



DON'T ASSUME

BY ANAÏS BREMOND

It is often said that the melting pot which characterizes London is crystallized like nowhere else in Gillett Square, just off Kingsland High Street, in the east of the capital.

The square is a simple mass of concrete edged by the green glass structure of the Vortex, a renowned jazz club, some mysterious looking offices, renovated warehouse spaces and a succession of Caribbean food stalls. Skaters are doing tricks on the steps while kids and drunken locals play table tennis together. NTS Radio couldn't have picked a better spot to have their studios; Gillet Square is this kind of place that inspires and invigorates you. Inside the small room that used to be a cheap travel agency, a mix of DJs, record collectors and selectors, come play their soundtrack to the city; their taste is as eclectic as Dalston's local community. To secure their slots, they pay a small fee, which allows for the radio to be run advert-free.

Founded in April 2011 by Femi Adeyami and Clair Urbanh, the online radio has been growing strong every since, broadcasting from 9 to 2am everyday, with more than 130 regular shows on rotation. The Wire Magazine, Kristina Records and Phonica Records, the punk music

venue Power Lunches and hip hop promoters Livin Proof all come to spin tunes weekly; the shows are later made available on podcasts. Traveling from Aaliyah to Philipp Glass, Ricardo Villalobos to Joanna Newsom, the listener is confronted to dusty jazz, old school dub step, experimental music or heavy metal. The founder and resident DJs of the Boiler Room run shows on the Sunday night, and there is even an international news roundup. On air, there are inevitable fuck ups, vinyls skip, and presenters rant about really random stuff. This authenticity makes the listening experience all the more compelling, the world of music broadcasting all the more accessible. NTS chose to specify in diversity, and the recipe is working; with this inclusive attitude, the station cuts right through the overwhelming mass of music blogs, giving a soundtrack for those won't don't want to choose. Just like Gillet Square gathers people from all walks of life, NTS creates a platform for every talent and music genre to be celebrated. •

A STRANGER IN PARIS

JIM DIED FOR ME, AND FOR PARIS

BY DANIEL SCHEFFLER

Père Lachaise, the cemetery of all cemeteries hosts for me the most important musician to ever live. But apparently I am not alone in my love for the great 'lizard king'.

As the evening wanted to commence my Metro slowly found its way underneath the dirty streets of the city of love to the 'tourist's cemetery'. So famed, so profound that it had become a reason for millions of people all over the world to squash themselves into airplanes, tidy themselves onto boats and cars and line themselves up into trains to get to Paris. Some of the other methods of getting to Paris are as ridiculous as the crowds of onlookers and gawkers that come to the cemetery - I later discover - so will therefore remain unmentioned.

Pere Lachaise, the cemetery of all cemeteries hosts for me the most important musician to ever live. But apparently I am not alone in my love for the great 'lizard king'. For most fans the music will never be over.

My determined stride through the crowded cemetery is completely forgotten as my sole focus is on finding my Jim. Paris was given Jim

Morrison whether they wanted him or not and I, the little Paris virgin, proudly stayed in his ex-hotel room on the left bank. That was when I arrived in Paris for the first time so it may have been a hotel manager's version of tourist trapping.

Finding the grave is easy; I follow the smell of Jack Daniels and cigarettes. Jim is of course waiting for me, as he always will be. The stone on his grave screams at me: """. Google translate tells me, with no questions asked, that it means "true to his own spirit". Unsatisfied I text a Greek friend who says it's more like "according to his own daemon". I laugh, my non-Paris laugh that makes the residents stare at me.

Ah Paris, of course you found Jim in your belly. And then the sky opens and pees all over me like Jim would have done. Paris Paris, you are always according to your own demon. •