

Can you feel it?

(a house is not a home)

In what modern politicians would call 'The Campaign for Hearts and Minds' (2 years ago it was a 'Battle' not a 'Campaign', but hey, new labour media diktats are there to make you, the reader feel safer)

FCUM has won over me mind. I am part of a football club which, give or take the actual football, (Well I'm a red...I'm spoiled) is the football club I've always wanted to be a part of. The ideology, the solidarity, the pretty-much-all-of-it make FCUM the perfect post-Glazer football club. The battle for me heart is another thing all together.

I went to see The Australian Doors once. Saw a great performance, got pissed, had a ball. Everything was in place, the tunes, the look, the vibe, the mates, the buzz. It was a really amazing gig. It wasn't The Doors but I knew that. I didn't care.

This season I've been to see FCUM loads. Saw great performances, got pissed, had a ball. Everything's been in place, the tunes, the look, the vibe, the mates, the buzz. It's not been MUFC but

I knew that. But I do care. Because I don't really care but I'd like to. By that I mean I don't really care about FCUM. I mean I do care, I just don't really care, really. Confused? Me an' all.

What I'm trying to say is that I don't really 'feel' it. I feel an MUFC defeat more than 10 FCUM victories. I support FCUM...ideologically, financially, vocally, pas-

sionately and regularly which is more than I do MUFC nowadays. But you can't help lovin' who you love. Why do I support MUFC? I just do, always have and I couldn't stop if I wanted to (as I've found out). Point of this is when will I start feeling about FCUM in the same way? Will I ever? Does it matter?

Guess I'll just have to see how it goes. I'll just carry on with enjoying the campaign, digging up the paving stones and experiencing the situation.

THE return of the football season is always an exciting time. But an even better result is the approaching cooler weather, which will hopefully signal a return to some sort of sartorial normality on the terraces. (Never get tired of sayin' 'On the Terraces'). Summer is rarely a season where many a man gets it right threads-wise, but some of the clobber on show at the friendlies...well, the words 'Geordie', 'Magaluf' and 'Stag-do' have all sprung to mind.

Groups of our younger (but definitely old enough to know better) support have been about, all lookin' like Wayne Rooney on holiday...more ticks than dicks. If we could harness all the static produced by the tracksuits and Dri-Fit / Evo-Fit / Bull-Shit tops, we could power the floodlights at the Lane. Synthetic fabrics have their place obviously. This season will see them utilised to stunning effect in the form of the new UTB flag.



Blood and Fire. Keep 'em peeled.

On a very serious note...and this is for the benefit of some who really should know better, wearing shorts to the football is only appropriate if you're playing. (Don't wear shorts meself anyway...not with suede shoes).

The amount of football shirts on show is still distressing. First FCUM home match I went to, I assumed that the NWCL operated a policy of 500-a-side. I've got used to it a bit now, it's the first flush of excitement making people get carried away. Similar sartorial faux-pas were committed during the first few years of rave culture (smock-tops anyone?). They'll grow out of it.

I saw a 40-something fella at Radcliffe wearing club shirts and shorts. This is just goin' too far. That's just one step away from going to Soho and havin' a brass put a nappy on you.

LOOKING de riguer for the terraces is the latest raft of Adidas re-issues. The 'Wilhelm Bungert' is particularly sweet. The 'Tie-Break', 'Harvard' and 'original Gazzelles' equally fine. The left-field gem in the collection though is the 'Porto' shoe. A 'Deck-Shoe' in white or brown, it recalls the Adidas shoe collections of the past. In white, it doesn't really look like a shoe, more of a post-shoe. They're not for everyone, they're a bit like The Beta Band, you'll either love 'em or not get it at all. Something that is for everyone, again from Adidas, are the new Muhammed Ali signature trainers. All white natch. Sadly, they're on the high street, so will probably be as pimped as



Ali's heritage has been by Adidas by the time you read this.

WE'VE had joy, we've had fun, but I've had enough football in the sun and its time to get down to business. Football truly begins in late September when you need to start wearin' a coat. Goin' to the football's not proper goin' to the football if you don't need to wear a coat. So post-casual Mancunia...keep your hearts open, you trousers long and your eye on Flixton. Seconds out. Round Two.

Top 10 Summer What Not To Wear

1. Three-quarter length trousers. (Seriously...you look a twat.)
2. Vests. (You're wearing number one as well aren't you?)
3. Shit sunglasses. (Good ones are easy to find)
4. Umbro. (Anything...even the Kim Jones)
5. Shoe' socks. (Wear socks or don't wear socks)
6. Linen trousers. (Unless you're R. Kelly)
7. Rockports with shorts. (Well...Rockports full stop to be honest)
8. Football shirts (Unless you're playing football)
9. Sandals. (Flip-flops yes, sandals no. Fact).
10. Griffin Jackets. (It's too hot. Soon be Autumn mind).