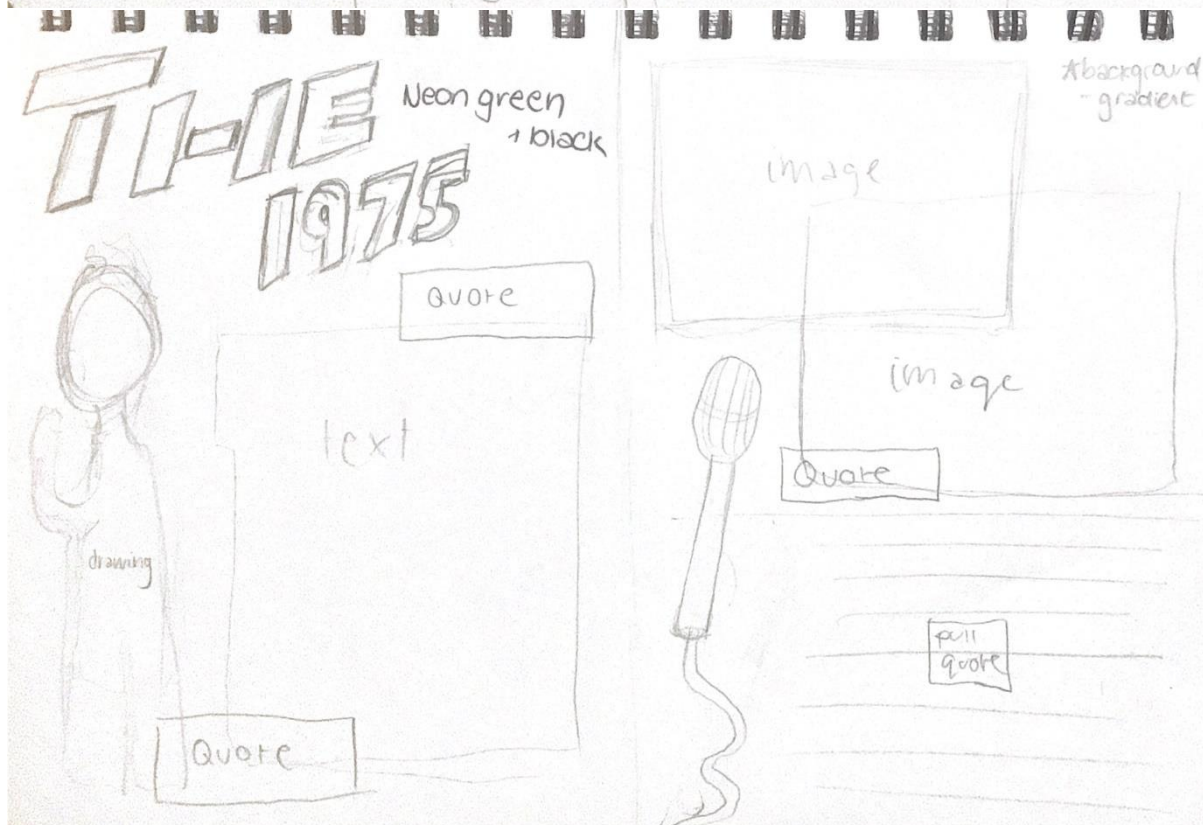
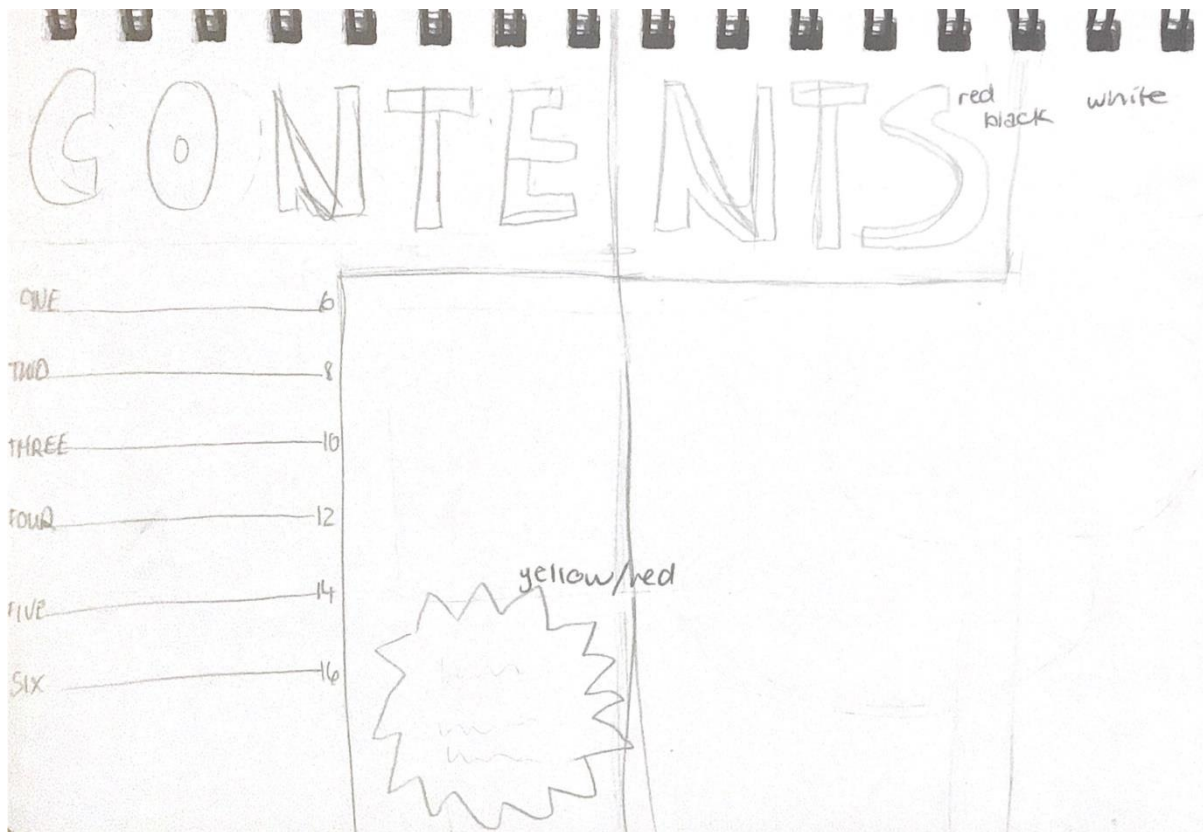
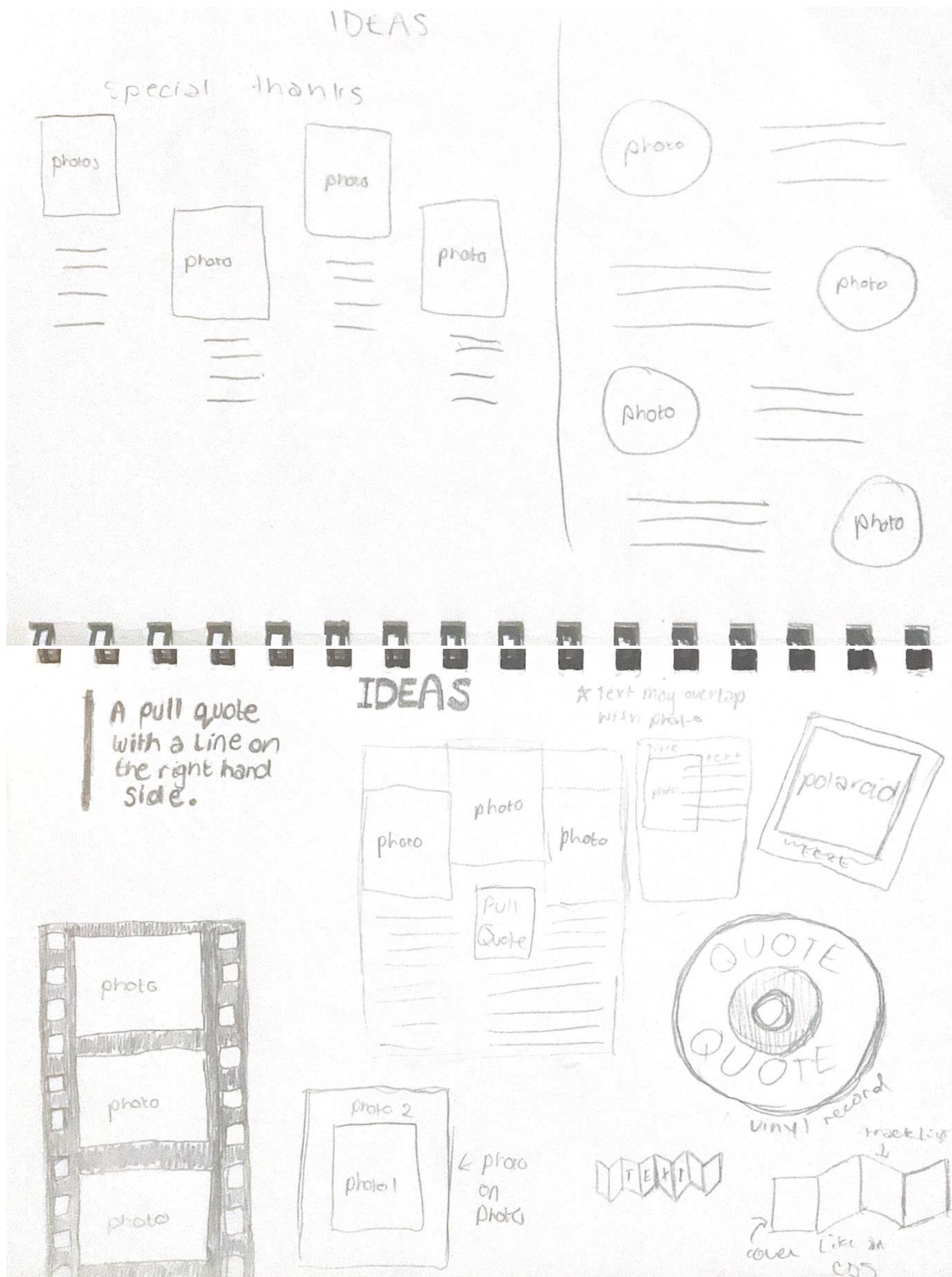
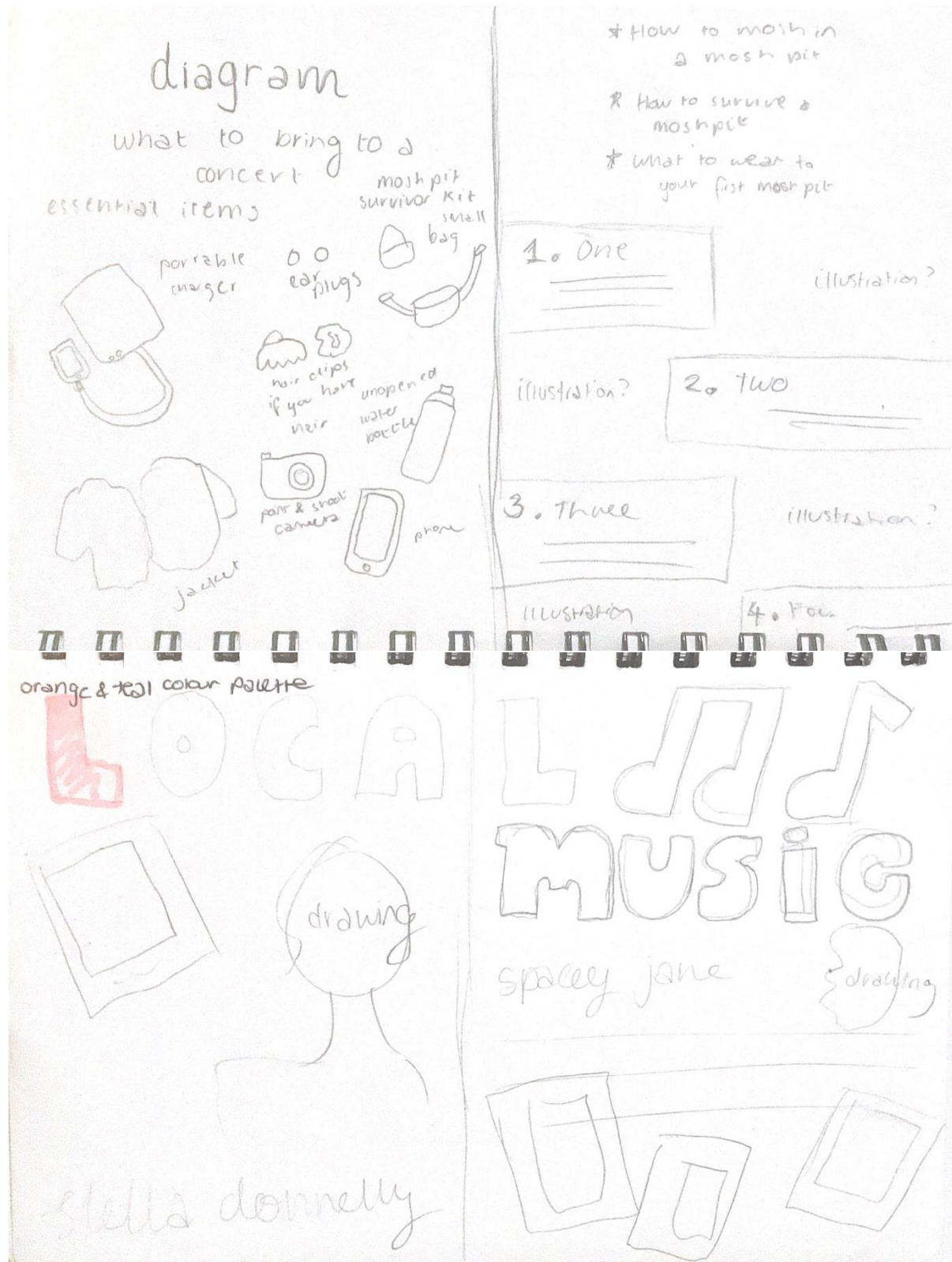








Unused photos and drawings

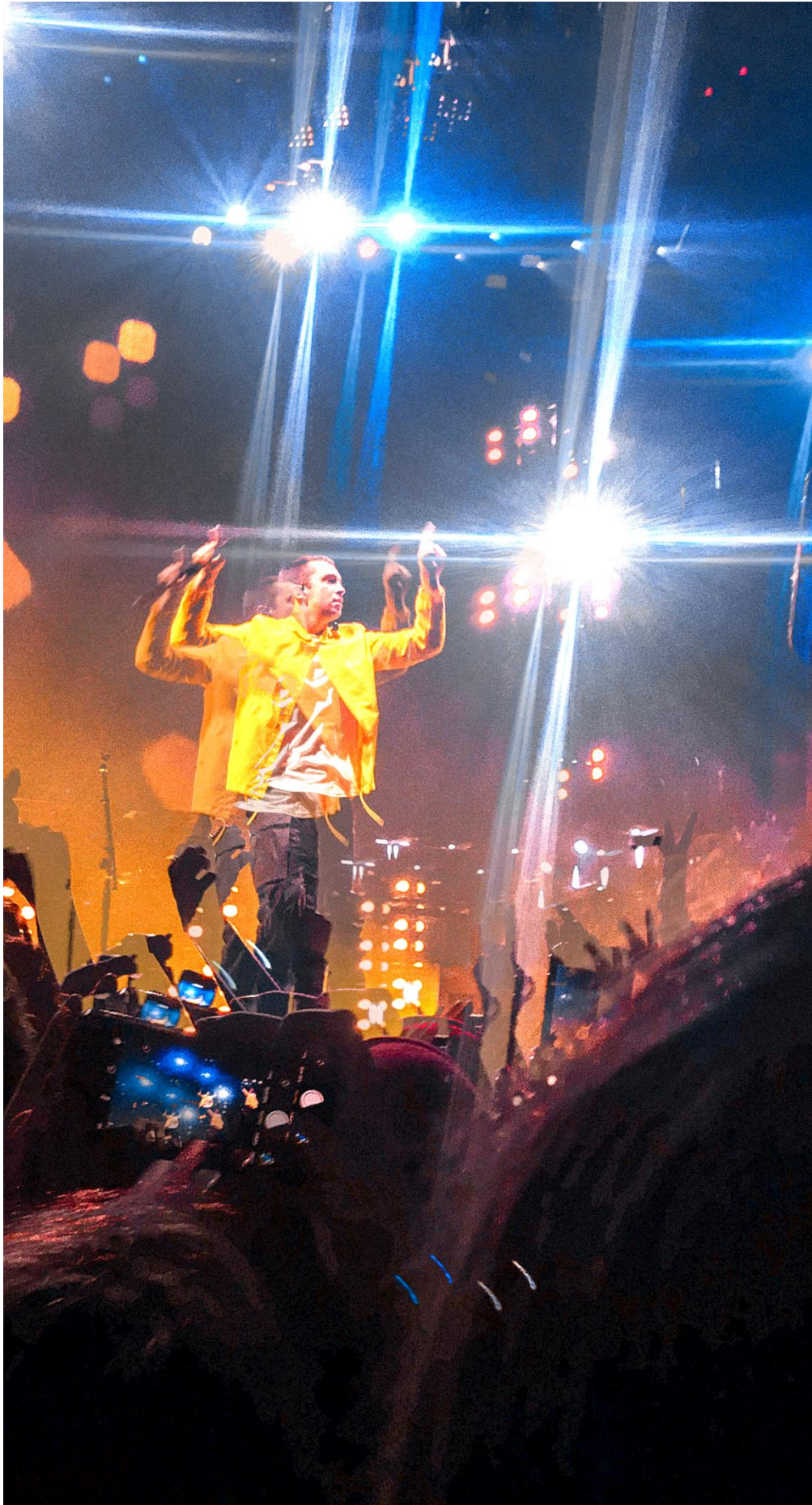








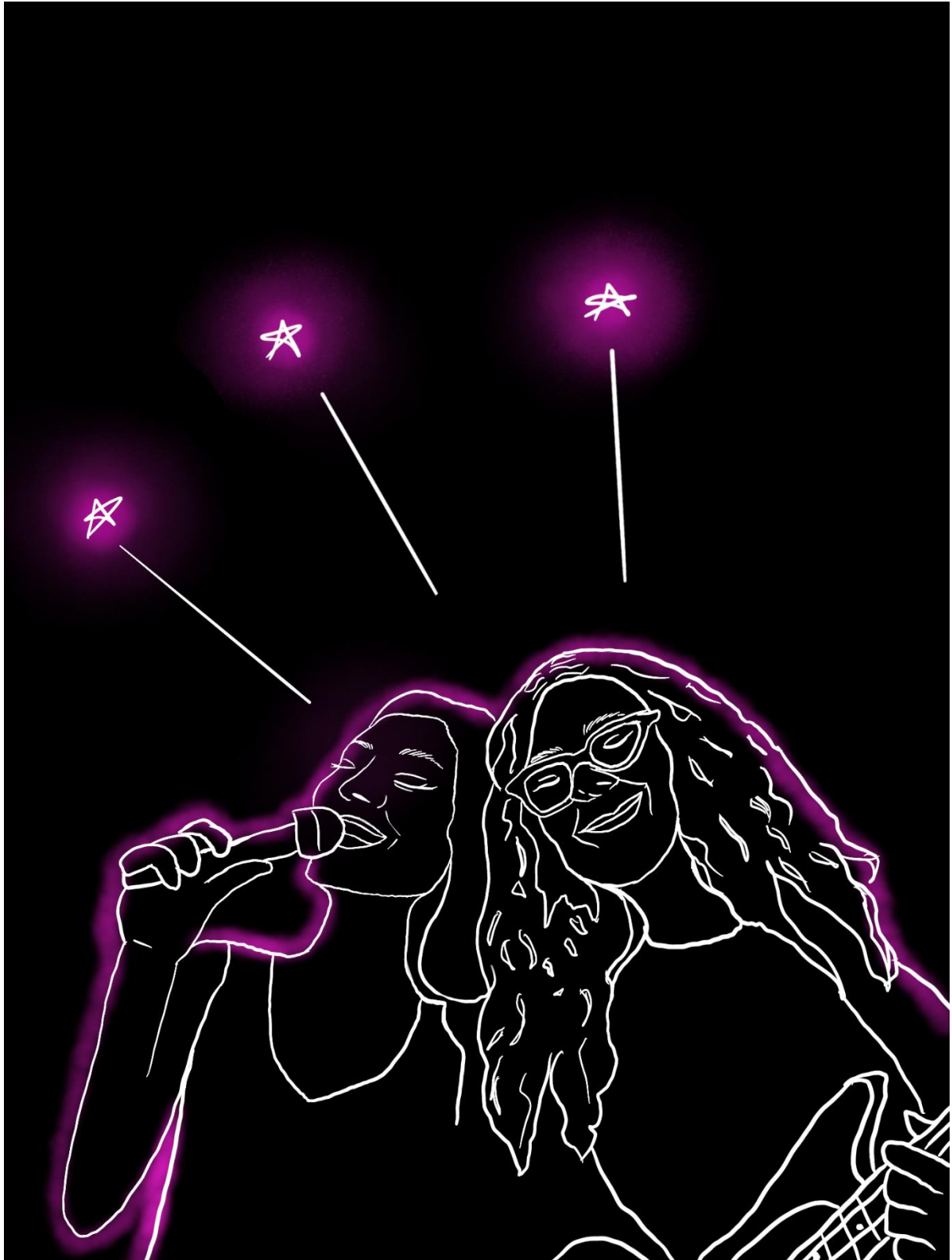












Cover idea





Reference:

Uncut. (2020, June).

Might use the picture
overlapping the text in my
magazine.

I like the way certain titles in this magazine such as “live” have a banner.



Reference:

Q. (May 2017).

I want to incorporate multiple photos onto one page, like in the first page.

I like the layout of the next two photos. I want my images to overlap onto the next page. I also like how the setlist was included.

Q Review Live

A beautiful, lush performance of Country music by Mandy Patinkin, Green Day, and Lenny Kravitz, 22 February 2017.



SOUTHERN COMFORT

RIISING AUSSIE STAR CHANNELS THE DEEP SOUTH. THE VERY DEEP SOUTH.

JULIA JACKLIN
GREEN DOOR STORE, BRIGHTON
WEDNESDAY, 22 FEBRUARY, 2017

Ever since her debut album *Don't Let The Kids Win* came out last October, 26-year-old Australian Julia Jacklin has become the cause of a gently growing word of mouth buzz. The country-folk singer's Brighton show is rained from barrier to back wall, but respectfully pin-drop quiet for an artist whose often spellbinding voice imparts wisdom beyond her years, and whose music possesses the elegance of a bygone age.

Despite her retro trappings, and influences such as Doris Day and the Andrews Sisters, Jacklin doesn't believe she's 'have thrived in a different decade.' "It sounded pretty horrible for women in the 1950s," she ponders over a mug of tea in a nearby café. "And even though I love Doris Day's music, I cringe at the way she sings about finding the man."

Many a Julia Jacklin song (deliciously dazed single *Pool Party* being a notable example, largely due to Ben Edwards's never-happy production) winds one back of a lot like Lana Del Rey song, but the comparison doesn't concern Jacklin. "I actually really like Lana Del Rey, so I'm not offended by that. As a pop star, she's pretty refreshing in the style of music she plays and sings, the whole package."

There are, however, as many differences as similarities. Where Del Rey is the dramatic Hollywood tragic heroine, Jacklin is a more humble, welcoming warmth and wit. Take, for example, one of tonight's new numbers *East Wick*, a clever take-down of the emotional exploitation of silent shows (specifically a heart-tugging episode of *Dancing With The Stars*), with its brilliant line, "I don't want my father's ashes scattered over strangers' couches." The same goes for the unspecified anxiety of *Cold Caller* ("What if I'm dancing and I don't hear the door knock?").

Jacklin grew up in the suburbs of the Blue Mountains, a romantically named range, with its scenic stacks and vertiginous waterfalls, which skirts the western hinterlands of Sydney, and whose beauty she appreciates more now than as a child, "being dragged to go bush-walking every weekend."

As a teen, Julia daydreamed of America, "moving into a villa in LA, sitting under palm trees and schmoozing, or going to the Appalachian Mountains and living in a cabin." She finally got there, on a backpacking expedition, and America has fed into her music ever since, both in spirit and sound. "I associate it with being 22, falling in love, catching Greyhounds and not sleeping. Less about America as a concept, more about that freedom."

You can hear it tonight in the upwards yodel that's her vocal trademark (a trick learned from listening to Vermont trio Mountain Man), and in the way her touring musicians - guitarist Blain Curteen, bassist (and Aussie TV presenter) Harrison Puller, and Belfast-born drummer Jimmy Colgan (moonlighting from London indie band Lost Labors) - restrain themselves to a midnight-on-the-penitence minimalist, a haunted hush reminiscent of Crosby's hushes.

Jacklin doesn't have the heart of a blues singer, but she has a heart of a poet. There's a reason for that: it's about Julia's first love, who lives here and is actually at the gig. Instead, Jacklin croons with *The Strangers*. Someday, slowed to a lilting waltz time which works far better than it should, before we all dissipate into the dimly dark outside.

Given her preference for writing from experience, Jacklin's most recent may well be steeped in drizzle, fog and winter's chill. She glances through the misted windows at a white-guy Sussex sky and says, with just a hint of homesickness, "It was 47 degrees when I left." —SARAH PACE

SETLIST

Why Won't My Friends Read My Mind?
May Plain
Laughing
Motherland
Cold Caller
LA Dream
Elizabeth
East Wick
Small Talk
Coming Of Age
Pool Party
Don't Let The Kids Win
Encore
Someday

Jacklin: "I stopped thinking that a folk song has to be about the American Wild West."

Jacklin takes a pre-gig breather.

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Q Review Live

Chase encounters of the truly funk and the very legend of The Roots tour built out all the steps.



The typical Weekend song resembles a surly erotic thriller, teeming with sex and drugs, in which happens is not an option. The appearance of his orchestral ballad *Imperial Star* in 50 Shades Of Grey was a brilliant example of brand synergy, both song and movie portray brow-furrowing sex in luxury apartments. Since his misadventures, Tesfaye's music has become bigger and brighter thanks to top-tier collaborators such as Daft Punk and hitmaker supreme Max Martin but without expanding his emotional bandwidth. He never scales the heights of elation, nor plumbs the depths of despair, stuck instead in a half-it limbo where he feels bad about his life of vice but never bad enough to stop.

Tesfaye may be a keen disciple of Michael Jackson, with a similarly eerie, supple tenor voice, but he's skipped Jacko's jubilant youth and gone straight to the paranoid phase, in the part, his choice of Jackson cover has been the tense, groggy-looking *Dirty Diana*. Even his giddiest song, the Max Martin co-write *Can't Feel My Face*, uses numbness as its central image, while on *The Hills* he's turned on by emotional distance. "I only love it when you touch me, not feel me/When I'm fucked up, that's the real me." The world of *The Weekend* is one long Babylonian after-party where everybody is doggedly pursuing pleasure but nobody is really having fun.

It's testament to Tesfaye's skill as a singer, songwriter and producer that this claustrophobic worldview has become colloquially popular and perversely aspirational. It has made him famous enough to tell us, on *Starboy*'s title track, that fame doesn't make him happy either, but it does at least buy him some excellent toys. In *Devils*, the virtuoso stage designer

behind U2's interactive screen, Beyoncé's giant cube and much more besides, has created a tessellation of shifting, glowing triangles which suggests both an Imperial Star and the world's most expensive paper plane. At the start of the show it descends on the crowd like a UFO before tilting upwards and hovering over Tesfaye for the next two hours. The tour is called *Starboy* and *Off The Wall*, which is like a straight-to-video sequel to the 1978 movie that you might remember it was tongue-in-cheek, but Tesfaye's not famous for his sense of humor.

ask when Tesfaye lurked in the shadows, it was possible to imagine that he was as twisted as his lyrics but he is, by all accounts, a nice guy who can sustain a relationship; his latest girlfriend is the distinctly untwisted Selena Gomez. Tonight he's an amiable pro in a nice jacket, striding the walkway that bisects the arena floor as he cycles through his stagecraft repertoire: posing, beckoning, waving, counting in the drop like an EDM DJ. There are no spontaneous interactions with the audience and on the rare occasions that he speaks he's a generic hypeman: "It's fucking crazy to have tonight! You wanna keep going?"

Tesfaye has charm rather than charisma and the difference between the two qualities is made glaringly obvious when surprise guest Justin Bieber pops up towards the end of the show and sends a jolt of shock through the crowd. Scott is an irrepressible rubber-limbed dynamo who gets the arena jumping so hard that you can feel the floor tremble. Tesfaye hangs back like someone who has introduced his best friend to his new girlfriend only to realize that if he's not careful they'll be going home together at the end of the night. His willingness to be upstaged, if only briefly, is endearing.

Devils' spaceship notwithstanding, this is a straightforward show by the dimming standards of modern arena pop, driven not by spectacle but by the song and a sound system that renders every beat, every sub-bass tremor, as hard and shiny as a credit card on a glass table. (It's safe to say that not every sound we hear is generated by Tesfaye and his three-man band.) The hits sound spectacular. *Can't Feel My Face* is sandwiched between *The Hills* and *Starboy*, sampling *Secrets* and *The Night*'s nimble Jack-o'-disco to form an irresistible '80s pop megamix. The Daft Punk collaboration on *Starboy* and *I Feel It Coming* - cybernetic, soul and discofied soft rock respectively - have a vast, shimmering warmth. But even album tracks like *Ordinary Life* and *Wicked Games* galvanize fans who can mouth every word.

The encore brings out a more ragged, music-sole of Tesfaye that he'd do well to explore further. *False Alarm*'s gonzo drum'n'bass sounds like a hysterical badminton and *House Of Balloons* Glass Table Girls vibrates with depravity. Tesfaye prowls the walkway, fully in character, babbling and holding through one of his most depraved scenarios. The lights from the spaceship paint him a hellish red as he wrings things up with *The Hills*, a booming stadium. *Ballad* about exhaustingly loveless debauchery in LA and therefore the quintessential Weekend song. Tesfaye has recently tried a little tenderness on a handful of songs but that's not what his fans really want. His forte is marketing nihilistic dysfunction as top-dollar entertainment. There is, of course, more to life than this. It remains to be seen whether there is more to *The Weekend* than this. —JONATHAN MEYER

SETLIST

All I Know
Party Monster
Reminder
Six Feet Under
Low Life/
Might Not
Often
Acquainted
Ordinary Life
Starboy
Nothing
Without You
A Lonely Night
Rockin'
Secrets/Can't Feel My Face
In The Night
Earned It
Wicked Games
High For This
The Morning
Sidewalks
Crew Love
Tell Your Friends
Die For You
Ain't No
Party 4 You
I Feel It Coming
ENCORE
False Alarm
House Of Balloons/Glass Table Girls
The Hills

Seeing red: The Weekend takes his encore.

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