



A Survival Guide for the '90s...

This week: FOOTBALL

Da da da DA DA DA DA DAH! Da da da DAH DAH! (ie *Grandstand* theme) ... Hand out the juicy half time Jaffers, blow the scaly whistle and slap one in the back of the net with your slimy tail as once more David "Plymouth Gargoyle" Quantick and Steven "Own Goal" Wells ...

Jimmy, with Billy Connolly and his wife Prince Pamela and their Keegan-wigged poodle dog—Farrah Moonunit Starchild Zak Popstarforadad Teased-at-school Trixibelle Geldof ... No, not the famous people with the same names who might sue, different ones who don't have good lawyers, phew."
(Ed's Note: 'This is not the Pat Nevin, the one with a good lawyer?' No.)

SO WHO IS COOL IN FOOTBALL?

No one.

NOT EVEN CLOUGHIE?

OK. Cloughie. Brian Clough should be manager of ENGLAND! The country we mean. "Sock". "Biff".

ROCK'S SECRET FOOTBALL "SQUAD"

Tim Simenon—is he really Gordon Banks?

Skeletor—stick it in a Wimbledon shirt and shave the sides of its head!

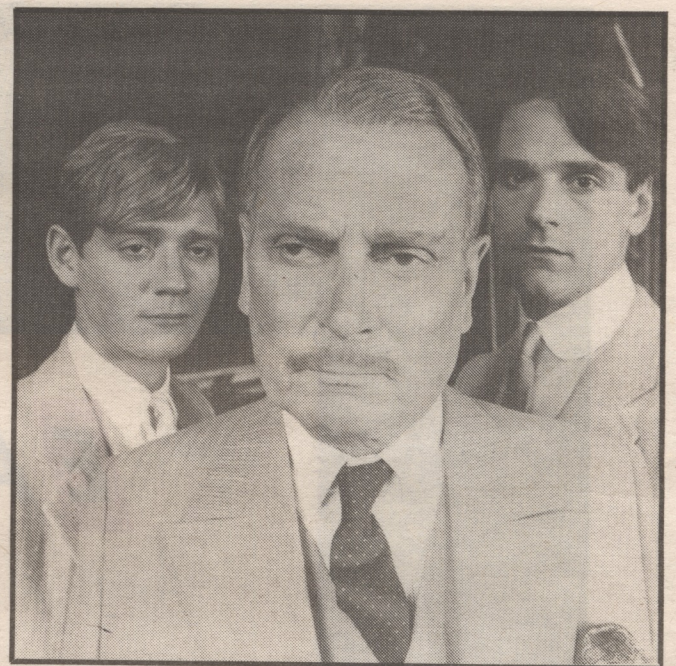
Bobby and Jackie Proclaimer—the blood of baby foxes spatters their glasses.

Mick 'Guilty Middle Class Type' Hucknall—looks like a woman and he wears a bra?!

Ian Curtis—sent off for goal hanging. Forever.

Debbie Gibson—the "Gregory's Girl" or bubblegum rock, La Gibbo smiles sweetly as she rams her dainty boot into the pain zone of soul singin' stud Crewe Alexandra O'Neil.

Mark the Mod Manning AKA Zodiac Greaves—they said he couldn't score in a brothel with a



Today's soccer hooligans dress expensively and have good jobs.

tenner tied to his chopper! In actual fact Jim "Harley Street Davidson" Mindwarp is the bearer of five England caps and holds the

goalscoring record for 16 games in 1973. (Crap. No he doesn't. That honour belongs to Charlie George—Ed)

BAGGY TROUSERED FUN ON THE TURF

Don't Want To Go To Chelsea" may have been the rallying call of punk rock, but pop music has always had close ties with soccer, or "association football" as your Dad and his wife-battering drunk-as-a-pig muckers call it.

Pre-'76 footballers, with their amusing baggy shorts and incredibly silly perms, were often indistinguishable from the pop stars of the day; ie Dixie Dean was a dead ringer for Rick Wakeman of Genesis. Many top entertainers from the world of pop also exhibited superb ball control on the field. Rod Stewart played for Celtic in the '50s and has three Scotland caps, despite originally being one of Fagin's singin' and dancin' Jammy Dodgers in the ole East End of West Ham.

Top Rasta Bobby 'More' Marley's swinging dreadlocks were a regular sight at Third Division grounds in the late '60s. Opposing players claimed that 'Bob' hovered at least three inches above the pitch and had the ability to "slow time down" by blowing magic-herb clouds at the ref. His legacy is carried on by swine-fizogged Brum 2 Tone combo UB40's singer Astro 'Turf', whose gap toothed spliffing mucker 'Rude' Gullet, proudly wears the Orange of his native Holland. Pass the Dutchman on the left hand side!

And who could forget the Brian Clough of Glam Rock, Ben "Elton" John, bespeccled right-on comedy rocker? Country music too has had its influence on footie. Witness the great ballad 'On The Gordon Banks Of The Ohio' (The sentence is death—Judge Ed).

FOOTNOTE: SCOTTY ROCK FOOTIE

ALL SCOTS rock bands are obsessed with 'togger' as the game is called in the festering slums of Scotland. Kilted Jock 90 doppelgangleaders The Proclaimers burst into weedy tears every time their local side, Hamilton Four-Eyed Academicals, get slaughtered, while The Jesus And 'The' Mary Chain are rumoured to spend over a million quid a year setting the vid timer for Stenhousemuir away matches.

GREAT SOCCER RECORDS

- 'You Are Going Home In A F—ing Ambulance' Morrissey
- 'Love Will Tear Us Apart' Tottenham Hotspur
- 'My Old Man Said Be A Luton Fan I Said F— Off Bollocks You Are A C— (Remix) Elton John
- 'Exeter City! Die! Die! Die!' Debbie Gibson
- 'Kids In America' Kim Wilde

SO CALLED 'TRENDY' FOOTBALLERS—WHO DO THEY THINK THEY ARE KIDDING?

THE MEWLING public schoolboys

of the so-called 'music' press are always trying to tell us that some footballers are cool.

FACT: ALL footballers have stupid haircuts and think gurdy disco music is cool. They all stay up late drinking lager and watching *The Hit Man And Her*. They all wear Brut and loadsa gold chains. They are crap. Fact! Even so-called Mr Sussed Pat 'break the mould' Nevin. ESPECIALLY Pat Nevin.

THE SECRET LIFE OF TRENDY FOOTBALLER PAT NEVIN

"Och aye hinny! Every morning I get up from my acrylic 'leopardite' skinned 'Vibro' waterbed to the thrilling frob of Boney M's 'The Rat Sput In And Then Sique Sique Sput Out Agin', kiss my Garfield toys, slip on a Snoopy sweatshirt, the noo, throw the disco dollies into the guitar-shaped jacuzzi and play my Phil Collins CDs very quietly whilst I rummage through the Farleys Rusks packet for my free *Neighbours* quiz card.

"Then the doorbell chimes ('I Should Be So Lucky') and, slipping on my velvet clogs, I undo the MFI gold latch, I slick down my cool 'Kevin Keegan' perm and slip on my Bono wig (with the shaved sides) and pretend to like The Jesus And Mary Chain (ooragh! vom!) and admit some fool from the New Music Express whom I hustle into my secret 'cool' den which is full of black furniture and horrible 'indie' records and I pretend to like the New Order and Neil Kinnock—and they fall for it. *Again*.

"Then I phone up Mick Hucknall on my *Golden Shot* tartan trimphone to 'give him five', 'Come on down, Mikey, let's shag some boilers, the noo!', and we don our blue plastic, fur-lined BCR snorkel parkas, moon boots and 'Mr Men' mittens, get into our orange dayglo Ford Cortina with the 'FOOTBALLERS ARE ACE AT SHAGGING' bumper sticker, furry dice, PAT AND SHARON sun strip, go-faster stripes, anti-static stripe, 'HONK IF YOU SHAGGED ME LAST NIGHT' badge and noddling poodles and go to Argos and buy bright blue Rainbow dungarees, Donny hats, silver Afro wigs, kipper ties, cheesecloth Planet Gong T-shirts with pictures of breasts on them and underpants sporting the logo 'I Have A Huge Penis', using our wet-look silverette cheque books, hoots awa'.

"We affix our deeley boppers, pull up our leg warmers, adjust our spangly 'cop a feel' boob tubes and invite some page three 'bird' 'stunnas' into the khazi of McDonalds for some soccer style missionary rumpy while reading the stuck-together (thanks, Mick) 'Vintage car' articles in *Fiesta* and having a laugh at the understated sexploits of 'Striker' in my favourite newspaper. (next to the fab gear *Sunday Sport*) ie *The Sun*.

"I set the eight track video for *That's Life* and then it's time for my Young Conservative meeting so it's on wi' the bonny riding boots and frogman gear for spanky sex,

HER I - TI - CDI

all my love

HERNANDEZ

"Over a perky, sassy groove, Hernandez serves up a sweet downbeat plea that just grows and grows. More please."

CBS

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