We had gone as far as we could go without professional management — we had reached a zenith. That's when a super-slick, pony-tailed veteran of the London music industry — a man by the name of Howie B'Danus — was thrust into our universe. For better and for worse, our lives would never be the same again. Oh, and that surname is pronounced the way you hope it is.

Almost 50% of Plaster Scene (well, me, so a strong 25%) thought that welcoming Howie B'Danus into the fold would yield potentially catastrophic results, but I have to concede, we were still a considerable distance from the mansions of St. Johns Wood. It was after a triumphantly violent gig at The Water Rats in the less than salubrious Kings Cross, London, that the shiny-suited, beetroot-palloured B'Danus made himself known to us. Still saturated in our own sweat, the man with the million-quid grin extended his double-barrelled pistol fingers to us, complete with requisite puffed-out-cheeked sound effects. He was like a cartoon drawing of a band manager. The sleeves of his silver blazer were rolled up, Don Johnson style, so that his thick silver Rolex was overly conspicuous. The upshot? He wanted to concede, we were still a considerable distance from the mansions of St. Johns Wood.

Howie B'Danus came with an assistant/roadie called Swinger — a nice bloke, but a real casualty of the '80s music industry, always in a holey, woollen, navy blue jumper, with breath that could strip paint, a mullet and eyewear that Deidre Barlow herself would have turned down in 1983 on account of them being too geometrically unmanageable. He did, however, have a good (or at least long) story about trying to sell Paul McCartney a synthesiser.

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And so, perhaps somewhat blindly, the contract was signed, the deal was done, our fate was sealed, and the floodgates, well, they opened, as floodgates often do.

Rule 4: get a good team. We didn't.

"There was this magic switch that just suddenly clicked into my head and I thought, 'yeah, a band recipe book!'" says Michael. "I know people treat food as another necessary chore, but for many more of us out there cooking is an art. The more people I met, the more I realised I wasn't alone in being passionate about music and food, so it seemed natural to explore the two, together in one place.

"There was such a huge response from those people that I contacted," Michael continues. "Every band seemed to be a foodie or a fanatic of some sort. It lead me to believe that if you take serious time out to explore music, records and sounds then you are more likely to make an effort with what you eat — it has to be related in my view."

As bands signed up to the project, they'd more often than not recommend another bunch of musicians who they thought would like to get involved, and so Michael would forward his growing collection of imaginative concoctions (Human Hair’s Warlock Brownies contain rum, apple and hashish) to illustrator George Collum, whose melting cartons are paramount to The Mona Pizz’s DIY aesthetic.

There was no brief at all. "To say that all these recipes have to be vegan or complex or funny or serious just seemed really false," says Michael. "The fact that the book is full of vegetarian recipes is testament to the link between [music and food]. I remember Megan from US Girls emailing me saying she was sorry but she really only had a meat recipe and I had to tell her that was okay."

Other bands who've shared their favourite recipes for Belly Kids’ first independently published book include Bitches, Trencher, Kit, Drum Eyes, Shearing Pinx, Talk Normal, Grass Widow, Japandroider, Solar Bears, DJ Donna Summer, Emmy The Great, Punch and Roseanne Barr, who Michael has just released a split cassette for with Glaswegian punks Gropetown. "I'm the type of person with 7 million ideas floating around my head at any one point," says Michael. "I've loved getting involved with gigs, shows and exhibitions and just figured I could take these ideas and do something fairly individual and fun. The Mona Pizza was my first brainchild and it has just pushed me on to plot four or five other projects. Tapes, books, prints and records are all planned."

The Mona Pizza is out August 1 2011 • www.bellykids.co.uk
"At the beginning" implies that something happens at a certain point in time - "at the beginning of the movie we could hear a shot". "In the beginning" implies a stretch of time - "In the beginning of the 1970s", "In the beginning of the movie several fighting scenes took place". Back to top. worldsclayde. Â I would say IN the beginning of a time period. This is just MY preference. Since many things such as a race have a place and a time, either choice is okay.