

*pete docherty's diary & optimo exclusive*



*Optimo*  
xmas 05

# K1

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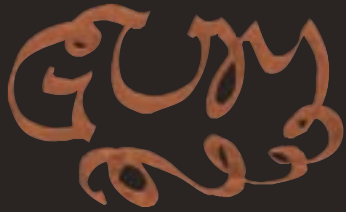
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# WE ARE TAKING XMAS/PARTY BOOKINGS NOW!



**six of the best**

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win guestlist for you and two of your mates to the subclub xmas party

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YES

### really bloody cold weather

you may not like it, but apparently it's on the way. time to don your balaclava, dig out your pom-pom hat, stock up on woollen undergarments and invest in a stout pair of goloshes. that is what kate would do, were kate oop north

### the colour of lust

chris rea did not sing about a woman in blue. that is because red is best. father christmas. punch-drunk cheeks. fire! danger! blood! revolution! in short, the cipher of seduction is scarlet

### a spike milligan quotation

"cliche is the handrail of a crippled mind"

just rehearse that one the next time someone intolerable starts bleating on about john peel or, horror of horrors, recites 'undertones lyrics with an air of profundity

mince pies, chocolate money, brandy butter... endless re-runs of the vicar of dibley, the ITV pantomime...

'tis the season of over eating... and television so bad it makes you long for a children in need variety performance featuring andrew marr in leather bondage gear

### pride and prejudice, keira knightley and the entire classical remake shebang

the farcical 'domino' may yet rid us of sprightly miss knightley and her gurn-grin but there's no let up in the accursed flood of period piece pap. the moral of the story? if you can't read, buy an audio book,

### anti-asylum-seeker-hysteria and dungavel detention centre

if reading ed bonn's article has raised your hackles, get involved! if you're interested in visiting dungavel with a view to helping its detainees you can apply to the SDV (scottish detainee visitors). application forms are available to download at [www.sdv.org.uk](http://www.sdv.org.uk)

glasgow STAR (student action for refugees) also has a dungavel visiting project set up with SDV. meetings are on mondays at 6pm in committee room 1 of the qm.

if you want to campaign directly against dungavel, the NCADC (national coalition of anti-deportation campaigns) and the GCWR (glasgow campaign to welcome refugees) both appreciate volunteers. visit [www.ncadc.org.uk](http://www.ncadc.org.uk) or [www.gctwr.org.uk](http://www.gctwr.org.uk) for more details



PRO

# The fashion spark

Oh, how the rain lashes the pavement. How it flattens one's carefully styled curls, prompting one to buy a hat from -in sheer desperation- Dunnes Stores to cover the devastation. Yes, Jack Frost is rubbing his little fingers together and the season of yuletide cheer draws ever closer.

Shame, then, that some folk just aren't feeling very charitable. The original Renaissance Woman, herself, Jade Goody, was caught shoplifting from George at Asda in October, but of course denied any real criminal intent. Honestly, Miss Goody! The amount of money you have -ahem- earned, and yet you still think it's acceptable to nick clothing from a store as cheap as Asda? The lack of consideration for George's tills isn't what I find the most bothersome, however. It's the stolen item itself...a denim waistcoat.

**Yes. Now, waistcoats shouldn't exist, or at least they should only be worn by Jeremy Kyle guests with the words "Snooker Loopy" emblazoned across the back.**

Corrie starlets are wearing them, Primark stocks them by the tonne and Babysambles fans just can't get enough (and, of course, they are women of taste). Hollyoaks might as well have a spin-off series called "Waistcoats" given the enormous womens' waistcoat count in every episode. Why, oh, why?

Yes, we can blame the usual suspects (you know who) but at least the Primrose Hill mob stopped wearing the damned things a while back and haven't developed such love for their waistcoats that they feel the indescribable urge to pilfer more and more from supermarket chains. In all honesty, anything which makes one look androgynous, skinny and Kate-like is for the rubbish heap. That's mens' cut trousers, boxy jackets and of course the snooker garments, too.

This season, and hopefully the whole year, is all about emphasising your curves, cinching in your waist and flaunting your bosom, which is lovely news for all us buxom wenches out there. Another packet of Space Raiders, please!

jenny munro





**six of the best:**

**aural gifts for xmas**

## 1. your sister.....

**(she's into 'empowered' and heartbroken female singer/songwriters - a little embarrassed about her Alanis Morissette album but loves a bit of KT Tunstall)**

Nouvelle Vague- 'Nouvelle Vague'

French bossa nova covers of classic 70s and 80s punk treats: this sounds dire but is actually pretty good. Featuring French pop nugget Camille, the seductive take on "Too Drunk to Fuck" and "Guns of Brixton" should be appropriate or inappropriate enough for your sis and her sensibilities.

[<http://www.nouvellesvagues.com>]

## 2. your mum.....

**(who likes REM, "but not the hard stuff")**

Ed Alleyne-Johnson - 'Echoes'

Your mother must be bought "Echoes" by Ed Alleyne-Johnson (and his electric violin). This is a cover album of contemporary pop hits from a spandex-clad Anglo/Viking type with a home-made electric violin. Spanning such iconic classics as "Teenage Dirt Bag", "Smells like Teen Spirit" and "Clocks," this is just the thing to make her see the soft side of Wheatus. Appropriate for her, not so for the rest of mankind.

## 3. your granddad.....

**("that computer music all sounds the same")**

Andrew Weatherall - 'Fabric 19'

Grandpa will eat his words when you give him machine freak Andrew Weatherall's deliciously uptight Fabric mix. Even when Weatherall's using "natural" sounds they sound like samples from a paedophile's keyboard. Grandpa will hate it of course, and everyone will hate you for giving such an inappropriate gift. But as the mix veers into schaffle beats, acid loops and robotic symphonic flourishes, take heart that you did prove the old bastard wrong before being banished, along with your druggy music rubbish.

[<http://www.fabriclondon.com/label/release.php?item=fab19/and>]

**boom monk ben**

## 4. your rock-star brother.....

**("I'm in a band, man. it's really, like, eclectic. everything from The Killers to like Led Zep- and we're getting into using, like, electronics and stuff...")**

Yat Kha- 'Love Will Tear Us Apart'

Think you're eclectic cunto? Stitch this. Just your standard, Tuvna throat-singing cover version of Joy Division.

[<http://www.confabulators.com/2005/review-of-yat-khas-cover-of-love-will-tear-us-apart>]

## 5. your prog-rock dad.....

**("... that's the trouble with music nowadays. It's all for people with the attention span of a gnat...")**

Terry Callier- 'Lazarus Man'

An eight minute crazy tuning guitar epic telling the story of Lazarus from the perspective of the back-to-lifer himself rather than Jesus. Around an atmospheric backdrop of hand percussion and guitar there's no better way to hear Terry Callier's immense talents as a singer and storyteller.

## 6. anyone else you think might need enlightening/scaring this xmas.....

**(Aunt Elsie and Aunt May:)**

M.I.A - 'Galang'

Auntie say wat wat boy say wat wat shake a bumbaclat rub dem ting isa a bad boom clicker gringding after de turkey dinner jaknowatimean?

Just because the're 57, haven't done it for 20 years and wear smocks, doesn't mean they don't need to shake the big auntie booty- after they're given you the 'Davidoff Cool Water' shaving pack, of course. Rude boy bumbaclatt!

[<http://www.miauk.com/>]

**tiff peaches**

questions posed by **stef macbeth**

# [unsensational]

## “ASYLUM SEEKERS STEAL THE QUEEN’S BIRDS FOR BARBEQUES.”

On the 4th of July 2003, 3.5 million copies of The Sun were printed with this headline as a front page exclusive. The reporter, Mike Sullivan, fleshed out the story with ‘callous asylum seekers are barbecuing the Queen’s swans’. Several refugees, including Nick Medic, a journalist exiled from Eastern Europe, read the article. As the project communications manager for RAM (Refugees, Asylum Seekers and the Media), he was alert to the inclusion of bogus articles in British newspapers. As he investigated further, Steve Knight of the Swan Sanctuary told Medic that he could not confirm the event ever happened. Detective Chief Supt Hicks of the Metropolitan Police added that no official report concerning swan eating had ever been released to The Sun. Five months later The Sun published an apology stating they had replaced fact with conjecture. Hardly making up for characterising asylum seekers as ravenous devourers of all the Royal wild fowl unfortunate enough to cross their path.

Eastern Europeans eating swans is, however, no winner in the anti asylum seeker hall of fame. The Daily Star made a partial apology on January 8th for an article featuring Somali asylum seekers eating donkeys. Articles more damaging in their content include ‘Asylum Fiddle exposed; Refugee claims fall as work permits soar (Daily Express, 22nd March 2004) and ‘Suburbia’s Little Somalia’, with Somali refugees ‘bringing down the neighbourhood with drugs and crime’. (Daily Mail, Jan 12th 1999). Using marginalised outsiders as scapegoats for problems inherent in our society is the oldest trick in the book.

The stark everyday realities faced by asylum seekers are very different and can be easily represented by a short trip to Dungavel Detention Centre, situated in Lanarkshire. Dungavel is a holding facility for refugees and asylum seekers. Originally used as a hunting lodge by the Dukes of Hamilton, Dungavel was also briefly visited by Rudolph Hess, Hitler’s deputy leader who bailed out over the building towards the end of World War II. Opened as a detention centre in 2001, and administered by Premier Prisons, a private company

specializing in the running of secure facilities, it can hold two hundred detainees. Its male inmates are kept in separate quarters from those available to women and children. At Dungavel, there are staff on site to supervise the detainees. This involves lock ups, set meal times, and little opportunity of leaving the buildings. The Centre itself appears a cross between an airport waiting lounge and low security prison, with pre-fabricated buildings surrounded by barbed wire. Due to its remote location, with the nearest village being six miles away across uncultivated moorland, communication between Dungavel and the outside world is a challenge. This geographical isolation is matched by a jurisdictional one, with Dungavel not classified as part of the United Kingdom. Both factors ensure that providing assistance in the face of immediate deportation is a genuine problem.

So, how do broadsheets cover the issue of asylum seekers? With periodic exceptions, these newspapers take a more sympathetic angle. The Herald ran a feature on Olosola Popoola, an asylum seeker taken to Dungavel Detention Centre. Olosola was confined to Dungavel, a former prison situated in Lanarkshire, four weeks prior to his deportation. His wife, Sherian Letsoalwe told the Herald that Olosola ‘tried to kill himself because he was so desperate about his situation. He is back at Dungavel but he is coughing blood. How can they try to separate a family?’ Olosola’s response to his approaching exportation is, however not an isolated incident. In 2004, a 30 year old Vietnamese man, Tran Quang Tung committed suicide in Dungavel, the same detention centre in which Olosola made his attempt.

These realities don’t include swan-napping. Instead, they re-ignite the debate surrounding asylum seekers. A lucky percentage of these people are granted refugee status, and can legally stay in the United Kingdom. Unsuccessful applicants, however, are detained, prior to deportation back to their country of origin. This means separation from a wife, children, parents or siblings and possible execution or imprisonment upon arrival back in their country of origin. In this respect, finding a more humane method of dealing with these people’s situation becomes a necessity.

ed bonn



21



Small yellow sign with illegible text.

SPRINKLER  
STOP VALVE  
INSIDE

EXIT

Large graffiti on the door, including red and black tags and the word "MONEY" in green.

Blue graffiti on the wall to the left of the door.

Black graffiti on the wall to the right of the door.

# soul on the dole

One fine afternoon this October, I met a fashion icon. Well, it was pissing it down outside, so perhaps said afternoon was not so fine, but I digress...

Ascending a flight of stairs in the Theatre Royal, my young sister by my side, I was soon to be struck by the sight of a man with an aura of sartorial specialness. Dressed in a rather scabby blazer and a tweedy bow tie, with a fag on the go, but no ashtray, Mr Stephen Fry was sat atop the stairs, signing copies of his new book for the assembled throng. It was not just the elegance of Mr Fry which struck me, but rather the slight air of, well...scabbiness. His clothing looked as if it had been very expensive, but was now a little worn, and seen through the fug of fag smoke, there was something positively shabby-decadent about him.

And the words "shabby" and "decadent" perfectly sum up the look that is most exciting this season! There's been huge amounts of drivel spouted by the glossies about "the return to elegance", but it's not elegance in the traditional sense that is making a comeback. Roland Mouret has been dressing A-list celebs such as Nicole Kidman, but his corseted frocks and tight, puff-sleeved blouses look a damn sight more interesting on his dishevelled, pseudo-gothic looking catwalk models than they do on the human equivalent of Philadelphia Light.

Alexander McQueen's black silk cocktail dress, which has a cleavage as deep as the Mersey River, looks Dynasty-esque on toned, tanned, blonde starlets, but on gothic burlesque star Dita Von Teese, with her alarming voluptuousness and wicked expression it looks utterly sexatronic. The thing is, yes, there are Hitchcock style pencil skirts, ruffled blouses and ballgowns to be

worn, but there must be an air of seediness about the proceedings. Kate Thornton on the X-Factor in a Vivienne Westwood style bust-enhancing vamp dress looks like something out of Extreme Makeover Wedding (please let it exist), whilst model Prerna (see pictures), with her dishevelled hair, insouciance and scabby surroundings works the look to subversive perfection.

The truly elegant over the centuries have always been either too-posh-to-wash, or dressing in an overwhelmingly grand fashion despite living in poverty, so there's a feeling of bohemian scabbiness about both situations. Read Deborah Curtis's book 'Touching From a Distance', her account of her tortuous marriage to Joy division singer Ian Curtis and witness true poverty-decadence as Ian and Deborah attend underground parties in a grotty Macclesfield antique shop, full of dandies on the dole and bejewelled belles on benefits. Vintage party frocks and impeccably tailored suits were the order of the evening, and though the majority of the guests wouldn't have enough cash for a new packet of fags, there would be no depressing for the depression. The way to work this look is to dress two parts grand to one part scaffy. Think an hourglass velvet frock, pearls and patent Victorian boots worn with mussed up hair and a threadbare coat. A purple chiffon prom frock and lace gloves accessorised with duff-toed old heels and a few runs in the hosiery.

Listen to Echo and the Bunnymen's 'Villiers Terrace', a song of decadent behaviour and political uproar taking place in a falling apart old social club in Liverpool and be inspired by the mix of lofty Romanticism and rough reality. This band had the idea of decadence on the dole from their early beginnings, choosing to play in the grand outdoor scenes of Buxton and Skye and sing about

model: prerna prabhakaran  
clothes: miss selfridge  
stylist: jenny munro  
photographer: catriona munro






pearls and romanticised adventures, despite being penniless. Other inspirational tunes to dress by include the oeuvre of Edith Piaf (raised in a brothel, worked there for a bit, but still managed to look and sound utterly grand), and Patrick Wolf's 2004 album 'Wind in the Wires', which swings through topics such as gypsy gold, sailing on galleons and bad things happening to hitchhikers all to the creak of an old, cheapo violin.

The high street currently has a great selection of bourgeois little numbers which won't break the bank. All clothes from this month's shoot come from Miss Selfridge, whose current collection features silky capes, Biba-style bell sleeved polonecks with dainty buttons and luxurious leopard print coats. These items may look grand on the hanger but there's something so rock and roll about such clothing, it just begs to be worn with ripped tights and a faded leather handbag. If you're wealthy and you want to exude

class, you keep things subtle- nice little white gold wedding band, minimalist DKNY suit and hair neatly cut somewhere expensive. If, however, you're a penniless but downright fabulous fashion fox, you must dress completely over the top-flaunt the riches you don't have, with as much faux-fur and silk as possible, enormous jewelled rings and hair all over the shop.

So, there we go, bit o' class, bit o' culture. You might be smoking Richmond Superkings, but if you stick one of the cheap little devils in a cigarette holder you have an instant fashion statement. You might be drinking Morrison's £1.99 Sol de Espana red, but when it's quaffed from a champagne flute, it becomes rather rock and roll. As Wham! once said- "soul on the dole!"

jenny munro



YOU WON'T LIKE IT,  
SUGAR

*party politics*

What happens to rebellion when the world starts to buy in? In the late eighties and throughout the early nineties rave swept through the UK. It was young, offensive and self-sufficient. It was also very popular, which scared a lot of people. The Conservative government of the day responded with the 1994 Criminal Justice Act, banning almost all non-corporate outdoor gatherings. The Act forced the promoters and the parties over-ground and a generation of E-heads became entrepreneurs. For many, the opportunity to make a quick buck far outweighed any rebellious instincts they may have had at the start.

But for others, the commercial obesity that dominated 'clubland' in the nineties, left plenty of room for rebellion. One such group of rebels were the team behind Saturday nights at Glasgow's Sub Club, the antidote to everything that the word 'super' came to mean in the club industry. The combination of a fiercely credible (verging on snobbish) music policy and an aversion to egomania proved to be a winner. But elsewhere rebellion often proved more divisive than constructive.

In much the same way that the political left fragmented while Thatcher was in power, the anti-commercial clubbing community fragmented into microscenes. DJs started to limit themselves to just one type of music - whether it was raging techno, jazz-step drum'n'bass or a certain kind of deep house. Far from offering a credible alternative for those who felt alienated by mainstream clubbing, the rebels merely disappeared down musical cul-de-sacs.

What was needed was someone who could unite all the people who found the Thatcherite Dance industry repellent. Someone who could reclaim the notion of a party being about variety - different people, different musics, all integrating under one banner. Someone who could guide music lovers out of the cul de sacs that were stunting artistic growth. Someone who could inspire people to unite and bring about change. A Blair that the clubbers could call their own.

Things Can Only Get Better, sang John Prescott in 1997, as Labour stomped their way into power. A few months later, in circumstances far less crowing and with far less applause, a club that would unite and inspire and go on to define an era, was born. In November 1997 two punks by the name of Twitch and Wilkes were offered Sunday nights at the Sub Club. Their response was Optimo Espacio.

**"We were bored," says Twitch. "Bored with how predictable and conservative clubbing had become. Bored with all the new meaningless trends that were getting hyped. Bored with being bored."**



So they delved into their collections and pulled out a musical approach more akin to John Peel than any club DJ. But their ability and sheer gutsiness to move from sleaze-out funk to fuck-ya-maw techno to heartbreaking torch songs, upset as many people as it inspired.

Twitch, after all, wasn't some nobody. Since 1990 he had run (with DJ partner Brainstorm) seminal Edinburgh techno club, Pure, the first club to bring US techno pioneers like Kevin Saunderson and Jeff Mills to Scotland. For Twitch to start playing songs like Herb Alpert's 'Zorba the Greek' instead of (or God forbid, as well as!) the latest Underground Resistance pressing, must clearly have upset a lot of the Pure-ists. A Clause IV moment, you might say.

Because that's the point about Optimo: it wasn't so much a kick against the Thatcherite world of corporate Dance music; the real kicking was reserved for the dinosaurs of the clubbing-left, the blinkered purists and train spotters leading everyone down a musical and cultural dead-end. The fact that Twitch and Wilkes were both highly respected members of this scene made it all the more shocking, and all the more credible.

"It was liberating," says Twitch. "Most weeks it lost money but the 80 or so people who came were so passionate about it



that it didn't matter." Then after 18 months it suddenly picked up. "To this day I am totally bewildered as to what happened," says Twitch. "It was as if people finally got it."

Ever since, Optimo has packed in 400+ people every Sunday night and reformed the non-mainstream clubbing agenda. As well as spearheading the increasingly ubiquitous practice of using modern technology like Ableton Live software to make old and disparate types of music work for the dancefloor, Optimo over the years has staged culturally and musically seminal gigs including a specially reformed Liquid Liquid, the eighties New York pioneers who's track 'Optimo' gave the club its name.

These days there's nothing radical about playing different styles of music over the course of one night. You can see it by the popularity of people like 2 Many DJs, DJ Yoda and Erol Alkan's London night 'Trash'. But it becomes even clearer when you start to hear the same 'Optimo Anthems' at every party you go to by almost anyone with a set of decks. Optimo, the great reformer, the outsider, the enfant terrible of underground clubbing is very approved of these days. People who aren't even really into music like going to Optimo - or at least they say they do.

"We're always expecting the backlash," Twitch told me a few years ago. The backlash has never come. But Optimo needs the

backlash. It needs to be outside; disapproved of. 'You won't like it, sugar', ran a recent poster campaign. The irony almost hurts.

The problem Twitch & Wilkes face is that a lot of people are attracted to Optimo because it has been labelled 'eclectic'. They pathologically hate the label just as they hated the other labels Optimo has been given over the years - 'punk-funk' a few years ago; 'electro-clash' before that. They've avoided the pigeonholes by playing more of the other and less of whatever it is that's trendy.

But how can Optimo be less eclectic and still be Optimo? They can say "yuk" to the 'eclectic' word as much as they like and insist on other words like "adventurous" or "challenging" but to most people's ears, Optimo is eclectic. Which means Optimo is now not only championing a lot of music that has been accepted by the mainstream. Increasingly the format that made Optimo so rebellious is becoming the most acceptable way for a club to operate. These people expect to hear pop balanced with obscure music, the old and the new side by side and will complain if they don't hear a variety of styles of music in one night.

As Optimo turns eight, it is more popular than ever but is it rebellious? What can they rebel against now their former foes have turned into fans? Where do they go from here? We asked Twitch:

"Where do we go now? Is a very good question. I don't think there is anywhere really left to go. While we may still try to incorporate subversive sounds and ideas into the club i think ultimately optimo is a pop music club and has become part of the establishment, albeit a part that likes to still try and kick against the pricks on occasion.

**It took me quite a while to realise that I was actually ok with all this but when I did realise this, I concluded that optimo has to have a finite lifespan. I still love doing it and still think it has something to offer but I predict that when we reach the grand old age of ten, the mission will be terminated.**

So, what comes next? Well, a germ of an idea exists but i'd have to kill you if i told you what it was."

[Optimo (Espacio), Sundays @ the Sub Club, Glasgow:  
[www.optimo.co.uk](http://www.optimo.co.uk)]

**stef macbeth**

DECEMBER

6

Monday Independence Day Finland  
Week 10 • 341-023

# pete docherty's diary

[by alex benson]



me



The world smashes its way into my doe-eyed bambi face with such searing pain I think that it will finally kill me. I roll out of bed in spasms of tears and land face first in drug riddled excrement, lacerating my legs on broken glass. I roll around on my back for what feels like hours, calling Kate's name, and when she doesn't answer I start calling my own until it's time for breakfast.

In a lot of ways I'm glad that I'm the 21st century's Keith Richards. Sometimes it can be lonely. But I can shrug that off as quick as you can say 'the last vein left between your hip and your genitals'. Either way, the bathroom's only a quick lurch away so it's time to empty the cursed world I've made for myself into the pan.

The bile begins to subside, so I merrily scuttle on all fours across the bedsit to the kitchenette. As I smack my teeth into the corner of the MDF kitchen unit, I have a fantastic idea for a new song. It occurs to me that there's no need to roll over and play dead for the gargoyles of artistic conformity. So many other "classic" albums have been based solely around the sound of someone mastering an instrument and artfully presenting insightful lyrics to provoke thought, and change. Far wilder, to record the sound of me sitting on a high chair taking drugs through my arse. I start rehearsals right away and have barely got going when Kate thrusts a daring stiletto through the door of the bedsit. The shock makes me drop the gear before I get a chance to introduce it to my colon, and so history.

I slip off the high chair and greet Kate by being softly sick into her mouth. She pushes me away then sits down cross legged on the floor with a far-away look in her eyes. Actually, her eyes are so far away I have to scoop them up with a net. She starts babbling under her breath about a new T-shirt, but the as the story starts to drag on a bit I get bored and start pouring a sizzling mixture of heroin, ketamine and nit lotion in my eye. There's a slight (40%) risk of blindness and irrevocable brain damage, but the high is like being run over by a lorry carrying fifteen tonnes of MDMA.

An hour later I'm fairly relieved to open my eyes and still be able to see Kate muttering in front of me. The anecdote about the T-shirt has got hopelessly confused and it's hard to make out individual words. With no clear end to the story in sight I get up and focus on the day. I'm so tired. I get so tired sometimes. I mean, don't get me wrong I live the high life and I love the high times! But I can't help thinking that it would be nice just once in a while if Kate and I just got in the car and went to the seaside together, for an afternoon...

BANG and I lose my train of thought entirely as the door gets lifted off its hinges by a giant wave of spotty boys wearing familiar hats and blowing crack into each other's open wounds. Mates! They're all my mates, they've come to say hi to me and Kate.

"Kate", I shout, "Kate it's my mates!" But Kate just snarls and vomits coolly into a hat. I make a mental note not to wear it until it's been cleaned, or at least emptied.

Catching up with the lads is always great. Some of them are in my band, I'm told. Or at least that's what they told me when I asked why I was paying them. Who cares, it's only rock'n'roll but I like it. The old debts are looking a bit bleak at the mo, though - no, "I'm not going to let it spoil my day," I say out loud. Everyone looks at me and I shrink inside. Starting to feel a bit uneasy so I pour myself a glenfiddich and lean back against the work surface to play it cool with the troops.

I take one sip and feel frozen in time. I'm in so much pain that my body can't cope with any other feeling. The total focus on the apocalyptic sensation is perversely calming, as I forget that I'm even a human, or what the universe is and instead buckle against the bench clawing at my oesophagus and crying blood. Oven cleaner. I'd poured myself a healthy finger of oven cleaner and skulled the whole measure. Why was I keeping oven cleaner in a fucking whiskey bottle?

I try to remember my mum's number. Perhaps me and Kate need to go stay with her for a while.

My vision comes back over time and my mates Si and Si shudder single vision in front of me. It turns out just to be Si. I mutter that I'm fine, but that doesn't seem to be what he's after. "Have you got any money Pete?", he's saying. I think. "You need to pay us Pete. For the session". I count up how many there are in the room. So I need to pay six of you.

"There's twenty-five of us here, Pete", Si says. Seems reasonable, so I hand him my chequebook.

"What's this?" smiles Si. "It's my chequebook". "Chequebook? This is a tea-towel". He's right as well. I look out of the window and see the leaves on a tree. Si nods at Dave who nods at my drummer who I don't know who he is. They open the door and a flock of paparazzo cloud in and flash the flat. I'm always photo'd in my hat so I jump up, bang my shin and ram the hat hard on my head so the brim is around my ears, but by the time I'm standing the bedsit's empty. "They must have left together", I say out loud and sigh when I remember what hat I put on, but don't move to do anything about the sick dripping slowly down my forehead until it's dark outside.

# miranda bakes



## Trifling Trifle

500ml	double cream
35g	custard powder
35g	caster sugar
450ml	milk
1 x	can of fruit
1 x	packet of jelly
1 x	packet of swiss roll

This is the cheats' way to produce a thoroughly satisfying and seasonal dish, which can hover over you temptingly on the side board, throughout your Christmas Dinner, reminding you what treats are in store if you eat up all your sprouts... Though the different layers take time, each one is relatively simple and cheap to make. Just bear in mind that you must wait 12 hours before adding the custard- the jelly will take at least that long to set properly!

The base consists of chopping up your swiss roll into one inch slices and layering on the bottom of your glass dish (for an extra kick you can dribble some brandy/ cognac over this). Pour over the can of drained fruit (or if you want to be slightly extravagant use freshly chopped strawberries, peaches, nectarines...) Break up the packet of jelly into a separate dish and pour 290ml Boiling Water and mix until the gelatine has melted. Finally add no more than 200ml of cold water and stir, finally pour over the layered fruit. Pop into the fridge.

The next day, add the custard powder, sugar and milk into a pan and whisk together. Then place over the stove and keep whisking (for just under 5 minutes) until the sauce has thickened. Pour over the now set jelly. Lastly, whisk the double cream until it is thick, but not crumbly- and literally slide onto the custard layer. You can add some sliced strawberries or kiwi in a circle on top, but again, this is just a decorative touch. Note, the dish should be refrigerated and covered in cling film, to deter those sneaky fingers...

To me the word 'christmas' conjures up visions mountain-like in their proportions: great masses of presents, of baubles, of cards, and the best mountain of all... the food feast. There's nothing to get you in that massive, jolly, festive spirit like a spot of Christmas baking (with some carols on in the background, of course). Plus, you can always take your creations that little bit further and add a nice big red bow on top... voila! That's your aunt's present sorted! Everyone has their own seasonal touches, but here are some to start with...



## Swinging Christmas Biscuits

The quantities suggested will make a huge batch of biscuits to decorate and hang alongside your festive festoons, so if you intend on making them primarily for eating only, I suggest you halve all of the quantities...

90g	butter
100g	caster sugar
200g	plain flour
1	egg
½ tsp	baking powder
1 tbs	ground cinnamon

Set the oven to Gas Mark 4.

Cream the butter and sugar together until it is verging on a runny consistency and then break in the egg and beat further until all the ingredients are well mixed. In a separate bowl, mix the remaining dry ingredients together and pour into the first bowl. When mixed thoroughly together the ingredients should resemble dough. If it is too sticky, then add no more than 1tbs of flour. Wrap up the dough in cling film and sit it in the fridge for at least an hour and a half.

On a lightly-flour-dusted surface, roll out a third of the cold dough, but do not over roll or flour your creation, else it will become extremely tough. When the desired thickness is attained use cutters to create Christmasy shapes before sliding them onto a parchment-lined tin. Remember to create a substantial hole near the top of the biscuits so that, once iced, they can be threaded with ribbon and hung on a tree.

Leave them in the oven for no more than 10 minutes as they burn very easily- nevertheless, if they still look slightly pale, keep them in a little longer (i.e. a minute and a half but no more).

When cool, ice these biscuits with 6 tbs of sieved icing sugar and ½ tbs of boiling water. (Remember to whisk thoroughly to get rid of all the lumps and bumps; but if this is problematic, heat gently over a stove.) You can also add colouring to your icing, but remember to reduce the amount of water you put in (especially if you add anything else; you could bead them with silver balls, for example).

Lastly, slide some ribbon through their holes and hang elegantly around your tree, perhaps with a glass of mulled wine in your hand.

## Mince Pies For All (or at least 25!)

Every time I make these I am always tempted to put more than a teaspoon of mincemeat into the little pockets of pastry, but stop! it will only spill over and ruin the star studded tops. Extravagance must come later when you get to eat them warm from the oven...

60g	vegetable shortening
60g	butter
240g	plain flour
1 x	orange (refrigerated)
1 x	jar of 'robertson's' classic mincemeat
4 tbs	ground cinnamon

Turn your oven to gas mark 6.

Silly as it sounds, the success of your pastry depends predominantly on its coldness. So once you pour the flour into a large bowl and dollop little segments of all the butter and fat on top, make room in your freezer and then carefully place the bowl in to it for at least 30 minutes. After this time, wash your hands in very cold water before using them to rub the fats and flour together until the mixture resembles breadcrumbs. At this point, add the rind and juice of the orange slowly to the mixture until it forms a dough like consistency- (you may not require all the juice, so be careful).

Now divide the dough into 4 segments, wrap tightly in cling film and pop 3 of them into the fridge until required. Place the first dough ball on a well floured surface and roll away with either a well washed beer bottle, or a rolling pin, if you have one. Cut out little circles and pop them into a non-stick tart tin. Then put a teaspoon of the mincemeat (and a sprinkle of the cinnamon) into each pocket, roll out the rest of your pastry and this time cut out stars instead and snuggle them on top.

Pop the tray into the oven for no more than 12 minutes, and then get on with the next batch of pies... Once cooked and cooled, sprinkle with a bit of icing sugar and what I always end up doing on Boxing Day is placing them in a pretty box to take as offerings to my neighbours! A cunning strategy if you're planning on making much noise at Hogmanay... Merry Christmas!

miranda gulland

# EX-RED REVOLUTION

Before the SPL season started Hearts were being quoted at 500/1 to win the league. Those odds now stand at 3/1, with the club equal on points, short on goal difference, with leaders Celtic. This meteoric climb has been achieved primarily because of one man, new owner Vladimir Romanov. An inscrutable Lithuanian banker, who spent much of his formative years as a Soviet navy conscript stationed around the Arctic Circle, before later drawing the attention of the KGB while selling Elvis Presley bootlegs. Such darkly romantic beginnings offer a flavour as to why this mysterious, minor eastern European oligarch is subject to suspicious whispers regarding his general propriety and true intentions towards the Edinburgh club.

Indeed, Romanov has already conducted a Soviet style purge at Tynecastle, dispensing with one manager (George Burly), one chief executive (Phil Anderton), and one chairman (George Foulkes); for not, it is thought, towing the party line. Upon his resignation, Foulkes even remarked, 'Romanov is behaving like a dictator and if he continues there will be a revolution against him.'

But, if Hearts succeed in their quest to break the Old Firm stranglehold on Scottish Football, they will win their first title in 45 years. And you have to go back a decade before such a prospect looked even remotely possible. Few Jambos can deny that so far, it's been so good.

In the English capital, a grander transformation has taken place. Chelsea's now renowned proprietor, Roman Abramovich, has invested hundreds of millions in the club, securing it's position as the biggest financial fish in an already affluent pond. And, consequently, Chelsea's envied status in England and beyond: one league and cup title in the bag, the expectation that there's many more to come, and a manager and team that few think incapable of conquering the heights of European football.

Prior to last season Chelsea had not landed the league title in 50 years. Now they threaten to achieve an unparalleled dominance of the game, and consign Arsenal and Manchester United's decade long two horse race to the history books. So far, so incredible.

Even more jaw dropping is Abramovich's own rise. An orphan by the age of four, he was brought up by his family not a million miles from where Romanov first got his feet wet, in the severe environs of the Arctic circle. He then went from selling plastic ducks from his Moscow apartment, to taking full advantage of the fire-sale of Russia's old state owned industries; currently residing in a place among the top 50 of the world's richest. His bank balance and business portfolio dwarfs that of Romanov's, but Abramovich too suffers from a sinister image. Russia's status as the corruption capital of Europe and his remarkable rise through those murky waters, prompted Chelsea fan and one time Sports Minister, Tony Banks MP, to mutter that he had concerns over whether Abramovich was a 'fit and proper' owner. In one sense of 'fit', however, Banks is off the mark.

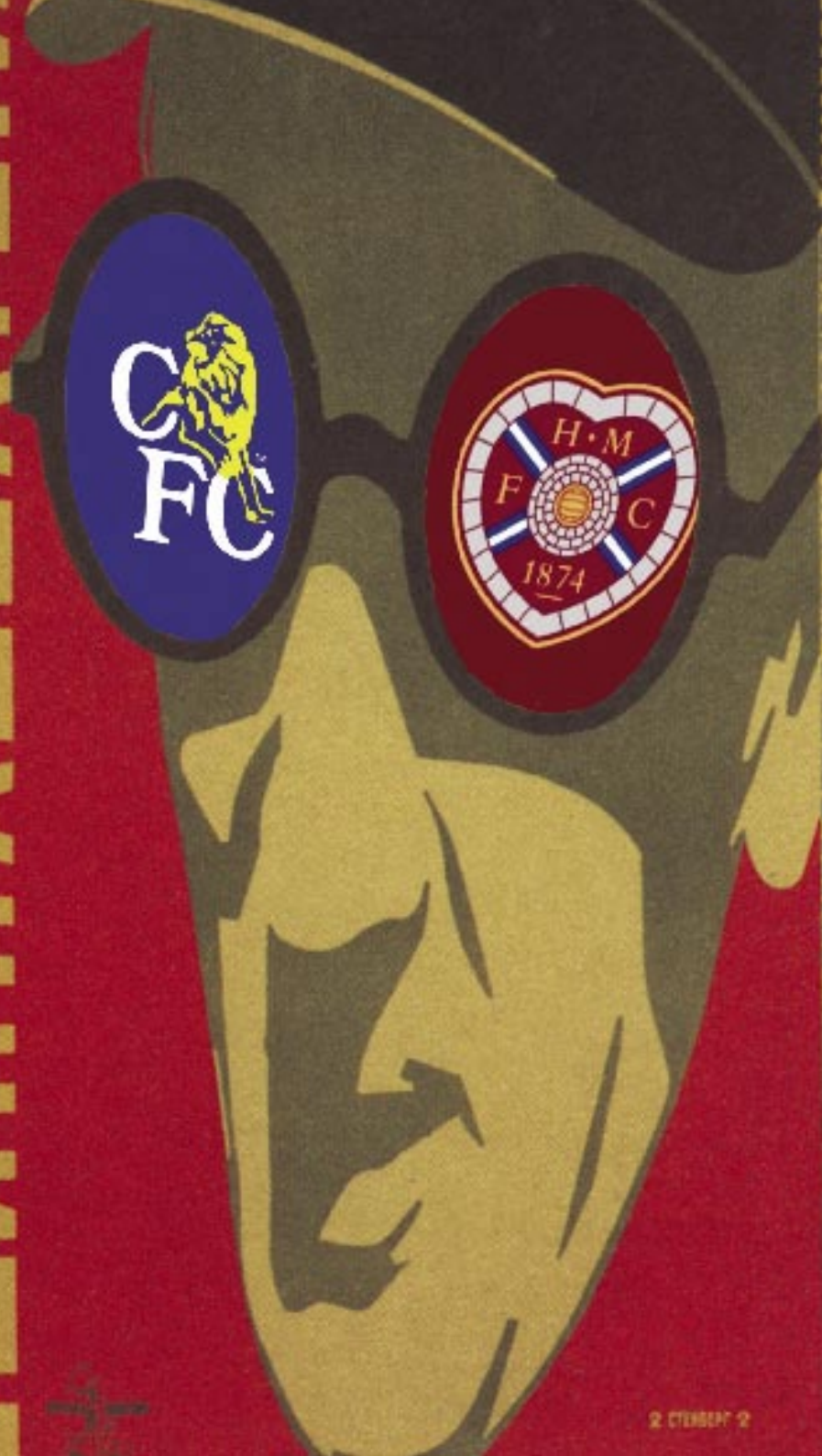
**The fact that it took two old reds, with millions under their beds, to challenge the old football powers in England and Scotland, invites some striking comparisons between their pasts, the histories of their countries, and our national game.**

Romanov and Abramovich have profited hugely from the free market maelstrom that engulfed the Eastern Bloc upon the collapse of the Soviet Union. And, in certain respects, modern football suits their entrepreneurial flair. That once working class game now realises some of the many consequences of laissez faire systems: massive inequality, the monopolisation of the upper echelons by a small, wealthy elite, and the idolisation of the bottom line.

Strangely echoing the fact that our two Romans' wealth was born out of the death of a far-left superpower; in this country, at around the same time, football - a sport embraced by the masses, whose most successful managers were raised in industrial heartlands - was being similarly transformed. How fitting, then, that these ex-reds should now find themselves in the director's box on a Saturday afternoon, overseeing their very own revolutions.

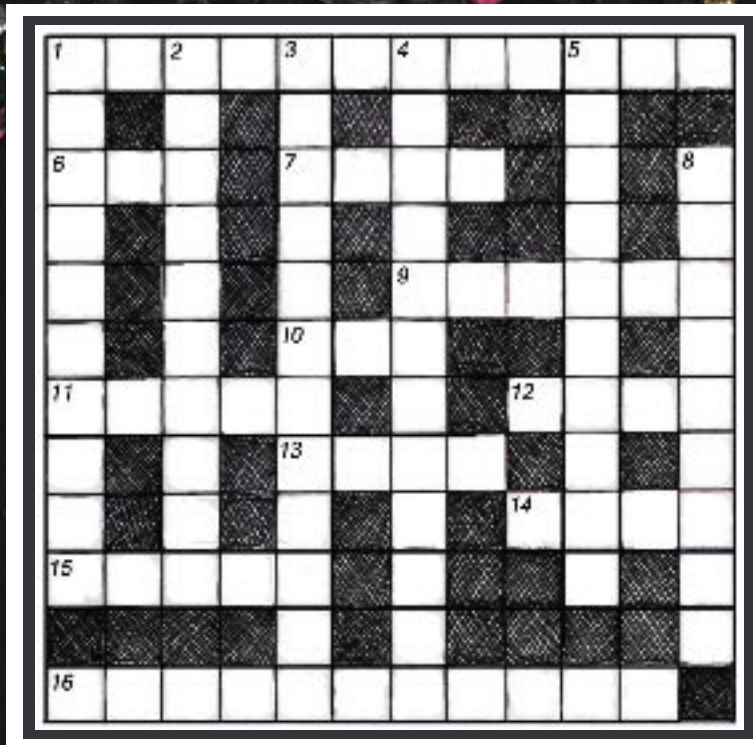
john donaldson

ОДИННАДЦАТЫЙ



ВТР-РУКОВОДИТЕЛЬ ЛЭИГА ВЕРТОВ ГЛАВНЫЙ ОПЕРАТОР КАУФМА

# The crossword



## across

1. Editor of the Spectator and renowned apologist to Liverpool (5,7)
6. U.S. cable network (1.1.1)
7. - - - - to God, my God in my Sickness (4)
9. The Duke's virtuous-seeming Deputy in Shakespeare's Measure for Measure (6)
10. As slippery as an - - - (3)
11. Charles - - - - -: Hero of Evelyn Waugh's Brideshead Revisited (5)
12. Type of lord, inclined to the dark side in the Star Wars Prequels (4)
13. Stratford upon - - - - (4)
14. Napoleon Bonaparte's first place of exile (1814-5) (4)
15. The adult leader of a pack of Cub Scouts (5)
16. 'It is a truth - - - - - acknowledged that every man in possession of a large fortune must be in want of a wife.' (11)

## down

1. Execrable 80's girl-group, unfortunately reformed (10)
- 2 & 8 Down. King of England 1189-99 (7,3,9)
3. The mouthpiece of the Arabian Nights, who told the Sultan 1001 tales and so avoided execution (12)
4. Little men who are to be found eating cacao beans in Willy Wonka's chocolate factory ( 12)
5. Tony Blair's constituency (10)
8. See 2 Down.

## [competiton]

### get on the guestlist:

last issue's lucky winner of guestlist to andy weatherall @subclub was mr. oliver young... but don't lose heart oh you multitude who didn't get picked out of the hat.. we have a very special christmas treat lined up just for YOU!

### subculture xmas party with rolando 23rd december 2005

direct from his detroit bunker via his nice house in edinburgh, the man behind seminal underground resistance anthem 'knights of the jaguar' joins festivities at the sub club

...you can be there too:  
on the guestlist...

All you have to do is answer the following question:

### what detroit record label did rolando release the 'knights of the jaguar' EP on?

Send your answer, plus your name, email address and contact phone number to [gum@src.gla.ac.uk](mailto:gum@src.gla.ac.uk)

**closing date:**  
**monday 19th december**



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