tents

How Glasto has gone Glam

you see them all walking round with their iPhones checking out what's happening where, and if you lose your mates you just meet up with them again by text.'

Indeed, festivalgoers need never be out of touch with the outside world, as a tractor has been converted into a 4G wifi hotspot and will be driven around the site all weekend to make sure revellers have a perfect mobile phone signal at all times.

Today, there are still some hippies left at Glastonbury, but they're a tiny breed.

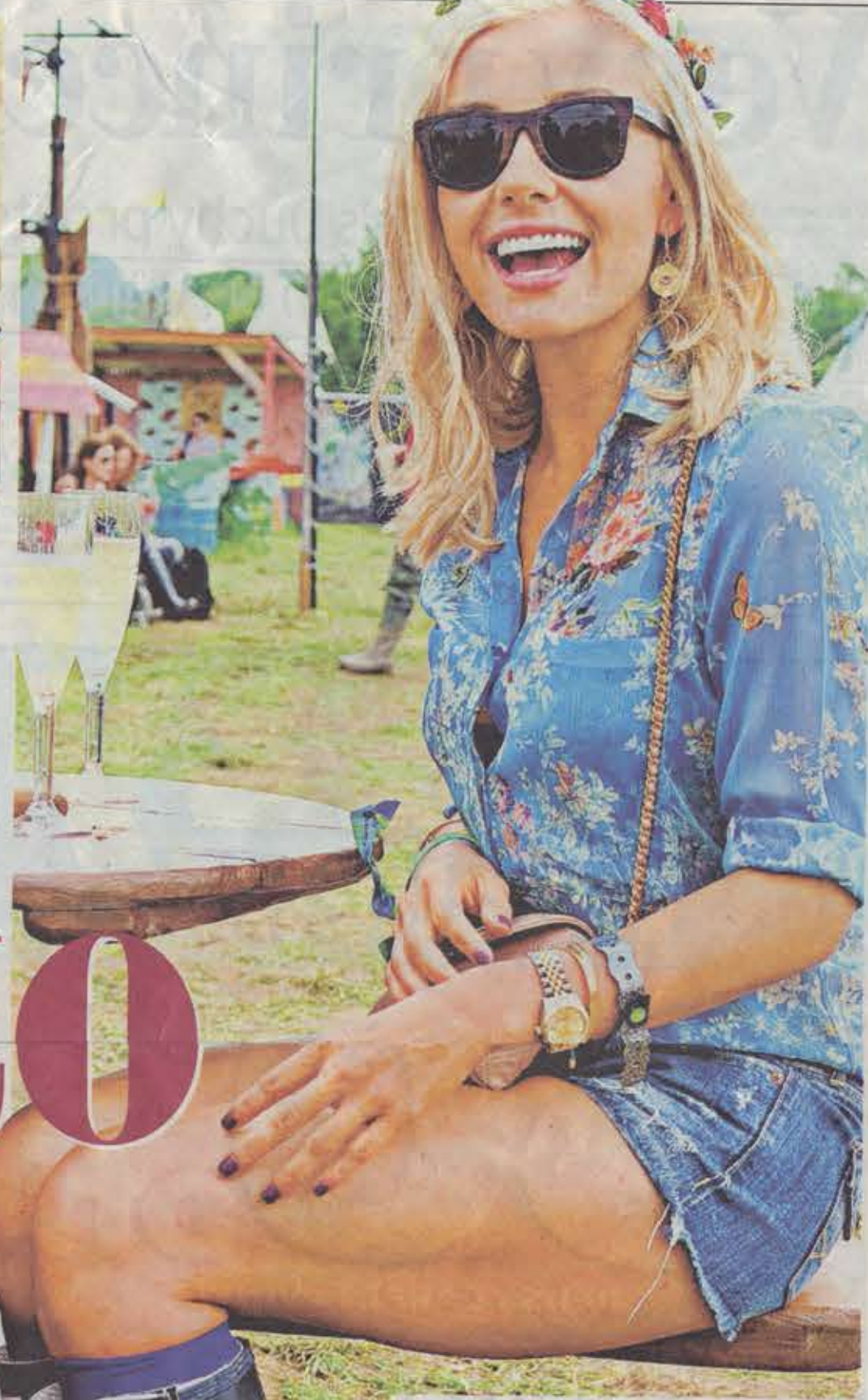
'They tend to congregate in the furthest reaches of the ground — what's called the 'South East Cymru'. It features some of the attractions you'd associate with the festival of yore — a craft area, Greenpeace stage and the 1960s Glastonbury holies, the

so-called 'Sacred Space', home of a hallowed stone circle, where festival-goers watch the sun rise. In the 'Green Fields' space, each day begins with a 'harp for hangovers' session, while nearby there is a wishing well and a chill-out zone under a stained glass roof.'

In the 'Eco-goddess Dome', storyteller Xanthe Gresham gives talks about goddesses, while chilled-out festival goers sing, chant and embark on Shamanic meditation and drumming.

The festival programme invites you to 'be gonged into vibrational blissfulness' by the beat of the drums, and all around is the smell you'd most associate with the festival — the thick, sweet stench of marijuana.

This is the Glastonbury of old, and there are still a few originals around — people who



Welly weather? Katherine Jenkins enjoys Glastonbury (main picture) while Joanna steps out of her boots for a spot of pampering

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