

THE FLESH YOU SO FANCIFULLY FRY

by Mark Hammond

"It has many interpretations. For me, it's as if we don't stand up for what we believe in, if we don't fight for our rights pretty soon we'll have as much rights as the meat on our bones."

Those are the words of Lady Gaga on the Ellen DeGeneres show sometime last year. I'd best contextualise the words for you, lest they come across as nonsensical and incongruous like one of her lyric sheets; Gaga appeared at the MTV VMAs bedecked in a beef dress with half a pound of mince pasted onto her peroxide-ravaged scalp. She surfaced on Ellen the next day to talk about having to dress up like a turbotwat to veil the sheer poverty of her talent, or something. As if having to endure the clanging grammatical folly of a self-aggrandising halfwit attempting to wax socio-political wasn't enough. Poor Ellen, a vegan (as well as a lucky participant in Portia De Rossi-tribbing exercises), had to withstand the noxious carrion draped around the skeletal starlet's bones from close quarters. What made me reach for the bucket though wasn't the bull the feckless flake had caked in her cowllick, rather it was the pungent bullSHIT spewing out of her silly little mouth.

Lady Gaga would have you believe that her wearing a fucking telephone on her head is some fantastical metaphor for the incommunicado state of unflinching unilateral foreign policy

in the West. Erm, sorry, no. You're just a dingbat with a telephone on your head. Every contrived sinew of her bony little frame makes my toenails haemorrhage with rage. There is simply nothing worse than a vacuum of a person affecting all the quirks of a scatty oddball just to blanket over the void in their soul. Well, maybe there is one thing worse – Morrissey. He too is a purveyor of unintentionally hilarious platitudes and he too has his views on meat. Only recently Morrissey caused quite the stir at a Middlesbrough gig by insisting that the crowd be searched for sausages and burgers. More fool Mozza; did he really suspect a smoggie from the 'borough would be smuggling foie gras into the venue? The turned out pockets of the attendant fans would likely reveal deflated bags of Monster Munch and polka dot spots of acid rain, at best.

Now, I'm a vegetarian. There, I've committed it to print. I'm also a huge fan of The Smiths. However much I wanted to skin Lady Gaga and wear her as a mankini for her idiotic crimes against animals/fashion (in the name of some lame, mealy-mouthed 'statement for rights' – pun intended) it is hard to take umbrage when your one great Ambassador is a sanctimonious prat like Morrissey. Yeah, thanks for stepping up for veggies/vegans everywhere Moz. Yeah, great job on having your fans frisked...for meat. It's really quite tiring being a vegetarian as it is; the complete indignation of strangers when you reveal you abstain from meat; the relentless prodding from

meat-eaters, seemingly enthralled to the point of indignation that you eat tofu, by choice. The times I've revealed that yes, it is possible to maintain a varied diet even though I've ousted chicken tikka pizzas from my oeuvre have been met with the same level of bewilderment often reserved for jealous women who just can't reconcile what David Beckham is doing with that skinny po-faced bitch. When the check-out girl comes to scan my Quorn burgers, I feel as though I might as well be announcing my leprosy to the zombified trolley-dollies around me.

"Er, does it even taste like meat?"

No actually, it tastes like a mycoprotein farrago of sterility. It has NOTHING on a gammon steak. You are right to speak to me like I am some sort of deranged potato-fucker. You are right and Morrissey, my Ambassador, is wrong ...about so many things, I concede. For one, he claims meat does not taste good, that it needs seasoning. So does lettuce Mozza, you truculent fool. I don't eat meat for many reasons, many of which I am far too tired of trying to expand upon, but I know that a rib eye steak is tastier than a fit lass's fanny. Save the crusade Mozzalini, it's futile. Even if slaughterhouses had glass windows, there'll always be some idiot Diva in a bovine toga. Besides, it's too hard to retain one's scruples when the average human is said to eat 8 spiders during their lifetime. Even you have to sleep.