

THE EAST END BOUNCE



Issue 11

December 1997

Four months late this time, we'll probably manage to miss the whole of 2000-1 season if the gaps keep growing at this rate. Not that we'll stop ambitiously pretending that the a return to the prolific rate of the first year is just around the corner.

Apologies for picture quality in the last issue. Despite having 9 months to fix the problem they're still not coming out right so we've had to pull most of them from this issue at the last minute. The back cover looks better from a distance.

Next issue? God knows. If you fancy contributing and want an idea of when the next one will be, best get in touch and we'll let you know a month or so beforehand.

This issue of The Bounce is brought to you by Paul Bundy, Gordon Robertson,

Rohan Lightfoot, Lynne Schyma, John Burt, Toun Ultra, Parson, Alec Hitt and an undying hatred of all things super league.

No sponsorship of Ivo this year. Player sponsorship was a means of using up unexpected profits but we don't really have any these days. What there is will go to the cause one way or another.

Other places this could have been bought, if they haven't forgotten us.

- Our Price, The Kingsgate
- RS McColl, St James Centre
- Sportspages, Charing Cross Road, London
- Zine Scene, 71 Deabburn Park, Linlithgow, EH49 6HA

Back issues - Numbers 2 to 6 and 8 & 9 still available. 50p each, 3 for £1 or the lot for £2 + SAE. Please send cash through the post as you've no idea how embarrassing it is banking cheques for 50p, but if you must, make them payable to P Bundy.

DICK & BERT'S
EXCELLENT
ADVENTURE



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By the time this comes out it looks like the Scottish League's days as a meaningful organisation will be numbered. The greed of the rich clubs looks set to win out over the greed of all the other ones. No matter all the pious nonsense spouted by either side, they hold their positions for selfish reasons and selfish reasons only. There's not one of the current Premier chairmen that would be in favour of these changes if they were currently not where they are now and, similarly, Mr Bobby at Livingston would be its most ardent advocate if his club were two divisions higher. The "good of Scottish football" my arse, short term self-interest and self-aggrandisement for everyone involved. After the gubbing we took at Ibrox a while back Bert was of the opinion that this proposed "Super League" would put an end to that kind of thing, if anyone seriously believes that these changes will do anything to bring clubs like the Pars closer to the old firm they're deluding themselves. Everything will be done for their benefit so they can buy even more foreigners and waste ever promising Scottish talent in their reserves, we won't be in any better a position, we'll just have a little bit more money and the board will feel really self important because they're in charge of a club in "The Premiership", in truth we were in the right place at the right time.

The much professed promise of increasing the league size likely won't come to anything either. The likes of the Pars won't want to let go of two old firm games a year but won't have any say-so regardless. Having gone to all this bother to take control of the game, Murray and whoever succeeds McCann, aren't about to let St Johnstone or Dunfermline get in their way. Increasing the league is an empty promise that's calculated to be irresistible to the wee teams and give them some hope so they'll fall into line and succumb to the will of McCann and co. The only likelihood of change happening is if Hibs or Aberdeen find themselves in a

THE PAR SIDE

Breakaway talk with

David Murray

For the good of Scottish football...We need to take control...We need things to be more like they are in Europe...

...We want automatic entry into the Challenge Cup Final when we get knocked out of the League Cup in the third round

Panan

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relegation position and the team due to be promoted have a ground, (sorry stadium) deemed good enough to be able to charge Super-Prices with a straight face.

£11 pound at East End, £13 at Tannadice, £14 at Easter Road, and £9 at Kilmarnock. How's that then? How can they survive with only charging £9? Perhaps they think that it'll attract more people to the game and ultimately pay for itself. Perhaps they don't think like some clubs do where they have to keep raising the price to make up the shortfall from all the people they put off from going to the game with the previous price hike. Getting people through the gate is the "output" for a business like football, and for businesses with so much slack in their production line there's a lot of poor business decisions being made.

Rangers again today, and guess what? Despite the best efforts of the club there'll still be loads of hun in our end. The much trumpeted voucher scheme has been a triumph though. Not at keeping away fans out of our end, but as a means of making as much money out of kids and OAPs in as cynical and underhand a manner as possible. With a voucher scheme we no longer have to grant away fans concessionary prices, we can charge primary school kids who missed the previous game £11 and then accuse *them* of not being loyal enough. That's the way to keep the kids interested in the game and coming back for more. Top PR.

We're told that the voucher system helps prevent old firm fans from buying tickets as voucher holders get the first option. We're then told that it's the Pars fans fault that they get in our end because we don't buy enough tickets ourselves. If there aren't enough Pars fans whose fault is that? Those who still go and spend good money travelling the country following the team? Roy Woodrow stood up at the Paragon player of the year in May and expressed his disappointment at the size of the crowds that season. If he had the nerve to make public his latest plan at attracting the fans back to East End that night he wouldn't have been as warmly greeted as he was. To throw the club that had paid players wages on occasion and donated generously for 25 years out in the street with virtually no notice was absolutely appalling. He can complain that people aren't going to the game any more while knowing that those who do are about to be deprived of their club so that it can be used for corporate hospitality.

Back to the voucher system. After the Celtic game I spoke to some of the police and they said that they do what the club tell them to ie don't cause trouble and keep the old firm fans contained in the one area. In response to angry letters from Pars fans Paul d'Mello writes "The Police take the view that ejection would be contrary to public order within the Stadium and once ejected there would be a serious threat to public order outside the Stadium". I wish I could say definitively who should be holding that buck but can't. Will try to find out for the next time.

1960's Pars tops. After much haranguing of various parties we have now dropped out of the equation, happy in our role as catalyst in goading the appropriate people into action and acceptance respectively. Expect the 1968 strip in the shops in the new year.

Let's all do...

Paul Bundy

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DICKS OUT 2

We have in the past moaned about the amount of unsolicited shite that comes through the mail, usually from people trying to sell us their services or collude with them in selling their product to you. In that time we've even sacrificed a free case of Malibu for artistic integrity (why can't Laphroaig employ these marketing people?). Anyway, on the odd occasion something worthwhile arrives, fanfare for *Dicks Out 2*, by Bob Merrills. Basically it's a book chronicling the songs of British football fans. The Pars hardly get a mention but as you look through the book you keep thinking 'that's our song, bastards!'

There's not a lot about Scotland, just six clubs: the obvious two; Hearts; Aberdeen; Killie and East Fife. The Kingdom's third team provide us with one of my favourites, the only Pars reference and the book's most glaring hypocrisy. There's their usual Addams' Family ditty and, to the Blackadder theme-

*Na na na, na na na, na na na na na na
Na na na, na na na, na na na na na naaaaa
Black bastards, black bastards
They come from Cowdenbeath
Black bastards, black bastards
They're very black indeed*

If nothing else, an attempt to reclaim the term 'black bastard' from the racist lexicon and put it back in its Fife context. Some people, however, just won't understand.

On a similar theme the only problem I had with the book was, coincidentally, with the only reference that we get. The Pars are the subject of abuse of the only song in the whole book that the author wouldn't publish the words to, ie their 'I'd rather be a Paki than a Par' chant which was copied from, or by, the Rovers. His skirting round racism isn't as good as condemning it, but then he doesn't even really try. His description 'generally unpopular racial group' gives the game way just as much as if he'd started a sentence 'I'm not racist but...'. He admits that while not publishing that but still printing the full range of old firm nothing-to-do-with-football songs he is being hypocritical. But then he clearly doesn't understand sectarianism and made sure we got the *joke* even if he wouldn't say the word, so it's all alright then really, isn't it? No, it's not.

Overall though it's a good read and gives some inspiration. Normally it sells for £9.99 but they've said some bookshops won't stock it. If you do want one you can order by post and you'll get it for £8.49 (inc p&p). Cheques payable to Red Card Publishing, send to 4 Bowater Place, Blackheath, London, SE3 8ST.

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Beardies

The first in a series of imaginary matches between Pars players with common characteristics.

The Beardies XI

Archie Gemmill, Ricky Villa, Gerd Muller, Colin Harris all great players; all had beards - surely the two are connected. I'm talking proper fully grown Granpaw Broon versions, not lazy bastard, can't be bothered shaving Desperate Dan stubbly types (as sported by that Rangers bloke who scores all those goals). Here is my Pars hairy XI.

1. **Gier Karlsen** : Giant of a goalkeeper. Norwegian international signed from Rosenberg in season 1973/74. Cult hero with Pars fans and big bed manufacturers.
2. **Jim Scott** : 'Scottie', he was never Jim always Scottie, looked as hard as nails but was actually much tougher than that; well he did come from Buckhaven after all.
3. **Jim Brown** : 'Bomber' - club captain and programme columnist extraordinaire. He is in the privileged position of being eligible for both teams. Most famous for winning court case against John Pelosi of St Johnstone, who prematurely ended Jim's career and in the process turned a promising season for the club on its head, bastard.
4. **Lawrie Dunn** : Earned the tag of Super Sub in 1977, when they were all the rage and every team was meant to have one. Upon his signing at the club in 1975 the programme wrote 'Lawrie arrived at East End complete with a 'close season' beard which has now been discarded'. I can't help thinking that he would have played more games had he kept his whiskers.
5. **Jim Leishman** : My research couldn't come up much on this ex-defender, I think he must have been publicity shy. I believe he went on to do something in management.
6. **Gary Thompson** : Once described by Leishman as an optical illusion because he was actually much fatter than he looked. Debuted for the Pars during Hamish McAlpine's finest hour, 4-0 gubbing away at Meadowbank. Things did improve for Gary after that and he played a vital part in the promotion winning sides of 85/86 & 86/87. Rivalled Scottie in style, stature and size of thighs. A team with both these players would scare the opposition shitless and would probably have been illegal. Sadly died last year in a building site accident.
7. **Jimmy Mullin** : I'm sure that wee Jimmy sported a beard at some time during his career, unfortunately I couldn't find any photographic evidence. Never mind he's in the team anyway. Smallest Pars player of all time, went on to star in Panto along with his mates Grumpy, Dopey and the boys.
8. **Andy Dickson** : Scored twice in two minutes, both long range efforts, in his debut v Brechin in 1978. It all went downhill from that point on, that's probably why no-one can remember him.
9. **Mike Leonard** : '4-goal Mike' was a scoring sensation. His 3 hat-tricks in 78/79 earned him the 2nd Division player of the year award, a bucket

v's Baldies

load of whisky and helped the Pars to win promotion. He was often described as an enigma - how could anyone who looked so much like a pudding score so many goals.

10. Sammy The Tammy : Scotland's No 1 mascot, with an extraordinary amount of facial hair. Sammy has not yet made a first team appearance, but I'm sure with his height and pace he would be an asset to any side.

11. Grant Jenkins : Shaggy what a player, what a beard, what peelly wally legs.

The Baldies XI

Bobby Charlton, Alan Gilzean, Atillio Lombardo all great players; all were slapheads - surely the two are connected. Here is my Pars hairless XI.

1. John Moodie : Just pips Westie for the goalkeeping jersey. John played a blinder in the first all ticket match at East End against Rangers in a League Cup Quarter-Final in 1951, unfortunately the Pars lost over the two legs.

2. Bobby Robertson: 'Doctor Bob' made the right back shirt his own for many years during the dark days of the late 70s and early 80s, luckily he stayed long enough to see the bright times ahead when the Leishman era started.

3. Ray Sharp : Even at the age of 18 'Sharpie' looked like a future baldy. Wins the prize for best ever goal celebration after his 40 yard goal against Ayr.

4. Neale Cooper : 'Coop' had the misfortune to join a poor Pars team with a rubbish manager. Huge hair in his youth at Aberdeen, completely shineyheid in a black and white jersey.

5. Dave Barnett : Solid as a rock with about as much hair. Can't quite figure out how much he would have if it wasn't all shaved off.

6. Harry Colville : Commanding centre signed in 1956 from Falkirk, suffered from a common problem which affected players in those far off days - he looked at least 20 years older than he actually was.

7. McKendrick : Played in the Division 2 promotion team of 1934. Other than that I haven't got a clue. I was going to make something up so you would all be very impressed with my extensive research, but I couldn't be arsed.

8. Baldy Davitt : He appears in the team as a special guest. Barnstoneworth United's, if not the world's, finest ever fictional bald player.

9. Charlie Dickson : Suffered from same premature ageing look as Harry Colville. A member of the 61 Cup winning team and goalscoring legend, even to this day old blokes at East End can be heard shouting 'Bring on Charlie Dickson'

10. Ian Campbell : 'Pink/Scunner' - A man with more nicknames than follicles.

11. Ian Westwater : Being played slightly out of position, but who could forget his outfield heroics against the evil that is Airdrie in '95-6 season.

John Burt

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PARLIAMO GLASGOW

There is an undeniable East/West divide running across Scotland. The only evidence visible to the naked eye is the trail of empty Buckfast Tonic Wine bottles which stretches from Cumbernauld in the North to Hamilton in the South, taking in Airdrie, Bellshill, Motherwell and other famous Scottish SSIs (Sites of Special Scientific Interest).

The UK and America have been described as countries 'separated by a common language'. Scotland suffers from the same linguistic and cultural confusion. For the unwitting Glaswegian (of which there are many) stumbling into the East, the worst that can be expected is an unfamiliar confrontation with 'sauce' on their chips. For inhabitants of the Scottish Riviera, as Fife was once known, the pitfalls of a journey to the West can be altogether more hazardous. With this in mind we have attempted to compile a survivors guide to travelling beyond the Harthill curtain, translating phrases they are likely to encounter into their real meaning.

"50p to look after your car mister." - *I am an apprentice criminal. In a few years I hope to be living permanently in Barlinnie. I am training for an HND in extortion. Give me some cash or your motor gets it.*

"What school team did you play for?" - *I am a bigot. Are you an undercover Tim?*

"I've supported Rangers all my life" - *I was a Hamilton Accies fan until I joined the local lodge last year.*

"Glasgow - The Friendly City" - *We are a cesspit, seething with municipal corruption and greed.*

"Our priority is always winning the league" - *We've just been knocked out of Europe by an Andolusian junior team again.*

"Boys Against Bigotry" - *Boys Club into buggery.*

"European City of Culture" - *Buckfast is sold in litres now.*

"I'm not a bigot, but..." - *I am a bigot.*

"I've supported Celtic all my life" - *I'm from Ireland. I come to Scotland once a fortnight.*

"The Old Firm derby is the best in the world" - *I've never been to Italy, or Spain, or Brazil, or Iceland for that matter.*

"The Old Firm are too big for Scotland" - *Don't mention Wayne Biggins or Peter Van Vossen or Eric Bo Andersen or Tony Cascarino.*

"I've always liked Dunfermline" - *I don't think you lot have got a hope of beating us.*

"Celtic have the best fans in the world" - *Only compared to Rangers fans.*

"New heights in European football" - *Next season we aim to get knocked out of all three European competitions before christmas.*

BELOW ALL...

	W	D	L	Pts
rangers	25	5	6	80
celtic	23	6	7	75
dundee utd	17	9	10	60
hearts	14	10	12	54
Dunfermline Ath	12	9	15	45
aberdeen	10	14	12	44
kilmarnock	11	6	19	39
motherwell	9	11	16	38
hibernian	9	11	16	38
raith rovers	6	7	23	25

IT'S THE ROVERS

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SIX DEGREES OF HARRY CURRAN

There is a man at the centre of Scottish football. At the very epicentre of every event and contest that shapes the game we watch today. That man is a player at Dunfermline Athletic Football Club. That man is Harry Curran.

Those of you used to watching his graceful poise, his deft flicks and feints and his scorching goals will not be surprised to find out about his wider influence. Those of you who have only seen Harry play for the Pars may be a little more surprised, but the evidence is clear.

Every player in Scottish football is linked to Harry Curran. Some are closely linked, others more tenuously, but the links are there. In fact, every Scottish footballer has a 'Curran number' and is determined to improve it. Like a golf handicap, the lower a player's Curran number, the greater the esteem in which his colleagues hold him.

Few supporters realise that the current influx of foreign players to the Scottish game is wholly driven by players from abroad trying to get a Curran number in order to enhance their reputation and value around the world.

Henrik Larsson moved to Celtic to get a Curran number. It was one of the most subtle of all the recent moves, because it allows Larsson the smokescreen of justifying himself that the real reason for moving was the desire to play for a 'big club', whilst simultaneously acquiring a Curran number of 3. It works like this:

Henrik Larsson plays at Celtic with Jackie McNamara (1), Jackie played for the Pars with Westie (2) and Westie plays at Dunfermline with Harry Curran (3).

Brian Laudrup also has a fine Curran rating. He played at Rangers with Greg Shields (1) who plays with Harry (2).

It becomes less surprising that Dunfermline have been able to attract a player of the obvious calibre of Dave Barnett, now that we know what's going on. Every player in Scottish football knows their Curran number, but this shadowy network of evaluating a player's true worth has remained undercover until now. Having discovered how the process works, we can all work out each player's Curran number for ourselves. The challenge is to connect a player to Harry Curran in the lowest number of moves.

The Bounce has conducted painstaking research to devise a Curran number for every Scottish player and a number of high profile players abroad. Here are a few examples of players and their Curran numbers. See if you can find a lower rating for any of them:

Karl Heinz Riedle 4

KHR - Borussia Dortmund
Paul Lambert - M'well
Billy Davies - The Pars
Hamish - The Pars
Harry Curran

Marco van Basten 5

MvB - AC Milan
Ruud Gullit - Chelsea
Craig Burley - Celtic
Jackie - The Pars
Andy Tod - The Pars
Harry Curran

Ronaldo 7

Ronaldo - Inter Milan
Pagliuca - Inter Milan
Paul Ince - Man Utd
Brian McClair - Celtic
Paul McStay - Celtic
Jackie - The Pars
Derek Fleming - The Pars
Harry Curran

Rohan Lightfoot

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TWIST BARBIE

Posh Spice, Ulrika Johnson, Danni Behr and that Louise troll who has no surname all have something in common. Apart from being stunningly-hatefully good-looking and very rich, they have all been romantically attached to famous footballers at some time or another. I would like to be stunningly-hatefully good-looking and very rich, but one thing I will never do is be romantically attached to a footballer, famous or otherwise, at no point in my life - ever. Like business and pleasure, football and real men, for me, will never mix.

I was brought up on a happy diet of the Pars playing Stirling Albion, Cowdenbeath, St Mirren and Meadowbank (oh those were the days) - do you get the picture? Mine was a happy childhood. I leapt up and down a lot, shrieked 'Come on ye Pars!' in my wee high-pitched voice, ate pie-crusts and tooti-fruities (whatever happened to them?) and fiercely defended my corner in endless 'Pars are crap' arguments in my Jambo-infested primary school. I had pictures of Ross Jack and Istvan Kozma on my bedroom wall and treasured memories of the day that Mr Leishman gave me a big kiss and told me to support the Pars for the rest of my life. Which of course I did. And am still doing.

At that tender age in the unfashionable footballing Eighties, I was still a bit of a rarity - 'a schoolgirl who likes football, how novel!' and enjoyed my status amongst the lads as the only girl who knew what she was talking about when it came to football. The same cannot be said for the thousands of bitch-troll gold-digging unscrupulous slappers who pursue football with the only goal (however unrealistic) of netting a footballer and the status that would go with it.

Amongst my peers, it began with Kenny Dalglish (another true hero of mine) and continued with the massive globalisation of Liverpool, Ryan Giggs and Man Utd, though I've no doubt it was happening long before then. And it's continuing now, stirred up by the hype and sexiness of recent footballing landmarks like Euro '96. The number of girls I know who carry a ripped and re-folded picture of Simon Donnelly*/Duncan Ferguson*/Jackie McNamara*/Paolo Maldini in their purses would be enough to give Dunfermline a respectable home gate for the season.

Women's magazines frequently show double page spreads of a half naked McAteer, Redknapp, Beckham or Holdsworth and football's new, sexy, women-friendly image has seen fit to vote Ruud Gullit Best Dressed Man, David James Most Eligible Bachelor and Robbie Fowler Pull of the Year. These sorts of things are undoubtedly attracting more women into football, which I don't mind, but perhaps they should acquire some knowledge of the game first? I do tire of lining up salt and pepper thingies with a few water glasses and knives and forks attempting to demonstrate the offside rule, and get quite bored of explaining that the away goals rule only

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count if the score is level on aggregate. On the other hand, it is hard to explain things like why Celtic win anti-bigotry awards when they still sing The Fields of Athenry and why Gascoigne took so long to be sent off by a Scottish referee, so maybe I don't know as much as I thought I did. But they will learn in time.

And so it came to pass that the football shirt became the sexy (the only item of clothing I thought they'd never wear), preferably in a child's size with chest sticking out as far as possible - I'm sure the lads don't mind but I hope you aren't getting distracted by these tarts, the main reason is to watch the footie you know.

What I'm building up to is the statement that will continue to govern my life: football is our religion, footballers are our Gods and therefore they are untouchable by the hands of those Goddesses that are true football-loving-all-year-round-supporting-yes-even-wet-weather-too-dedicated-Pars-lassies. That's me, by the way.

So I will continue to support the Pars until the Martians invade and East End Park is turned back into an exercise yard for horses. My only hope for the future is that the bitches who exploit football will move on and find something else when football loses its sexiness. Maybe it'll be rugby or something.

*Delete as applicable or substitute your own disgusting alternative, since there is just no accounting for taste.

Lynne Schyma

Home Grown Huns

What's the worst thing about the Premier League?

What? Apart from the shite standard of football?

Aye, apart from that.

And apart from being ignored by the media while they concentrate on keeping Jim Duffy and Alex McLeish in a job because they're all big Scotsport mates together?

Aye, apart from that.

And apart from being hated because we finished in the top half of the league?

Aye, apart from all those things, what's the worst thing about the Premier League?

Easy, home-grown huns.

Yes, that's right folks, another season in the Premier League and we're condemned to another two visits from the scabby arseholes whose every fibre craves an 0141 telephone number and a stall selling socks in Argyle Street. Tough luck tossers, you were born in Fife. Unfortunate really because deep down you know you don't measure up to following the team of your adult choice. The mighty rangers don't give a shit about you, no matter how many strips you buy. You go to 2 games a year and couldn't spell govan let alone find it on a map. All your loyal, follow, follow, small dick, craving for success is based on that king billy tattoo on your arse and a childhood spent in some shithole, redundant mining village. I suppose you've got to seek self-esteem somewhere. Never mind, at least there'll be a couple of kids stuck in the house with your ugly bird who you can retard to resemble you in every way. It's only the bairns who pay any attention to you.

Toun Ultra

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Bertman

man, happy-go-lucky, "We're avin a larff", Bert you see on the telly or the radio after games - and the dark, mysterious, unfathomable Bert who changes winning tactics and puts players in positions they've never played in before.

We are treated, at least once a season, to the most bizarre team line-up imaginable. Hopefully, he got this out of his system on the opening Saturday against Motherwell - 7 (seven) defenders on the park - Colin Miller playing in midfield (displaying his penguin-like agility and pace) - nobody willing to take on the full-backs (stand up Ray Sharp) - and then the typical late substitutions, giving the newly introduced players virtually no time to make an impression on the game. This has to be one of Bert's major failings - too much loyalty to the starting eleven. If a player is quite obviously playing crap then get him off the park. That opening Motherwell game is a case in point - when he eventually brought Moore and Petrie on the transformation was patent. Had he brought them on earlier in the second half, or god forbid, made a substitution at half-time we would have undoubtedly scored in that match, and at the very least secured a point. But hindsight is a wonderful thing I hear you say. Well it can be useful, if you use it in a positive manner and don't repeatedly make the same mistakes again and again. I'm willing to bet that 9 times out of 10 any substitutions Bert makes will be with less than 15 minutes to go! I notice he's still persisting with limited use of Ivo den Bieman - a player I've always rated and who undoubtedly deserves selection before a number of current first team regulars. I can only assume that Poison Ivo has done something to piss the boss off.

It's not all bad news though, and poor performances certainly aren't all Bert's fault. We can now boast a blue Brazilian in midfield (as he certainly will be

As we approach the halfway point of the league campaign it wouldn't be inappropriate to sum up the story so far. Once again, expectations from East End have deliberately been set low, with "avoiding relegation" apparently the main objective. It's a funny old game as some old, bald, fat Englishman once said - and indeed following the Pars at times requires a well developed sense of humour. Pars' performances this season have ranged from the sublime (away victory at Parkhead) to the ridiculous (away humiliation at Ibrox), but in recent weeks have been just plain mediocre. We've been treated to some tremendous football and to the usual turgid displays. There seems to be two sides to Bert Paton - the normal, hu-

Forever

when the cold weather really hits us - any bets on gloves AND tights?). Sergio "Ice-Man" Duarte, after a shaky start, seems to be settling down quite nicely in the centre of midfield and providing that calming influence and good football head which must surely start to rub off on the others sooner or later (probably later). Allan "Joker" Moore's sense of humour seems to be expanding exponentially this season - some of his performances have been laughable. Not what we've come to expect - but then again maybe its those late sub appearances which are to blame?

Results have generally been better than performances this season - the usual 3 points at Pittodrie, beating Hibs and Hearts and the amazing comeback against Dundee United, which was actually a bit disappointing at the end as we should have won it.

Something which has really annoyed me this season is all this crap that most Premier managers spout about everyone outside the top 3 or 4 clubs competing in their own league. Sorry boys - talking through your arseholes here (and Bert's no exception). It's a ten team league whether you like it or not. Bert in particular likes to embrace this theory when we've just been gubbed by the old firm or had a good result against one of the teams in "our league". However, I didn't hear him mention it in the aftermath of 3 points at Parkhead. Basically it's an excuse for managers to trot out when they get gubbed by one of the "top teams". Going on recent history, it's one Bert will be using every time we play Rangers. What's that all about? Why can we give the Tims a good game but not the Huns. Again, I'm afraid Bert has to shoulder a lot of responsibility for this. At the Ibrox debacle the players did not look "up for the game" in the slightest. It's almost as if team tactics were to try and keep the score down - and we all know how crap the Pars are at trying



to contain and defend. Anyway, let's look on the positive side - we're comfortable in mid-table, the only team we're not capable of beating is Rangers (but that's mostly psychological) and we're going to win the Scottish Cup this season. The omens are good. Mystic Greg predicted it on his way out the door.

Gordon Robertson

Manager, Manager on the Wall

Who'll be the Next One on the Dole

In the first of a three-part series (ie it was never finished) we took Roy Aitken's overdue dismissal as inspiration for a title which, ultimately, doesn't bear any relevance to the article. (Marks out of ten refer to the likelihood of SoS doing a big, you're-great article on the subject within the next month)

Jim Jeffries "M-O-O-N, that spells Hearts", or so Tom Cullen, the character from The Stand that Stephen King based on the lugubrious Jim would have said. It is perhaps a bit unfair to accuse him of being retarded just because his slow, heavy manner gives the impression of having a comparable IQ to a haversack, but some of this is based on fact and observation. A couple of years ago when we had Hearts in the League Cup at Tynie, Jim was seen at East End on the Saturday beforehand queuing up for tickets. JJ, he is big and he's not clever, 'laaws yes'. 7/10

Walter Smith Generally comes over as a really nice guy, even if completely hopeless when faced with a difficult challenge. Certainly conducts himself with considerable more dignity than your typical hun fan or Celtic manager. Will never be forgiven for giving so much notice in his job and allowing the Record, Whyte, Young etc unbridled opportunity to wank over prospective new managers for anything up to 8 or 9 months. 9/10

Wim Janssen A Christian man with high morals, he is well known for his interfering and obstructive nature. His vicious tongue had alienated him against his two daughters, Vera and Madge. Wim also had a son, Ian, who died aged four, and he had never remarried after his wife Alfreda died during the Depression.



Wim is strong minded and critical, even to his friends Minnie Caldwell and Martha Longhurst, with whom he often shared a glass of milk stout in the snug of the Rovers Return. In 1965 Wim inherited No11 which made him Elsie Tanner's landlord but he went on to sell the house. Wim had a soft side to him that was usually well hidden to those who thought they knew him.

In 1966 he was caught shoplifting 2 tins of salmon as he had no money. He had given all of his savings to his daughter, Vera Lomax (who had been deserted by her violent husband and needed money to feed her son). Wim was fined 40/- for his crime. Once more, Wim's protective nature came through when he collared two youngsters who had threatened to rape Lucille Hewitt. Wim did his best to protect Lucille even though the youths threatened him with a knife. In 1967, the great train disaster struck Coronation Street and Wim was one of its victims, trapped under the viaduct where he was eventually found alive by David Barlow. In January 1968, Wim moved into No5 with Minnie Caldwell before moving into a purpose built OAP ground-floor maisonette. He has since made a name for himself in football, representing The Netherlands in the World Cup finals as a player and becoming a respected, if not too succesful, manager. 8/10

THE EAST END BOUNCE

IN SICKNESS AND IN HEALTH

As the boundaries of medical science are constantly being pushed back new drugs, surgical procedures and diagnostic techniques are introduced into the healthcare environment almost daily. We are also becoming more sophisticated in discovering new diseases. In a recent edition of the British Medical Journal a special supplement described the latest sports-related ailments to be recognised. Here are just a few examples:

MILLAR'S ALLERGY

An acute reaction to small, oblong pieces of red card. This is usually immediately preceded by a cranial haemoglobin surge (rush of blood to the head) and a vicious attack on an opponent under the guise of "I was going for the ball ref, honest!". Any sufferers of Millar's allergy have a propensity to spend Saturday afternoons in the stand.

DEN BIEMAN'S LEG

An unusual physical condition characterised by long, spindly lower limbs and an ungainly running manner. Has been known to produce an interesting side-effect in members of the public - a chant-like cry of "Eevo, Eevo".

WESTIE'S WALKABOUT

A panic inducing ailment which causes the sufferer to sprint towards any oncoming through balls, arms and legs flailing uncontrollably. Often results in related neck injuries, as the head snaps round to watch the ball heading goalward.

MOORE'S EAR

An unfortunate congenital condition resulting in large, malformed ears protruding at right angles from the skull. Astonishingly, said ears are completely incapable of hearing the words, "Pass the ball Moorie".

SHAW'S SHANK REDEMPTION

An extremely popular complaint, now being experienced by Pars fans everywhere. No more "head-in-hands, breathtakingly unbelievable, couldn't hit a barn door from 2 paces" Greg Shaw six-yard box shanks over the bar. No more waking up in the middle of the night screaming "Why Greg?, Why did you miss another match-winning sitter?" In short, no more Greg Shaw. In a cruel twist of fate, minor panic attacks can still be experienced on seeing the name G. Shaw on the team sheet!

Gogs

THE EAST END BOUNCE

Just on the off chance we get the right result today, and you fancy buying all the Sunday papers, we'll save you the need to buy the SoS by publishing their review now. Being the Rangers game, theirs will show club badges.

'GERS

Dunfermline Ath **2**
Rangers **0**

Tom Appallin

AT EAST END PARK

The Auld Grey Toun. Never has a place been so aptly named. Are the never ending tangled roadworks designed to keep people from getting out? Apart from days like these surely nobody wants in, with its drab streets and the largest concentration of charity shops in the world Dunfermline High Street must be the closest representation of the former Soviet Union the West has to offer. It's ironic that since the fall of the communist block, and with it the flood of Eastern European players escaping the hardships of their own country, Dunfermline's contingent has actually gone down to zero? One can only speculate what the Rangers fans thought of the place, more used as they are to the chic cafés in Turin, taking in the architectural splendour of Gothenburg and the modern majesty of Strasbourg.

The champions came here on the back of 16 straight league wins over lowly Dun-

fermline, not to mention a few wins in various cups over that spell. The sheer ease with which Dunfermline invariably succumb to the might of the 9-in-a-rows obviously had an effect today. Outplayed by better players with bigger cars and a nicer strip, Dunfermline's battle hardened and scarred sluggers fought and scrambled for everything they could and hoped for that little (huge?) bit of luck. Andy Smith, who's probably been a Rangers' fan all his life, roamed around solo up field hopeful of getting on the end one of those balls from defence returning from orbit.

At half-time, Rangers were by far the better team but not their normal dominant selves. Their fans, the finest in the world, were in full voice even though their favourites were tied at 0-0 with the relegation-threatened journeymen from Fife. When the football lost their interest they still sang their hearts out, songs to remove them from their bleak surroundings and the pitiful fare being offered by their opponents.

The second half started as the first ended, tiredly, but 5 minutes later the pugilistic Pars got the bit of luck they've

SCOTSMAN *on* **SUNDAY**

DUMPED

been looking for all these years. Former Ranger, Greg Shields accidentally dispossessed Laudrup who'd collected a tremendous 75 yard pass from Cleland. The young defender who had his dreams of Ibrox glory shattered by a close-season move to East End Park then sidled his way past McCall slipped a pass through to erstwhile defender Ivo den Bieman, performing an unusual role as a wide-right midfielder. The clumsy Dutchman looked like he tripped over the ball as he approached an on-rushing Bjorklund player but somehow he wound up with the ball at his feet with the Ranger behind him. He galloped down the wing and his mis-hit cross took the Rangers' defence by surprise by whipping in just 6 inches above the ground, to the feet of

former Celtic player Gerry Britton who lashed the ball past an unfortunate Andy Goram.

Ten minutes from time and Dunfermline had a free kick 25 yards from goal. Their worn-out Brazilian, Duarte, took a wicked in-swinger which crashed off Goram's bar. As the daunting cliff face of the Pars attack loomed in on Scotland's No 1, Allan Moore dove to nod the ball in the far corner. A typical Dunfermline goal, on the break and scrambled in but that will be little consolation to the massed Rangers faithful who surely expect and deserve better than this. As one was overheard saying on the way out, just before the second goal, "We shouldnae let these fenian bastards intae oor Super League".

Graham Spiers' Diary

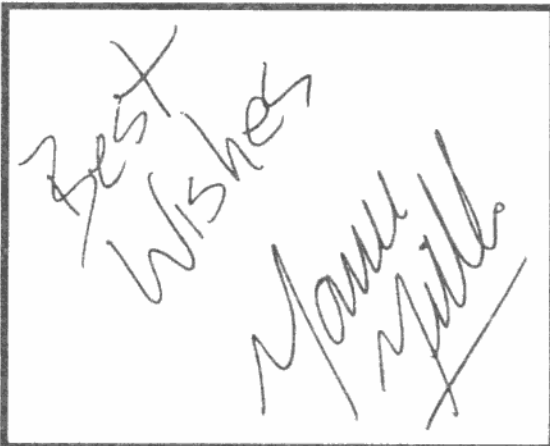
Most profound apologies dear reader, I'm sure waiting with bated breath for this week's instalment of the hilarious stories from the sporting world with which I regale you most Sunday mornings. My editor, in his wisdom, has decided that my repeated stories about the Ayrshire juniors, a jockstrap obsession, quotes from other people's books and frequent pictures of a lovely females thrown in on some specious grounds doesn't constitute journalism so I've been dropped.



SCOTSMAN *on* SUNDAY

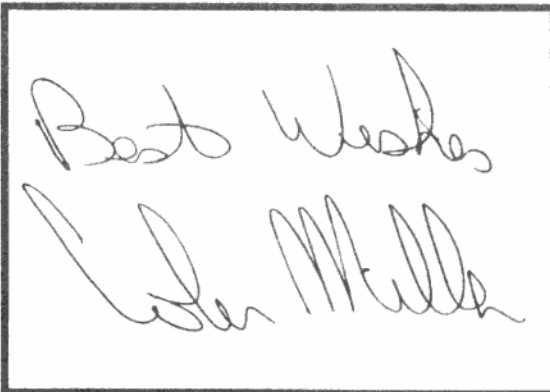
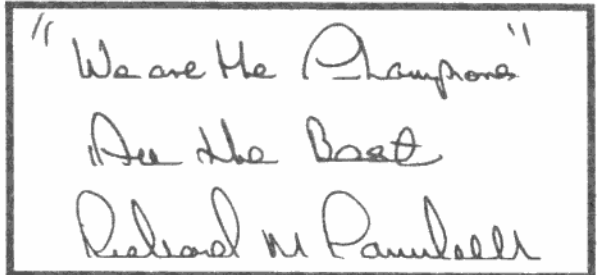
Psycho-Babble

The psychology of football, you can't get away from it. Pat Nevin even wrote his musings about the game with a psychologist rather than a tabloid journalist, but then he never was into the typical, footballer way of doing things. In our undying quest to see the Pars rule the world we took the opportunity of commissioning a top US graphologist to do some signature analysis. He has asked we don't name him to prevent damage to his career, *The Bounce* not being a recognised 'journal' in the psychology world, you know.



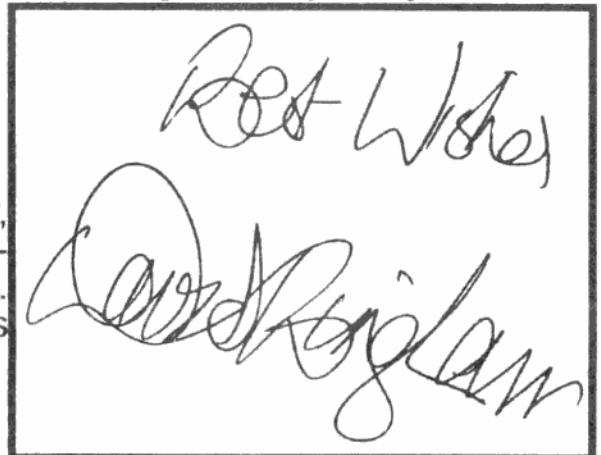
Marc Millar 'I'm glad you've told me what these names are, this one looks more like 'Janu Jillbo'. As beautiful and crafted as it the signature is, inconsistant and schizophrenic characteristics come through which tell me that this is a troubled genius. Huge capacity for both great things and self-destruction.'

Dick Campbell 'It looks like he's written using the edge of a ruler. This suggests to me that he wants to give the impression of someone totally in control, a hard master or strict disciplinarian. This probably isn't in the nature of the man but he sees it as necessary for the job'.



Colin Miller 'Look at the difference between the height of the C, Ls and M and the rest of the letters. This demonstrates a clear dichotomy in this man's personal perception of himself, his abilities and achievements and what the world around him is telling him they really are.'

David Bingham 'Oh, what a mess. However, most of the letters are clearly distinguishable and show some style, if a little erratic. Evidence of a raw talent and skill that he's not quite in total control of.'



LEXICON OF LOATH

(An ABC of Scottish Football Journalism)

In the (under)world of modern football journalism it is now accepted practice to slag off the mighty Athletic as a matter of course. The way we play is irrelevant, the number of games we win is irrelevant, our league position is irrelevant. In order to ensure uniformity across the back pages of what we like to call "the popular press" when writing about the Pars, a "special" dictionary has been developed, laying out the most common terms and definitions to be used when describing the Pars. Below we have reproduced a small section of this "lexicon of loath". You will undoubtedly recognise many of these terms from what masquerades as our informed media.

LONG-BALL GAME

This can be used when describing any pass where the ball travels more than 10 yards and any clearance from defence - even if the defender is under pressure and this is the only option open to him. When describing Dunfermline's opposition, whoever they are, this term should only be used if the ball travels 50 yards or more and only if this occurs on at least 2 dozen occasions during the match. Even then there is probably a perfectly acceptable reason for this - journalists should exercise their extensive vocabularies in this instance and use a term which does not denigrate the opposition - no matter how crap they are. When counting the number of "long balls" played by the Pars be sure to include: all goal kicks, free kicks; corners; AND penalties (because the ball will have travelled more than 10 yards).

HIGHBALL GAME

The basic tenet against this type of football is that the game should be played on the deck. This concept is a complete anathema to the Pars. It is well known throughout Scottish football that they are the prime exponents of the high ball game. When describing this aspect of the Pars play a high ball should be defined as any instance where the ball attains head height, or in the case of Andy Smith - shoulder height. Any passes which fail to reach this height off the ground are obviously mis-kicks and should be reported as such. The total number of high balls in a game will include EVERYTHING above head height - goal kicks, corners and of course throw-ins!!

ROUTE-ONE FOOTBALL

This term is to be used when the Pars "scuttle" up-field with the minimum of fuss and minimum number of passes and score with ease. This is not how football should be played. Intricate passing moves should be constructed involving virtually every player on the park. All Pars goals should be described as route one, unless every player has touched the ball and the ball is walked into the net. For all other teams the term will only apply if the goalkeeper scores direct from a kick out.

TARGET-MAN

To be used on every occasion a Pars striker receives the ball from a team-mate. Journalists writing about the Pars are likely to receive nominations for sports writer of the year if Andy Smith's name is mentioned in this context.

Get the idea? Check the Sunday papers this weekend for confirmation of any or all of these definitions.

Alec Hitt

THE EAST END BOUNCE



Greetings Pars pop fans, Pip here once more. First up I'd like to recommend a band called Cruyff, vaguely Glaswegian but well worth seeing despite that. I saw them support Catatonia last month and were well worth the money on their own.

This week I've decided to list the top ten greatest football songs of all time. I did try to get *Strachan* played before the Coventry game, it was the best chance since The Fat Barry Ban came to an end when St Mirren visited a couple of years ago for a *suitable* song to be played, I wanted the Saints to come out to Ebenezer Goode but was out voted, the heathen.

10 tunes guaranteed not to be heard at any football grounds anywhere.

10. QUEEN OF THE SOUTH by BILL DRUMMOND - Bill Drummond "The Man" (Justified Ancients of Mu-Mu, KLF, Timelords, 2K) in earlier solo incarnation. This slow-paced instrumental, featuring country style slide guitar was undoubtedly inspired by the middle-of-the-road performances of his home town team.

9. PAT NEVIN'S EYES by THE TRACTORS - Mid 80's shambolic indie guitar combo inspired by the boy-wonder of 80's Chelsea. This track's lowly position in our top ten has nothing to do with the wee nyaff's poxy goals against us the other week. Honest. Pat Nevin - the Bette Davis of Stamford Bridge?

8. BRIAN RIX by THE BRILLIANT CORNERS - All I know about Mr Rix is that he played for Arsenal (in defence?) sometime during my lifetime. This song is based on a Saturday night "soiree" between young lovers on the front room couch, parents due home at 11 o' clock. The female party is moved to laughter when male party removes his trousers - "It's just you remind me of Brian Rix, When you take off your trousers it sends me in fits". Strange.

7. ALL I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS IS A DUKLA PRAGUE AWAY KIT by HALF MAN HALF BISCUIT - Every other Biscuit's song seems to be about footie, but we like this one best. You know the story - the scalextric is broken (dodgy transformer), mum is sent up to the attic to get the old subbuteo set. Your opponent decides he is the ref aswell (he's playing at home after all - something Dundee United are good at!), and proceeds to red card no less than 4 of your players. Crowd trouble ensues and life-time bans are dished out without so much as an FA investigation.

6. OFFICIAL COLOUR BOX WORLD CUP THEME by COLOUR BOX - Specially written for the '86 World Cup this high powered electronic dance stomp was rejected by the powers that be south of the border - despite a rather fetching picture of one James Hill Esquire on the cover.

5. THE JOYFUL KILMARNOCK BLUES by THE PROCLAIMERS - Leith's finest (a term which cannot be applied to the current Hibs squad) attempt the Scottish version of yodelling while describing hitching to Rugby Park to watch what was undoubtedly a crap, relegation scrap.

4. HIGH TENSION AT BOGHEAD by THE SUPERNATURALS - The most recent of our offerings - an unlikely gem tucked away on the b-side of the "Prepare to Fly" single. Our hero describes the "action" at Dumbarton home games over the years - small boys throwing pies at ambulance men, older brothers inexplicably jotting down notes during the match, leaving at half-time to walk the 7 miles home. No mention of football strangely enough!

THE EAST END BOUNCE

3. SINBIN by HEAD! - "I'm in the sinbin, I've been cheating again". A song ahead of its time in two respects - 1. the innovative use of live commentary samples, eg. "The ball was intelligent and the finish was devastating" by someone who may be Brian Moore or John Motson or who cares? A bit of Bill Shankly thrown in too, for good measure. 2. It was written about Henrik Larsson (diving, cheating bastard) 13 years before he joined Celtic. Great tune.

2. THREE ENGLISH FOOTBALL GROUNDS by I, LUDICROUS - Essential travel, admission and beer information if you happen to be visiting The Den, Burnden Park or Craven Cottage (only the latter still stands I believe). Great swathes of loud, post-punk electric guitar interspersed with a deadpan but hysterical vocal delivery. Essential listening.

1. STRACHAN by THE HITCHERS - If you haven't heard this you haven't lived. Wall of sound jangly guitars, reminiscent of The Wedding Present at their best, with thick Irish vocal brogue. We've all been there - trying to watch the big match on TV whilst our "loved one" tut-tuts in the background making rather unhelpful comments while you try to concentrate on the game. This is written about the Leeds promotion / championship side of the early 90's dominated by "the tiny wee Scotsman with the copper coloured hair". The narrative springs from front room argument to the match and back again, and features some brilliant rhyming lyrics - "The air begins to thicken, Inside the box Strachan has stricken" - "The air gets even thicker, the keepers quick, Gordon Strachan's quicker". Classic, seminal guitar-pop. BUY NOW!!



CD 03



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Power, Corruption and Pies is a collection of the best writing from the first decade of *When Saturday Comes*, the independent fans' magazine. The book begins in the far-off days when the FA Cup wasn't sponsored, pies came with optional e-coli virus and Spurs were run by a bungling megalomaniac, and moves through to the Sky dominated 1990s when teams are allowed fifteen substitutes, pies come in sponsored packaging and Spurs are run by a bungling megalomaniac, but with a beard. It's fantastic value weighing in at a bookshelf-bending 350 pages for just £9.99 and a flicker pic thrown in for good measure.

Contributors include: Harry Pearson, Nick Hornby, Simon Kuper, Dave Hill and crooning legend Tony Christie, or his namesake. Foreword is by Roddy Doyle.

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It's a new number!

It costs more!

But it's still...

Bounce Back!

It's a cynical modern business world and being cynical modern business people we've followed in the footsteps of the club and moved to an 0930 number. Like the club we noticed most people phone us off-peak and as that brings in 10p a minute less we decided to not let you have that option. There'll be no time wasting on this line, which sounds like an admission that there was on the previous one but we'd deny that, just like they would.

SOAPERS

Celtic fans seem to think that everyone loves them because they revel in some self-righteous pity and forever cast themselves in the role of underdog. I hated the patronising bastards when they applauded us leaving Parkhead earlier this season having beaten them 2-1, but not as much as the huns who still felt the need to call us 'Dunfermline wankers' after winning 7-0. Good losers and bad winners, there is more than one kind of soap dodger after all.

Paul, Edinburgh (testing the new number)

UNITED

I noticed someone from Dunfermline having a good moan about the Pars in The Final Hurdle recently. Wondering why we hate them.

To me a very large part of it is being charged £13 to sit in the worst stand in Scotland while their own supporters get better seats for £11. There was fewer than 50 people in the stand behind the goal last week, it's exploitation that's all, screwing as much money as possible from us.

The Scottish League have rules about this sort of thing but they're being abused by United. This is the kind of thing the club should be protesting about on our behalf, but I'm not holding my breath, they'd be more likely to commend them on their keen business stance.

Annie, Oakley

Pies, Pies, Pies

Why is it that the pies at East End cost £1 and aren't as good as the ones at McDiarmid for 70p or even the Tannadice ones costing 65p?

Ron, Elie

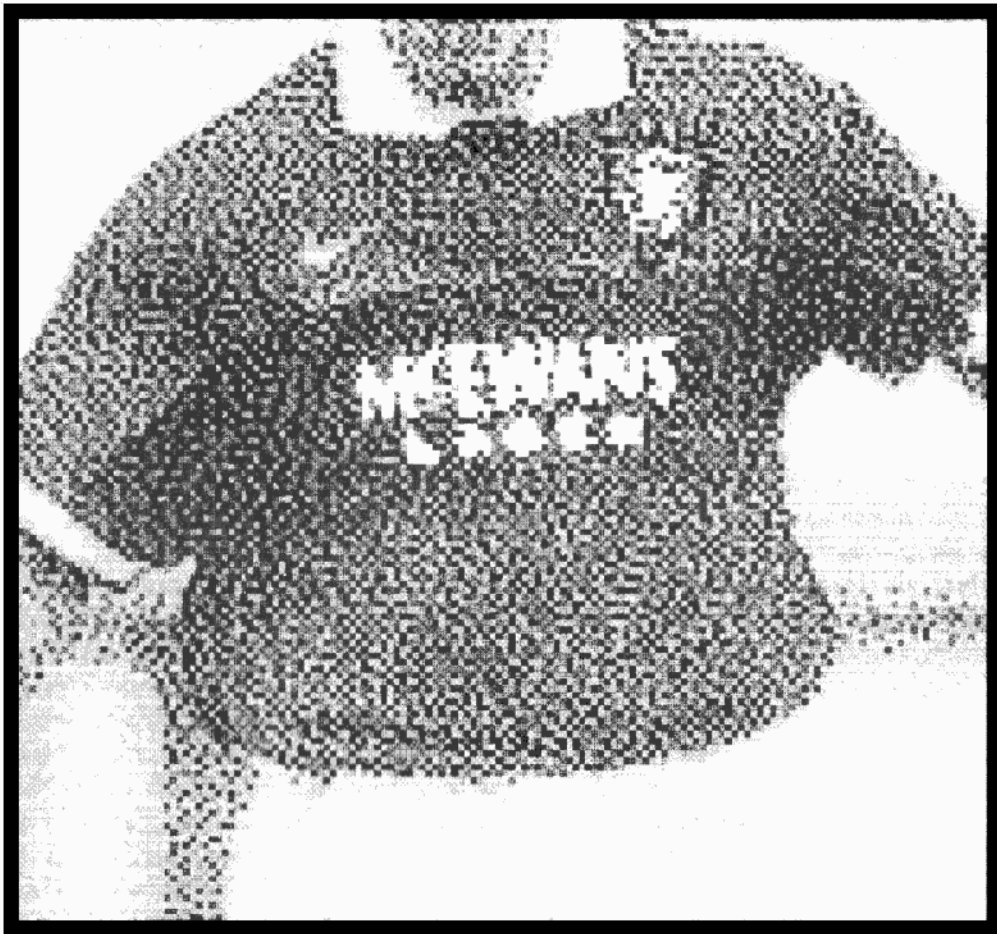
Sammy

I never liked the idea of Sammy the Tammy but having seen some of the pathetic excuses for mascots around the country, especially the mangy thing last week at Tannadice, I can only say I want to have his children.

Jane, Kennoway

THE EAST END BOUNCE

**INTOLERANCE?
BIGOTRY?
HATRED?**



**IT'S WHAT WE
STAND FOR**