

Rock & Roll

**SATAN SAYS
"DANCE!"**
Clap Your Hands
Say Yeah's singer
Alec Ounsworth
and Spoek
Mathambo
(below).



Clap Your Hands Say Spoek

When any South African support act gets an encore, you know the times they are a changin' By Annemarie Luck

THERE'S A MAN IN BLACK ON THE dance floor, casting trance-like circular spells around a porcelain blonde girl's head. He's shouting "Satan!" at her over and over again with a crazed look in his eyes. No, this is not The Sinister Calling rite and she is not a virgin sacrifice. Although she might as well be because she's never heard of Clap Your Hands Say Yeah, or their indie chart anthem that invokes Lucifer's name as if he were some kind of dance-floor Messiah.

The deluded snake man's incantation ceases; his "Satan" serenade is not working. The baby-doll blonde actually listens to the rest of the

lyrics: "Satan said 'dance!'" Ah, it starts to make sense.

"How'd I arrive in a place like this?" wails singer Alec Ounsworth. "How indeed?" the blonde wonders, looking around the roller-derby-like space at the Wittebome Civic Centre in Kenilworth, the stage draped in anaemic bottle-green curtains. To dance, of course. Same as everyone else here.

There are many others like her. They came not because they've been itching to see the American indie rock band play their first South African show. But because Adidas Originals and We Are Awesome are their hosts and brand consciousness is everything, right? Sure, everyone's impressed, both by the hitch-free organisation and by the fact that they're watching a pretty lauded and suitably quirky, if a little



oh-so-early-Noughties-sounding international act in the backstreets of Cape Town suburbia.

They are impressed, too, by opening act Spoek Mathambo, whose polymorphous brand of 21st-century pop wakes up the anticipating crowd like a pulsating Mexican wave. While his showcase of shapeshifters off his new album, *Father Creeper*, was abbreviated, the "We want more" mantra ringing out in the auditorium was persuasive enough to drive the closing curtains back to the wings. His encore? A darkwave township house cover of Joy Division's "She's Lost Control".

The porcelain blonde was floored. If that man in black had zombie-danced around her crooning "She's lost control again", she'd be waking up in his bed tomorrow.

The New British Invasion: Boy Bands

Inside the wild rise of One Direction and The Wanted
By Andy Greene

IT WAS A SCENE NO-ONE HAS WITNESSED since the Backstreet Boys and 'N Sync ruled the charts more than a decade ago: on March 12th, 15 000 shrieking teen and preteen girls crammed into a *Today* show taping at New York's Rockefeller Center to catch a glimpse of One Direction, the chart-topping new British-Irish boy band. "A lot of people have been camping out all weekend for these five young guys," said co-host Natalie Morales. "One Direction mania has taken Manhattan!"

And One Direction didn't come alone - another U.K. boy-band crew, The Wanted, just scored a number three single with "Glad You Came", beating One Direction's "What Makes You Beautiful", at number nine. "Two years ago, we were playing to seven people in a club," says The Wanted's singer Tom Parker, who got his start in a Take That tribute group called Take That II. "Now we're playing arenas and stadiums. It's crazy."

Over the past few months, One Direction and The Wanted have been crisscrossing North America, causing Beatlemania-level pandemonium wherever they stop. When One Direction played a recent Canadian TV gig, they found thousands of fans in the streets. "Seven people got taken away with hypothermia because they camped out in the night in the freezing cold," says One Direction's Niall Horan. Adds his bandmate Harry Styles, "Having girls screaming your name isn't something you get used to - it's weird."

The Wanted have similar tales: "In Dallas, this one girl jumped on the [Cont. on 14]