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*the fashion spank*

**yes /no**

**six of the best**

*music*

*fashion*

**bile and benson**

**TELEVISION**

*munchies*

**on football**

**crossword**

the summer's most offensive fashion pariahs, mercilessly exposed by GUM's resident style queen, jenny munro...

what is hot, what is not, what is in, what is out: you know you heard it here first...

a short review of some of the hottest destinations in glasgow for all you new arrivals, so grab your purse, and let's get going...

'dance music is so dead and buried that no one's even writing about how it's dead and buried anymore': the first of three exclusive reports on the current state of clubland by stef macbeth...

herald award winner jenny munro on the fairytale shivers currently traversing the autumn/winter catwalks...

making enoch powell look like anthea turner, viciousness, thy name is benson...

widdy on the t.v? you know it makes sense... emily hill on the rise and rise of ann widdecombe...

ms. gulland whips out her utensils for another baking extravaganza: super soup, bursting bakers, miranda's marquis... mmmmiranda...

seagulls, sardines and love? a short discourse on footballing poetics, by john donaldson...

pit your wits against the sad lad once more... and you might even win something if you're extra-special lucky...

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## *The fashion spank*

**A**nd lo, the summer ends and winter is on its way. In fashion terms this is a definite blessing. How is it possible to relish a season in which one may be forced to wear 'cheesecloth'? This summer, of course, has had more than its fair share of felonies and some hearty spankings are in order.

**Now, if I wasn't absolutely sure that Pete Doherty never smoked anything stronger than Berkeley Menthols, I'd think he'd been sharing some kind of hallucinogenic substance with his delectable bird, Kate Moss, whose once untouchable fashionista status is currently on a bit of a slide. Since shacking up with the little urchin, Miss Moss has been photographed at Glasto bra-less in lurex (no tights) in three feet of mud, and then in distinctly nappy-esque hotpants and wellies: utterly unpleasant.**

Liz Hurley has been asking for a chocolate ice cream disaster all year after having admitted that she has a pair of white jeans for each day of the week. Jude Law's current foppish hair "style" makes him resemble a young, fake-baked Boris Johnson and, lest we forget, his beloved Sienna continues to squeeze the last gasps out of the boho-chic monster she created, and is looking distinctly market-stall in Torremolinos. Finally, Mrs Beckham, lovely thing that she is, provoked hilarity all over when she wore a fishtail ballgown with an enormous willow pattern all over it (yes, the plate, see right), designed by Roberto Cavalli, dresser of absolute knobs everywhere.

Well, thank the Lord, the agonies of such a summer should end with the weather - the Loch Lomond sunburn fades, the blancmange bellies go back into hibernation, there's no more need for spending hours working in a call centre where nobody understands the word "egregious", and the cheesecloth can go back to adorning, well, a big hunk of edam...

jenny munro

# YES

## hunter s. thompson chic

sienna's ditched the boho, bought the glasses, is still looking for that fluorescent golf visor... start booking in your tonsure and stocking up on acid NOW to be in time to beat the Christmas rush... it'll be like having the gilet before it became passe all over again

## pete docherty

as this is purporting to be a magazine it would be criminal not to mention him, somewhere. conclusive proof that the good british public loves a man almost permanently off his face, especially if he happens to be upper-middle-class and fey-looking. aaahhhh...

## glasto-luvvies

now that gwynnie's turning up in her floaty scarf and handing round the pine nuts from her winnebago window, isn't it time you invited your maiden aunt down there for a real groovy time? coldplay headlining, kylie tribute after kylie cancellation... rock on, man, rock on...

## neighbours

sheer dramatic genius of a lunchtime, boyd hoyland had us gripped all summer- steroid-munching-coma-waking-pulsating-young-lothario that he is... an excellent morality tale on what happens if you drop out of school

## the norton anthology

indispensible only as your door-stop, whatever you do this week, DO NOT contract this two volume lump of junk -you'll just be pawning it to a first year for a packet of fags 12 months down the line, that is, if you haven't burnt it as firewood in these gruelling sub-zero climes

## dressing up as a plate

oi. beckham. nooooo

## you do the maths

250: the number of jobs sir muri russell proposes to axe in a money saving initiative to balance the university's books (£7 million is the projected shortfall for this year)

£178,000: sir muir's salary for finding ways to make such "savings"

£215,000, £75,000: sir muir's annual pension from the civil service in lump sum and annual payment

£11,932: average starting salary for a grade 'a' researcher

£38,603: average wage of a senior lecturer



# NO



# six of the best:

## freshers destinations

### 1. culture.....CCA 4. club.....subclub

If you're feeling in the mood for a bit of culture, head into town for the CCA on Sauchiehall Street, where you'll find the very finest of contemporary British art, with fresh, exuberant exhibitions, free admission and a great art shop selling all sorts of beautiful art books, postcards and posters. The CCA also boasts a small cinema- the Scorsese season was last year's highlight. Relatively close to the Art School, the CCA's bustling café is filled to the brim with young, beautiful, bizarrely attired art students with askew retro hair and unearthly squints. Light a cheroot outside, grow a beard, rip your tights, and suck up that scene man.

OK don't get hysterical if the only flyers you've found in Halls are for dressing up as a naughty nurse whilst boogying on down to sleaze and cheese by DJ Po. You haven't got this far to dance to a Grease medley with a wankered forty year old stapled to your inside leg. Oh no. The most obvious destination therefore would be Subclub on Jamaica Street, which sets out to save nothing less than your musical soul. It's also where the whole of Glasgow winds up of a Sunday night, for Optimo. Alternatively if your musical bent doesn't quite revolve around turntables, breaks and random blips, head to the Art School: for the best in live music, and world-class architecture.

### 2. food.....number 16 5. pub.....cottiers

OK, so you might want to just remember this one for graduation, for when your folks are feeling particularly chipper, or for when your loved one has done something truly heinous and needs to make up for it big-time... but believe us, its well worth keeping in mind. A tiny little bistro at number 16 Byres Road, the venue is intimate, the pre-theatre menu is delicious and the atmosphere a delight. It is, quite simply, gourmet heaven, a restaurant to make even a Frenchman covetous.

If you want to find a bona-fide beer garden, not a 2 inch patch of mud masquerading as grassandbeer extravaganza on a vertical slant, then head down Hyndland Road for Cottiers: a converted church with a great big fire in winter and a restaurant in the turret for sugar-daddy dining. Outside there is a courtyard adorned with fairy-lights and a large garden with real green grass, large benches and a hippy tent: like a large back garden actually, minus the pine decking and the lawn mower.

### 3. menswear.....twisted generation & proletariart 6. womenswear.....ruthven lane

The fair-trade-and-fashion-hungry need look no further than Twisted Generation's exclusive range of t-shirts, designed by David Gilmour. A tiny little box room on the upper floor of DeCourcy's arcade, TG is filled with dozens of t-shirts in bright, fresh colours and David beavering away at his sewing machine. Alternatively, if you're wanting a t-shirt that makes a radical statement, the sort of young fella who's just about to rock up to the Fresher's fair to hunt down a wall-sized black and white still of the detonation of the atomic bomb or a banner with red-Che's head emblazoned upon it, stop, get down to 95a Byres Road for a Proletariart T instead. Black panthers, Lenin, Trotsky, anti-globalisation harangues, Chris Diamond has it all in your size.

If you're on the make for something snazzy but can't stretch to the Urban Outfitter price-tag, try Ruthven Lane off Byres Road. There's Peppermint for nicknacks, bags and offbeat jewellery made out of pins, plectrums and pink plastic, Darling, a quirky and eclectic boutique, for bags, belts and cut-price Italian labels (including Miss Sixty)- ideal for a night on the town, and Glory Hole for the cream of Glasgow's second-hand shop fare. There's a retro antiques shop selling everything from pinball machines to obscure furniture. Plus there's Starry, Starry Night for when you're throwing a cocktail party and want a black tasselled flapper dress, faux-emerald dragonfly earrings and a six-inch ciggie holder. Oh yes.

# house of the d

In horror flicks baddies don't die. They keep getting up again and again, more mangled but just as singleminded in purpose. It's not a perfect analogy but dance music is a lot like the zombie of contemporary culture. Villified almost universally by the popular and 'alternative' press, the whole scene 'died' circa 2001, and according to most obituaries - good riddance to it. A halfhearted reaction followed pointing out that the closure of a few overhyped 'super-clubs', the collapse of a few tired labels and unimaginative and overpaid djs having to travel halfway across the world to get a gig, does not signal a whole scene's demise; but such self-justification was hardly headline grabbing.

Over the past few years contemporary culture has erased dance music and the culture that surrounds it from the public consciousness. Whether it's Guardian columnists making smug jibes at it in passing, the Brit Awards abandoning its Dance category or the obsession that popular culture has over skinny white boys with guitars - dance music just ain't cool. The story of house music is a true rags-to-riches-to-bankruptcy tale. It's also a story of how body-music kept moving thanks to the singleminded endurance of people with minds of their own. The first story is the hollywood version. The second is the great untold story of the last 35 years.





# ead ?



When disco started to emerge in the early seventies the music industry didn't know how to react. The major labels were thrown by how faceless the whole thing was - no obvious stars, just lots of session musicians and session singers recording under a multitude of names. Moreover, to anyone who understood what was happening in the music, the whole idea of reducing it to pop songs that could be played out of context on the radio was absurd. Disco was not just a new genre of pop music, it was a new breed of music because it elevated the DJ beyond the level of educated jukebox.

Pioneering NYC DJs like Francis Grasso, David Mancuso and (later) Larry Levan were taking the records and weaving them together into a whole night's soundtrack - composed not of differentiated 'songs' but of passages of sound, each flowing into the next with the beat remaining constant. These DJs were taking songs and extending them into sets - and it was the entire set, not the individual songs that made disco disco.

In the late seventies disco allegedly 'died' (1978, apparently). Instead, people like Giorgio Moroder turned disco electric, and drum machines replaced live drummers. This opened up the possibilities for the DJ who could now overlay two records without having to worry about the fluctuations of a live drummer and seamless mixing became a required skill. When Frankie Knuckles relocated from New York to Chicago in the late seventies and opened up The Warehouse, disco morphed into something new again.

It wasn't so much the records that DJs like Frankie Knuckles and Marshall Jefferson were playing (a lot of them were already anthems in Larry Levan's Paradise Garage in NYC) but the way they were playing them. The emphasis was on the beat patterns in general, and the 'kick' drum in particular. When people like Farley Jackmaster Funk started sampling old Philadelphia soul records and putting their distinctive drum patterns over the top to make the sound tougher and more 'jackin', it was clear that a new sound had arrived, house, named after the club where the sound was first heard. Notice it was a club - and not a studio - where the sound was born.

**The reason for this potted history lesson is to illustrate one key point. House, dance music, rave, techno - whatever you want to call it - cannot be traced back to one record, one artist or even one DJ because dance music is about the coming together of all those elements. And the place where that comes together is at parties.**

So the idea of a house record in the pop charts is fundamentally odd. But of course, when you get records like Derrick May's Strings Of Life coming out, it's not surprising that large amounts of people would want to own it themselves - especially if they've heard it as part of a DJ set. There are plenty of house records (just like there are plenty of disco records) that don't need a DJ - they work as pop records, too. Which must have come as a huge relief to the people who had to market this stuff. House music is fundamentally faceless, plagiarised and obsessed with drums and basslines rather than melodies and chorus' that people can hum along to in the bath.

If ever a phrase "victim of its own success" was applicable it is in the story house music's relationship with pop. Strings of Life or Inner City's Goodlife or Thomas Bangalter's Music Sounds Better With You are phenomenal house records. The chart success of



such records made the world sit up and take notice. Indeed, in the mid to late nineties everyone wanted a piece of the dance music pie. And by this time the industry had found some faces to market all this faceless music - the DJ. Here the 'hollywood version' and the 'grimy independent' version of the story part company - well, just about.

### **hollywood version:**

The DJ, who traditionally had been lower down the pecking order than the glass collector, lapped up the praise, started playing three gigs a night and charging 4-figure sums for each, and generally getting a bit big for his boots. Moreover, because he (and yes it was nearly all men) was being paid so much for so little, the art of DJing, of bringing the crowd up and down, holding things back and being inventive, was rather lost. If you're only playing for a couple of peak time hours then all you need is the crowd pleasers - every tune more immense than the last until the audience has been



sucked dry of every emotion imaginable. This demand by the DJs for ever larger (remember when people used to talk about “choons” - as “larrrrrrge”?), more euphoric and affecting records, brought with it a new genre of music - trance and ‘progressive’ house with its characteristically immense and elongated breakdowns.

And for a while it seemed like DJs were the new God and clubbing the new religion. But you can’t keep going up, up, up. At some point things have to level out - and then where? If they’d read their Plato then they’d have known that large is fundamentally relative - things only seem large when compared to something smaller. Dynamics and all that. But of course they were far too busy being super to think about that. So the people got bored, realised that the only bits they liked about the music they were hearing in the Superclubs were the bits that sounded like songs and, hey presto! The process had gone full circle. Songs were back, bye bye Mr DJ, we won’t be needing you anymore.

### **grimy, independent version:**

DJs, producers, promoters and clubbers carried on doing what they’d been doing all along. This, after all, was the underground and the underground pays far less attention to what’s happening in the mainstream than the mainstream does to what’s happening in the underground. Once records become too recognisable most serious DJs would start playing other lesser-known records, partly because it’s more interesting, but also because of the nature of dance music. The DJs job is to make the crowd dance to an entire set, not just individual songs. And this emphasis on sets not songs, means the DJ, like a good chess player must plan a few moves ahead, hold things back, bring the crowd down, then bring them up in a slightly different way.

“You have to have a Plan A, a Plan B and a Plan C at least”, says Domenic Cappello, resident at the Sub Club since 1994. “You don’t want to play loads of cheesy records,” he continues, “but what happens in an underground scene is that records become popular even though they’re not cheesy records and then they become cheesy for a particular scene. So you don’t want to play big tune after big tune to get people up - you have to try and educate as well as invigorate.” And it is precisely this that the superstar DJs stopped doing.

It may sound elitist, arrogant even, to say that a DJ’s job is to educate as well as invigorate the crowd. Indeed it may sound paradoxical to suggest that “body-music”, as dance music is, ought to stimulate the mind. But it is where all the superclubs got it so wrong. Body music does not mean brainless music, and people who want to dance can have minds of their own. And it is the DJs, the promoters, the producers and the clubbers that understand that that are still dancing - even if we’ve been zombified by the mainstream, the pontificating liberals and the hostile licencing laws.

House music is no more dead in 2005 than disco was dead in 1978 regardless of what mainstream cultural gurus or marketing types think. For a brief period house records became pop records, too. So what? House music’s fling with popular culture was at best funny, at worst ugly, but ultimately pretty irrelevant. So the obituaries are almost right, except for one little thing: they’re confusing dance music with pop music - and we all know where that gets us.

stef macbeth

woodspring



# te—with—a—fag

**W**e got a groovy kinda love..." Geoff bellowed, as he stroked the steering wheel. "Ooh, yeah, get that thong off.." he adlibbed along to the music, just to make it a more sexualised, like. Phil Collins was nothing on Geoff, a pulsing lothario, with six cans of Special Brew in the backseat and a desperate woman waiting for him on the other side of town. He decided to take a shortcut through Tinker's Wood. There wasn't a clearly defined road or anything, but if he hit a deer, he could always sling it over his shoulder and present its carcass to Annette, his shirt unbuttoned, his flesh dripping with bloody virility. She'd really want it then. So embroiled was Geoff in his thoughts, he failed to notice the large oak in the path of his Mondeo. CRASH!

Geoff was tossed forward like a gherkin from a Big Mac, his head connecting with the windscreen, but fortunately saved from shattering by his inch thick New York Nicks cap and Fubu bandana underneath (for days off). Stumbling from the vehicle, he surveyed the damage. Shit, the windscreen was as fucked as that bird from Bootle he'd had in the backseat last night. He pulled his phone from his pocket. No credit. Why had he wasted all his money sending his dad that Abi Titmuss video?

Then, out of the corner of his eye he saw a woman, leaning against a tree. She had masses of black hair, she wore a lacy frock, a scabby wool blouson jacket and huge muddy boots. "Oi! Wuthering Heights!" he shouted, "You got a phone?" She ignored him, so Geoff moved closer. He suddenly noticed the fag hanging from her lips. "At least give us one of your Mayfairs then?" No reaction. Geoff was getting angry. And sweaty. So he stormed towards her and stood firmly in front of her. "Listen up, Babooshka, my Mondeo is fucked up over there, and I ask you for help, perfect gent and all.."

Her shadowy black eyes burned into his and he could not speak. Her skin was greyish. He felt cold, suddenly, and a bit tingly as if he'd just popped half a pill. The stranger took his hand, digging her long, dirty nails into his palm.

"Listen, love, I-I've got a bird, sort of. She's called Annette and she's well fit.." But Geoff could no longer speak. His eyes wide and empty, he followed the girl deep into the trees, and the night echoed with the sound of Phil Collins singing "Against All Odds" to an empty Ford Mondeo...

If designers wrote collective fairytales for their autumn/winter collections, London's Ready to Wear collection's might have sounded something like the ballad of Geoff and his Ford Mondeo, with gutsy, unearthly, distinctly British ideas arising everywhere. One strong trend on the catwalks was the woodsprite-with-a-fag look, consisting in diaphanous dresses and spiderweb patterns mixed with heavy black eyeliner and huge black walking boots. Tracy Boyd's photo-shoot (see left) featured a ghostly blonde in dainty flapper frocks and filthy riding boots, conjuring up images of murdered beauties haunting woods, rivers and leafy Sheffield train stations.

The natural theme continued with FrostFrench's beautiful creations, including jumpers with images of deer knitted into them and fragile, fairylike skirts. It's all very Alison Goldfrapp, whose fixation with lipstick, wolves and wellies is very now indeed, and whose first album, the snow and sex-obsessed *Felt Mountain*, would be the perfect dressing up soundtrack for this look, as would "A Forest" by the Cure or anything by Queen Kate of Bush.

**The look is outdoorsy, glamorous and somewhat hazardous... see, you must try not to end up looking like the League of Gentlemen's Tubbs, in her slip and pinny, and a dead man's Timberland boots.**

A mission for the satorially sublime if ever there was one.

jenny munro



# the bile

with alex benson

## what must be done:

**T**he way that the lower orders have been conducting themselves recently has exercised me to a rare degree.

Those shits often do. And before I start I know what you're all thinking; lay off them Benson, we all know they're a stunted slack-brained sub-group of a wider, non-functioning social order but it ill-behoves the rest of us to waste what little sanity we might have left railing against them into the wind like Lear on the heath. Leave them alone, dear, dear boy and come in from the storm, for a gill of cider and to listen to 'Sparrow' by Simon and Garfunkel.

I've just come back from some Serbian's garden party in Norfolk, I was as sick as a dog and snogged a twelve year old after doing fourteen dog-legs of Bolivian marching powder with the racing tipster from the 'Bugle'. I can't remember it but Chiz Topp says that I pushed her off me with some force and walked straight into a tent pole...

The next morning I had just opened my drink-sodden face for business and was calmly poking around the back of my skull

with a spoon to explore in greater depth the brain tumour I seemed to have developed throughout the afternoon when a caustic glare out the window revealed that the Volvo had taken a battering on the drive home. I was hopping. It looked as though a family of gorillas had attacked it with lump hammers, though I suspect I may just have hit the cow that was lying on the roof (dented, might I add).

**In this darkened mood I sat down to complete a balanced, sympathetic treatment of the housing problems facing lower income families in the North East, commissioned by some lispig fart at the Guardian.**

Twenty minutes later I was outside with a putter giving the cow corpse six of the best, the article ripped to shreds and doused in petrol and burned, burned, burned. This is because, dear reader, I simply cannot stand those lurching bastard jobless. Since this 'chav' hoo-hah has been pasted over every newspaper, television programme and magazine I glance into whenever I need

# of benson

benson@bayingforblood.com

## the chav phenomenon

to dilute the day-to-day vulgarity of the real world I have had my fill of them.

Time was, a gentleman could relax in his club with his 'Times' and only need hear about favourable trade agreements, or a relaxing war. Now we have this deluge, these rotten, profane tales of brawling and spitting and rutting, with every glad-handed trainee journalist simpleton clamouring to add their own squawk to the melee. It is like bearing witness to a peculiarly horrific cross-sectional worm farm, only displaying humanoid maggots.

Of course, I wish that this only applied to the media. The trouble is that, contrary to popular opinion, the world is getting worse. A short trip into town will only confirm what dread suspicion lurks in the belly. Bovine mottled flesh, trussed up in garish, budget polyester; gurning and heaving at the lice-like offspring foaming at their elephantine knees. Toothless, hirsute maws crammed full-to-bursting with abattoir offcuts and Armageddon-strength tobacco. Language that would make a pirate cry. One short fact-finding trip to the local shopping centre, and

all I could do was kneel down and weep for my fellow man.

As darkness fell I wandered, dazed, through the town centre and saw a herd of rottweillers that had obviously eaten some fermenting apples and learned to walk on their hind legs. Regrettable closer inspection revealed a hen night. Outside dives, knocking out congealed road kill, ogreish men and boys fought as if there were something at stake. Hooligans belched. I stamped blindly through puddles of urine, wishing my notebook were my mauser pistol - even if there were only one bullet left.

There are establishments that cater for these people, who keep their alcohol cheaper by only buying expired stock. Every drink is rancid and burns the eyes and throat. They don't remember a thing. Violence is an accepted means of discourse. You may not know what the other chap means, but it hardly matters when you don't know what you're on about yourself. Young girls whelp and toss their offspring from tower block windows. Laughing.

Their propensity for breeding is of course their greatest weapon in their continuing war against civilisation. My solution to the whole nightmarish problem is to shove all the yowling larvae in a big fucking blender, and any backward divot sow-cow who expresses a desire to have children before the age of 11 will have to drink a pint of the resultant mutagenic muck instead of attending those ineffectual sex education lessons.

As the valiums wear off, I see with crystal clarity that this is a situation we as a nation must address. If we carry on like this I'm going to seal the attic closed and spend the rest of my days reading 'Paradise Lost' in the chinks of light coming through the gaps in the roof tiles.

**More powers to policemen, batons for teachers and revolvers for midwives: It's not eugenics; it's common bloody sense.**

I have told the secretary of my fan club to forward any angry missives to the bonfire. As for the rest of you, you can all fuck off.





# WIDDECOMBE

## RULES, OK?

The thrills and spills sprint marathon that is the Tory leadership race continues apace. The ancient and fat candidate, Kenneth “fatty” Clarke seems to be lagging behind somewhat, perhaps due to his girth, but surely impeded by the fact that interesting political hats and cigar puffing died the death with Churchill in 1965. David Davis, born on a housing state, is principally celebrated for his agility at scaling Alan Clarke’s battlements in 1991, but is otherwise, surely the only politician of modern times who can make Gordon Brown appear “chipper” and “up for a laff”. Lastly there is David Cameron, who, although a rampant toff and Old-Etonian, is thought the best bet in the battle to appeal to the “average Briton”, by virtue of his youth, vigour and winning smirk. It seems doubtful whether any of them could harbour a hope in hell of winning the next election.

It should be clear by now that the Tory party are, as usual, banging on the wrong drum. The party is too troubled for an ordinary mortal to govern, the prospective candidates too anonymous to thwart the stalwart apathy of the British public. In deciding the most appropriate leader, the Tories must confront this duality: they need someone with undeniable moral fibre, someone who looks good in front of the cameras, who charms the media, and thus Britain itself. This leaves only one possible candidate: Ann Widdecombe. A politician not afraid to be photographed with a dalek. Yes, on recent form, it must be Widdecombe: pensionable Catholic virgin, bouffant blonde, and carer for the average Briton.

Widdecombe has most recently come to the nation’s attention through her star-vehicle BBC2 television programme, ‘Ann Widdecombe to the Rescue’. Those who were fortunate enough to catch this televisual tour-de-force, must have sat their wondering, open-mouthed, in a living-room stupor: is there anything this woman can’t do? With a great deal more natural charisma than Bruce Forsyth and nothing more than a succession of lurid outfits to sustain

her, we watched Ms. Widdecombe tramping around the country bothering to concern herself with the issues gripping the common or garden working man.

Let us take just one third of one episode, to illustrate the point, that Widdecombe can perform feats Moses-like in their efficacy. Meeting a man in Dagenham who had been on employment benefit since he slipped a disc in the early 1990s and who got through, on average, 48 codeine pills a day, plus 24 supermarket painkillers and two cans of “strong cider” per night (plus anti-despressants). Widdecombe dictated her pearls of wisdom: Pearl 1: “you’re lucky to have any stomach lining left”. Pearl 2: “you’ve got to deal with it”. At this point, the audience must have wondered what on earth was the point of the programme, there did not seem much hope that a change was going to come if this was the sum-total of Widdecombe’s problem solving method. There is never a great deal of imagination in telling someone not to do what they know they shouldn’t be doing.

After dispensing these strictures, Widdecombe promptly leaves Dagenham, in pastel green with giant costume earrings, to sort out Cheltenham, in pale blue with flower pattern, and is then on to Walthamstow in victory pink to force the unemployable youth back into waged work. Only then does she scuttle back to Dagenham to see how well Mr. Codeine Strong-Cider is heeding her advice and mending his errant ways. Miraculously, he is well on the road to recovery. With sheer determination and the help of his doctor, he is limiting his Codeine intake to his medical prescription and not making his wife scurry off to score more off some young punk in a biker jacket in the short window between Coronation Street and The Bill. Such miracle working has surely not been since AD 33. And everyone knows its only a miracle that will restore the Tory party to power within our brief life span. So write to your local Tory association. Help them, help you: Vote Widdecombe.

# miranda bakes



**C**ooking is now an inevitability, so why not make it an adventurous one: Have a few friends over for dinner, add a few bottles of wine and I guarantee a good night ahead; especially if you all contribute to the cooking and baking.

This menu is fairly adaptable, and the recipes are nutritious, filling, easy and cheap. Well, with the exception of the marquis... which is sumptuousness personified. So why not go for it, and try something new...

## leek and potato soup

**1** leek, sliced and diced  
**1** potato  
**½** onion (or two small shallots for a sweeter taste)  
**425ml** of chicken/vegetable stock  
**130ml** milk  
**25g** butter  
**2tbs** parsley

In a fairly large pan sauté the vegetables in the butter until everything is coated. Cover the pan and leave for fifteen minutes until the vegetables have released their juices and are soft to stir.

Simply add the stock and milk and slowly bring to a boil, stirring so that the bottom of the pan does not burn. Once simmering, reduce the heat and replace the lid and leave for a further twenty minutes until the vegetables are cooked through and soft. This will produce a thick and lumpy soup, which can be thinned by blending in a food processor or sifted. For a bit of luxury, add 4 tablespoons of cream or yogurt into your bowl just before serving. Garnish with fresh parsley.

## bursting bakers

These ingredients tend to lurk unnoticed in cupboards and fridges, and will provide a healthy and filling dinner. Indeed, you can change any of the ingredients apart from the condensed soup which is necessary to bind the ingredients and flavour together. Nonetheless, you can choose from a wide variety of flavours. Additional ingredients might include crushed garlic and coriander; or a chopped vine tomato and a tin of tuna: the possibilities are endless, enjoy experimenting!

**1 large baking potato**  
**1 can Condensed Campbell's Soup**  
**½ small tin Sweet Corn**  
**2 tbs chopped peppers (uncooked)**  
**¼ chopped red onion**  
**grated cheese to sprinkle**

Bake a potato, with a skewer through the middle so that it cooks quickly after just an hour. Remove from the oven with gloves. Keep the oven on. Slice the long side of the potato head off, as you would do to a boiled egg. Scope out all of the inside potato into a bowl and add 1 uncooked can of Campbell's Condensed Soup (chicken is very good, but the choice is yours) with half a small tin of sweet corn, any chopped peppers, and some red onion. Mix thoroughly, but do not mash- you want to retain a chunky texture.

Scoop the combination back into the potato shell. The mixture will overflow the shell slightly, and will go crunchy upon further cooking. To prevent this, and to add additional flavour and naughtiness, sprinkle some grated cheese on top before placing the dish on a baking tray and sliding back into the oven for a further ten minutes.

Meanwhile prepare a mixed salad on the side, or simply some sliced tomatoes and layered basil which is well seasoned.



## miranda's marquis

Since this cake is bursting with flavour and richness you need cut only slim slices and so the cake caters for lots of hungry mouths. The recipe is fairly basic, considering the luxurious vision and taste it produces. The match stick mints are not wholly necessary, and though an extra cost, they add a crisp and complimentary edge; the melted chocolate is also a good touch, but again, not a priority- it is a visual flourish rather than a taste-necessity!

**500g belgian plain chocolate**  
**(the sainsbury's variety being the best)**  
**125g butter**  
**30g caster sugar (finer than the granulated variety)**  
**4 eggs**  
**1tbs plain flour**  
**3/4 box of mint chocolate Matchsticks**  
**1 small packet of white Nestle buttons**

Line a springform tin with non-stick baking paper and heat the oven to Gas Mark 8. Melt the chocolate, half of the butter and half of the sugar in a glass bowl over a pan of simmering water.

In a separate bowl beat the eggs and left over sugar until the colour becomes paler. Now slowly whisk in the flour. To this batter you should add the slightly cooled chocolate mixture and whisk very gently until the mixture is combined. Break the chocolate mints with a knife and run through the mixture. Pour this irresistible mixture into your prepared tin and bake in the oven for only 12 minutes and no more! (It will still wiggle a little).

Run a knife between the cake and the tin after it has been cooked and then quickly put the tin and cake into the freezer for at least two hours. If you leave the cake in for a more substantial amount of time, allow the cake to defrost for an hour before serving.

Nearing serving time, melt the white chocolate in a bowl and then run a fork through it. Pattern the cake by shaking the covered fork over the top of the marquis, and repeating until the desired effect is created in any fashion you wish! Put the cake into a fridge to harden the newly applied chocolate (twenty minutes should be enough).

The cake serves well with fruit, yoghurt, ice cream or simply on its own!

# seagulls, sardines

When Eric Cantona uttered his famous aphorism 'when the seagulls follow the trawler, it's because they think sardines will be thrown into the sea' it was met by confusion from the assembled press, and is often seen as little more than idle wordplay from an enigmatic Frenchman.

Intended as a verbal swipe at the rapacious media pack (Eric = the trawler, the press = the seagulls) it is, also, a perfect metaphor for the world of football. Consider just two of the sport's numerous examples of extravagant and profligate waste: the transfer of Brazilian defender Rafael Scheidt from Gremio to Celtic for £4.8m in 1999, and Stan Collymore's £7m move to Villa from Liverpool in 1997.

The unfortunately named Brazilian had been bought by Celtic's newly appointed 'dream team' of John Barnes and Kenny Dalglish on the basis of his two caps for Brazil, and some video footage. He made a total of three appearances for the club - because, as one team mate put it, he 'couldnae trap a bag of cement' - sitting out most of his four year contract on loan in his homeland; before leaving for nothing. It is unclear exactly where all the sardines ended up, but rumours abounded that the good ship Celtic had been the losers in a Latin scam: agents giving backhanders to the right people in the Brazilian footballing hierarchy so that players would get caps in meaningless international friendlies, enabling them to land inflated, big money moves abroad.

In the Collymore example, he, as apposed to the club, plays the role of the trawler. Villa obviously thought that their pursuit of Mr. flatter-to-deceive would reap rewards, but he ploughed onwards on his course of perpetual disappointment, being sold to Leicester two years later for £500,000 after a paltry 7 goals in 45 league appearances.

These examples of impropriety would no doubt make Bill Shankly turn in his grave. It was he, after all, who said of the beautiful game, 'train the right way. Help each other. It's a form of socialism without the politics'. Shankly and Cantona may share some common ground; the latter's allegory scorns the exploitative, parasitic aspects of the modern game, one can well imagine Shankly nodding in agreement.

The parallels continue.

Those players who get lost in the wake of football, whether due to choice, injury, age, or incompetence, either sink into anonymity or find the attention of another flock. Some of the more interesting cases include East Fife's Henry Mcleish who went on to lead the Labour Party to power in Scotland. Also, the acid tongued Gordon Ramsey started his professional life on the books of Rangers; and Julio Iglesias, famously, was a goalkeeper at Real Madrid. Whether he took a step up or down after leaving the Bernabau is a matter for debate.

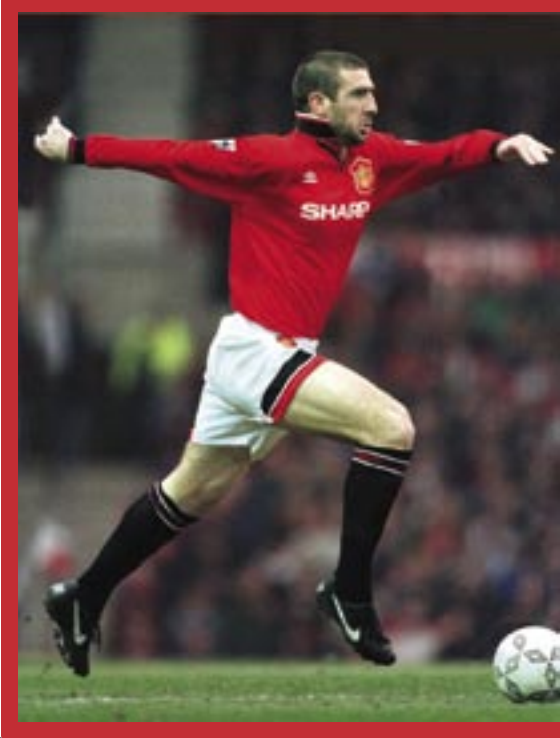
But most peculiar of all is the unlikely tale of the ex-Southampton player CB Fry who, in 1920, was offered the throne of Albania. Fry, who had also carved out a career as a novelist, journalist and general friend of the political left, only turned down the offer because he didn't feel that he had enough money for such a regal appointment. He was offered the role as a result of post-Great War European politics, and his decision to not step into such a cauldron was a sensible one. That troubled region continued to live up to its name when, in 1928, the country's former Prime Minister seized power and was crowned, would you believe, King Zog I.

The recently crowned king of Stamford Bridge, Jose Mourinho, has his own metaphor for the trials of the game to rival Cantona's cutting image. When asked how his manicured athletes should cope with his rotation policy, he replied 'it's all about Love. If you're not in love with your wife, you get divorced. If you're not in love with your kids, you are not a human being. You should kill yourself. If you're not in love with your job, leave.'

So, whether you fit the role of a trawler, a sardine, a seagull, or subscribe to Mourinho's amorous philosophy, you may well agree with another footballing poet, Sir Alex Ferguson, who pretty much summed it all up when he uttered the eternal lines: 'Football. Bloody Hell'.

john donaldson

# es and love



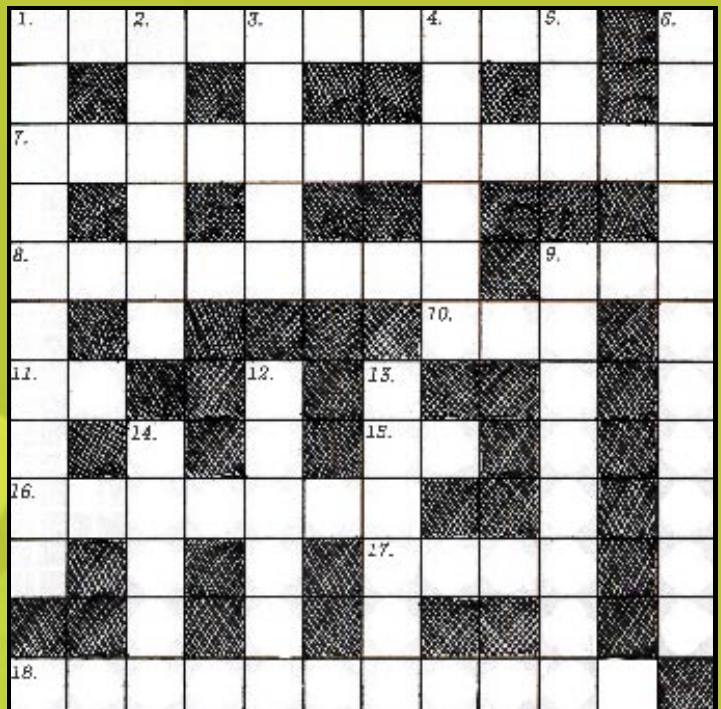
# The crossword

## across

1. In Roald Dahl's 'Charlie and the Chocolate Factory', a girl who is spoilt by her parents (6, 4)
7. American pop-art artist, born 1923 (13)
8. The ----- Karasamov. Novel by Dostoevsky first published in 1880 (8)
9. The --- of Innocence. Novel by Edith Wharton, describing the frustrated love of a New York lawyer for the separated wife of a Polish count (3)
10. --- McEwan. Booker-prize winning author of Amsterdam (6)
11. Lady --- Spencer and departed royal (2)
14. See 13 Down
16. A state of exalted delight, joy, rapture (7)
17. ---plane or bar of chocolate?
18. See 13 Down

## down

1. Evelyn Waugh novel adapted for the film 'Bright Young Things' (2003) (4, 6)
2. Omnivorous mammal inhabiting the forests of North and Central America, which has a pointed muzzle, long-tail and greyish-black fur (variant spelling) (6)
3. ----- 22. Kurt Vonnegut novel (5)
4. St. Francis of -----, founder of the Franciscans, born in 1182 and canonised two years after his death in 1226 (6)
5. See 13 Down
6. According to Milton, the capital of hell (11)
9. Tragedy by Sophocles which centres on the doomed daughter of Oedipus by his mother Jocasta (8)
12. Go away! Depart! (Archaic) (6)
13. (& 14 Across, 5 Down, 17 Across)  
The ----- One seventh of the Chronicles of Narnia, which details all that happens when Edmund and Lucy find themselves on a ship with a large mouse (6, 2, 3, 11)
14. an expression of disgust (becoming rare)



# [competition]

get on the guestlist:

andrew weatherall  
at **subculture**  
saturday 29th october

-very rare chance to see  
one of the most  
innovative and  
imaginative djs in the  
world at glasgow's  
legendary Sub Club-

To get yourself plus two of  
your mates on the all important  
guestlist answer the following  
question:

What band was Andy Weatherall  
associated with in the early  
nineties?

A: Primitive Terror  
B: Wierd Therapy  
C: Primal Scream

Email your answer plus your  
name and a contact phone  
number to [gum@src.gla.ac.uk](mailto:gum@src.gla.ac.uk).

closing date:  
monday 24th October.



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pauline hill for help at the eleventh hour  
(again) &, most especially, kristina  
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# SUB CLUB

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WWW.SUBCLUB.CO.UK

### THURSDAYS - HOMEBREW:

WEEKLY THURSDAYS WITH TIFF PEACHES, PROVINYLIST KARIM & FRIENDS

22ND SEPTEMBER - BEACH PARTY

29TH SEPTEMBER - BRAZILIAN CARNIVAL WITH SAMBAYABAMBA BEBADO AND SENZALA CAPOEIRA.

'6 ON IT' - COME DOWN ON 16TH OR 22ND AND GET A FREE FIVER ON THE WAY IN!

### FRIDAY'S - MONTHLY ROTATING:

1ST VARIOUS INC. TIMELINES, HEADSUP, RELENTLESS, 2ND RETURN TO MOND (SLAM) / DARKROOM DUBS (SILICONE SOUL), 3RD OUTER DRIVE, LAST KINKY AFRO

28TH OCTOBER - KINKY AFRO WITH GHOSTLY INTERNATIONAL

2ND DECEMBER - HEADS UP WITH GILLES PETERSON

### SATURDAYS - SUBCULTURE:

WEEKLY WITH HARRI & DOMENIC

24TH SEPTEMBER - OIXON (SONAR KOLLEKTIV, GERMANY)

15TH OCTOBER - DAVE CONGREVE (FABRIC)

29TH OCTOBER - ANDREW WEATHERALL

ALSO FORTHCOMING SWAG LIVE, DJ COLETTE, RALPH LAWSON, ROLANDO

### SUNDAYS - OPTIMO:

WEEKLY WITH JO TWITCH & JOB WILKES (INFO FROM WWW.OPTIMO.CO.UK)

### LIVE SHOWS:

16TH NOVEMBER - ALLISON CROCKET, 7PM

2ND DECEMBER - JAZZTRONIC, 7PM

