

● Soccer jocks in ad-hoc rock shock! Yes, after last week's New Order/England effort, 'ere we go with the SCOTTISH WORLD CUP RECORD, masterminded by the boy FISH and starring the lads in the squad. Fish tale by STEVEN 'Why me, I know bugger all about football!' WELLS. Speculative shots by KEVIN 'six figure fee' CUMMINS.

It's 1978. The punk rock World Cup. I'm sat in the Malt Kiln in Bradford, supping Tetleys. Scotland are "the only British team in the competition" and they are being royally stuffed by Peru on the telly.

The roomful of Tetley Bittermen is screaming with joy as "the small but skilful men from the Andes" make the Jocks look like lumbering ginger-headed buffoons. Afterwards many toasts are made to the gallant 'Llamas' and the Scotland World Cup theme tune – bold, brash, utterly confident – is played on the juke box to the general hilarity of all.

Twelve years later and footballers are no longer bubble-cut disco twats who date Page 3 birds and wear tartan flares. They are post-modernistically minimalist hairstyled disco twats who date Page 3 birds and wear tartan flares. And the Scottish team are no longer utterly and totally confident that they are God's gift to women, dogs, donkeys and football.

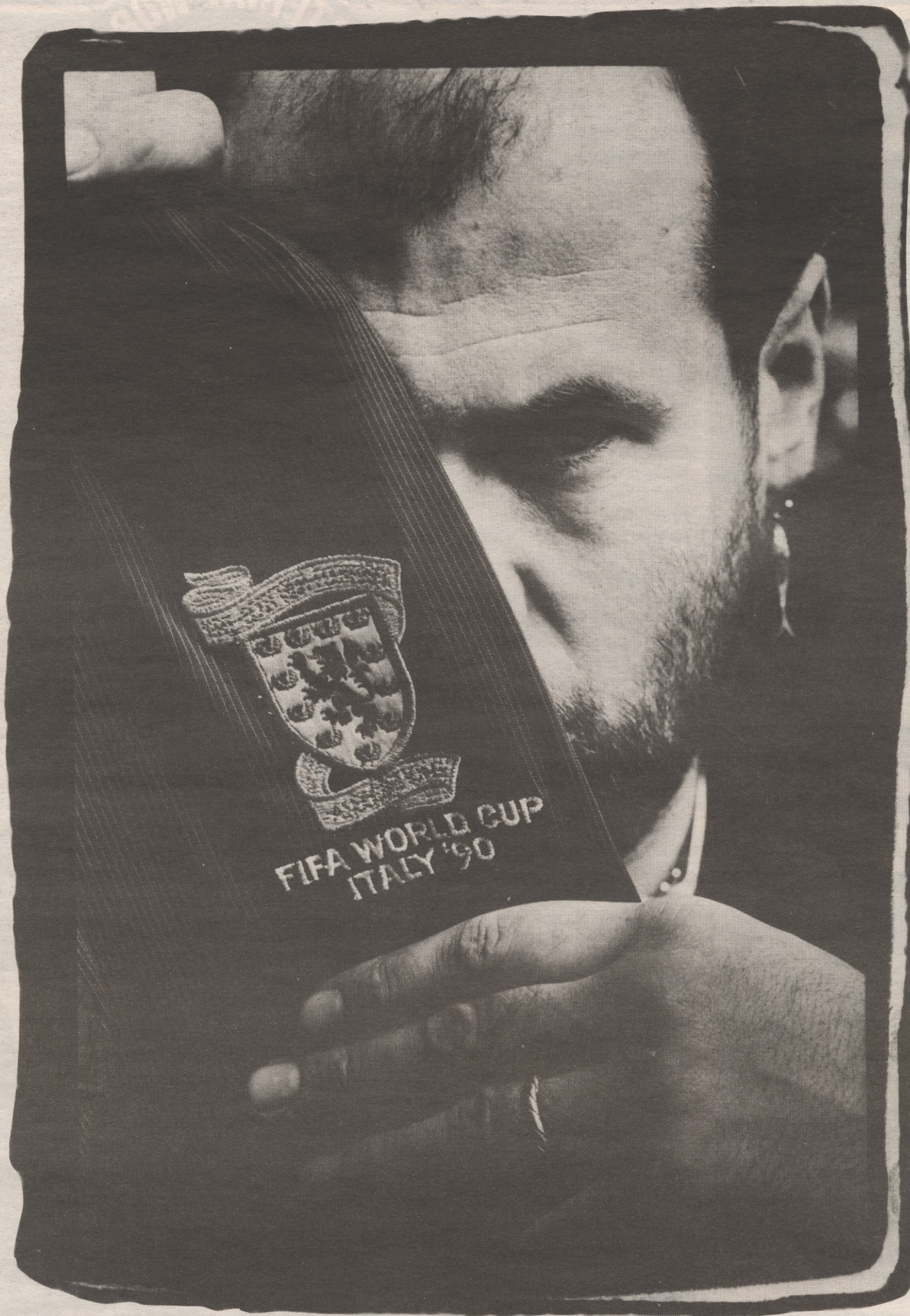
"There's a different attitude this time," says Ranger's Ally McCoist, brushing crisp crumbs off his team uniform tartan bell-bottoms (only kidding).

"We're a lot more realistic this time . . ."

But is Scotland's new World Cup record a reflection of this new realism? Does it go:

"Scotland! we're quite good really! it wouldn't be surprising if we won a match! or even two! but then again we're not promising anything . . ."

Not quite. Ignoring the example



Fish fingers (ha!) the jersey in which Scotland will struggle against Costa Rica

I don't know if you remember, I played in Steve Cram's game?"

Ally tells 'Fish' (pop fact: his real name is Fish Dick. For a while he changed it. To Fish Cock. But finally decided on the shorter version) that he is *too good* a player to make the squad. Ho ho.

So, Ally, what's this 'World Cup'? Is it like the football version of *The Eurovision Song Contest* then?

"Eh? *The Eurovision Song Contest*?"

This song – bit of a nationalistic Coke anthem or what?

"That's just the sort of comment I'd expect from an Englishman!" pipes up the songwriter (who, strangely enough, is a mysterious advertising jingle writer known only as 'the wee man') from the next table.

When are Rangers going to sign a Bhuddist?

"We've got all sorts now, Jews, Catholics . . . anyway, I want to answer that crack about *The Eurovision Song Contest* . . ."

Which would you rather do – win the World Cup or beat New Order to the Number One spot?

"First and foremost we are footballers and our first objective is to play football . . ."

A very interesting answer.

"That was 'the serious answer'. Now we can go back to being silly."

SILLY. That's an interesting word. I mean let's think SERIOUSLY about footballers making a record anyway. Think back to the footballers at school. YOU, the NME readers, were all swotting up for your A levels and doing recorder practice. You were mercilessly teased as a "poof" and a "weed" by the Cro-Magnon he-men thugs of the soccer team. And what do they do when they leave school and become pros? They make pop-records and go on *TOTP* and get to meet Peelite – THE BASTARDS!

"Ere Swells!" My flat mate has just smashed into the room as I type this. Let's find out what he wants.

What do you want?
"AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!" he says. "Scotland are getting beaten TWO-NIL! BY EGYPT! HAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!" He is red in the face and hysterical.

So what? Scotland have got the right team, the right attitude, and the right record. They are on the road to glory and no pyramid building bunch of Llama-sniffing fez-wearing poncho-draped Genesis hating Acid House freaks is going to get in their way.

As everybody here agrees, New Order haven't got a parrot's chance in a jacuzzi full of swirling vomit.

IT'S A FINNY OLD GAME

set by England's blatant stab at state-of-the-art witty lyriced up-to-the-moment dance pop featuring the world's hippest band, the Scots have plumped instead for what sounds like a nationalistic Coke ad (featuring the awesomely up to date talents of FISH! The drummer from DEACON BLUE (swoon!) and somebody from WET WET WET I THINK PLUS SOME OTHER PEOPLE FROM BANDS YOU'VE NEVER EVEN HEARD OF! Lulu, Andy Stewart and The Rollers were all too busy.

Now Fish is a big man. So, when, at the bar, he expresses his DISGUST at the new Scotland strip, I show a keen interest.

"It's DISGUSTING! It's got a wanky little collar and PINK

SLEEVES!"

What? Kind of New Age sort of thing?

"New Age? Is it f— New Age! You! You'll probably like it, you NME bastards!"

It turns out that what has so upset Fish's aesthetic values (and yes, Fish does have aesthetic values) is the Scotland team's leisure-shirt as worn in the recording photo in which the players grin inanely whilst reading the lyric sheet and clutching one of the "cans" with the left hand like they've seen every other footballer do in every other team song promo photo since The Old Etonians recorded 'Drink Your Women And Shag Your Beer' on wax cylinders back in 1904. Not the on-pitch shirt at all.

Ally McCoist, Scottish football ace, who do you think gets the most sex and drugs – footballers or rock stars?

Ally is adamant – "Rock Stars!" "No f—ing way!" screams Fish and an unseemly debate follows in which the two representatives of these two deeply intellectual forms of entertainment argue viciously as to which of them is the

most unsuccessful with women and ignorant of the joys of Domestos.

Fish, not only are you named after a footballer (Fulchester United's goalkeeper) but you're Scottish as well. So why aren't you in the squad?

"Yes. No. I played against the big man (*nb. everybody in Scotland is called 'The Big Man'*).

"It's disgusting! It's got a wanky little collar and pink sleeves! You'll probably like it, you NME bastards!" Fish (mistakenly) on Scotland's World Cup kit.



Ally 'The Big Man' McCoist and 'The Big Man'