

*boris johnson & the graduation special*



*Spring 06*

**BOB**

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What you're missing, the music editor kept repeating like the relentless ferret he is, what you're lacking is an editorial, a manifesto of GUM if you will, an explanation of GUM and what GUM is and what GUM stands for. You need to preach a sermon on GUMness to convert the unGUMmed and stir GUM in the hearts of those who might be blessed with a predilection for its vices. Well, that all seemed rather self-aggrandising and functionless to the rest of us. If you're reading GUM in the first place you're doing what we want you to, and if you're not reading GUM, haranguing you in its pages is unlikely to help matters.

But, now there is a cause for serious talk of GUM within its pages, a reason to preach the cause and make a trumpet call to those who have enjoyed us. Our staff is almost wholly forged from the ranks of weary fourth years all poised to lope off into the sunset of waged work. And the GUM team have worked hard to get where we are today. We rethought and we redesigned. We have spent many a lonesome night with nothing but an 8 pack of Strongbow and a computer screen for company. Whatever the acronym GUM means to Glasgow University now, in the immortal words of Miss. Jenny Munro, it no longer reminds people of a family planning leaflet setting out to educate on the issues of Genito-Urinary Medicine. No, no. And that is where you come in. Email. Write. Phone. If you like GUM the way it is now, help keep it going...

Emily  
Editor 2005/6

boris

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ON FOOTBALL

john donaldson on football, fascism, thuggery and the addiction to sporting glory from which some teams need serious rehabilitation...

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YES

### tea time telly

so the entire junior branch of the bishop family has now been wiped off the face of the earth in a dramatic plane crash soundtracked by dramatic choir music. even though they all landed in a swimming pool serena still managed to drown after removing her water wings. about time too says a nation of neighbour's watchers. now lets wipe out the hoyland clan in a gregorian chant soundtracked nuclear holocaust helpfully confined to anson's corner. extreme viewing pleasure. almost as exciting as noel edmond's fashion-parade of slacks on deal or no deal.

### men in military hats

nothing surer to set female pulses racing lads. that and a soviet style beard (see below for jaundiced, how-to diagram) think richard gere in an officer and a gentleman, only with decidedly hirsute, intellectual pretensions...mmm...

### fat bottomed girls

at long last, the arse is back. an Edwardian bustle of a backside is what's truly on the money this fashion season

### the party season

its on its way oh so soon and gum is having its very own P.A.R.T.Y. watch this space come the month of may... it's going to be grand

### madonna's arse

large arses may be on the menu but madonna's rump truly is the stuff of nightmares. two great balls of pumped up sinew raging their way out of that pink leotard. oh dear god woman. oh dear god.

### the pussycat dolls

another idea to scare us all witless is that the Pussycat Dolls may be with us a while longer. gum doesn't want to speculate, but the red-haired one: transsexual or natural woman? there's been a lot of debate round these parts on the issue and on whether all or merely some of them are wearing wigs. and they want to know why you don't wish your girlfriend was a "freak" like them?

### somerfield

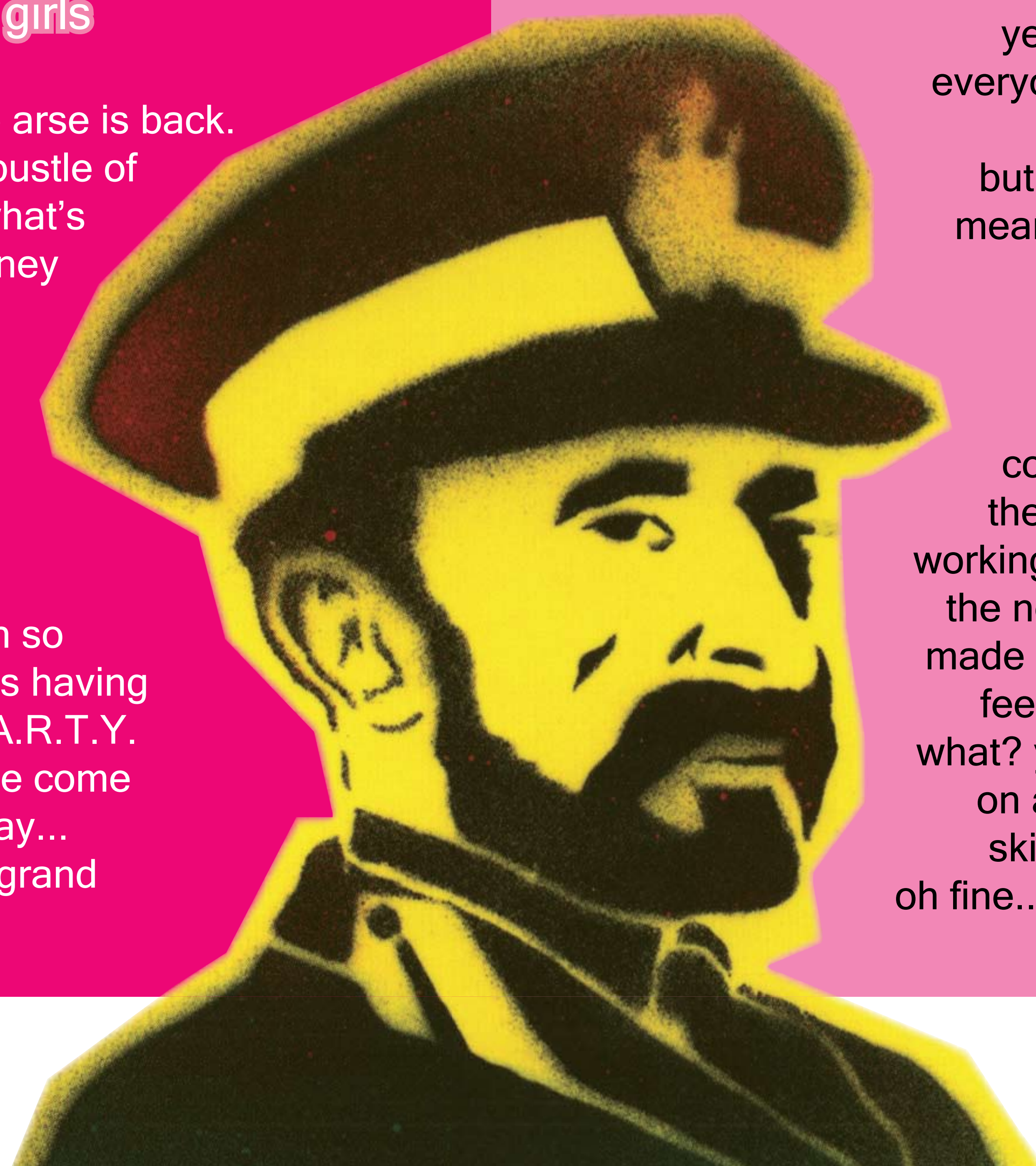
is there any shop more useless?

### desperate housewives series 2

yes, we know, everyone's saying its rubbish... but that doesn't mean its not true

### the end...

has contemplating the prospect of working a 9 to 5 for the next 50 years made anyone else feel nauseous? what? you're going on an extended skiing holiday? oh fine... be like that



NO



# in the news...

**terror n. 1 extreme fear. > the use of terror [ laws ] to intimidate people**

‘Terror laws’ is a phrase easily dropped into conversations and often seen screaming its way across newspaper front-pages. It sidles furtively deeper into the public consciousness with every repetition. But what exactly does it mean? Any politician worth his salary passes the phrase off as “anti terrorist measures, introduced to stop further attacks, and arrest those responsible for the July 7th bombings”.

Charles Clarke went one step further, announcing he would use ‘his powers to deport and exclude those engaging in unacceptable behaviour’- a statement which leaves a huge amount to the imagination. Does this mean he intends to run into the proverbial phone box, change from overweight politician to tights-wearing superhero in the blink of an eye and deport all those naughty terrorists back to Lebanon before they know what’s hit them?

Both slogans can be better defined as attempts to deal with some of the harsher realities which our 21st century world has thrown at us. Passenger jets converted into missiles, rucksacks into explosions and people into bombs. All this results in a flood of hastily drafted legislation rushed through Westminster, and the trade-off of personal liberty for protection from terrorist attacks.

The most telling demonstration of this to date is the case of the nine men held in Belmarsh prison without charge or trial for three

years under emergency powers rushed through after the September 11th attacks. Despite support from the House of Lords, who condemned such measures as “incompatible with European human rights laws”, Charles Clarke has said the men will remain in prison, and for an indefinite period of time. His authority to do so rests on the terror laws renewed last month.

But, with such a direct circumvention of the basic human rights of British citizens, should such legislation have been up for renewal at all? A group of high court judges also condemned this indefinite detention as contrary to the European convention of human rights. Their representative, Lord Hoffman ruled that there was no ‘state of public emergency threatening the life of the nation’ and, hence, no reason to imprison terrorists suspects indefinitely, and without trial. The laws allowing such a travesty of justice to continue, as Ken Livingstone pointed out were “worded so loosely that they would in the past have banned Nelson Mandela and his supporters from Britain”.

In the face of such criticism, these ‘terror laws’ should be re-written to fall in with human rights conventions. Their current form lays Britain open to accusations of human rights abuse, and muddies the waters when it comes to identifying and dealing with bona fide terrorists. To end with the immortal words of Bob Dylan, ‘Heard some footsteps inside my front porch door / Grabbed my shotgun from the floor / Snuck around the house with a huff and a hiss / Saying hands up you communists / It was the mailman / He punched me out’.

**ed bonn**

# the metaphorical

## boris

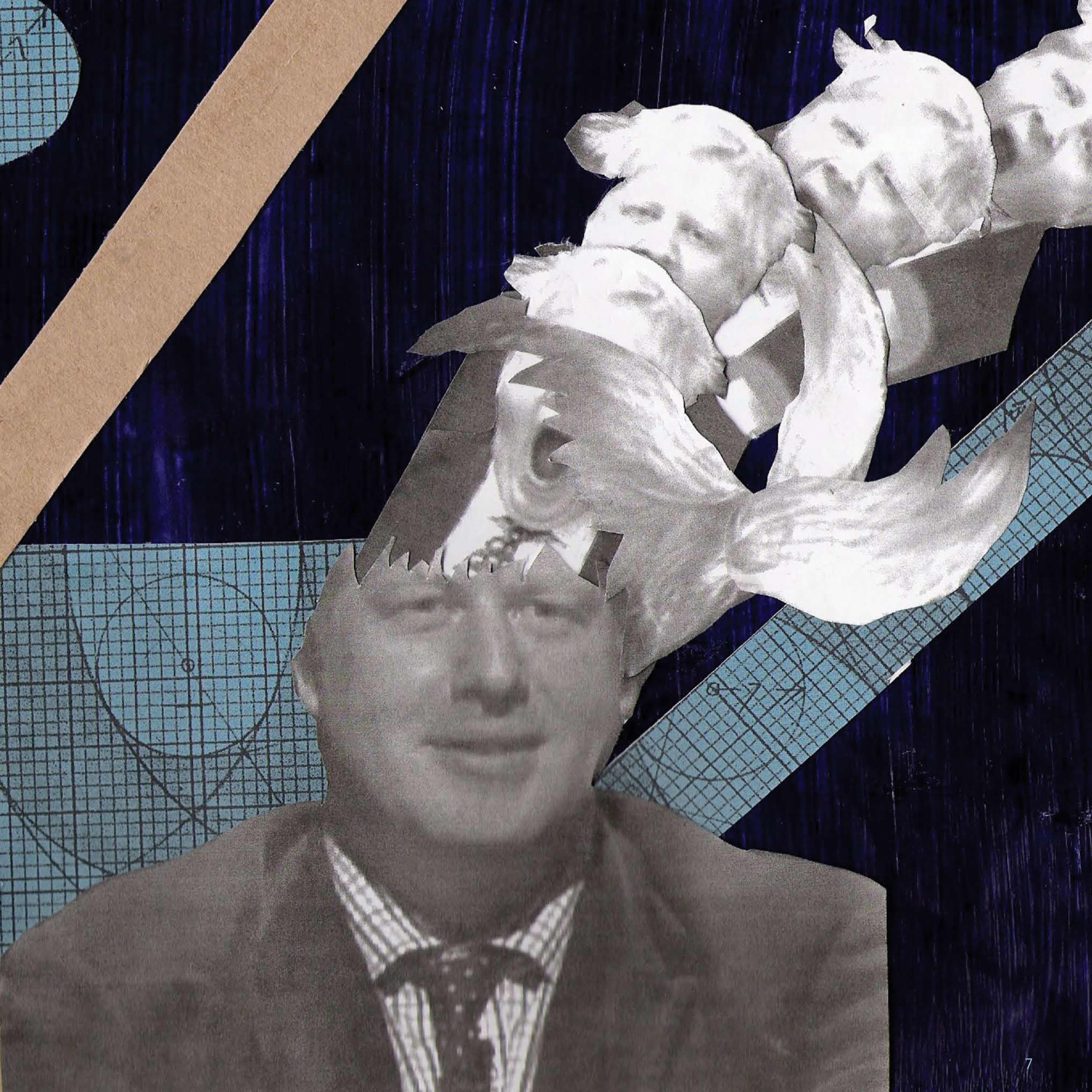
On the same day GUM interviewed Boris Johnson he was also interrogated by Richard and Judy on live T.V. Five o'clock, the nation tunes in. Judy looks a bit the worse for wear, and by the time she's slurred through a few features and asked some distinctly disconnected questions, it's hard not to stare at her bobbing, blonde head and wonder why on Earth she's pissed on national television. If she's not pissed, is she mad? After a rather dull feature on a man who was eaten alive by a bear, Richard and Judy go to a commercial break promising to be 'back in a tick' with Boris Johnson. They come back, and Boris must be thinking 'how the blither am I going to make myself the centre of attention when Judy Finnegan's practically falling out of her chair?' and quick as a flash, just before the camera pans in on him, he scoops that magnificent creamy forelock of his (the one *Vanity Fair* described as 'unkempt, ethereal, angelic') and wrenches it wildly askew, at an angle so devastating as to require the immediate on-set attention of a hairstylist to tame its virile lurch. Bingo. All eyes on Boris. Hello Britain, smiles Boris, in that sham-bumble way, -like he didn't mean to, it just happened that way- now I have your full attention I think we can begin.

So expert and so effortless is Boris' exploitation of his own hair in the battle to maintain the attention of the nation it is hard to believe he does it without some studious deliberation. When GUM meets Boris there are no cameras and the hair is disappointingly sensible: it's a little electrocuted, a little wig-like, but nothing out of the common way. But then we are not here to be charmed and amused, we're here to talk education.

There have been so many Boris profiles recently (or Bozza profiles if one intends to take a jaunty angle) that a standard formula

has been established. The most important ingredient is, of course, to mention his hair and what *it* is doing, followed by the state of his dress (natty, but ruffled). Then we get down to what Boris is doing (he is Shadow Minister for Higher Education) and then we get a potted biography of his life. School at Eton, a scholarship to study Classics at Oxford, he was President of the Oxford Union before embarking on a highly successful career as a journalist, culminating in his editing *The Spectator* for 6 years and increasing its readership to some 60,000. He entered parliament in 2001 as member for Henley and increased his majority in 2005 by over 4000. One politely glosses over the rumours of the extra-marital affair with *Spectator* columnist Petronella Wyatt with the punctuational equivalent of a smirk and sketches in the details of the Kimberly Fortier/Quinn/David Blunkett debacle which led the press to dub *The Spectator* the 'Sextator', and put a wrecking ball to the career of the then Home Secretary. Then one gets down to a rehearsal of Boris' television career (with principal reference to *Have I Got News For You*) in which he has carved out a highly convincing man-as-idiot persona. It is best at this point to employ the term 'Wodehousian'. Then one must reveal (confidentially) that this persona is pure and clever artifice: Boris is no idiot.

Much more interesting is to apply Boris' populist methodology to his new job as Shadow Minister for Higher Education. For here too he has managed to create a centre of attention, despite the fact that it is frequently described as a 'decidedly second-rate brief' by political commentators. In fact so saturated is the press with reports of Boris' views on higher education in the week we interview him, it is initially difficult to extract any of Boris' views that we haven't already read.



Just as the hair has a few stock positions, so do Boris' new metaphors of choice, selected for the dual benefit of grabbing the headline and seeming eminently sensible. He knows how to manipulate the press, and he's far more intelligent than anyone wheeled into interview him. The podcast of his interview with the Guardian is a good example. Extolling his belief in academic freedom as espoused by Justice Felix Frankfurter, Boris solemnly intones after a pause, 'Ich bin ein Frankfurter' and then 'It'll be the headline won't it? Oh Christ.' Oh cripes, like Bozza didn't have that one down pat whilst practicing wielding his hair into comical angles in the bathroom mirror. *Ho ho*, sniggers Boris the Menace, *that'll appeal to the wacky, liberal sandal-and-socks wearing spirit of anyone reading the Guardian's education supplement indeed it may even make the front banner.* As, of course, it did. Boris's skill with the metaphor is basically the dynamism of his hair translated into newsprint.

He has a metaphor for every occasion. Who is his political hero? Churchill? Disraeli? No, no.

**"My political hero is the Mayor in Jaws, I always give the same answer to this, the Mayor in Jaws, you know the Mayor in Jaws? He's the one who keeps the beaches of Amity Island open, because he's right in assessing that it is statistically vanishingly unlikely that there could be a shark about to eat all his constituents. And in an act of, clearly, political nerve decides that he will gratify the shopkeepers and business community of Amity Island and not close the beaches, and of course everything goes wrong because there is this bloody shark... [but] he stood up against hysterical desire for regulation."**

His newly created 'same answers' for education take a similar approach, as he parades out fresh rhetorical figurines: the Hospital Porter (Tuition Fees), Uncle Sugar (the Nanny State) and Mickey Mouse (the 'Degree in Dross'). Attractive, amusing scenarios rooted in common sense, designed for popular appeal. They neatly encapsulate the new lines to which Boris is sticking,

The hospital porter sums up for Boris the inherent rectitude of tuition fees. Funding for higher education, Boris remarks, has been "coming out of general taxation in a way that is thoroughly regressive. So hospital porters are paying through their taxes for Old Etonians to receive massively subsidised education." There he is the hospital porter, mop in one hand, the giant bill of the Old Etonian's Bullingdon Club tab poking out of his other. Is it fair? Is it right? Is it principled?

With un-PC temerity, Boris will persist in calling certain degrees (Media Studies, for example) 'Mickey Mouse degrees' and repeats,



almost cheerfully, that the study of such courses leads to a proliferation of 'dross': "of course because if you expand higher education in the way that it has [been expanded] you're obviously going to get more dross. Of course there is dross...." But there is no persuading him to have a go at them, as previously *The Spectator* did, when in vituperative, pre-election leaders, it declared Tory-war on the culture of 'Windsurfing at the University of Bangor'. In fact, Boris has found a new useless degree of choice in the spectre of 'Yorkshire Studies'. But increasingly, it seems Boris has come to develop a Voltairian tolerance on matters of higher education. He may quietly think your degree is entirely "absurd" but he will defend to the death your right to study it. There is no perturbing him. Those experts on matters Yorkshire might be "improving their life chances, whatever the jargon phrase- their qualifications- and enriching themselves."





at 11 and then people feeling that they've failed at a critical moment in their lives... you know of course the world is full of brilliant people who've failed the eleven-plus..."

Perhaps lost in the metaphor of the sheep and the goats, Boris becomes truly animated for the first time in the whole interview and veers off into the realm of the un-Cameron, a strain in Boris-logic that doesn't have the air of a 'same answer'. Warming to his theme, leaving us to draw the dots of how all this links up with the cult of Yorkshire studies and the hospital porter, Boris suddenly declaims:

**"You know you can't have success without failure. You can't have excellence unless you concede that some people are frankly less good. And there seems to be a sort of implacable ideological aversion to facing this brutal reality of the human species. I'm afraid it is a tragic fact that I think its 12% of the population, even 16 % percent of the population has an IQ of less than 85. Now that is pretty dim. Is that a horrifying thing for me to say? It's true. It's a fact of biology. Get used to it. People can't help it if they're stupid. Yeah? We should be less sort of phobic about this, its just, you know, the way things are..."**

Currently, everyone seems to like Boris. Labour voter. Green voter. Liberal Democrat. All of them express a preference for the old chap. They like his common sense approach, his criticism of the Iraq war, that man-as-idiot persona. But it remains to be seen if Boris' huge popularity can survive his transition to sensible politicking, such outbursts trumpeting his die-hard belief in 'market principles' with Widdecombe-like matter-of-factness. Where the other stalls at Glasgow University's Fresher's Fayre recruited new members to their ranks with the aid of pens, balloons or toilet roll with Tony Blair's head on it, the Tory party stall was armed simply with two hundred 'I love Boris' badges and a fine line in "I love - - - -" postcards. It remains to be seen whether in 5 year's time Boris has been able to sustain his greatest metaphor, that of 'Boris', the laugh-a-minute, people's friend, the bumbling buffoon everyone would like to have a pint with. Will he still be the secret weapon in the battle for the youth vote, or will he be perceived as another ambitious, political careerist in a grey suit- albeit with a tremendous coiffure and a fine line in exotic imagery?

The banality of Blair's 'education, education, education' is not for Mr. Johnson, but we may have to wait a few years to learn his thoroughgoing solutions to our particular problems. Until then, we may feel free to burden the hospital porter, execute our 'Mickey Mouse degrees' and blame Uncle Sugar when two years after graduation our 2:1 sits rotting in a call-centre.

Higher education is "great" and Boris is an "enthusiast".

But surely it is difficult to get a job when one has a degree in 'dross'. Should the government advise students on what degree to take? Should they be warned against spending £12, 000 on a degree that might not help them in the job market? No, not at all, if it went wrong it would be one more reason "to blame Uncle Sugar".

But how are we to improve the chances of working class children getting into the top universities, or indeed, any university at all, without reintroducing the grammar school? "What's the answer to that?" Boris demands. The grammar school doesn't solve the problem of low aspiration among working class children. For under a grammar school system one got a "very shaving sheep and goat separation

emily hill



# *miranda graduates...*

It's that time of year again when making ends meet happens in more sense than one: end of your exams? End of your flatmates? Or worse/better still, the end of your entire university career? Whatever it is, you've got to think of the summer as the start of something new- so forget about jumping off bridges in a ballgown and tux, we are here to offer you something exciting to jump into, and suggest how to jump in to it in style... and the comfort is- it's not what you know (thank god) but who you know, now really starts to count.

So grab yourself a few friends, forget about recipes for success (if you want it, you'll get it) here's GUM's complete recipe for flinging finale fun. So whether you are celebrating the end of something now old (sigh) or the start of something completely new (hurray!), I offer you a complete culinary guide to your night ahead and morning after...

## **lime lunging stirrers (cocktail)**

**16 limes**                    **to make 500ml juice**  
**400g**                        **caster sugar**  
**2 packets**                **fresh mint (leaving a few sprigs aside)**  
**2.5 litres**                **cold water**  
**1 bag**                        **of ice cubes**  
**1 x**                            **bottle of vodka**

Scrape the zest of the limes into a pan with a fork or grater (watching those nails) and then pour in the sugar, mint and water and slowly bring to a boil- stirring constantly so the sugar doesn't stick. Now reduce the heat slightly and let the sauce bubble gently for eight minutes until the mixture has thickened slightly. Remove from heat and when cooled strain into a large jug with a sieve.

Now, the amount of vodka you put into this jug, or indeed gin if you fancy an extra kick, is down to your own preference. Alternatively, you can also just pour shots of alcohol into each glass individually (thus catering for the sober stone in the corner). But if you are going to put the alcohol straight into the jug, I would suggest no more than five 25ml measures... more than that and it could get nasty...

Squeeze the limes and add along with the water to the jug of syrup; pop in some ice and left over sprigs of mint to float on the top for a touch of sheer decadence and glamour... ching ching!

## **hangover heaven (cure)**

Good night or bad night, you have a million things to do and need to zap yourself into action (you have to go out and find that job remember!) well, a good layering-a-grease will always help; but here's a more adaptable alternative as it will serve as your breakfast and lunch, all at once...

**4 x**                            **eggs**  
**4 slices**                    **of white bread**  
**4tbs**                        **olive oil**  
                                **sweet chilli sauce**  
**½ packet**                **mozzarella/halloumi cheese**  
**5 rashers**                **of bacon**

The easiest way is to grill your bacon until it is thoroughly crispy, but if you can only fry, then add the bacon to a very hot pan; and once it has cooked leave in a warm oven on a plate of tinfoil to maintain its heat and dry it out a little. Clean the pan of its fat, and pour in a little more oil and reset on the stove.

Separately, whisk the eggs together in a large bowl and season. Dip in the bread and leave for a few seconds before turning over to coat the other side and then slam the slices of eggy bread into the pan and watch them sizzle. The bases should have browned after a few minutes at which point you turn and cook the other sides. While this side is cooking slam on a layer of the soft cheese on top of the cooked side of one of the breads and watch it melt. After a few minutes, remove from the pan.

Add the bacon onto the melted cheese; generously drizzle with the sweet chill sauce and finish with the other cheesless eggy bread on top. Cut into triangles and enjoy hot with a cold refreshing drink of bitter grapefruit juice. Sigh.

Repeat exercise for your other-half/flatmate/cat, etc.



## **the perfect night (some tips)**

Well, now the before and after menu's sorted it's perhaps time to discuss the meaty substance of the night in hand. Just remember, if you haven't done as well as you'd hoped that'll be because you've spent 4 years having the time of your life so there'll be plenty o' people and plenty o' booze at your shindig- don't ruin your night by dwelling on grade misery.


The GUM team, of course, are having a grad party of our own to which you are ALL invited (watch this space come May) but just in case you need more advice on what to wear, how to cope and how to enjoy here are some of our happy snaps and the full-proof advice of miss. munro and mr. benson to help you on with your evening... Happy graduating and have an excellent summer!

**miranda gulland**





# *what to wear...*



**D**ressing for graduations, award ceremonies, the opening of the 23rd G1 Group bar in your street can be a tricky thing. The most awful mistake most of you will end up making will be dressing for comfort over style. Good God! If the Lord had intended you to cover up that fabulous tush in a pair of jeans (the unmentionable garment) he wouldn't have invented the pencil skirt.

A surefire way to make a lasting impression on the other members of your graduating class is to work the Eastern European Department Store Bride look. A large furry pelt draped somewhere over your person is requisite, as is a minion to carry the damned thing about if you get too warm. Practice now: "Oh, for fuck's sake, Barry! One more drop of Reef on my coat and I'll seriously consider having your Dad's legs broken!" A pair of desperately uncomfortable shoes is necessary, too. If they ain't high enough to draw blood, don't even consider them.

This is the kind of occasion for bosom flaunting corseted frocks, but only around those gentlemen students who you are certain will go on to do great, moneyed things. No room for subtlety, this might be your only chance to seduce the future Home Secretary. Leave the flat fronted, baby pink TK Maxx dresses to the pansies, or just to those ladies who are seeking nothing more than approval from the GUU Independent Fashion Team....but I digress.

**Gents, if you can't get your hands on a genuine piece of Savile Row tailoring, accessorize well enough to forget that niggling little Next label, complete with bloody red blotch to indicate a sale purchase. Pull apart your wristwatch, and scrawl "HERMES" onto the face before putting it back together. And, above all, leave your shirt open a few notches so all the fillies can salivate over your hirsute glory and assume you're actually visiting from Oxford and your name is Guy.**

**jenny munro**



## *how to cope...*

**T**he flourish of finishing the final word of your last exam script ('sorry') ought to be the same movement that rips the cord of the lid of the can of Strongbow Super you had sellotaped to your inside thigh, as per the instructions in 'Benson's exam guide 1998'. As you sit stock still, as the papers are requisitioned, you should gulp and guzzle and stare, straight ahead. The rest of your life is lashed to the front of the bullet train heading straight towards you.

Open another can. You're out of the hall now. In that short walk you have completed the transition from intellectual to jobless. Supers act on your throat, lungs and heart by coating your insides with a gelatine agent that burns. Focus on this to stop the anxiety that is rising from your knees to your eyes from reaching your brain and paralysing you stock dead still.

**You may find it helpful to indulge in banal conversation with the other dimwits about the kind of pen you used to answer question 4 (f) ii. You may find it terrifying that this is now as relevant to your future as your previous position as milk monitor in infant school. Swig.**

On your way to the pub, you should begin the course of Valium. You should really be looking to consume the little blue helpers in volumes the World Health Organisation recognises as 'industrial', but if you find you're getting full up then don't fret. They are equally effective as suppositories.

At the bar, grasp at the last of the money provided by the banks and the state to fund your studies. Before you use it to pay for your dogbite (Strongbow Super, Special Brew, a dash of vodka and amphetamine sprinkling to taste) dwell on the characters you have seen in the queue for jobseeker's allowance. Try to decide which ones you could get used to hanging out with. Or perhaps marrying.

You should be well on the way now, the only problem is that it's a mystery where. In a few days you'll be able to focus, and you should use that time to contemplate carefully the next dreary, grey sixty years until you can't take it any more and die from frustrated boredom. You will, however, have letters after your name - so at least it's worth it.

**alex benson**



*slip on the hips*



Paddy swept his jet-black crest of hair away from his eyes, and sighed. If he stared hard enough at his shiny black boots, he could just about make out his own reflection in the tight, polished leather. This was hardly what he would call a P-A-R-T-Y. It was barely even a shindig. Paddy loathed students. All these non-descript, skinny girls, in their cut-off leggings, their waistcoats, their denim miniskirts: their idiotic angular haircuts swept a diagonal line of sheer vileness across the living room. The music was unmentionable. Not the sort of sounds a man could be proud of dancing to in his Edwardian-Teddy-Boy coat, duck's arse hairdo shoogling like a Brylcreemed blancmange.

He was just about to leave, when he caught sight of a figure, radiating in the corner of the room. It was the arse he saw first, tightly packed into a scarlet, silk pencil skirt. From the derriere up, his breath caught along the curves of child-bearing hips, a miniscule waist and a gravity-defying bosom in an angora sweater. She looked as lost as he felt...

He watched her drink her Archers daintily through a straw. Clocking her opened pink silk clutch bag under her arm, he noticed that she had brought a packet of straws herself, so as not to spoil the perfect heart-shape of her rosy mouth. For a moment, she turned from him, and he saw two dark red seams leading up the backs of her calves. Good God! He had to clutch his tightly buckled belt to control himself. This was evidently no place for creatures such as themselves. Filling his little chest with air and courage, he stealthily slipped through the throng of Ramones T-Shirts and fringes. He took a swig of his Finkbrau... It was all he could afford after buying the Victorian-style mourning-jacket he had on. Coming closer to her, the aroma of Agent Provocateur body sauce and bits of angora fluff from her jumper filled his nose. She turned to face him, and visibly caught her breath...

He tried not to break into a sweat as her eyes ran from his quiff to his checked shirt, down his drainpipe legs and bounced off the tips of his winklepickers. He leaned in closer to her and bore his eyes into hers, as she lit up a Woodbine... "I've got the greatest hits of Billy Fury on CD back at my flat. Just bought it from Morrison's this afternoon. Wanna hear it?"

Throwing out a silky hip and taking a long, lip-sticked draw of her cigarette, she tilted her face to his...

And that little garnish from Mills and Boon Teen circa 1989, ladies and gentleman, should provide you with all the fashion inspiration you need for the season ahead. Spring picks up more or less where winter left off- apprising and worshipping those womanly curves a trend which does so please those of us blessed with child-bearing hips. Winter's glorious body hugging angora dresses by Alexander McQueen, belts to cinch in the waist and,

above all, Roland Mouret's arse-caressing, bosom-loving Galaxy dress are all here to stay for the foreseeable future and a good thing too, for it's truly amazing what you can do with an old pencil skirt, a cheap gold belt out of a chazzy shop and a slip from Marks and Spencers. Sporting the hourglass silhouette really makes you fancy yourself, and that can only be a good thing.

The most desirable colour for spring appears to be white, and therefore Tilda Swinton's Narnia garb has been widely proclaimed as on the money. I don't know about you, but any excuse to wear potentially lethal crowns, dainty gloves and floor length frocks is fine by me, but, perhaps, not utterly practical.

**One look which is definitely here to stay, and allows one to incorporate white into proceedings rather smoothly, is the underwear as outerwear look. I'm not talking corsets worn avec jeans (Lord, no! What are you, still partying like it's 1999?). I'm talking a little bit of creamy camisole poking out from under a tight cardl, an ivory slip deliberately showing from underneath a pencil skirt, a see-through skirt if you're brave enough. These, delicate, filmy pieces worn with heavy winter coats and sweaters allow one to ease gently into spring.**

It is immensely satisfying to emphasise underwear and hosiery above all else, for example, wearing tights with seams down the backs (lovely ones for a fiver in M&S) or hold-up stockings. Starry Starry Night's wondrous warehouse at the Barras has been selling gorgeous 50s corsets in pearly hues, bursting with straps and frills for about £35.

Obviously wearing lingerie as your only outerwear is foolish. That 36C lilac Primark bra won't look particularly cool, or law-abiding with that organza miniskirt. So, tactile sweaters are very much a necessity. A good tip is to check out the last dregs in the sales of rather more, well, elderly shops like Monsoon and Wallis, where angora jumpers can be reduced to as little as fifteen quid. Sweaters and cardis aimed at yer auntie and yer maw are generally cut in a more flattering way for curvy figures and are often made of more luxurious fabrics, because, to be blunt, most high street stores think all students are surfboard-chested and are happy wearing spit-through clothing. Blouses too, are a fine idea for when it gets a little warmer. La Redoute has a fine selection of transparent, sultry numbers in its Unite Collection, all on sale, which are perfect for showing hints of that little camisole underneath. You can see Alexander McQueen's models' tits right through their ivory blouses, and it's intentional!

**Jenny munro**



# dave cameron's diary

[as told to alex benson]

Davis climbs up the ladder to my treehouse and gives me a look like he's just come last in the biscuit game league. 'It's over Dave,' he growls 'you've won.' I kiss him on the forehead and lightly knead his buttocks. 'No I didn't Dave.' I murmur. His ears smell like sweet, boiled cabbage, 'we all won'. Big tent. Big face. Big heart. Let's think about the future.

"Let's you and me and George meet up in his office for a quick chinwag on where we're taking this old son of a gun party, hey?" He swallows. He agrees.

When I get to Osbourne's office I try to ignore the bird entrails smeared across his sacrificial altar and stand waiting for him to notice me. Any hopes I had of getting Osbourne to replace his office furniture with beanbags are going to have to go on the old back burner, I think. Osbourne himself is leaning back on his chair, eyes closed and shirtless, tattooing the names of marginal seats onto his torso. I puff out my cheeks and pull up a pew. His eyes flicker open and he crushes the tattoo pen in his right hand, covering his arm and chest in black ink. For a full twenty seconds there is no movement in the room apart from the beads of sweat travelling down my forehead as he locks eyes.

"I brought this," I say, and hold up a limp sticker. It says, "You don't have to be compassionate to work here - but it helps!"

"It's for your desk, or your computer" More silence. My mouth is dry. "If you like". No reaction. I put the sticker back in my pocket. Davis arrives, sits down, looks at me like a horse with a shoddy knee-cap asking not to be shot and says, "So, we're all the top brass here then chaps - why don't we have a knockabout chat over who's in and who's out on the front bench?"

Osbourne stands up on his chair, his spurs tearing the leather seat. He walks the length of the tabletop until he's standing straight in front of Davis and looming six feet over his old, white head. He pauses for a second then kicks him full across the jaw. "Right, there's your knockabout," he whispers. "Now, simple rule of thumb: our lot; in. Your lot; gagged, bound and in the boot of Cameron's focus. Got it?"

I wince from behind my campaign leaflet, which has a picture of me on the front conducting an ultrasound test on Samantha's belly with the sheer force of my understanding for her feelings as a woman. I wait a respectful amount of time for Davis's retching to subside, and for the face of new compassionate conservatism to wipe the gore from his spurs and suggest we look at the agenda. We're looking to address the underlying feelings that might make the electorate hesitate to make me Prime Minister. The focus groups have led us to believe the prickliest problem is that I'm a pre-pubescent human toast-rack no more qualified to run the country than I am to fly to the fucking moon. Right after that, there are concerns that I'm

leading a party composed entirely from nauseating public school adolescents and the dead that have been denied entry to paradise.

### **Drastic action needs to be taken, so I decide to leak a memo suggesting I smoke more crack than Cliff Richard.**

Sufficiently down with the kids, all that remains is for me to take the stage. I leave the room flanked by Osbourne and Davis. Osbourne has put his shirt back on, removed his jodhpurs and seems to be smiling quite happily as we walk past the photographers. My bowels contract as I imagine what would happen if they found out what he's really like.

With no notes, I leap onto the stage. The old people's reading group is stunned into awed silence, which for some members may possibly be death, but I'm too fired up to notice. I stand on one leg and spin round, the sheer force of my youthful vitality impregnating three of my lady staff. I thrust my arms skyward, and knowing that they don't want to be bored with humdrum policy details I close my eyes and shout the word "LOVE". The room erupts.

The future for the party is vivid, exciting and real. I back flip from the stage and am borne Christ-like across a sea of blue rinses. Osbourne greets me at the back of the crowd and we break into a run past reporters, fielding questions on the fly and at breakneck speed through the building.

"Mr Osbourne, is it true that in order to claim more centre ground you're on record as looking to assimilate more Lib Dem-style policies?"

"Yes, that's right, I'm going to eat their brains."

Blessedly, Osbourne's reply is lost in the melee. Just as we're about to reach the exit, an eight-year old reporter appears from nowhere directly in our path and the whole circus skids to a halt. Camera shutters fall silent like the guns of a truce and one hundred voices stop in one single hush. The sudden stillness is charged with power. The boy steps forward.

"Mr. Cameron, is it true you're the Messiah?"

I walk forward. The silence rings like bells. I go down on one knee and put my hand on his shoulder.

"What do you feel in your heart, little one?" The boy's eyes shine and he beams. I wink at him, and pinch his little pink cheek. 'Run along now, and file your copy' I tell the scamp. Then I turn to the assembled crowd. "And the rest of you, hurry along now. The future is here now, there's work to be done, and there's no rest for the compassionate!". I decry to hysterical cheers, before disappearing in a cloud of blue smoke.



**FASCISTS, THUGS  
AND GLORY-JUNKIES**

Fans are the lifeblood of the game. That truism, usually attributed to Bill Shankly, has gained its place in the vast pantheon of football clichés not merely because of its poetic ring and genesis in the mouth of a sporting statesman; the plethora of obvious facts that back it up will always lend it an air of authority to offset its overuse. Football's money, importance and ability to stir the emotions are fuelled by the sheer volume of those who follow the game and the passion with which they do so. Similarly, however, Football's racism, violence and relentless, unforgiving demand for success are also fuelled by the sport's followers.

Lazio hit the headlines recently when Paolo Di Canio ingratiated himself to the support via a Nazi salute. Their response was to wave 'white power' banners. The affinity between them is a point of pride for Di Canio. 'I saluted my people with what for me is a sign of belonging to a group that holds true values, values of civility against the standardisation that this society imposes upon us.' The former Celtic and West Ham star always went down well with the British press for his ability to neatly fit a foreign stereotype - 'fiery Italian' in his case. The stereotype of a Lazio devotee is of a rabid fascist. Their hardcore fans, who are known for lauding the Serbian war criminals Arkan and Slobodan Milošević, and lifelong supporter Di Canio, who sports Mussolini's nickname tattooed on his arm, discolour what at first seems the clear truth of Shankly's aphorism.

**Since the riots that followed the Luton v Millwall match in 1985, violence in and around the terraces has dramatically declined; but that is as much a comment on how bad it was, as on how good it is now. A recent article in the Guardian was pleased to report that football related arrests in England had fallen to '3,628 last year, an average of only 1.21 a game'. Rugby and Cricket must be green with envy.**

To be fair, though, pointing out racists and thugs in football is a bit like pointing out liars and cheats in politics; it doesn't take long, and its old news. A subtler, and much less remarked upon exception to Shankly's rule is the negative effect that fans can have on the running of a club, when their un-realistic, un-educated demands for short term success helps lead to long term decline. The classic case is of Aberdeen, a small provincial club who reached the giddy heights of Scottish and European domination in the 80s under the tutelage of a then un-knighted Alex Ferguson.

The rise of the club was paralleled by the rise in violence perpetrated by a significant section of the club's support. Often credited with giving birth to that strange 80s mix of high street fashion and fighting - the soccer causal movement - the decline of Aberdeen's fist-loving firm strangely mirrors that of the club itself: the hooligans are now largely non-existent, just like the team's ability to win

anything. But the blame for the club's dramatic demise can be put, in part at least, at the door of those who would be viewed as good fans: they don't break seats or jaws. Their only crime, and here's the irony, was to become hooked on the very standards and expectations that, instilled into the club by Ferguson, initially led them to glory.

Famously, Ferguson doesn't stand any nonsense - he once fined the Aberdeen forward John Hewitt for overtaking him on a public road - and this is reflective of his insatiable demand for success. Epitomised most of all, perhaps, when he laid into his team for a 'disgraceful performance' in an interview after the Scottish Cup final against Rangers in 1983. They had just won the game 1-0, after returning from the final of the European Cup Winners Cup, which they also won; beating Real Madrid 2-1. For Ferguson, even victory could fall short of his expectations.

Unfortunately, Pittodrie remained filled with those attitudes after his departure; minus the football nous that backed them up, of course. Two turning points stand out in Aberdeen's post-Ferguson era, where his shadow, cast from the hard to please stands, abetted the club's decline. Alex Smith and Jocky Scott held the reins from 1988-92, winning the cup double in 1989-90, and coming within 90 minutes of winning the title in 1991; going to Ibrox on the last day of the season, top of league, ahead of Rangers on goal difference. An acrimonious defeat, following a change from offensive to defensive tactics (which led to Scott's premature departure) was a signal of worse to come. The following year, with the team struggling to find form, Smith was sacked; as many fans had demanded. This was Aberdeen after all, only the best was good enough.

Next up was the golden son, long time club captain Willie Miller. What was expected to be his smooth succession to the Aberdeen hotseat had been rushed through after Smith's early demise, but Miller did well enough, coming second in the league twice, and in both cups, all to Rangers. He was sacked in 1995 with the club struggling in the league. Pittodrie had roared its disapproval. These days, those that brave the football fayre on display in the Granite City can only dream of such footballing respectability. The lifeblood of Aberdeen FC can no longer berate second place as failure: second place is a pipe dream.

So Shankly's metaphor is an accurate one. Apart from the obvious exceptions: those rascists and thugs who are rarely described as 'real' fans. And apart from those glory junkies that now stalk the stands at Pittodrie, in the midst of a long cold turkey; their demands muted, in stark contrast to when they were adamant that the post-Fergie fix just wasn't good enough.

**john donaldson**



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ollie/y dometto and boris johnson

big thanks to shaun murphy

also to lisa and stuart for reading week  
sarah grace for her surveying skills,  
cesca service for speaking to her bank  
manager, to luxembourg linda, to lisa hill  
(again) for fixing disk drive, to emma,  
clemmie and veronica for the cuban photos

and thanks, most of all, to 'aunt' mary  
(ma sista) and justin freeman, what a good  
weekend...

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e-mail: [gum@src.gla.ac.uk](mailto:gum@src.gla.ac.uk)

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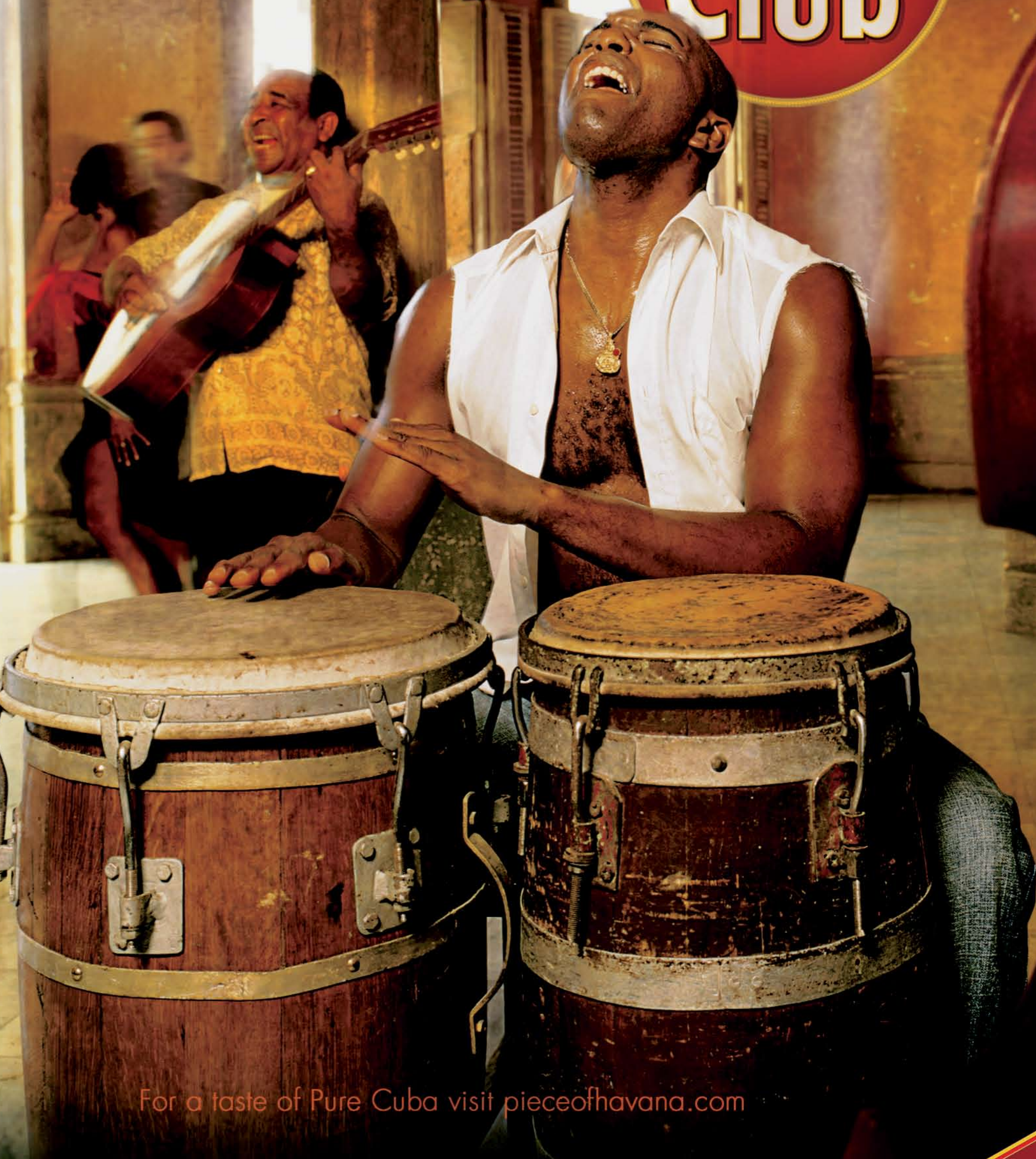
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