

Rock & Roll



NERD POP
Toya Delazy gets the crowd jumping.

Kitty Pryde Invades Hip-Hop Between Shifts at the Mall

Florida teen ignites buzz wildfire with clever lyrics about hopeless crushes

KITTY PRYDE – THE GAWKY-cool 19-year-old MC from Daytona Beach, Florida – likes to call herself the “rap-game Taylor Swift”. It’s an improbable title, but she’s earned it with her hypervivid rhymes about the torments of young love, even if her crushes aren’t always as wholesome as Swift’s. In her breakthrough song, “Okay Cupid”, which has racked up more than 400 000 YouTube views, Pryde longs for a boy with tobacco breath to call her at 3.30am; in another online hit, “Justin Bieber”, she daydreams about ramming a vehicle into the pop star’s girlfriend, Selena Gomez. Is all that swooning for real? Pryde replies with her trademark giggle: “I’m a teenage girl!”

Less than a year ago, Pryde (born Kathryn Beckwith) was a hopeful nobody with a head full

She’s earned the title “rap-game Taylor Swift” with her hypervivid rhymes about the torments of love.

of songs. She recorded her best-known tracks, including those on June’s *haha, i’m sorry* EP, while sitting in her bed-room closet. “I used the built-in microphone on my MacBook,” she says. Pryde is intent on pre- [Cont. on 17]

Thunder in Jeffreys Bay

Come stormy weather or on-stage rants, please don’t stop the music By Annemarie Luck and Willim Welsyn

WHEN IT RAINS, IT SURE AS hell does pour. Yeah, sometimes it’s tough to look beyond the clichés. We could’ve heeded the “Disaster Weather Warning” e-mails that made the rounds two days before Friday the 13th. “Must be a hoax,” we reasoned. We could’ve stayed home and missed out on flash floods, road blocks, jack-knifing and The Jack Parow Incident. But where’s the rock’n’roll in that? So while surfer Adriano de Souza powered his way through icy wind and rain to win the Billa-bong Pro, ROLLING STONE hit the R62 through snow-capped mountains to rock the 5FM Music Festival in J-Bay. “Tonight’s been cancelled,” the

organisers tell us on arrival. Nothing quite like an anticlimax to kick off a festival. But things can only get better, right? “The weather report says it’s going to get worse tomorrow,” says Sannie Fox from alt-blues-rockers Machineri, flashing one of her devilish grins. Her band was booked to play Friday night, along with Prime Circle, Taxi Violence, Shadowclub and Ard Matthews. Instead, they’ve all driven across the country just to hang out at the Mentors Kraal bar. The circular wood-and-stone space, effectively acting as the backstage area, would look less bleak if it wasn’t packed with disappointment. Shit, at least there’s a fire.

Nine o’ clock rolls around and several of the cancelled acts start dropping shots and ‘shrooms to soothe the pain of not taking on that beast of an outdoor stage.

Matthews takes matters into his own hands. It’s another cliché, but the show must go on, right? And it does. For nine minutes. Before the rain starts pounding Matthews and his band and they’re forced to surrender after a song and a half. More than a few of the acts who got zonked look relieved. For a second there was panic about having to ride the beast after their medicine kicked in.

Meanwhile, inside the disproportionately massive Mentors Kraal venue hall, the 5FM DJs – Euphonik, Milkshake, Poppy and co – are faring a bit better. A gathering crowd of teen hippie-hipster types wearing patterned gumboots and RVCA hoodies inches out of the shadows, morphing into their dancing alter egos. With the hall’s wooden floors and high ceilings, and the way the audience [Cont. on 16]

[Cont. from 15] is scattered around like self-conscious sheep in an open field, it feels more like a high-school social than a rock fest. But hey, if it's a battle between head-banging to rock stars in a gale-force wind and sleeting rain or boogying down to DJs in a bloody school hall, then the latter's always gonna win. The thunderclouds have spoken.

Maar 'n boer maak 'n plan. Saturday morning, the main arena is a lake but the rock stage is moving inside. The ducks are happy. The bands are even happier.

The Mentors Kraal *skoolsaal* starts filling up, with ticket-holders seeking shelter from the storm that's now taken on the form of a bonsai hurricane.

The party vibe gets angst-y when The Fresh Prince of Zef opens up with his rage against the machine.

Electro-trash rap trio P.H.Fat take to the DJ-turned-band stage and start chanting, "You can't say fuck on the radio." The weather-drenched collection of surfer kids struggle to relate to their X-rated, Antwoord-like lyrics, but towards the end of the set, the rap trio manages to get those proverbial hip-hop arms in the air as they punch through the wall of cold.

Pretty pop princess ChianoSky makes for a bizarre follow-up to P.H.Fat's dirty sweaty raps ("Hey bitch, get over here and get fingered"). The lip-pouting model-turned-muso works the stage like a catwalk. Her backtracks get the girlie girls moving to her unleaded Katy Perry-like groove, especially when she belts out her radio hit "Sick Sick".

The sassy Toya Delazy is next. Sister's got her nerd-pop shit together. By the time she unleashes "Pump It On", the bonsai hurricane is a distant memory and Delazy and DJ White Coffee get the crowd jumping up and down under the strobe lights.

But wait, is this a pop or a rock show? And where are the Afrikaans acts? 5FM answers with British band Hard-Fi, and pirate of the caravan park Jack Parow. We bump into Hard-Fi's lead singer Ross Phillips after their upbeat, bouncy, indie rock set and ask him how he's enjoying South Africa. "You've got a lot of rain here," he says. Well, at least he's got a sense of humour.

Which is something Jack Parow loses. The party vibe immediately gets angst-y when The Fresh Prince of Zef opens up with his rage against the machine: "*Almal sê ek maak Afrikaans fokken dood! Ek sê, ek maak Afrikaans weer fokken*

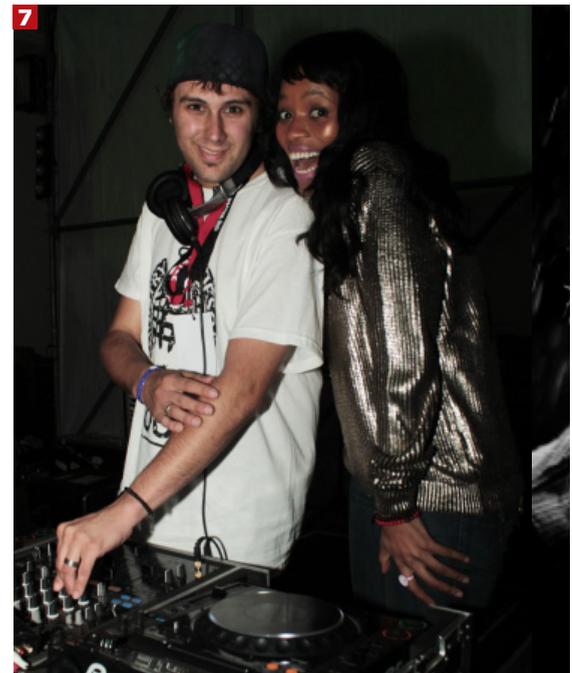


SCREW THE WEATHER, WE'RE GONNA PLAY
 (1) Hard-Fi's Ross Phillips. (2) Gareth Wilson from Southern Gypsy Queen.
 (3) Niskerone and Tamara Dey. (4) Rory Eliot and Carl Wegelin from Plush.
 (5) Disco from PHFat. (6) Jack Parow. (7) DJs Richard Saunders and Poppy Ntshongwana. (8) Ard Matthews.

groot! Poesja!" The revved-up crowd erupts and Parow starts rapping like a messiah to his minions. Halfway through his set he starts having sound problems. Parow apologises to the crowd. He curses the sound engineers. The engineers respond by putting delay and echo effects on his microphone every time he curses. Then cut his set short. Parow's pissed off. The sound guys are pissed off. The crowd is electrified, chanting "Parow, Parow" as the rapper makes his exit.

Sunday arrives and The Jack Parow Incident is still the talk of the Mentors Kraal town. No-one's going to match his performance in terms of incitation, but the night's

line-up is worth getting your Converse sneakers mud-soaked for the third day running. Alt-pop newbies Gangs of Ballet give fresh meaning to the word dedication, with keyboardist Jonathan Rich exploiting his talent for stadium-sound melodies like he's playing to an audience of 30 000 rather than 300. Acoustic rockers Plush get clever and invite the thinning crowd to gather around for a more intimate gig. And when Southern Gypsy Queen and Albert Frost get on stage with their take-no-prisoners blues-rock explosion, every second spent dodging rain bullets finally seems worth it. Queens of the Frost Age, they jokingly call their collab. Couldn't be more apt.



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: WILLIAM WELSYN, 2; BELLA OH; WILLIAM WELSYN, 5.



...but the show must go on, right? And it does. For nine minutes. Before the rain starts pounding Ard Matthews and his band...

8



CANDY APPLE
Pryde recorded her best-known tracks on her MacBook.

“It’s, like, glittery and happy, and I get to listen to Radio Disney all day.” – Kitty Pryde on her part-time job selling accessories at Claire’s.

[Cont. from 15] serving that amateurish spirit no matter what: even though she recently flew to London for business meetings and studio sessions, she has no plans to leave her part-time job selling accessories at her local Claire’s. “It’s just fun in there!” she explains. “It’s, like, glittery and happy, and I get to listen to Radio Disney all day.”

Her musical influences range from bubblegum pop – her hilarious “Give Me Sca-bies” borrows its hook from Carly Rae Jepsen’s smash “Call Me Maybe” – to cutting-edge rap acts like Detroit’s Danny Brown, provocative L.A. crew Odd Future and Diplo pal Riff Raff. Pryde’s best songs, pro-

duced by A\$AP Rocky collaborator Beautiful Lou, are foggy and sweet, like cotton-candy-scented marijuana smoke. It all adds up to a novel persona: the smart, slightly awkward teen MC who spends her days surfing rap blogs, trying on bangles at the mall and bragging about “ruining hip-hop”. Inside her bottom lip is a tattoo that says “Prince\$\$” – teen preening jumbled up with punk attitude, just like her music. “I knew that my mom would get really mad at me, so I had to figure out where I could put it that would make it not show,” Pryde says. “And I always act like a little princess, so I figured that was a good thing to put in there.”

JONAH WEINER

Three More Girls Changing the Rap Game

Azealia Banks

Banks, 21, blew up nearly overnight with last year’s snappy single “212” – instantly sparking countless comparisons to fellow New Yorker Nicki Minaj. But Banks is her own woman, as she proved with this year’s EP, *1991*, an überchic dance party that’s bursting with side-splitting snark.



Kilo Kish

New York design student Kish Robinson, 22, showcases her blasé charisma on woozy tunes including “Navy” and “Crosstown”, released on an EP this year. She’s currently working on new music with members of Odd Future, and her full-length debut is due out later next year.



Angel Haze

A 21-year-old from Detroit who proudly proclaims her Native American ancestry, Haze has been turning heads with her rapid-fire flow. On her new EP, *Reservation*, she rattles off tightly coiled rhymes over a moaning Gil Scott-Heron sample and trades verses with Das Racist’s Kool AD.

