BECAUSE LIFE IS SHIT

July 2007

issue one
## THE MISERABLIST

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Does modern life ever tire you? Are you just a little fed up with its unquestioning acceptance of the fashionable, its uncritical lusting after celebrity, its unfailing enthusiasm for absolutely everything? Do you find it hard sometimes even to summon the energy to throw your remote control at yet another piece of mindless, derivative televised drivel? Are columnists repellent to you with their depressing solipsism? Would you find it difficult to care any less about politicians, people’s children, celebrities, the smoking ban, summer music festivals, people’s drug experiences, Facebook, or seven steps to a turbo-charged sex life? Wouldn’t it be nice, for once, to read something that didn’t tell you what was fantastic or essential? Something maybe even just a bit nasty?

Welcome, Dear Reader, to The Miserablist.

NEWS

THE PRESIDENT CAME TO ALBANIA

Speculation is rife in the media that US President George Bush, on a state visit to Albania, had his watch stolen as he embraced members of a crowd to meet him in the capital Tirana on Sunday. Albanian news footage of the event (http://youtube.com/watch?v=PKDdF6vfjoo) shows the President wading happily into the well-wishers, with a black-strapped watch clearly visible on his left wrist, only to emerge moments later bare-wristed (but still happy). A White House spokesman denied Bush’s watch was stolen by someone in the crowd. “The president put it in his pocket and it returned safely home,” he said. It has not been reported whether there were any wheels left on the presidential limousine upon the Bush’s return to the vehicle.

YOU'RE FIRED (AGAIN)

Katie Hopkins, semi-finalist on Sir Alan Sugar’s BBC reality business back-stabbing contest The Apprentice, has been sacked from her real-life job as brand consultant to the Met Office. Having seen her take unpaid leave during her probationary period in the job, catalogue her abilities at lying and cheating to get what she wants and apparently exaggerate her salary, all on national television, Katie’s employers decided she wasn’t quite what they’d been looking for as a colleague. With what sounds like customary self-awareness for a contestant of the show, she told the BBC that the Met Office, “didn’t think it through” that her appearance might generate negative publicity. If only the Met Office had been able to forecast events as clearly as Katie.

IN THE NEWS

LONDON OLYMPICS LOGO UNVEILED

With soaring crime rates in the UK, hooded assassins waiting round every corner and guns as easy to buy as McDonalds, the police have decided that something must be done, and have asked universities to study the reasons why violent crime levels rise when there’s a full moon. Brighton bouncer Terry Wing commented, “When there is a full moon out we look at the sky and say, ‘Oh no, all the idiots will be out tonight.’ I will start looking at the back of people’s hands for hair next time.” The police also plan to make suspects repeat their stories backwards, as research has apparently shown that people trying to pull a fast one are unable to carry out this complicated task. It is not known whether they intend to start measuring people’s noses to see if they grow while giving statements.

COPS GET SCIENTIFIC

YOU MAY LOOK CLEAN - BUT

PICK-UPS

‘GOOD TIME’ GIRLS

PROSTITUTES

SPREAD SYPHILIS AND GONORRHEA

You can’t beat the Axis if you get VD

Words: Michael Begg & Cheryl Caira
A CURE FOR ANAL FLATMATES

My flatmate recently asked me, “Are you thinking of cleaning the bathroom and a time soon?” My first instinct was to roll my eyes like a teenager, shout “No” at the top of my voice and give into an uncontrollable urge to run to the bathroom and slosh toothpaste all over the place.

Instead, I decided to have a friend disarrange her huge stack of analytically ordered CDs. If she noticed straight away, it would be certain that she has an extreme level of OCD that is almost off the chart.

One day, I unthinkingly put the cups in the cupboard upside down. She took one out and poured coffee onto the upturned cup, splashing tumb-coloured liquid all over her spick and span kitchen. My face cracked into an unrestrained grin and laughter filled the room.

It was all fun and good, but now my housemate persists in ordering me to vacuum her bedroom and do the dishes, so I have decided it is time to make her life difficult.

Taking my revenge, I sprinkled my vegetarian flatmate’s fruit tea bags with powdered gravy.

Next, I removed a jumper from her neatly folded drawers, wore it to a sweaty gig, ‘forgot’ to clean it, and then left it for a few weeks strewn across the floor amongst my own endearing mess.

I was still not satisfied with the result, so I ‘accidently’ sloshed some red wine over her white sofa; after all, it was her fault for parking her full wine glass next to her ridiculous flowery sofa. I rubbed some salt into the fresh sofa and, leaving her to clean up the mess, I fled for my life.

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On one particularly hungover occasion last week, I sat down in front of some daytime TV with my lunch, hoping to cure myself. Alas, this was not to be, as I was confronted with the sight of two beyond obese Americans, moving sloth-like through their fat clinic’s canteen. As their cankles finally got them to the finishing line, I was treated to a close-up of them devouring some sort of laxative-bacon soup, their gender barely discernable as the movement of their jewels swallowed up their face. So disgusted and put off my food was I by their performance that I wasted it, and then left it for a few weeks strewn across the floor amongst my own endearing mess.

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Words: Claire Daly

HAPPY PEOPLE MUST DIE

“Cheer up love, it might never happen!” Or even worse, some Monty Python aficionado git, who doesn’t think it is enough to simply speak but has to sing the nauseating first notes of “Always Look on the Bright Side of Life.” These are the optimists happily living in denial around us and trying to puncture our miserablist existence with their insane cheer and goodwill. These are the people we quite regularly want to push in front of a bus so they can truly begin to understand the phrase, “You could get run over by a bus tomorrow.” Try retorting with, “It will happen, death comes to us all” or softly singing “No surprises” by Radiohead. Their joyful brains won’t be able to deal with it and they’ll retreat.

Words: Cheryl Caira

DEAD BORING

All the friends you normally go out on the piss with are away for the weekend and the rest are doing something boring with their other halves. You’ve watched every DVD you own several times. Fabulous. The only option left is an Indian for one and a night of dire Saturday night TV. But wait, instead of being able to glean some amusement from laughing at the various reality TV contestants, you have to endure something far more disturbing. Another “I would scratch my eyes out for the music” punter has wobbled onto the stage, and is dedicating a song to his dead grandmother/dog/paladin tree. Listen son, even if good old granny is up there watching over your earthly presence, she certainly isn’t going to appreciate you devoting some shite Westlife cover to her whilst weeping over the microphone.

Words: Cheryl Caira

FAIR TRADE COFFEE

I like helping the poor but not if my coffee tastes completely puckish.

Ryanair

The flights may be going online for ½ a pence but that is still too much of a price to pay for sitting next to a bunch of hens while getting to nowhere. The flights may be going online for ½ a pence but that is still too much of a price to pay for sitting next to a bunch of hens while getting to nowhere.

Prince Harry

Enough of the violins. He can’t go to war and that’s that. He has to carry out the far more noble duty of keeping every Mayfair bar afloat so that other useless toffs can continue to drink there.

Words: Cheryl Caira

Eerie sounding, brightly coloured ice cream vans

You all look like kiddy fiddlers.

Shipwrecked

There is nothing beneficial about watching brainless people who wear enough makeup to perform their own drag show.

CONCLUSION

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I HATE MEDIOCRITY

The other day, whilst sharing a bus stop, I overheard a 20-something man speaking loudly into his mobile, making after-work plans. Something to do with a celebration, having made the most sales, real-estate, meeting the rest of the guys. He was dressed casually in straight-cut sort-skinny-jeans, a starched shirt and some padded-coloured jumper – Top Man catalogue page 15. Annoying laugh. An ‘I’ve got a fashionably haircut’ sort. Unfair and judgemental? Sure. But it got me thinking ... I hate mediocrity. Maybe to some, mediocrity isn’t far removed from ‘average’ or ‘ordinary’; but the conversation should always be taken as ‘barely adequate’ or ‘rather poor’. It’s when something is distinctly not as good as it could be or is trying to be. And it becomes plain painful when that ‘something’ in question is blissfully unaware of its own mediocre condition.

To be mediocre is to settle. It is to compromise easily, without effort or imagination. If you are willing to tolerate it, then they can surely be happy to conspire against talent. If you decline to hate it, you surely lack passion. To a degree, ‘I’ve got a fashionable haircut’ sort. Unfair and judgemental? Sure. And yet was surprised and disgruntled that he was happily indulged in two extra-marital affairs with emphasis on “crunchy” subjects like Ancient History and Modern Languages. His intelligence allows him to juggle a list of high profile jobs...—
**Quelle Domage**

Remembrance of things past: smoky cafés, cow bells & burning lambs. What The Miserablist will miss most about romantic France under Sarkozy

Words: Claire Daly

Les pauvres Français - their mollycoddling welfare state is about to be laid waste to an American right wing economic and political agenda. Nicolas Sarkozy's victory has left many French people devastated and The Miserablist feels their pain (with a pinch of salt).

Sarko's call to "liquidate the legacy of May 1968" heralds an end to the French nanny state. The long lunch is over and the French will have to work more than 35 hours a week. "Merde alors," I hear them cry. If The Miserablist wasn't quite so jealous of the fine wine guzzling, smelly cheese eating 'superbueno' nation's romantic culture, we might even feel sorry for them.

At the Place de La Concorde, where aristocrats were guillotined during the first French revolution, Sarko – the son of a minor Hungarian aristocrat – announced his "economic revolution". He declared the 35-hour week as "a general catastrophe" for the French economy. Rise and shine, sleepy heads, Sarko's France will be one that "makes up early". Working life in France is so boring that Parisians have their own phrase for it – "metro, boulot, dodo" or "commuting, working, sleeping". The famed slogans of May 1968 – "beauty is in the street", "beneath the paving stones, the beach" and "never work" have been smashed to smithereens by a mundane Protestant work ethic and an urge to make as much money as the Americans. Will pittoresque petite France really slide into line with the rest of the enslaved western world where work is valued over pleasure? The Miserablist would like to know where it's going to go on holiday this summer, if lazy French cafes with the pungent whiff of coffee and swirling smoke hovering above cigarettes perched between the manicured fingers of the beautifully relaxed, have disappeared. French decadence will be wiped out by Sarko's steam train of economic 'recovery'. But why would we want France to improve economically? Can we not petrify them into a permanent state of desolation for the sake of romance? Who cares if the English are ruining the French Alps (by their very presence – at least let them have their own lambs). Wait Mr Sarkozy, let us savour the aroma of good French produce a little longer.

"The French people have decided to break with the ideas, behaviour and habits of the past. I will rehabilitate work, merit and morals," screams Sarko's right wing UMP party. But the new president will ruin more than sexy French lustre. Toulouse University student, Guillaume Rouquier, explains why student life will also take a downturn. "The rich will get richer, and pay for the best diplomas, whereas the young students from modest backgrounds will trigger even more turmoil. Sarkozy's leitmotif, 'work more to earn more', is stupid in the French context, where unemployment is high. Instead of helping students and unemployed people to find a job, he will make poor workers work harder and the firing procedures easier for bosses." Opponents of Sarkozy mourn the loss of ideas that have long held France together and marked it out as different to the Anglo-American system. "I can really say that I hate Sarkozy, and I'm afraid that he will take measures that will put France in a bad situation. He's for liberalism and individualism. Our education system, our public services, and our health system may be privatised on the basis of the American model," says Guillaume.

A strange nostalgia is in the air. Who is going to burn our pretty Brit ish lambs at border control for fear that they'll bring BSE into France? Who will not ride itsetch 1968? Who will quote Ernest Renan in the street and proclaim the greatest ideas of the French Republic and define the nation as "people who all want to live together"? Left wing French students like Fanny Robles, a PhD student from the south-western town of Bezier, are desperately clinging to morals that could soon slip away completely. "No matter where they originate from, what their religious beliefs are, what their social class is, if there's a will there's a way. That was the only way we could define the French people, and I think, as many French people think, that it's the only way that we can cope with today's France, with people who originate from different countries and have different religious habits."

But the French have made their choice. Local boulangeries and patisseries on cobbled streets will quickly metamorphose into a McWorld powerhouse. As Joseph Goebbels said in the 2004 film, Downfall (or Der Untergang), "I feel no sympathy. I repeat, I feel no sympathy! The German people chose their fate... Don't fool yourself. We didn't force the German people. They gave us a mandate, and now their little threats are being cut!" This time the French have slaughtered their own lambs.
ARCHITECTURE

ARCHITECTURE

has a look around. The Miserablist Germans had a go at redesigning it). However, it also has some of the very worst. The Miserablist has a look around.

Words: Michael Begg

London: great melting-pot of architecture and design. From the Gothic magnificence of Westminster Abbey, to the stylish minimalism of the Tate Modern, the city contains the very best examples of the built environment throughout the ages (and it used to have even more before the Germans had a go at redesigning it). However, it also has some of the very worst. The Miserablist has a look around.

The Millennium Bridge

This ‘blade of light’ across the Thames between the Tate Modern and St Paul’s is a collaboration between Pritzker Prize winner Lord Foster and structural engineers Arup, with the help of rusting industrial sculptor Sir Anthony Caro. The concept behind their design was apparently to create a structure of minimum intervention. Quite how they thought they would impart this impression with two giant sticky pylons and miles of fat cable sagging gracelessly along the sides is anyone’s guess. The whole thing just looks so stylelessly trite, with the shallow-drooping cables like over-specified callipers killing any impression of lightness or grace. But it Gracelessly along the sides is anyone’s guess. The whole thing just looks so stylelessly trite, with the shallow-drooping cables like over-specified callipers killing any impression of lightness or grace. But it Gracelessly along the sides is anyone’s guess. The whole thing just looks so stylelessly trite, with the shallow-drooping cables like over-specified callipers killing any impression of lightness or grace. But it Gracelessly along the sides is anyone’s guess. The whole thing just looks so stylelessly trite, with the shallow-drooping cables like over-specified callipers killing any impression of lightness or grace.
**Banker wankers v Emos**

Words: Cheryl Caira

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**Banker wanker**

**Emo**

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**Clothing**

It may look like the latest Armani threads, but take a closer look at the pinstripes and you might spot that Mr Managing Development Illah of a Key Financial Institution (eyes glazed over), is wearing some of Brenda's finest market stall offerings because he spent too much money in The Wolsley one evening spraying his banker chums with Cristal. The shiny Rolex is fake too, a cheeky number picked up in Spain when no one was looking, from one of those charring gems with the blankets of baguignous goods by the beach.

**General banter**

The homoerotic slaps and man hugs, MasterCard waving and wankerous bar posing generally drown out any attempts at conversation. However, sitting next to one at a dinner party (you have to grit your teeth and put up with it else you'll look like a rude bastard) reveals that if you don't play/watch rugby at the weekend, attend extortionate city bars, or if you have a soul, the convo could end up being as interesting as an old folk's home.

**Contribution to society, if any**

When they start detailing how much their salary has gone up every year for the past five years and how many people they screwed over to get there, you know you have to put up with these members of society? And more importantly, if we had the option of erasing one of them in an act of genocide for the greater good, who would it be?

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**Banker wankers**

**Emos**

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**Clothing**

For girls: Baggy, shapeless and thoroughly ugly. Hair normally dyed a colour similar to the bottom of a Portofino after four days of use by Glastonbury punters. The boys wear even baggier clothing to disguise their angst-ridden, umanly figures, s mile dipping on nail polish, eyeliner and a touch of mascara so they seem a bit confused. Both sexes wear T-shirts worshipping the assortment of bleating, torturous-to-listen-to rock bands that they dribble over. They display piercings wherever there is an available orifice.

**General banter**

They tend to mesh in filthy drinking establishments rather than communicating with each other. They do countless amounts of moaning and staring into space in an ‘I want to kill myself, but don’t worry everyone, I’ll carry on’, fashion. Interludes of conversation involve discussing ‘Death to...’ various things. Being ungrateful twerps and talking about how painful life is, and ranting about how they can ‘save the world’ through the music.

**Contribution to society, if any**

They keep the sweatshop workers in Bangladesh, who make their foul, raciest, worst possible, most stupid clothes, often cheaper than the Service station variety. They are filling your lungs with black smoke, you can almost taste it. When you’re being blasted with images of cigarettes dripping fat inside arteries and hooks tearing into Joe Bloggs’, tips to ‘shock’ us into realising smoking is bad for us. Well, cheers Old Blightly, but we know that already. The smoking ban is almost upon us, but The Miserablist would rather stay sexy than stub it out...

**Smoking**

We’re being blasted with images of cigarettes dripping fat inside arteries and hooks tearing into Joe Bloggs’. Tips to “shock” us into realising smoking is bad for us. Well, cheers Old Blightly, but we know that already. The smoking ban is almost upon us, but The Miserablist would rather stay sexy than stub it out...

Smoking may restrict your breathing and mean that you can’t spring through the London Marathon like the Duracell bunny. But who can be a snob with a booze-free life of fitness anyway... it’s far more fun to set about improving your social life. Which cigarettes can help you do. Soon, you’re going to be skulking off outside for a quick puff while your smug Colgate-scented friends tell you off on the way out. Whilst outside, you’re joined by an attractive member of the opposite sex, also covertly igniting a Marlboro Light. You give each other a knowing, ‘God I really needed this cigarette’ look. Conversation begins, you chain smoke for a while, and suddenly it’s 3am and your companion is coming back for a “cup of tea” and another cigarette, smoker’s solidarity and all that, perhaps with a bit of sex thrown in...

The regular partaking of baccy smoking also helps you to move from the slightly fat (cuddly tones: Cheryl Caira

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**Words:** Cheryl Caira

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**SMOKING**

If we’re being nice, which we’re not community into the thin, (your trousers are slightly baggy which makes you look vulnerable and attractive) set. It restricts your appetite, and instantly makes you look better, because let’s be honest, the more a person stuffs into their mouth at luncheon, the less attractive they look. One less fat ass in the world is definitely a good thing. In short, smoking creates a far better looking human race. Ignore the people who pipe in with yellow teeth commentary, this sort of thing is easily avoided with regular use of the shelf-full of cheap teeth whitening products you can find at Boots.

I hate to encourage all the despicable little school brats who plague every newsagent attempting to buy fags, but smoking really is cool. What could be cooler than someone sitting by an open window, eyes steely but thoughtful, lighting up a cigarette in one swift, sophisticated attempt to buy favours in the Mafia. Fact. So even if you are filling your lungs with black smoke, you can go about your life safe in the knowledge that the Capo de tutti Capi is watching your back at all times. Make sure you make several references to “getting a place ready” and telling the “boss”, whilst lighting up another cig. People will be scared shitless.
Anyone who enjoys a good soul-scrubbing bout of misery knows that there is one place to go in the summer for the very nadir of experiences: the music festival. Populated by the most uncritical and thought-free public outside the US Republican Party’s National Convention, they are a living hell for anyone who doesn’t love jumping up and down in a muddy field and bellowing atonally to posturing tossbags with fashionable haircuts: a must for anyone seeking a rock-bottom experience. The Miserablist surveys some of the summer’s musical low-lights.

Download
8-10 June, Donnington Park, Leicestershire

During the 1980s, the hugely popular Donnington Monsters of Rock was the place to get your eardrums violated and your clothes ruined, with the ‘Donnington Toss’ (a plastic cider bottle refilled with steaming piss and thrown backwards into the crowd) at one point vying for admittance to the Olympics. These days, it calls itself ‘Download’ and tries to look more hip for goth teenagers, who (let’s face it) you can over-charge for tickets, merchandise and drink, and who are much less likely to put the bouncers in hospital. And the line-up sounds suitably teen-tough, with acts such as WOLFMOTHER, DRAGONFORCE, MEGADETH, SLAYER, KILLSWITCH ENGAGE, LAMB OF GOD and MASTODON getting us all snarling in black-clad rebellion. But the real sign of a teenage sell-out is the headliners this year: whining emo-rock bed-wetters My Chemical Romance. Their notes on the website say it all: “My Chemical Romance was formed by frontman Gerard around a week after September 11, 2001 attacks. Gerard had witnessed the planes crashing into the World Trade Center. It influenced his life to the extent that he decided to start a band. Gerard wrote the song ‘Skylines and Turnstiles’ to express his feelings about September 11th.”

Stop, please! I’ll cry my mascara to streaks! Set off early for this one – the car park promises to be one giant school-run 4x4 drop-off.

Cambridge Folk Festival
26-29 July, Cherry Hinton Hall, Cambridge

The year’s high-point for hobbit-botherers and ethereal nutbags throughout the UK. Beards are compulsory and non-acoustic instruments banned. Among timeless folk warblers Joan Baez and Nanci Griffith (and tuneless scrubbers The Waterboys) are such tempting listings as Bellowhead, Shooglenifty, Seaseck Steve, Stimp and Hauoard & Hainup (who were presumably named following an afternoon spent in the Cider Tent).

For those with junior hobbit-botherers in tow, ‘Mr Boom’ will be providing a concert for children from ‘his imaginary spaceship, which has been visiting Earth for 20 years now, amusing, captivating and educating audiences with his extraordinary yet bizarre musical show’ – that is, if paedophile-hunting vigilantes from the local council estate don’t string him up first. Four days of unrelenting ear-fingering dirge beckon.

WOMAD
27-29 July, Charlton Park, Upper Minety, Malmesbury, Wiltshire

“WOMAD stands for World of Music, Arts and Dance, bringing together many forms of music, arts and dance from countries and cultures around the world.” Chills the soul, doesn’t it? Definitely one of the worst, this annual gourd-fest promises a mind-bending brew of didgeridoos, beanburgers and Botswanan thumb-pianos. Ever-present among the line-up of tribesmen and druids is digital goatherd Peter Gabriel. See you by the Menstruation Tent.

Words: Michael Begg
18 July 2007 The Miserablist

Swanage Jazz Festival 2007
13-15 July, Swanage, Dorset

A less obvious choice, this one, but certainly capable of giving a whole lot of music. According to its website, the “feel of the festival is relaxed and friendly”, and looking at the line-up, featuring acts such as Bob Dwyer’s Hot Seven, Dave Moorwood’s Rascals of Rhythm, Tim Eyles featuring acts such as Bob Dwyer’s Hot Seven, Syncopators, you can imagine just how friendly and relaxed and friendly they don’t want to be read this magazine. Everyone seems to be able to identify them, and with the website featuring options for large and very large texts, you might be best to pack some Ralgex if you’re looking for action.

The Brighton Peace and Environment Centre will once again be running coaches from Brighton to the Festival. But with the website featuring options for large and very large texts, you might be best to pack some Ralgex if you’re looking for action.

As spirit-crushing a tale of familial discord as you are going to have to accept your dignity. I just hope that for your convenience, all are good descriptions of what you are.”

Dear Miserablist,

My son’s marrying his long-term girlfriend this summer in what I hope will be a beautiful and memorable celebration of their love and future together. I am quite besotted myself with joy at their plans and hope that you will believe to be an echo, but never interfering, in their plans and arrange their big day. However, one aspect of the wedding is causing me a great deal of anxiety and distress. I feel I am very open-minded and tolerant, especially for my generation, and have, for example, been happy to accept my son’s desire to be shoeless at the ceremony (he says it is a mark of humility). But I am finding it impossible to accept their choice of venue for their pre-ceremony drinks – and mingling bean foie gras and mingling bean fast for the main course – and mingling bean pancakes that we chose – and have already bought 150 packets of – for the entrée. What can I do? Please help me make them see sense.

Desperate of Devon

Enraged of Enfield

But then again, this seems unfair. It’s their town, and their right to choose, and their right to be happy. But then again, this seems unfair. It’s their town, and their right to choose, and their right to be happy. But then again, this seems unfair. It’s their town, and their right to choose, and their right to be happy. But then again, this seems unfair. It’s their town, and their right to choose, and their right to be happy. But then again, this seems unfair. It’s their town, and their right to choose, and their right to be happy. But then again, this seems unfair. It’s their town, and their right to choose, and their right to be happy.

Dear Enraged,

What’s wrong with a Vauxhall Nova that has been glued together like an air-fix model, I’m sure you would see that I’d become a chav.

Dear Bovvered,

Those garishly clad road-rule dodgers how, if I were to swap my flat cap, that Vicky Pollards out there can’t seem to identify themselves as the character. Are they in denial? I’d like to swap my flat cap, cardboard trousers and t-shirt, for a baseball cap, white track-suit bottoms and sports trainers, and swap my vintage Ford Mustang (diesel don’t you know) for a Vauxhall Nova that has been glued together. As spirit-crushing a tale of familial discord as you are going to have to accept your dignity. I just hope that for your convenience, all are good descriptions of what you are.”

Dear Bovvered,

What a miserable thought. Even for The Miserablist. A future full of backwards caps and beer cans. As spirit-crushing a tale of familial discord as you are going to have to accept your dignity. I just hope that for your convenience, all are good descriptions of what you are.”

Dear Miserablist,

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I defy you to convey in his more disturbing pictures. I defy you to convey in his more disturbing pictures. I defy you to convey in his more disturbing pictures. I defy you to convey in his more disturbing pictures. I defy you to convey in his more disturbing pictures.
From agonising virginity loss to calamitous one night stands, The Miserablist delves deep into your darkest sexual moments

Words: Melanie Smith

Sex is rubbish

Sex is sex: That’s why advertisers compare washing your hair with Organics shampoo and brushing your teeth with Aquafresh toothpaste to having an orgasm, but I can’t think of anything more mundane myself, and if having an orgasm is comparable to brushing your teeth, what is the fucking point? And no more is this true than when you’re an adolescent virgin. Sex for the first time is in no way comparable to a warm baked apple dessert (as famously portrayed in the film American Pie), regardless of what you do with it. It’s under no illusion, it is weirdly two sexually sticky, unfamiliar bodies furiously squishing and slapping against each other making nothing more than a calamitous one night stands. The Miserablist July 2007

SEX IS RUBBISH

SEX

Tote Modern by David Burt

Crying woman (above) by Mary Evans

Flaccid knob (top) by Todd

couldn’t believe it! How bad would that look – a bag of shit next to my note saying how much fun I had! I never saw or spoke to her again.”
Making people cry is an excellent way to relieve stress, get out of tricky social situations, and feel good about yourself – just ask Cheryl Tweedy. But you have to know how. Here are some pointers:

**Personal Insult:** Obviously, anyone can just bellow “You half-witted donkey turd!” at someone until they get upset. But that’s not a great deal better than just hitting them, and may get a punch in the face back before any tears are produced. Much better to pick some particular feature and work on it. I once saw a perfectly produced. Much better to pick some particular feature and work on it. I once saw a perfectly produced. Much better to pick some particular feature and work on it. I once saw a perfectly

**Pain:** See that toddler in the corner, chasing a balloon round the living room, his little face the very expressive embodiment of glee? See his jerky and unpractised movements as he pats the taut sausage of air across the carpet towards the cactus plant on the side table? See him move towards it, with a look of such intimacy, as if nothing else exists for him at that moment, nothing but him and the balloon? And the cactus plant. BANG! See the absolute surprise and terror on his face, round, wide eyes, just before his little chops crinkle tremblingly into an almighty howl of distress? Smashing. But it’s a lot more difficult to get a grown-up to cry from fear. You’ve pretty much got to go to the bother of kidnapping them, setting fire to their house, or forging a doctor’s letter laden with grim and prospectively tidings, to get proper tears of fear out of them. And as well as being illegal, most of these are a lot of effort. Of course, there’s always the chance of finding out that someone has a phobia – if you’re very lucky, it might be one of those really hard ones you learn about on television, such as a fear of buttons or the colour yellow. Playing on phobias can certainly be very productive for fear-induced hysteria and tears. And most people will have one of some sort or another. Try making up one of your own and talk about it – you’ll have something confessed in another. Try making up one of your own and talk about it – you’ll have something confessed in

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I realised that there were some drugs in there by mistake, and I didn’t know if we had taken it or not because I was flashing in and out of different worlds.

"Then some guy asked me if I wanted some vitamin C so I didn’t take it. I went to the loo and everything turned into fractals, like on a leaf you can see first patterns in an infinite sequence getting smaller and smaller and in your mind it really is infinite."

"The loo is usually a place where I calm down so I don’t want to move from the loo because it felt like a safe place. We were in a trance and it was all a bit overwhelming. It seemed like there were infinite rooms but I didn’t know which one I was in.

"You don’t know which one is the real one and which is tripping. Because you’re hallucinating, you can’t see your watch so you have no idea what time it is. I think I tripped last about 20 hours and I was out of commission for a few days afterwards."

"I was really scared because I didn’t know if I had taken other drugs or not what they were. We had wandered into the Botanic Gardens and eaten some cactuses but they weren’t good.”

Ecstasy
Class: A
Brownies, disco biscuits, E, X, love doesves, Mialis, pills, sweeties...

What you’ve done: Cordelia Steel, 21
Barcelona, Spain

“When I was 19, I went out to a big dance club in Spain and was pretty wasted, and decided to take a pill. People were walking everywhere and offering them to everyone because they were free. It wasn’t the first time I had done it but it was the worst.

“It was pretty awesome until about two in the morning. The last thing I remember is dancing and wailing at my friend opposite me on the piston. I was on the stage dancing and I took another pill and made two friends with a complete random.”

“The next thing I knew I woke up after having a bad acid white dancing and I can’t remember anything about it. It got late in the morning and I was walking down the street with a stranger in broad daylight. I started screaming at this guy. Where’s my fuckin’ friends, who the fuck are you?”

“I gave the guy so much shit while we were walking along, and he was like, ‘Calm down, what are you talking about?’ I found you wandering about in the woods beside the club. I think I hit him but I can’t remember.

“I was really scared because I couldn’t remember what had happened to me, I was thinking ‘I had raced a car’ and I was running along the road. And I remembered I was dancing to a pop song.”

Cocaine
Class: A
C, charlie, coke, blow, dust, gold dust, lady, snow, toot, white...

What you’ve done: Georgie Luttens, 21
Brisbane, Australia

“I went down the gods for an after-school party where I took it. It was the designation off the shelf but I had a few drinks and smoked a whole bunch of pot and then just before I got into my car to come home I sold a gram of coke and some speed and I took all my friends home, which was really dangerous.

“When I got home I got ready for work, had some coke, and put and smoke and called my mum. We were going to have some friends over for dinner but I wasn’t able to do it.”

“Then I suddenly felt really nervous and anxious so I looked in the mirror and saw a box of coke and some speed and I took all my friends home, which was really dangerous.

“I went to the tube in a total disarray, it was a hot day, families out, grannies having paella and I was there in my clubbing gear, off my fucking face.

“I got home and my housemates were up, waiting for the trip to end. We went round to my mate’s house. We were doing Zen stuff where you put your fingers on the walls and you can see little patterns in an infinite sequence getting smaller and smaller and in your mind it really is infinite.

I had to run out. So I quit the bakery and jumped on a train. I felt like an idiot and my family thought I was never to take pills again because I go mental.

I had no sim card. I had half a phone with me – it had no back and they hadn’t been able to get in touch.

“I don’t know what I did with all those hours and who knows what I could have done to me in the woods. I still can’t believe I don’t remember anything about seven hours of my life.”

MDMA
Class: A
Adam, MDA, essence, fantasy, M, powder, white...

What you’ve done: Simone West, 19
London

“I once wake up in a roundabout in Stroud. I have no idea how I got there but I wandered to the road and found my friend sleeping on a bench. I can’t remember anything else.”

Magic Mushrooms
Class: A
Liberties, magics, mushies, shrooms, fly...

What you’ve done: Rose Anderson, 26
Wales

“When I went to Thailand, we had mushroom mushrooms. They were disgusting. They tasted like earth and nothing happened for about an hour. But then I just got really, really irritated.

"I spent about an hour sitting in this café looking at my hands through the ultra violet light and thinking it was really cool. We had a mini rat fight in a shop, which was the funniest thing at the time but quite a stupid thing to do.

"Then we walked around the beach and we found this really nice place where we lay smoking and flying over the sea. It had a swing – a tire with a rope through it, and flying on that high was really fun. We went right over the top.

"One of the boys made a tea put a tea put a tea and he was really high. I took pictures of the moon and the sea and my feet and I thought I was having such a great time that I had to get them. I was high, they were just pictures of the night. They were really rubbish.

“I thought it was really amazing and shiny at the time, but the next day we went back to work and the place was still there and they were really dirty, not magical as they had seemed the night before.”

Cannabis
Class: C
Dope, draw, grass, herb, marijuana, pot, puff, skunk, spliff, wacky, weed...

What you’ve done: Hilary Wardle, 26
Edinburgh

“Once I announced that cannabis doesn’t have any effect on me and was duly challenged by my friends to eat a lump of resin (washed down with vodka). I felt ok and so went out to a pub.

“By the time I arrived at the club I was absolutely smashed. I attempted to pole dance (using my friend Louis as a pole – she’s cute, thin). Louise then decided to take me home in her car (she was sober).

“However, about 10 minutes walk away from my house, I decided she was kidnapping me. I told her to ‘stop the forward moving machine’ (meaning the car), got out and disappeared into a bush by the side of the road. Louise went to park by my flat and waited for me.

“About 15 minutes later she saw me walking up the white line in the middle of the road, waving two handfuls of leaves and chanting ‘Don’t Attack Isis’.

“When I got to my flat I couldn’t get my key in the lock, but luckily Louise appeared behind me and unlocked the door for me. I had her shun saved my life before falling over. She somehow managed to get me up my stairs and into bed, but when I shut my eyes I lost all sense of who I was and thought that I was spitting through a dark void and decided that I must have died. It was a bit scary and soon afterwards I took back my claim that cannabis doesn’t have any effect on me.”
Words: Michael Begg

God help anyone daring
to smoke within 30
metres of them. This
is practically child
abuse

Long before any conception has even taken place there will be cause for concern that they’re “trying for a baby”. Exciting news, of course, except that some people embark on this task as if it were some sort of astronaut training. And they tell you all about it. They tell you about their diets (lots of folate acid); that they’re trying optimal positions for intercourse; that they’ve stopped drinking and smoking, and worked to death on a daily basis and who took out their own appendix with a nifty British army issue canteen spoon, I will of course pay rapt attention to anything they care to tell me about the anguish, suffering and above all the pain they had to endure, day after day long, with no end in sight. I will sit in mute admiration of their unfathomable courage and indefatigable resilience, unable to imagine in any way how I would have done anything but give up and die on the spot if placed ill a similar situation. If, on the other hand, I have to hear one more birth description; how can I ever understand how frightening it is; how she’s never felt any pain like it; how he nearly died his video camera into the birthing pool from shock; how everything between navel and knees needed stitching; then I am quite sure I will better understand how a Japanese camp commandant could inflict such horrific violence on his involuntary guests. Get this: I am not fudging interested in your solipsistic take on childbirth pain. UK maternity trains and buses and down busy pavements, thoughtlessly barbing the baby-less unfortunates out of the way of whatever tiny slumbering maggot lies cooed in the depths of this junior 4x4. Everything about modern prams and their pushers is predicated on the baby’s supremacy over all other beings, especially adults, and on the utter unbearableness that we, as parents, should are really know better.

And once the little darlings grow legs and learn a few words, every café, shop, public space, even the occasional decent pub, has them running about in it – screaming, crying, knocking things over, dripping, hitting, pushing and whining, while their parents drink wine and tell each other just how hard it is to cope with the monsters they’ve created.

Not only is the whole world these people’s crèche, we’re also expected to sit idly by while their offspring ruin it for everyone else because they have signally failed to instil any idea of restraint into the little shits. And because they can’t control them, the parents have to justify every little bit of bad behaviour with some reason why their child is special; so, every capricious refusal to eat is put down to food allergy (and what a booming industry that is!); the incapacity to sit still for more than thirty seconds is because of preposterous intelligence; psychopathic anti-socialness is heightened sensitivity to a child tantrum is explained by low boredom thresholds. Naturally, the idea of doing anything that might spite their young geniuses’ self-expression or enjoyment is almost as horrifying as the suggestion of hauling them away from whichever table of strangers they’re pissing off, apologising and giving the little bitches the biggest piece of cake they’re ever so richly deserve. In fact, the Brave New World that this might be an appropriate course of action is seen as childhood-robbing abuse of antediluvian savagery. I mean, what next? – bear baiting?

When they’re not letting their children ruin other people’s enjoyment of places, they’re clogging up the roads and between in the only vehicles big enough to get their stupid überprams into: bloody 4x4s. Go near a school in any area posher than a scrap heap and you’ll be cuffed off the pavement by one of these tanks pulling up to let some tiny urchin jump down and run off to join its playmates for another day chipping away at their teacher’s savagery. Any suggestion that transportation fit for the crown jewels might be overdoing it is met with the hysterical assertion that the roads are so dangerous that anything less would be tantamount to murder – which is true if everyone else is tangling around in the civilian equivalent of armoured personnel carriers.

The real tragedy of the situation is that once they’ve set their children up as demi-gods, through years of pandering to their every vagary and driving them anywhere further away than the end of the garden, those children turn into the very least suitable creatures to wield such absolute power – teenagers. A grim prospect indeed. And that’s why I’ve already signed my future offspring up for military school.
BEGINNER’S GUIDE TO WEST LONDON

Words: Ally Lee

WEST LONDON

START!

“Hey, what’s West London like?”

“Well, to be honest I’m not there much... but it’s... really... nice.”

“Hey, what’s West London like?”

“Nice, huh? I’ve had that conversation countless times, by now, I’ve been the one to answer just as often as I’ve been asked. West London remains an enigma. Since arriving in town nearly three years ago, I’ve settled comfortably in the East, and it’s been natural and necessary to venture North and South, but West? Nothing has drawn me that direction besides the occasional social event (read: where you wind up blacking-out and forgetting how you got home and wondering why you’re wearing shoes and nothing else in bed whilst clutching a Bible and a cucumber.) I brought my friend Toby along for a casual afternoon of strolling, observing and chatting. We crossed our way through Paddington, Bayswater, Notting Hill and into Chelsea & Kensington. Toby is a dominante from Toronto who was visiting London for the first time. Here’s what we found out...

LESS SCRUFFY PEOPLE AND MORE RESPECTFULNESS

I kept a mental tab by photograph the nondescript/scruffy person of the day and I didn’t get a single snap. There were some scruffy-suspects, but only bad enough to receive a quick glance and little consideration for photographsworthiness. No one was shouting or acting belligerently. Even graffiti-wise, whatever tagged these phonebooths made sure to do so in a polite and inoffensive manner. The sign on this mirror says, “Please restore and give them back.”

LENTILY, chandeliers and the sort of thing that rich people break for fun. A Harrod’s delivery van raced past a few times and I realised it was the first time I had ever seen one.

Toby: Believe me, the washroom in MacDonald’s was nothing like the one.

NOTTING HILL ARTS CLUB (NIGHTLIFE)

This gets its own section since it’s the only cool night club I’ve come across. We asked the arthouse-drop out looking types and bearded sound geeks pushing vinyl in the record shops – same answer: “The NHAC is excellent...” There seems to be a lack of variety round these parts. Garlic puffs and cocktail lounges rule, clearly no place for car park saves, basement guerilla gigs, or anything with a lot of grit, unless they’re keeping it a big secret.

Toby: Sometimes you do question your own sanity and morals. You get some hipster guys but not many. There are more of these types (above) than usual. There are more old people cruising the streets too.

Toby: What’s Camden like?

YOUNG PEOPLE

You get some hipster guys but not many. There are more of these types (above) than usual. There are more old people cruising the streets too.

Toby: What’s Camden like?

RIDICULOUSLY POSH

Obviously. But it’s not just the huge Victorian houses, Ski-Vs and wide tree-lined boulevards, it’s the fact that the McDonald’s looks like this. Even the chappy had an intimidating smile, so there that had me wiping my shoes upon entering. Now I know where to go for antiques.

CLEANER + HEALTHIER

We came across practically no street litter. It was also impossible to find a kebab shop. In East London there is a kebab shop per 25 residents, or roughly 2,978 per square mile. When we did chance upon one, it looked like this. “Swish huh? Imagine it with the flood lights on. There are a lot of joggers and many people walking their dogs.

Toby: All the dogs have very shiny coats of fur.

EVERY OTHER PERSON IS A TOURIST

Toby: It’s really, really rich here but there are no redeeming qualities to this part of town. It’s really, really dry and clichéd. Every person you see out and about are not the people you see out and about. There is little sense of vibrancy and the area does, however, feel very dry and clichéd. There is little sense of vibrancy and the people you see out and about are not the most intriguing. I suppose West London is nice. There is no way I would want to live here, although I would not be averse to dating someone from these parts.

Toby: It’s really, really nice here.

VERDICT:

It’s really, really rich here but there are redeeming qualities to this part of town. It does, however, feel very dry and clichéd. There is little sense of vibrancy and the people you see out and about are not the most intriguing. I suppose West London is nice. There is no way I would want to live here, although I would not be averse to dating someone from these parts.

Toby: We have Carnival too, but it’s called Caribana and lasts longer. People get shot every year.

VEGETATION – MORE GREEN

Toby: We have Carnival too, but it’s called Caribana and lasts longer. People get shot every year.

Barron Haussmann was commissioned by Napoleon III to rip apart Paris and make it the first ‘planned’ city. Part of that plan was to utilise common greenspots to act as ‘lungs’ within urbanised areas. West Londoners have got this down pat, but it’s a more individual experience.

Toby: I’m working through an agency, but they took half the money. I want to go independent, but I’d worry about my personal safety. I need to find a driver...

ATTRCTIONS

It wasn’t the weekend so unfortunately we didn’t get the full effect of lovely Portobello Market. Most residents said they hate the Carnival, where up to 1.5 million people parade the streets in an orgy of claustrophobia and wallet-picking. At least it only lasts two days of the year.

Toby: No one would want to live here, although I would not be averse to dating someone from these parts.

The Miserablist
WHAT THE FUCK
ARE YOU WEARING?

1. That's it...
2. Nice 'n slow...
3. Thank you.

Are you disrespectin' me?
Eastern European?
“I made this skirt myself!”

New Natural Mineral Concentrate From the Sea, Rich in FOOD IODINE, Building Up Weak, Rundown Men and Women Everywhere.

THOUSANDS of thin, pale, rundown folks—and even “Naturally Skinny” men and women—are amazed at this new, easy way to put on healthy needed pounds quickly. Gain of 15 to 20 lbs. in one month—5 lbs. in one week—are reported regularly.

Kelp-a-Malt, the new mineral concentrate from the sea—gets right down to the cause of thin, underweight conditions and adds weight through a “3 ways in one” natural process.

First, its rich supply of easily assimilable minerals nourishes the digestive glands, which produce the juices that alone enable you to digest the fats and starches, the weight-gaining elements in your daily diet. Second, Kelp-a-Malt provides an amazingly effective digestive substance which actually digests 4 times its own weight of the food-building foods you eat. Third, Kelp-a-Malt’s natural FOOD IODINE stimulates and nourishes the internal glands which control assimilation—the process of converting digested food into firm flesh, new strength and energy. These Kelp-a-Malt tablets contain more iron and copper than a pound of spinach or 7½ lbs. of fresh tomatoes; more calcium than 6 eggs; more phosphorus than 1½ lbs. carrots; more FOOD IODINE than 1600 lbs. of beef.

Try Kelp-a-Malt for a single week and notice the difference—how much better you sleep, how firm flesh appears in place of saccharine ballyhoo’d and the new energy and strength it brings you. Prescribed and used by physicians, Kelp-a-Malt is fine for children, too — improves their appetites. Remember the name, Kelp-a-Malt, the original and genuine brand-name tablet. There is nothing else like it; in fact, we acceptimitations and substitutes. Try Kelp-a-Malt today, and if you don’t gain at least 5 lbs. of good firm flesh in 1 week, the trial is free. 100 jumbo size tablets, 4 to 5 times the size of ordinary tablets, cost but little. Sold at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send $1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to address below.

SPECIAL OFFER
Waste money on expensive creams and lotions—cod liver oil—gelatin—milk—boiled potatoes—or any other “skin food.” Only 60 cents a bottle for the new all-natural, all-pure FOOD IODINE. 65 tablets per bottle. 3 or 6 bottles for $2.00. One bottle for $.60.
FAIL.