

We at Coachella '05

After this, we promise we won't
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SUNDAY

Indie-rock boys don't often shed their ironic T-shirts, so when they do, it's... nice. (Hey you, gorgeous blond in yellow T-shirt emblazoned with plumed cock, were you being ironic?) The U.K. Missy Elliott, Sri Lankan rapper M.I.A., got booties quakin', backed by Diplo, who nimbly remixed some of her glitchy London-Kingston-Rio-Miami beats live, while M.I.A. waxed sex/politics in a homemade sequined number. Then caught one **Fiery Furnaces** tune before resuming my swerve with **Miss Kittin**.

Bathed in the sick bass groove of **Gang of Four's** "Anthrax" as I paused to chug a beer before **Arcade Fire**. The Montreal boy-girl collective practices preschool diplomacy: Everybody sings, everybody gets drumsticks. They vaulted from accordion to glockenspiel to violins, some scaling and beating on the scaffolding (and each other). **New Order** sure plays a lot of **Joy Division** songs these days.

Only band I wanted to be in front row for was also the easiest to get close to. Maybe 30 had gathered at first to observe **Wolf Eyes' Nate Young** prepare his DIY suitcase of sine-wave surgical instruments, tricked out with various knobs (all of which start at 11). Not grating enough? Add the sound of a pipe raked along the edge of a metal box. Fucking-evil-stabbing-you-in-your-face: This is what it should sound like when you open the Gates of Hell.

Rushed over to dance to **The Faint** before they returned as backup for **Conor Oberst** and **Bright Eyes** — on its face a supremely odd pairing ('80s dance punk plus emo folk balladeer). But the Omaha supergroup — from rival high schools, actually — played quite nicely together, despite the lack of a rumored cameo from Vote for Change tourmate **Springsteen**.

—Mark Hefflinger

Scene Report: Coachella goes Hollywood!

It was like a Beanie Baby freakout for drunk hipsters at **Filter** mag's pre-Coachella bash Friday night: Things got a little aggro in the **Converse** giveaway room, as greedy partyers shoved each other and stuck as many free sneaks as they could in bags, under arms and over shoulders, all while impressively downing cocktails. (The All-Star/Chuck Taylor quotient at the concert the next day was ridiculous, of course.) Coachella ain't the new Sundance, but it did seem like it at the **Jaguar/DKNY** house in Palm Desert, which was open all day Saturday and Sunday. **Rebecca Romijn**, **Jerry O'Connell** and **Nicole Richie** were chauffeured from the show to the swanky pad, where they got free bikinis and massages. We ended up riding in **Richie's** Jag by mistake and had a grand old time checking out her crammed swag bag — lucky *bee-otch*. More shameless *Us Weekly* reportage: **Cameron Diaz** and **Justin Timberlake** were seen cuddling on a blanket just like any ol' nobody couple (sans bodyguard), while **Timby's** ex-bandmate **IC Chasez** was accompanied by a big black dude who never left his side. What up wit dat? **Urb** and **Spin** went head-to-head Saturday night with dueling on-site afterparties, the former featuring **Interpol's Carlos D** on the decks, the latter offering DJ **Peretz**, a.k.a. **Perry Farrell**, spinnin' mixes. And the winner was... **Urb**. They had the bigger line, better tunes (everything from Yaz to Trans X) and even a hot live band, **Team Sleep**. The Mohave tent, where bands such as **Kasabian**, **The Bravery** and **Bloc Party** played, was the place to hang for the indie actor set, including **Vincent Gallo**, **Giovanni Ribisi**, **Bijou Phillips** and beau **Danny Masterson**. But it was **Chloë Sevigny** and her crazy cameltoe shorts that everybody seemed to be eyeballing. (*The new cleavage?* —ed.) Meanwhile, those lucky enough to get backstage passes (a step above VIP) got to ride amusement-park-style trams from stage to stage — though the golf carts for performers were even better. We followed the **Dresden Dolls** on a cart to their set and were treated to a private pre-set pantomime performance! Also ran into **Bauhaus' Peter Murphy** backstage Sunday morning, sipping Starbucks (he went out for it), who revealed that in practicing for his batlike entrance during "Bela Lugosi's Dead," he hung upside down on a broom. The festival rumor mill was buzzing all weekend, as usual: **David Bowie** to join **Nine Inch Nails**, **White Stripes** appearing in the Mohave tent, **Linkin Park's Chester Bennington** joining **Z-Trip**. (Only the last one was true.) While watching **Weezer** we came to realize the new hit "Beverly Hills" and old fave "The Sweater Song" are one and the same. (*I was thinking "El Scorcho" crossed with Steve Miller's "The Joker."* —ed.) Chicks really do rule: **Tegan and Sara**, **Rilo Kiley**, **M.I.A.**, **Jean Grae**, **Gram Rabbit**, and **The Raveonettes** all rocked. One more thing: **Trent Reznor** is God.

—Lina Lecaro

photos by Will Don Lewis

