

● The Gipsy Kings . . .
The Guards Polo Club
. . . Lord Beresford . . .
pop celebs . . .
cucumber and salmon
sarnies . . . POLO!!!
Who else could we send
but rebel without a
horse STEVEN WELLS,
who unfortunately gets
chukkaed out . . .
again. JAYNE
HOUGHTON snaps
under the pressure.



What a (k)nob

ONLY FOOLS AND HORSES

As you know, public school twat music journalists, when not dressing up in rags and selling *Socialist Worker*, like nothing better than a spot of that Sport of Princes – Polo!

Thus it is a delight that I open up my personal invite to The Guards Polo Club Autumn Festival (with the Gipsy Kings in concert). Hurrah! Crossing out the name



"Socialist Worker anyone?"

"Alan Lewis" and substituting my own I jump in the Range Rover with the frightfully common Jayne Houghton and my three trusty hounds – Airey, Mountbatten and Gow. Next stop: Smith's Lawn, Windsor! Hurrah!

As we whizz through the delightful Berkshire countryside the lass Houghton presses her nose up against the heated window and Oh's! and Ah's! at the passing mansions.

"Oh! Ah! I used to be rich, you know, in my former lives!"
What ho! – say I (joshing!) – you were a bally parasite?

"Oh don't start all that! You're not going to embarrass me are you?"

Upon arrival Jayne is rather shocked to see the number of nob's wandering around in training shoes and tracksuit bottoms.

"I thought you said we had to dress posh!" she screams, waving a clutched handful of her black cocktail dress and teetering

on her high heels. "Oh God! You've got me dressed up like a coont!"
Luckily for Jayne, she is not the only filly dressed to the nines.

"Have you seen the fooking state of that!" she sneers, pointing to a young deb dressed in a purple and orange tent. Said deb then shoulders Jayne aside.

"I'm with Camilla!" snorks the deb with gob full of cotton wool and ball bearings.

"I don't care who you're fooking with!" quips Jayne. "Just because you've got a flash frock on dunt mean you can but in, ya coont!"

Oh God!
At the bar a frightful *nouveau riche* oik orders a bottle of cheap plunk, pulls out a stonking wodge

of crinkly fifties and flourishes one in the air before throwing it contemptuously at the waiter.

"Ere!" whispers Jayne, nudging him. "Do it again, mate! Nobody saw you!"

"I BEG YOUR PARDON!" roars the jumped up little smelly. But it is too late! The polo has started and I have dragged 'Howty' away to the safety of the stands.

"Hang on a minute!" she moans. "Ow cum you only got us the cheapo cheapo £30 tickets, ya tight get! I want a £172 one so I can go in the Royal enclosure!"

FOR THE uninitiated, polo is soccer on horseback minus the tactics. Eight riders bomb around

the pitch in a huge pack hitting the ball with a large mallet.

This being an exhibition match the ponies are ridden by such celebs as Lord Charles Beresford (who, despite the persistent and ugly rumours, I did NOT bugger to within an inch of his life for burning the muffins when he was my fag at Eton), Stephanie Powers (who is Robert Wagner's trouble 'n' strife in *Hart To Hart*), Mike Rutherford (of Genesis) and Kenny Jones (from The Who). AND!!!! . . . it would appear that Ronny Wood, the chainsmoking ugly bastard from The Rolling Stones, is one of the umpires! What ho!

Except that he isn't. It's some chap called *Roddy Wood*. Who isn't in the Rolling Stones. Ah well! In the words of Lennon and McCartney – LOOK OUT! HERE THEY COME!

AAAAARGH! Thundering down the touchline, foam and horsesnot flying from flared nostrils, the steeds carry their burden of crazed celeb flesh – STRAIGHT FOR US!

WHACK! Kenny Jones smashes the ball!
"DUCK!" I scream, hiding behind Jayne. WHIIIIIIIIZZZZZZZ!
The heavy wooden orb passes mere feet above our cowering heads! BONK! It makes contact with a skull!

"Hurrah!" we yell! One rich bastard down! Two thousand to go! ejaculates the imaginary *Class War* front page that I am composing in my head. And you thought that the only good thing about polo was that it maimed royal parasites! No way! It's a pretty effective means of weeding out the nobby punters as well.

This is, of course, a charity event. This means that 10 per

cent of all the ticket money goes to Save The Children. This incredible act of generosity can be summed up in three sentences. Big. Fooking. Deal.

Wonderful charity – STC! And Princess Anne is the President (was Mark Phillips ever haunted

by a certain scene from *The Godfather*?). In the STC 'Rights For Children' (printed in the programme) it states that "The child that is hungry must be fed, the child that is sick must be helped . . ." Seems to me, Anne, that sort of requires the hanging upside down from lamp-posts of you, your Mum and all the other grasping horsey bloodsuckers.

Oh tallywacking tosh! "The politics of envy" as they are described by Dai Llewelyn in his article *Some Images Of Polo*.

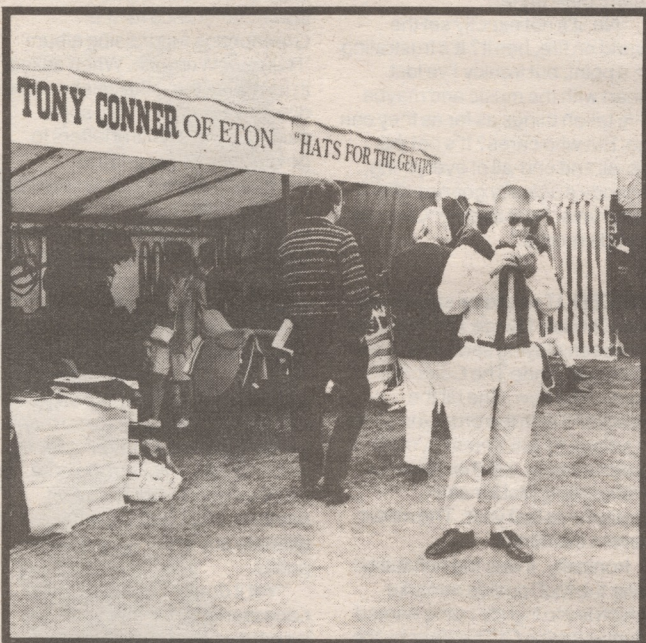
"Whilst at Eton . . ." he begins " . . . my natural assumption was that polo was some sort of wonderful training for knocking the stuffing out of the enemy in the event of war. My subsequent impressions have done nothing to change this view."

Hurrah! *There's* an interesting little snippet of wit and wisdom to pass on to the victims of Bloody Sunday!

The Gipsy Kings! A name on the E-stained street-lips of amphetamine crazed cockernee "Acieeeeeed" kids everywhere! After luring us into a Spanish guitar driven frenzy the lead singer waves a Union Jack which he sets alight, drops on the floor, spits on and then grinds underfoot. Producing AK47's from underneath their ponchos the 'Kings' proceed to liquidate the assembled bloated scum whilst screaming "Thatcher and Bush out of the Gulf! This one's for Ethiopia! Crazy! Yo mamma!"

The guitar fun later continues late into the night as we feast on roast spaniel after (don't worry animal lovers!) setting the ponies free and phoning BUPA to tell them to expect a bulk order.

(This story is totally true except, alas, for the last two paragraphs.)



Swells spliffs up for the nob's



"What ho! Do you like my hat for the gentry?" – Steven Farquarharson Wells

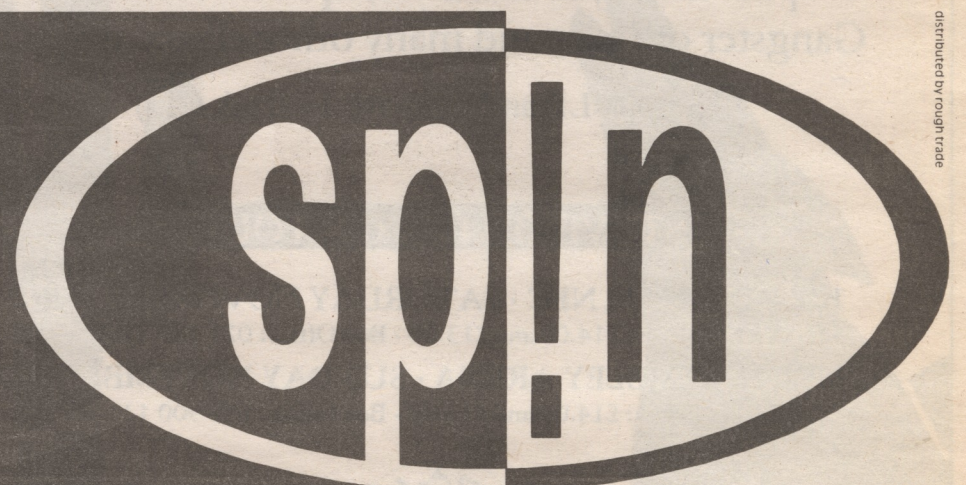
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