



BACK TO THE FUTURE...?

TERRACES...

RED ATTITUDE



**INDEPENDENT
MANCHESTER
UNITED FANZINE**

Issue 15
£1.00



BACK ISSUES



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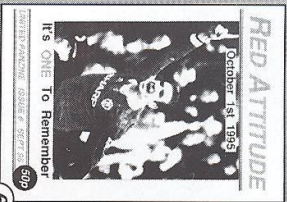
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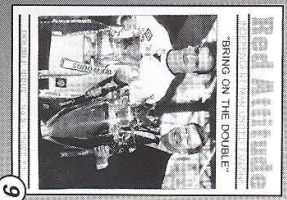
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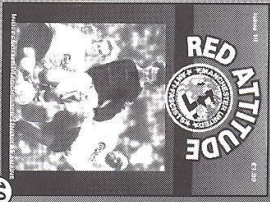
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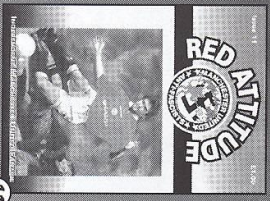
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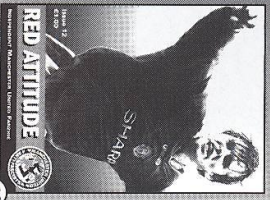
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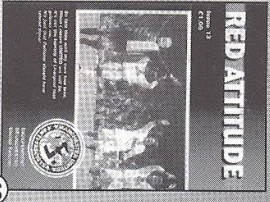
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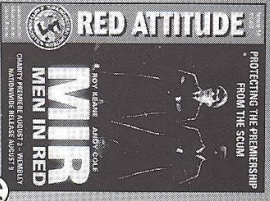
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Dads.

DISCLAIMER

The views expressed in this fanzine are those of individual contributors and are not necessarily those of the editorial board, and are probably not those of Manchester United FC, especially Spidersmans match reports!

CONTRIBUTIONS

We always welcome contributions from readers. The more controversial the better, and as long as the lawyers are happy, we'll print!

REDS IN PRISON

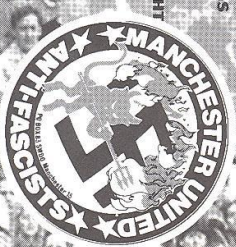
We send free copies of Red Attitude to Reds in prison. If you know anyone who would like to receive Red Attitude, then send us their address and expected release date, and we'll do the rest.

MEETINGS

Red Attitude now hold regular monthly meetings in Manchester for anyone interested or dare enough to want to get involved with writing, producing and selling Red Attitude.

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INDEPENDENT
MANCHESTER
UNITED FANZINE

EDITORIAL

A mixed bag is the only way to describe the season so far. On the European front, two emphatic victories have put us in a commanding position in the group, and in control of our own destiny. Without doubt the mighty Juve were made to look very ordinary. However, this result has been cooking since our second half performance against them last season. Mr Lippi, stony faced as ever, along with the rest of Europe saw the form team ripped to bits in the manner of Porto last season. No doubt the watching Glen Hoddle took great comfort from our victory over the Italians, days before the World Cup decider. In spite of all the euphoria over England's 0-0 draw, how can you compare the two games. Hoddle picked a team for the night, but left a better team (Beckham apart) sat on the bench. The Italians were more intimidated by the players on the bench than the ones on the park. Just ask Graeme 'hit me' Le Saux.

What it has done is create a thrilling climax to the Champions League when we play Juventus away, with the strong possibility of a 'winner goes through' scenario. All the nationalistic bullshit which comes out in the Press will no doubt be in evidence again. United versus Juve has got nothing to do with the English

versus the Italians, we are not representing the country in any capacity nor hope to achieve anything on their behalf. This is about United and the motives are entirely selfish. We supply half the England team as it is, so we can hardly be accused of not making a contribution.

In the circumstances, United have to load the situation and go for three straight wins against the Dutch and

Kosice, hoping that the Italians drop something along the way.

In the league, results are proving harder to come by and we're struggling to see off lesser teams who are up for it against us. Don't forget, Chelsea apart, we've not played any of the alleged championship contenders yet either. Arsenal away at the beginning of November will give a good indication of where we're at domestically.

Now that Keane is out for the year, the obvious switch would be to move Beckham into the middle and play with an orthodox right winger. That man being Poborsky, it leaves Ferguson in the position of having to make his mind up about him. He either gives him a run and allows the man to determine his own worth to the team, or if he doesn't play him, when there's pressing need for him to do so, would imply that his days are numbered.

And that brings us nicely onto Andy Cole. Recent weeks have seen press speculation linking him to a swap deal with Everton for drunken Duncan Ferguson and also interest from Dalglis, whose injury problems following the forced sales of Ferdinand and Huckerby should serve as a salutary warning to the accountants of the PLC. Alongside this we have Kiddo running his eye over Jose Marcello Salas of River Plate and Chile with

...there were calls from Edwards, backed up by Fergie for the re-introduction in parts of the ground.

Champions league. Ferguson's hands appear to be tied in that the PLC will only sanction such an outlay if they have the chance to recoup most of it via an extended run in the Champions Cup. The rest would probably come from the sale of United's most liquid asset up front, namely Andy Cole for

around £6 million. And this after the announcement of record profits of £27 million. Just why such financial restraints should prevail to the point of sabotaging the managers plans when the place is awash with money, beggars belief. United's inability to compete in the transfer market (Laudrup, Juninho, Babel) is matched only by the ability of Fergie's scouting network to keep finding cut price gems like Solskjaer and Johnsen. Hardly a long term recipe for success, more like the short-termism and under investment for which British industry is world renowned.

Let's face it, there's not one manager in the Premiership that could sustain a Premiership challenge and a European campaign on the limited budgets Fergie is having to work to. Dalglis, Guilft, Wenger, even Robbo at Middlesboro have more licence to spend. Perhaps the area of most concern has to be the implementation of United's safety plan for the East Stand. Following the ejections

Poborsky, it leaves Ferguson in the position of having to make his mind up about him...if he doesn't play him, when there's pressing need for him to do so, would imply that his days are numbered.

United fans, namely IMUSA. Quite clearly they believe the will or the need to discuss these problems with their own supporters does not exist. Instead the club, after one humiliating climbdown to its name already, seem determined to persist with the confrontational approach of Mr Arthur Roberts. One thing is for sure, if these matters ever ended up in court, I don't think Mr. Roberts would make a very good witness.

earlier in the season, I was somewhat taken aback weeks later by the comments of our chairman Martin Edwards. Speaking on Radio Five the day after the Juve game, he was beside himself with joy at the result and the attendant rise in share prices, and admitted to being stood up for large parts of the game along with those around him. Later there were calls from Edwards, backed up by Fergie for the re-introduction of terracing in parts of the ground. Commendable stuff indeed which stands in marked contrast to their continued refusal to discuss these very issues with the only independent organisation to represent

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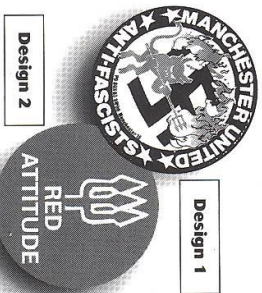
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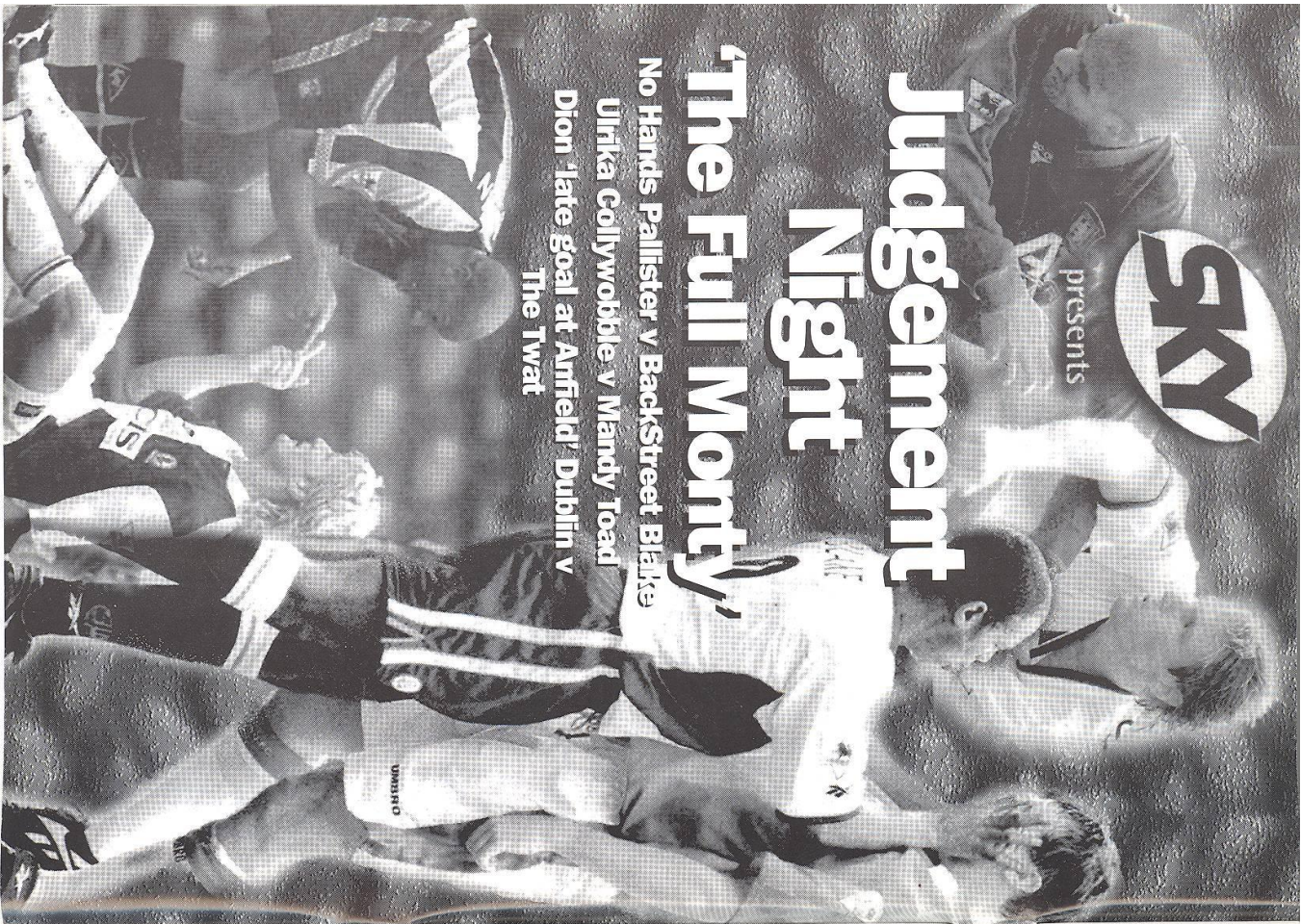
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FROM THE ARCHIVIST

RED ATTITUDE



SKY
presents

Judgement Night

'The Full Monty'
No Hands Pallister v BackStreet Blake
Ulrika Collywobble v Mandy Toad
Dion 'late goal at Anfield' Dublin v
The Twat

I'm seriously considering staying away from football grounds at the moment. I mean it's just not safe is it? What with all this violence going on in the seats, I thought the reason they brought in all seater stadia was to make the grounds safer. At Old Trafford you're likely to get attacked and kicked out the door, just for stretching your legs. I remember when the stewards were there to show you to your seat not the door.

As for the scenes in the seats at the Olympic stadium in Rome, whatever the ins and outs of it all, clearly fan safety is definitely not uppermost in the minds of those responsible for security. What they mean is if you don't sit down then you're getting it! No doubt Mr. Roberts had his best wank in years watching the baton wielding Italian police moving in. "Now that's how you put burns on seats." I can almost hear him saying.

Mind you all this bollocks about who's to blame for the Rome fiasco, with Mellor, Kelly, the FA and the Government obliged to defend the patriotic excesses of some of those in Rome, and at all the same time put all the blame on the Italians toes. It was claimed that the Italians started it by throwing coins, so Tony Blair responds by pulling us out the single currency! Why were England fans taunting the Italians about Heysel, like that was a good result for English football or what? It seems that in their haste to acquit the England fans, everyone this side of Switzerland has overlooked the Dublin 'misunderstanding' of a couple of years ago. That said though it doesn't excuse the Italian police for trying to knock out their annual quota for police assaults in one night. Certainly put Longsight police station to shame wouldn't they.



a word in your ear...
the noonan column

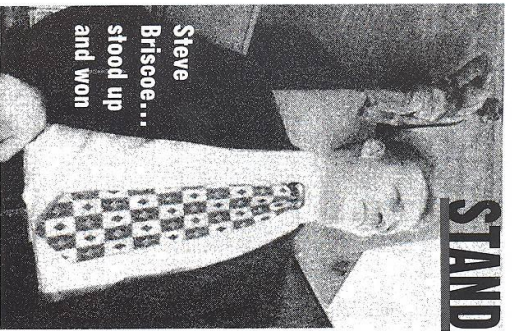
United fans suffered worse at the hands of the trigger-happy Porto police, not to mention Turin and the Turks. Did we hear any sharp diplomatic exchanges between our government and theirs? Or even Edwards and UEFA for that matter. I'm just glad we don't have to play in Saudi Arabia! The more you look at it, it becomes quite apparent that it's not a hooligan problem we've got but a policing problem. They keep telling us that English soccer has cleaned up its act and that all the hooligans of ten years ago have gone away. It's pretty damned obvious where they've all gone. They've all been put into police uniforms and dispersed around the Common Market.

What about Dalgligh sniffing round trying to buy Cole. Dalgligh is using the media to table his bids, same way as he got the Newcastle job. They cocked up when they off-loaded Ferdinand for financial reasons and then lost Shearer and Asprilla through injury. This is the very reason United shouldn't even think about selling Cole. We've got Sheringham, Solskjaer, Scholles and Cole to cover two positions which they do without falling out with each other. It's not so long ago, following the arrival of Cole and Eric deciding to stay that Hughsey did one to Chelsea because he thought he'd be the odd one out. The four we've got can live with each other so where's the benefit of selling. And to Dalgligh at that. Fergie should call his bluff to see if he'll offer Gillespie as bait. When he does, just go back, collect Gillespie and hang onto Cole. Simple isn't it when all you have to do is write about it.

Dessy

RED ATTITUDE

STAND UP FOR...YOUR RIGHTS!



Steve Briscoe... stood up and won

United's first home game of the season against Southampton was hardly one to get excited about, despite the fact that no-one likes Southampton due in no small part to recent reverses down at the Dell.

However, this game is significant more for what happened off the pitch rather than on it. As we warned in our first edition of the season, United's security team, S.P.S., had been in training at the cricket during the close season, fine tuning their crowd control techniques in readiness for the opening game of the season. The brief was simple: to get K stand sat down (or closed down) by Christmas. Forty one people were ejected, and most if not all had their season/day tickets taken so their identity could be found out and their facilities withdrawn. What United didn't budget for was the furore their methods would provoke amongst rank and file United fans. They might even have got away with it but for the stupidity of SPS, coupled with the fact that one of those ejected, Steve Briscoe decided to make a stand against this injustice. Steve was forcibly ejected by a number of S.P.S., verbally abused and his girlfriend illegally searched for season tickets and identity details. Steve Briscoe went to the media who ran with the story,

even giving TV coverage to the IMUSA meeting where Steve explained his situation. IMUSA backed Steve and highlighted his disgraceful treatment. Steve was reluctant to throw the book at United, as he is Red through and through, and sought redress first through official channels by taking the matter up with Arthur Roberts, ex-police controller at Old Trafford and now employed by United as ground controller. He was told by Roberts in no uncertain terms that he was banned for life for persistent standing up during the match. This changed somewhat when the media got their claws into United with the attendant bad PR for the club.

Steve Briscoe was invited to a meeting with club secretary Ken Merritt, with Arthur Roberts in attendance.

During the meeting it became apparent that Mr Roberts had acted without the authority of his boss, Merritt, who continually contradicted and further questioned Mr Roberts over the events of that night. The most serious of which was Steve Briscoe's girlfriend being illegally searched and Steve being 'offered out' by SPS stewards. He was also followed from the ground by a police officer. The meeting lasted two hours and Steve took the opportunity to put forward IMUSA demands for standing and singing areas as a progressive alternative to the methods employed by the club to date. The meeting ended with no firm decision taken on the status of those ejected. Days after the meeting his facilities were reinstated and as we are led to believe so too did the forty others wrongfully ejected. Anyone who hasn't should get in touch with IMUSA without delay.

The next few home games saw United backtrack and call off the suits and a more sensible stewarding regime appeared to be in place. However, such cosmetic manoeuvres did not deflect the growing anger of supporters over a club policy that was designed to intimidate people back into their seats. One group in K stand known as 'Action 135' leafleted the Chelsea game to encourage fans to show their disquiet. Their action was endorsed by IMUSA. The plan was to stay quiet during the first half to showcase the kind of atmosphere the club are determined to impose, followed by a raucous, highly vocal second half to showcase the kind of atmosphere that watching United is all about.

Things worked well for half an hour until events on the pitch drew people in. However, it was surprising to note one notable self-publicist under J stand, who shall remain nameless,

to implement a health and safety policy by use of intimidation and thuggery in a football supporter environment shows a wilful disregard for the possible consequences

constantly trying to start the singing. Anyone who has supported United through thick and thin will understand the virtue in sticking together on this issue. A temporary withdrawal of vocal support is an act of defiance to which all can subscribe to without fear of ejection. It is an opportunity to send a clear message to the club.

The bottom line is simple. United are under pressure, self-inflicted or otherwise, to get people sat in their seats for dubious reasons of safety. However, to implement a health and safety policy by use of intimidation and thuggery in a football supporter environment shows a wilful disregard for

the possible consequences. Perhaps this is what Roberts is looking for.

Now that Juventus is out of the way, and the initial hubbub over the elections has subsided, we will have to wait and see if SPS re-emerge to implement the Southampton gameplan in the near future. IMUSA have issued guidelines on fans rights, via the fanzines and further 'sit down' protests will no doubt occur in response to SPS intimidation. The message is simple. Know your rights, join IMUSA and back any action called in support of fellow Reds. It could be you next!

Fran

ARTHUR ROBERTS?

As questions continue to be asked about the role of Kelly's SPS at Old Trafford, we offer this insight into the recent career of an ex-police officer who shares the same name and rank as the man who is now in overall control of Stadium security, and is responsible for devising the security strategies which Kelly and the SPS have been imposing on United fans.

In 1988, police officer Gerd Corley was convicted of conspiracy to rob a security guard and was sentenced to seventeen years imprisonment, in spite of claims he was being fitted up.

Weeks after this 'successful' police investigation into corruption, a further inquiry was initiated against the officers involved in the investigation. This followed a complaint by Chief Inspector Jackson against the conduct of the man in overall charge of the investigation, none other than Chief Superintendent Arthur Roberts. Jackson's efforts to have Roberts role investigated led to himself becoming the subject of investigations and forced him to make a formal complaint against Roberts through his solicitor. The whole thing was a can of worms from start to finish and Chief Superintendent Arthur Roberts appeared to be at the centre of it.

In March 1990 Gerd Corley was acquitted in the Court of Appeal with the Judge describing his trial as a travesty of justice. If the prosecution had known only a quarter of what emerged since the trial, Corley would never have appeared in court said Lord Lane.

In a nutshell, the case against Corley was manufactured by the police investigation team led by Roberts. They offered inducements to prisoners remained on armed robbery charges to implicate Corley in return for reduced charges, access to bail and cash etc.

Meanwhile Jackson retired from the Force on medical grounds claiming that his complaint against Chief Superintendent Arthur Roberts had been followed by a 'vicious campaign' against his sanity and his integrity by a small group of officers.

In May 1992, Roberts, Jackson and detective sergeant Kevin Ryan were indicted on charges of perjury and perverting the course of justice. This followed the substantial award of £230,000 in compensation to Gerd Corley for wrongful imprisonment.

In August 1992 Roberts was suspended from the Police as a result of complaints made by ex-PC Corley. In March 1994 at Leeds Crown Court, the former Chief Superintendent Arthur Roberts was acquitted on two counts of misconduct and given a nine month sentence suspended for two years on a third count. Conveniently, Inspector Jackson was receiving treatment for a mental illness and was unable to stand trial.

Is this the same Arthur Roberts now employed by United as Stadium Manager. If it is, then many questions need answering as to why a man with this sort of track record is employed in such a position of responsibility by the club. In light of recent events in East Stand would it not be prudent of the club, mindful of its duty to its own supporters and indeed its own image to mirror the action taken by Greater Manchester Police and suspend this individual whilst a thorough enquiry is undertaken into his conduct.

ROY EVANS/CHOIR BOYS

Yesterday we were such a hard team to play
Now Man U beat us home and away
Oh I wish it was yesterday

Collinmore, I'm glad to see him out the door
Wouldn't train and couldn't score
Oh I wish it was yesterday
Suddenly we're not half the team

we used to be
Robbie Fowler out with injury
Oh I wish it was yesterday

Chorus
Why should I resign
The Spice Boy's are to blame
Choir Boy's are what I need
if we're going to win a game

Steve McManaman his form's went
down the pan
I tried to sell him for 12 million
Oh I wish it was yesterday

Jamie Redknap I think he's ready for the strap
Out six month's with every England Cap
Oh I wish it was yesterday

Chorus
Why should I resign
The Spice Boy's are to blame
Choir Boy's are what I need if
we're going to win a game

David James he's the reason
we lost the last campaign
His minds moosed from them computer games
Oh I wish it was yesterday

Yesterday we were such a hard team to play
Now Man U beat us home and away
Oh I wish it was yesterday

To the tune of "Yesterday" by The Beatles
Gareth, Belfast

10 **RED, ANTI-FASCIST & PROUD**

I'll be back...



School Dinners

This has been a bit of a stop-start season, what with a fortnight break every other week for World Cup duty, and on the Premiership front I'm feeling a bit unfulfilled. Although United are lying second in the league, the standard of football dished up thus far has been a real school dinner affair. Arsenal are producing all the champagne and oysters stuff and Mr. Bergkamp is proving to be a real high flier with big portions of goals and style to boot.

During the eighties I used to justify United's lack of silverware compared to Liverpool, with the consolation of entertaining football. Okay we'd get stuffed now and again but the games were full of good attacking football. When we won the league in 92/93 and the Double in 93/94 playing brilliant football, it was pure peaches and cream.

So when a bread and butter outfit like Palace turn up and get away without the good hiding they so richly deserve, then questions have to be asked. And this following the gourmet classic served up against Juventus when we surpassed them in every department only a few days previous. That performance was so far removed from the school dinners we've had in the league, it's a wonder the players weren't all tested for performance enhancing substances. Or did the stimulation emanate from large sections of stood up vocal support? Are we now seeing a team that can only turn it on when it thinks it really matters? Fergie should remember that we pay week in and week out and it matters to us that we are entertained in the attacking traditions of United and hopefully win in style aswell. So come on United no more school dinners as it's playing havoc with my ulcer.

Fran

GALLING ALL FOOTY ENTHUSIASTS!

DO YOU HAVE BUSBY'S BOOTS, SHANKLY'S SHORTS, OR EVEN TOSHACK'S TOBY JUG???

IS GRANDAD'S CUP WINNER'S MEDAL STORED AWAY IN THE ATTIC, OR DO YOU SIMPLY OWN A SOUVENIR FROM WHEN ACCRINGTON STANLEY WERE A POWER IN THE LAND?

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RED ATTITUDE

11

RED MOLE

Uncovers...



Hans Eysenck

I nearly fell off my seat upon reading the above obituary to Professor Hans Eysenck in the United review for the West Ham game. Hans who? What team did he play for, and what's the big connection with United that warrants such glowing tributes, you may well ask.

'Europe's best known psychologist' as the Guardian puts it, is none other than one of the foremost contributors to making racism respectable.

Eysenck's work dealt with proving the racial superiority of white over black based on flawed I.Q. tests and discredited pseudo-scientific methods in the sixties. His conclusions were that blacks were genetically less intelligent than whites. His work has been seized upon by extremists of the far right as scientific justification for their racialism. Eysenck's books like 'Race, Intelligence and Education' and 'The Inequality of Man' are on the booklists of fascist groups like the National Front. Fascists saw Eysenck and Jensen as vindicating their basic racist assumptions. The added danger with this academic racism is that it creates an intellectual climate in which racist culture can flourish. This type of race-science, which was so eagerly picked up by the Nazis in pre-war Germany, was the

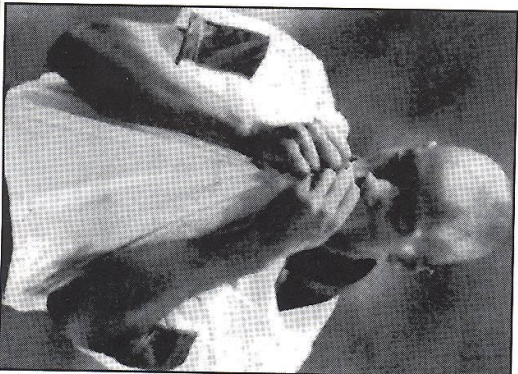
scientific rationale behind the Holocaust. Anyone wishing to know more about Eysenck's eminent career should read 'Psychology, Racism and Fascism' published by Searchlight in 1978.

Hans Eysenck is also noted for his research into disproving the link between smoking and lung cancer. His credibility and his research findings were considerably damaged when it emerged that his work was being financed by the tobacco companies themselves.

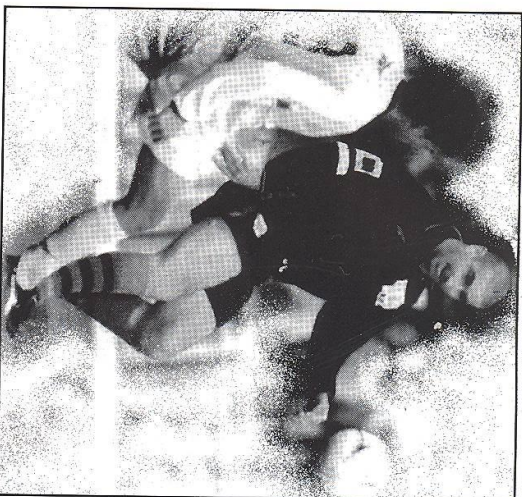
So on what basis does he warrant an obituary in the United Review? His two specialist subjects, racism and smoking, are at best inconsistent with the ideals of sport aren't they?

Old Boots...

Rumour reaches Red Mole of an ex police officer who may now be employed on the non-playing staff at Old Trafford, who used to have a stall on Wythenshawe market selling boots! Jackboots no doubt were available under the counter.



IAN WRIGHT SNORTING VALIUM AND SEDATIVE COCKTAIL BEFORE ITALY GAME



MUTV

The recent launch of MUTV, with Sky covering their arse by buying a slice of the action, indicates that whatever corporate plans United have in respect of pay per view etc, are already well mapped out. Sky bought into football solely to entice people to switch to satellite viewing. Having hyped football and pumped the 'TV dollar' into the Premiership to kick-start Sky viewing, perhaps they too are looking to restructure. Watch out for similar tie-ups with other clubs, especially those with PLC status. Why pay all the Premiership clubs when you can do joint ventures with the top six and thereby secure your market without subsidising the rest of football. A situation not dissimilar to Home Box Office in American boxing.

Keane

Apparently police are taking no action against Roy Keane over allegations that he threatened one of his posh neighbours after she complained about Roy's dog. If the truth were known, it's not the dog that's the problem, but Roy himself. If it wasn't for football and the outrageous sums of money paid to the likes of Levenshulme. The signs saying 'No Irish need apply' may be long gone but the sentiment lives on in the posher parts of Cheshire.

ERIC IN ACTION FOR 'FOOTBALL AGAINST RACISM' SPONSORED BY INTERNATIONAL PLAYERS UNION
AIFP AS PART OF THE EUROPEAN YEAR AGAINST RACISM.
PRINCIPLES BEFORE PROFIT

FOUL PLAY LEAGUE

| Club | R | Y | F | Pts |
|-------------------|---|----|-----|-----|
| Chelsea | 0 | 25 | 155 | 280 |
| Manchester United | 0 | 19 | 136 | 261 |
| Arsenal | 3 | 18 | 157 | 277 |
| Southampton | 0 | 20 | 144 | 244 |
| Blackburn | 2 | 13 | 154 | 239 |
| West Ham | 0 | 22 | 116 | 236 |
| Tottenham | 0 | 9 | 120 | 235 |
| Sheff Wed | 2 | 19 | 126 | 231 |
| Everton | 1 | 19 | 116 | 225 |
| Coventry | 2 | 16 | 135 | 225 |
| Liverpool | 0 | 17 | 110 | 215 |
| Sheff Wed | 2 | 16 | 107 | 215 |
| Man Utd | 0 | 16 | 135 | 215 |
| Barnsley | 0 | 16 | 107 | 187 |
| Derby | 0 | 14 | 114 | 184 |
| Leicester | 0 | 14 | 110 | 180 |
| Liverpool | 0 | 14 | 108 | 178 |
| Wimbledon | 0 | 12 | 110 | 170 |
| Aston Villa | 0 | 12 | 116 | 165 |
| Newcastle | 1 | 8 | 91 | 141 |

R - Red cards (10 points); Y - yellow cards (5); F - foul committed (1).
 * - Re: red cards (10 points); Y - yellow cards (5); F - foul committed (1).

DIRTY DOZEN

| Player | R | Y | F | Pts |
|-----------------------|---|---|----|-----|
| Edinburgh (Tottenham) | 1 | 5 | 17 | 32 |
| Tullie (Pace) | 0 | 5 | 22 | 47 |
| Williams (Coventry) | 0 | 6 | 15 | 45 |
| Billy (Everton) | 1 | 4 | 14 | 44 |
| Wise (Chelsea) | 0 | 5 | 17 | 42 |
| Hawley (Leicester) | 0 | 3 | 20 | 40 |
| Stuart (Blackburn) | 0 | 3 | 20 | 40 |
| Bignold (Aston Villa) | 1 | 1 | 21 | 36 |
| Viera (Arsenal) | 0 | 2 | 25 | 35 |
| Hoce (Liverpool) | 0 | 1 | 24 | 35 |
| Bobby (Newcastle) | 1 | 2 | 15 | 35 |

Does not include yesterday's matches.

COCKNEYS TOP FOUL PLAY LEAGUE

West Ham speak out... on Posh, Becks and Munich 58

Lifted from WHU fanzine *Over Land and Sea*. I knew it would all end in tears. After all the fact that HRH David Beckham had tacitly encouraged playful chanting from the East End faithful in the last unimportant game of last season, did not mean that such boyish toilet humour would be acceptable this term..... Writes Kevin Williamson

For a start Beckham has 'matured' and now that he is in a deep long lasting emotionally satisfying relationship with the girl of his dreams the fact that 3,000 Daying West Ham fans should enquire she take it up the arse? And have your team mates had a go? really is no longer acceptable to the PC brigade.



Becksy... the ICF have done me fakin' merci!

Thank your lucky stars Beckham me boy that the Gallic pricktasee has fucked off back to France. Real life is a lot harder to swallow than 90 minutes of fantasy mickey taking. Just ask Lee Chapman.

I have to admire Beckham's smitten chivalry, however, even he must realise that when you're putting it about with a bird that is making a fortune by exploiting her sexuality, so much so that my daughter has donated me her spare official Spice Girl photo of the Posh one sitting on the crapper, he really should not be too surprised that a few of us whose lives are filled with mundane monotony day in day out might want to take the piss out of sheer envy. The Sunday press were brilliant in their total support for the poor baby Beckham. Zeroing in on

the 'baying foul mouthed hate mobs abuse'. They missed the fact that once again West Ham did indeed cross the line chant wise. Not silly stuff concerning a five minute fly-by-night pop star - that's kids stuff. I'm talking about the offensive and pathetic Munich 58 chanting that failed (luckily) to take off (no pun intended) after the Mancs had scored their second goal. How would we feel if opposing teams sang sick songs in celebration of the death of Bobby Moore? We would feel outraged and tint of condemnation borne out of a sense of indignant righteousness. So, it was all the more shameful when I met my Welsh, mate for a beer on the Sunday after the Manc defeat. Keith has worn the West Ham shirt on dozens of occasions since I met him, standing with me on the North Bank and celebrating our promotion standing on the South Bank. He has travelled away with West Ham and sung his heart out during renditions of Bubbles. However, since a boy in Merthyr Tydfil he has been a Manchester United supporter. Disappointed as he was when we met up outside Upton Park after we had denied Man. U. the championship he merely shook my hand said well done and went and bought me a beer. A true football supporter. Seeing as how I was ferrying the OLAs crew to Manchester Keith got the train. On the way back on the 6.35pm out of Manchester. Piccadilly a group of around eight West Ham supporters began chanting the Munich 58 chant and the Matthew Harding helicopter songs. Bad taste. Not funny. At all. To his credit, Keith confronted the group and, as he recounted to me, said: "you lot are a fucking disgrace to West Ham". To which, picking up on his accent, the group proceeded to indulge in the predictable sheep-shagging abuse of mated out to the Welsh. That was until one of the West Ham crew realised that John Harrison was Welsh!

As it happens, no more obscene bad taste chants were taken up. And if that group of supporters took on board the fact that they were being offensive and chose to stop, good on them. The point of all this is that West Ham fans are the best and most witless in the world. We do not need to be offensive and at the end of the day, it does our reputation no good at all.

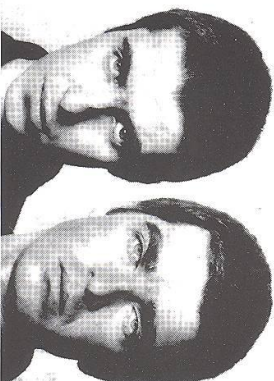
I don't believe that the majority of West Ham's away support want to sing songs that glorify the untimely deaths of footballers or football supporters. Let's just stick to a few soft targets. Okay? On the count of three... Posh Spice is a...



It is, honest...

Teddy Sheringham measures up for the 'full monty'

division two



Definitely Maybe

ULTRAS

Racism and Football Culture in Italy

Europe - Progetto Ultra - Comitato Regionale Uisp Emilia Romagna, Bologna, Italy.

Part Two

The following report was presented to Fanatici Conference by Carlo Poddutri and Carlo Balestri (Archivio sul rifo calcistico in Romagna, Bologna, Italy).

Here we approach the period which can be defined as the second phase of the "ultra" movement that goes from 1977 to 1983.

During this period in the other European countries it is possible to notice an increase in violence due to the increasingly military style organisation of the hooligan groups. Different factors contributed to this development, among them a greater need to plan clashes due to increased safety measures and tighter control by the police, and last but not least, the growth of youth subcultures in the second half of the 1970's. Above all, the skinhead style became predominant in North European stadiums and, because of an increasing tendency towards xenophobia and racism, this style made the most violent hooligan groups turn to more extreme right-wing positions. This at a time when right wing groups were looking to influence and manipulate hooligan groups inside English and German stadiums as well. In Italy the dynamics were partially different from those that developed in other European countries. It is true that the "ultra" groups traditionally controlled by the right strengthened their position, however, the social scene and radical thinking was still completely controlled by the left. The groups that were strongly controlled by left wing leadership were not threatened by any kind of penetration from extreme right-wing groups. Even the advent of the skinhead style did not take off for some years and was confined to certain areas. Yet, even in Italy, violence increased but this can be put down to the decline of the political movements of the 70's, which had grown through people's anger and feelings of isolation and led to a fierce and violent explosion in 1977 culminating in bitter clashes with the police, right-wing groups and also between leftist movements themselves. Thus, as it happened in the squares during demonstrations, the stadiums saw an increase in the use of illegitimate weapons, knives, iron bars and rocket launchers. The names of the new groups were still influenced by the political situation of those years: many groups defined themselves as "Brigades", referring to the terrorist groups active in that period and several symbols belonging to left-wing terrorism appeared (for example the five-pointed star of the Red Brigades) and to right-wing terrorism (the two-edged

axe which was the emblem of Ordine Nuovo', i.e. New Order). It became more and more common for the "ultra" groups to stage clashes outside the stadiums, in order to avoid police control. The increase in violence was highlighted by the death of a Lazio supporter in 1979 before the beginning of the Roma-Lazio derby. That very day other violent clashes occurred causing several injuries in Ascoli, Milan and Brescia. However, in this period, the large ultra groups had practically gained complete control of the whole curve. Although the belligerent character was stronger and the level of the clashes was higher, the behavioural pattern activating violence followed the rule of "violence as an instrument" borrowed from politics. Before gaining entry to the elite or chore elements of the group, through the larger peripheral support of the group, the inexperienced members had to pass a series of tests and to demonstrate to be reliable not only from a military point of view, but also in terms of organisation and general behaviour. The exertion of violence occurred only during matches between teams whose supporters were historically hostile to each other and with large "ultra" groups. Therefore, recourse to violence was somehow controlled. If someone demonstrated to be unable to move effectively or ignored the senior members, thereby endangering the safety of the group, he was left out and sent away. In the same period, the "ultra" members increased and these movements strengthened their organisational structures. These years saw the birth of the first "Directorates", modelled on the lines of extreme left-wing political parties. The function of the Directorates was to co-ordinate the ever increasing activities carried out by the "ultra" groups. At this stage, these activities corresponded to those typical of any organised club and were particularly devoted to organising away matches and managing a certain number of tickets. In this period the need for stronger relationships with the Team Management emerged. To give an example of the various activities and their distribution inside the "ultra" groups at the end of the 1970's, we will quote an interview given by an Torino "ultra" leader: "...The leaders are eight including me... each one of us has his own tasks. Women mainly deal with the financial aspects and they are almost totally responsible for the assembling of flags and drums. We deal more with relationships with the Team Management... There are specific tasks: organising away matches, asking for prices, timetables and renting of buses, dealing with materials, for example mending flags, buy flagstaffs, drums and so on, buying stationery, stickers or T-shirts, organising support and being responsible for confetti and torches, going to the Team Management for the tickets and keeping in touch with the Team and also

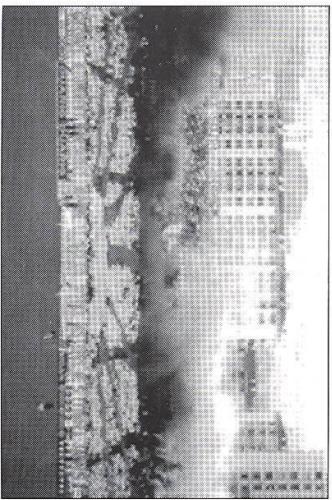
the most violent hooligan groups turn to more extreme right-wing positions



...these new groups' philosophy was pure violence, forceful action for its own sake, to be carried out always and anyway...

keeping relationships with other clubs... Concerning the funds, once we used to take general collections not only among ourselves, and to sell our material: T-shirts, stickers and scarves bearing "ultra" on them. But then the Torino Team Management decided that this was not very elegant, told us to document our expenses and then refunded us."

Between 1983-1989, the "ultra" movement reached even the stadiums of provincial towns and the teams playing in the lower Divisions, involving young people coming from all social classes. Conditions of social deprivation were not necessarily a prerequisite for ultra participation: on the contrary, in these groups there were people with good jobs and often with a high school level (degree, diploma) and also boys coming from well-to-do families, married men with a stable life. Often it was precisely in the small rich provincial towns that the toughest and most radical groups could be found, for example Ascoli, Cesena, Verona and Udine. In these towns the interaction between the "ultra" culture, logic and the traditional rivalries between towns and regions emerged clearly and in its most original way. During this period the "ultra" world became largely dominated by local and parochial pride, an element granting a strong identity. Before it had always been possible to connect the use of violence against intruders (such as rival supporters or the police) to the defence of the "ultra" territory (the curve, the town and the team colours), yet it was also connected to an atmosphere, a political tension that could supply a surplus of identity, cohesion and segregation, based not only on the friend-foe logic. On the other hand, in the 1980's, with the decline of political movements, the situation was no longer the same. Thus, in these years, the main trend inside the "ultra" movements was the following: more importance attached to the regional or local identity and parochialism, to regional and local rivalries and historical hostilities, and detecting the "ultra" groups

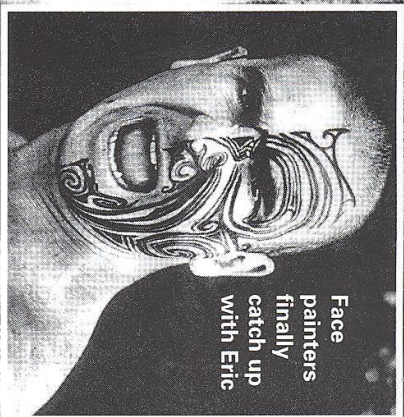


to be considered enemies. Their logic of the end as a freed space is replaced by that of the end as a small mother country. Therefore clannishness, toughness cult and paramilitary organisation, together with the morbid link to the small mother country, all of which is very close to extreme right values, opened the way for an easy advent of racist and xenophobic behavioural patterns inside the stadiums. At the same time, the traditional large groups are faced with a crisis period. They had to face the strengthening of safety measures inside the stadiums. Controls on groups following away matches increased as well, together with control on places to be reached by "ultra" movements. Moreover, the first generation change took place among the "ultra" hierarchies. Some charismatic leaders, active also in the political world, left the curve, often because of the numerous repressive measures against them because of events occurring both in the stadiums and in politics. Some other members left the groups or lost their influence there because of drug addiction problems. In the meantime, the curves saw the birth of other groups, made up by very young boys (from 14 to 16 years), often disliked by the official

Their model was not the metropolitan street guerrillero, but Alex, the young super-thing in "Clockwork Orange", whose effigy started to appear in various curves, replacing the "Che Guevara" portrait.

groups. These new groups, however, succeeded in occupying their own area in the curve behind their banner. Their very names highlighted their different inspiration as compared to the groups which had formed during the '70's: in this period the new groups chose names such as "Wild Kaos", "The Sconvolto" (rough translation: "Upset People"), "Verona Alcohol", "Nuclei Sconvolto" (rough translation: "Upset Nuclei"). These groups were mainly interested in chances to fight and belonged to the excess and freak-out culture. Their model was not the metropolitan street guerrillero, but Alex, the young super-thing in "Clockwork Orange", whose effigy started to appear in various curves, replacing the "Che Guevara" portrait. The new groups were the result of a period in which civil society was dominated by hedonism, exhibitionism, disaffection for political and social commitment. The stylistic paradigm adopted by many new "ultra" members, often chauvinist, violent and intolerant, is that of the "paninaro" (similar in style to the casual). All these groups were formed between 1983 and 1985 and proved to be more skillful in escaping police clamppowns. They could easily baffle controls by changing their appearances and identities. They did not care about the existing alliances, breaking them or creating crises because of their uncontrolled behaviour and they regularly used knives. Having these characteristics, a lot of these groups attacked the principle of "violence monopoly", that is to say, up to that moment, violence had been resorted to only in specific cases and according to precise rules, whereas these new groups' philosophy was pure violence, forceful action for its own sake, to be carried out always and anyway. Therefore, they became an alternative attraction for anyone giving priority to military actions inside the "ultra" group. However, while in other European countries the increasing trend towards specialisation of the toughest and most aggressive groups led them to a degree of separation from the other supporters, in Italy this did not happen.

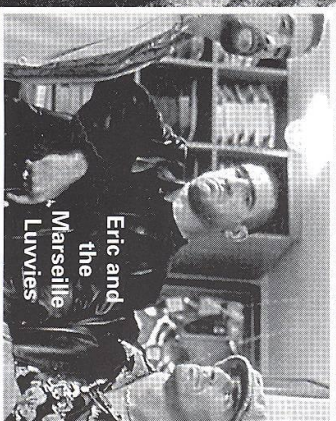
CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE



Face painters finally catch up with Eric

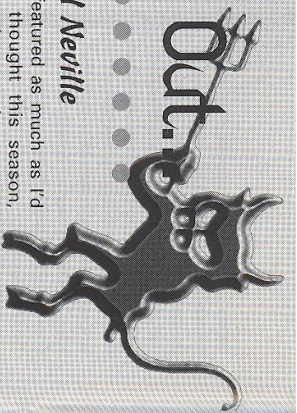


Eric signs new shirt sponsorship deal



Eric and the Marseille Luvies

The Devils Ride Out.



Peter Schmeichel

Another fine start by the big Dane. Could have come for the cross that cost us the game against the scum, but bounced back to his brilliant best against Palace. Zidane's free kick also caught him out, and there was me thinking Peter had deliberately moved along the line enice. Zidane to go for the top left corner, only to find myself as shocked as Schmeichel when he did! With a defence that is going to see plenty of changes, Schmeichel will need to do his verbal rockers bilfingually to get the best out of whatever Anglo-Norse combo is put in front of him this season.

Phil Neville

Not featured as much as I'd have thought this season, although continues to establish himself on the international stage. The future's bright for a player. Ferigie picked for his Ultimate United team.

Denis Irwin

This man is the reason for Phil's lack of appearances, as he continues to be as steady as ever. I'd like to see him taking a few more free kicks as he can hit a ball with some accuracy and venom. It would bring a pleasant variation to the theatrics of Messrs Beckham and Giggs.

Gary Neville

Gary Neville of all the United players in the England squad, should have been the first name on the team sheet against Italy. This lad doesn't let anyone down, which is more than can be said for Southgate. Looking more like Maldini every day and not half as expensive. Possible captain in the absence of?!

Gary Pallister

Gary's having a cracking season by his standards. The tackle, you know the one against Juventus was brilliant. His distribution against Palace was poor but hardly his forte is it? The competition for places in the back four is clearly having the desired effect. Should have head butted McGinley and put Blake in a coma, but such is the nature of the man, he kept his hands by his side and got sent off for fighting. Gary could well profit from some one to one coaching from Nobby Stiles.

Henning Berg

Has settled in quite well since his sudden move to the club he supports from Blackburn. The absence of May and Johnsen has afforded him the opportunity to set out his stall. He has had to learn quickly that when playing alongside Pallister you have to take responsibility for the two of them. Hennings's greatest claim to fame

prior to moving to the Theatre of Dreams was his tackle on Sharpe a couple of seasons ago. That could all change this year, but not for scoring own goals please.

Ronnie Johnsen

Ronnie came back with a stunning performance against Juve. Filling in for the injured Keane and then having to run the show in the middle after Butt's departure, he managed to put Zidane in a dusbun and keep the lid on him for 90 minutes. His powerful surges through the middle in the last ten minutes looking for goal makes calling him a central defender a positive understatement.

David May

Nothing to report on David so far this season due to injury problems. As we go to press he's lined up to play in a makeshift United side in the Coca Cola cup and will come back into the frame for first team action post haste.

Roy Keane

Took the captain's armband at the start of the year and began to show the maturity we're told by the TV pundits that this job requires. There have still been occasions though when Keane was losing the head. Fortunately most of these were not occurring on the pitch, punching out the two Dubs in a bar room brawl, flattening half pint cockneys in the tunnel at half time against Chelsea, and threatening to stab his stroppy neighbour. (You know the one that doesn't like his dog or the Irish for that matter.) Unfortunately the terrible injury at Leeds was one of those occasions borne of Keane's over determination to turn things around. No doubt frustrated by an all round lack of creativity on the afternoon, he went chasing a situation that was going away from him but in went the tackle anyway and Roy came out of it much the worse. A massive blow to United and the Republic in the quest for honours on the European and World stage. United's best player of the season up until his injury.

David Beckham

It's clear that Beckey is going to be the target for plenty of terrace banter concerning the Posh one, and indeed if David getting the arse over it inspires him to retaliate by scoring then I for one am all for it. Sure I know it comes with the

territory but the lad is only (super)human and he's right to give vent to his feelings. Boss Spice may now get his move to central midfield in Keane's absence and the chance to orchestrate a more adventurous approach from United which has been somewhat lacking in the Premiership.

Nicky Butt

Big things are expected from this lad and even more so while Keane's out. He grows in stature with every match and his injury hit contribution to the Juve game helped win the key psychological battle after going down to the fukka' Juve goal. Move on up Butty boy as you're now the main man in the middle.

Ryan Giggs

Giggs has been in brilliant form so far, with arguably his best start to a season in his career to date. Leicester, Everton, Juventus – he was outstanding. Sorely missed against Bolton and Leeds, where a lack of creativity and speed up front cost us five points. His appointment as captain for Wales is recognition of a more responsible and involved Ryan Giggs. Ripping the bollocks out of Juventus was the icing on the cake. More cake please Ryan!

Paul Scholes

He scores goals galore. Talking before the Juve game, we joked that the Italians must know all about the 'ginger power' from Le Tournoi but we thought better of it and were proved right. He should be an automatic choice on the teamsheet but who are we to argue. Even Hoddle has reverted to leaving him on the bench. Still believe the best will come from Scholes when given the same brief as Eric had.

Ole Gunnar Solskjaer

Not much from Ole as yet due to injury. Pressed back into service for the Juve game he pulled up before he could really get into the game. The big games are all still ahead of us so there's plenty left for him to shoot down, as the most surely will, when he returns fully fit next time.

Andy Cole

Goals are lacking again, and with the hacks sharpening their pencils on impending swap





deals, and £13 million bids for foreign strikers, the only answer is for Andy to start busting the net on a regular basis. Yes he can still be described as unlucky, but when we are struggling as we were at Bolton and Leeds, then the £7 million price tag could do with justifying, although his efforts are undoubted.

Teddy Sheringham

Started slowly, missed a few easy chances, the Spurs penalty, post at Leicester, Chelsea and Leeds from only six or seven yards out. But despite these misses, he scored at Everton followed by that textbook header to level the Juve game and then a quality finish against Palace. Teddy doesn't have twelve months to bed in so hopefully this has been a two month crash course learning curve, going from missing everything at Spurs in August to leaving Juventus in bits in October.

Brian McClair

Brian seems to spend more time writing books than he does playing football these days, what with Chocey's diary and 'Odd Man Out' etc. Perhaps a second career in the

literary

world beckons, after all there's enough

dedicated United publications on the go to wipe out dyslexia and illiteracy for good.

(Except in Leeds of course, where they are still considered to be the height of social grace.)

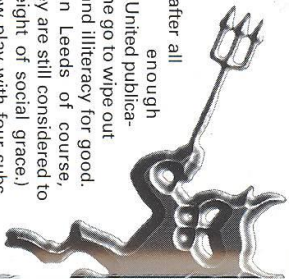
United now play with four subs and McClair, and his only hope of regular first team football is an extended run in the Coca-Cola cup. Or at least it was until Ipswich away!

Karel Poborsky

Karel's getting a bit of a runout at the moment, but is still failing to produce the form that sparked interest from us and the scouts in the first place. It may be harsh and premature to say so but it is not time to make a return call to Sheffield Wednesday about their earlier offer?

Jordi Cruyff

Not done enough to fill a paragraph so I won't try and bluster my way through one. A case of watch this space, which luckily enough sums up Jordi's contribution to some games. Come on Jordi, confound the critics, borrow your dad's boots and do a David May. We'll be only too happy to eat our words.



A Letter From Eric...

Can it be that I am alone in thinking that our national game, as played at international level, is a gross intrusion on the 'proper' football season? It hardly seems that a fortnight goes by, these days, without I'm being starved, yet again, of my Saturday buzz. And for what I ask? So that thousands of mostly cookney, flag-waving forelock tuggers can file into Wembley to sing God save the Queen. (Do you know that England is one of only two countries whose national anthem is devoted solely to the head of state? God save the Queen indeed: what about the other fifty nine million of us? How come we don't get a mention? Much more of it and I'll be cancelling my membership of the young Conservatives.

As it happens, I've no time for any of this nationalist bollocks. Because at some time in history, someone (usually some despotic king or other—who God, no doubt was urged in song to save) drew a line on a map and said that lot belongs to me", does that mean I'm different or better than the punters on the other side of the line? Uter rubbish, which leads to nothing but racism and wars, fought by working class people. I have nothing to do with any of that bollocks. Well other than occasionally benefiting from it when my fellow felons (usually flag-wavers to a man, believe it or not) allow their patriotic fervour to over-rule their sporting knowledge. Last year, I cleaned up, in Strangeways, on the semi-final between 'our boys' and the Germans. And get this: before the penalty shoot-out, I shouted out of my window and gave my opponents the opportunity of cancelling their bets. To a man they declined. Imagine backing against the Germans on penalties!

The main reason behind my antipathy towards patriotism in any sport, comes from listening to and reading about what the hacks have to say on the subject. I recall watching an Olympic swimming final once (must have been stoned at the time) in which two girls, an American and a Russian, were slogging it out up the final stretch. The commentator of course paid no attention at all to the leading pair, he was practically wetting himself describing how 'plucky' Debbie somebody or other, was in with a shout for the bronze. Our Deb was pipped on the line, as it happened and the wretched hack was beside himself with grief. He said (and I quote) that the Italian girl had sneaked up to deprive the gritty Brit of her medal. Sneaked up indeed. Did she dive in half way through the race? I tell you I put me off Britannia for life.

Just finished reading 'Red Army Years' and it's now doing the rounds in here. The lads who wrote it are obviously Red through and through and they can also write a bit. The book brought back a lot of memories, I was more or less at liberty throughout the seventies and saw most of the games described. Fulham, away in the Cup sticks out: I was living in Leeds at the time (sorry but I was on my toes) and driving

Eric Allison is a long standing United supporter and co-writer of the book 'Strangeways 1990, a serious disturbance'. Eric is currently residing in HMP Risley.

a brand new X16. (A ringer of course, but well rung, which meant it and me could stand a pull.) The game was called off on the Saturday. On the Wednesday, I drove down and at the first services, picked up about half a dozen Reds. As you can imagine they were delighted. I brought them back as well, door to door. They never asked, but I think they thought I was a company director or something. (At the time, me and a pal were engaged in creating a two man crimewave in West Yorkshire.) Happy days.

What can I say about the Juve game? The sheer majesty of the lads performance almost reduced your correspondent speechless. Not quite though. (I recovered sufficiently to inflict a torrent of verbal abuse on our many detractors in here, for about a week after the event).

To give the world Club Champions a goal start, within seconds and then proceed to take them apart, was the equal of any feat in our glorious past. To do so without our midfield general and minus a recognised strike-force simply adds lustre to the legend.

The next morning the Fisleys strode the handings like a squadron of Spartans. We challenged the mickkeys and their miserable fellow travellers to leave their holes and kow-tow to their sporting betters, the few that braved the light were a pitiful sight; their glory days are long gone and they know it. In direct contrast, of course, the Red Comet soars onwards and upwards.

My appeal comes up at the Strand, next month, the day before we lock horns with the Arsenal in fact. It would be a rather tasty double; though I would put the Reds chances a shade higher than those of the Gorton one.

Mind how you go.

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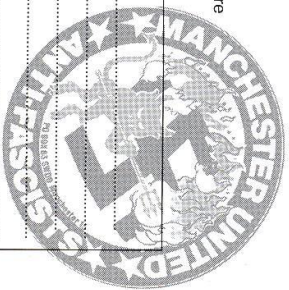
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Match Reports

United 2 West Ham 1

September 13th... One of the things that really grates me about the media

is the stereotypes that they perpetuate in football they're particularly bad at it, and with West Ham they excel themselves, so let's sort two things out: they are not loveable cockneys, they are racist bigots and "I'm forever blowing bubbles" is not the proud anthem of a proud club - It is a shit song about being shit at football, but West Ham fans don't realise it.

I'm sure we could go on forever, but let's not because when push comes to shove what matters is the result on the pitch. We owe Roy the Buoy a large one for this. Every United team I've followed has had a player who adopted the 'Representative of United' role - Cantona, Ince, Hughes (way back) spring to mind. Roy has well and truly picked up from Eric. Like a steam train up and down the pitch, the Boy was Roy. At one point he picked the ball up near to the half way line (ours not theirs) and went through a series of punt-too-far / means I need a life threatening challenge to win it. Oh I've won it / well then... Punt-too-far etc. Until he got to the byline where he whipped it back to a red shirt six foot out, open net in front of him. The problem with this story is that the red shirt was on Andy Cole's back, so cue airshot, hilarity (them), anger (us) and Cole trying to find another player to blame.

...THE RED SHIRT WAS ON ANDY COLE'S BACK, SO CUE AIRSHOT, HILARITY (THEM), ANGER (US)...

So then, Pally screws up near the edge of our box. Hartson, the good one, scores after rounding him and Schmeichel. A minute later Kison, the shit one, somehow misses a one-on-one with the big pig farmer. Up steps Roy, deflected shot my arse - you make your own luck. 1-1. An absolutely cracking second half rounded off with the Ginger Princes scoring from right in front of me with a header. Justice, and a fair result.

What comes out of the match, though? David Beckham doesn't like West Ham fans singing 'Post Spice is a dirty slag' or 'Does she take it up the arse?'. I don't know if this is true (whether he minds that is, I definitely know what most people would have done if Becks told them he wanted to fuck them up the arse after scoring almost any of his goals), and I don't really care if he does. One basic human lesson, though, David. If 2,000 people sing one of those things it is because they hate you, probably because they are jealous of you. Hacking at the players they do like will probably not shut them up. Just fucking score.

P.S. News from central Manchester - Beckham and Teddy in Cafe Rouge, leaving only 50p tip between them. Local press horrified. Here's a tip from me to all waiting staff - Don't give shit service, and you'll get more tips.

Spiderman

United 3 Kosice 0

September 17th... Watching this one on the box

takes a bit of the fun out of it, so all due respect to the 532 United fans who had tickets and went - we could hear you for 90 minutes. Some of my mates went, so I'm awaiting the rigging and jibbing tales on Friday in attitude free Barca. Which reminds me - don't go to 42nd Street. It's been revamped but this has had no effect. The beer is expensive, the music is spite indie, the birds are very few and far between, fat and ugly, and surprise surprise... It's full of City. Steer clear, let them wallow in their own self pity. What gets me about them is that they let their lives be so shit - fair enough, you can't change your team and I pity those of them that go, but some things you can determine. If you want a good night out, er... go out to good places. Not 42nd Street. And when you do, don't moan about your poor shit lives. Just fuck off.

Ahem... Kosice. United, in my opinion, did the business. An unknown force, Kosice clearly weren't afraid of United and their Christmas tree formation which Fergie had set out. Poborsky and Scholtes supporting Andy Andy Cole. Kosice started the better, testing Schmeichel a couple of times before United got into the swing of things. Scholtes and Cole both should have done better before Irwin galloped up the left. Doing exactly what was required of him in the formation played, he got in the box, received the sweetest of one-two's back from Andy Andy and slipped in through the goalies legs. 1-0.

Half time was spent in utter amazement as I saw the result of the George v Barca match. (Headline I dreamt of that night - Cole in E7m plus Asprilla Move!). Respect is due.

The second half started off with the ever worsening Pally involved in a obvious penno award situation for shirt lifting, and to be fair United did lose it a bit for a hour. 15 minutes. Berg twatted a decent half volley in after good work by Cole, and then on the final whistle Andy Andy Cole got the ball and scored a goal. Up yours Ian St John, you has been scouse faggot.

A couple of performances from players under pressure: Coley still defies description - fast, committed, skilful, involved in everything like Hughtsey used to be until about 6 yards out when... But he got a Cole goal, so well done son, red suits you. Poborsky does not defy description. At one stage in the second half, one of Karel's crosses was so bad that the bloke marking him actually turned to him and laughed into his face, following him for half the pitch doing the same. I don't think it was malicious, just the reaction of anybody who has ever kicked a football. I am the twat who screams encouragement at Karel when he plays for United, and let me tell you that if he ever plays as badly as that again, he must go. The very least he can do is to donate his wages for that 90 minutes to something. Anything, but if you are willing to pocket money for that, Karel, then you should be ashamed of yourself.

Elsewhere, Juventus whipped Fire-nord 5-1. As Alan Partridge would say - "Shit!". Spiderman

ONE OF KAREL'S CROSSES WAS SO BAD THAT THE BLOKE MARKING HIM ACTUALLY TURNED TO HIM AND LAFFED INTO HIS FACE

United 2 Chelsea 2

September 24th... It's absolutely undeniable that

Rude Gullit was one of the best players of the last 20 years. Him and his two bedfellows really did the business for AC Milan when they were the best team in the world, and for Holland when they were magnificent. I salute you, Ruud, for your midfield dynamism and attacking penchant, but I'll always think you are a twat for 2 very good reasons. Chelsea and fawning.

(1) Chelsea - Underachievers, shit ground, homehead fans. (2) Fawning - Why is it cool to be Ruud Gullit? He's from Holland, and Holland is shit and boring. He's recently ditched his wife for some slapper. His hair is 80's, his English second rate AND he doesn't fucking wear socks. I can't stand people who don't wear socks. The reason the media like him is not because of his laid back attitude to life and charisma, it's because they are fundamentally racist and cannot believe their luck - a real Uncle Tom but with dreadlocks, like those other black chaps have. A Johnny foreigner who says he likes life in Albion. A media dream, allowing them to feel better about themselves.

Ruud... I'll ALWAYS THINK YOU ARE A TWAT FOR TWO VERY GOOD REASONS

So the mighty Chelsea come to OT, where in Ferguson's 8 years in charge they have only lost twice. Here we go, UK wide glee as United are about to get Rodgers by the trendiest team in the land. Well, everyone, I've got news for you. The news for you is the reason you hate United is that we don't read from the script that you do.

Er... We got a bit of a passing to begin with. Chelsea are good when they have the ball, and we didn't seem to keen to get it off them in the first fifteen minutes. A low Hughtsey shot was smothered by Schmeichel, but the first OG of the season was to follow as Berg got the basic football principles wrong (i.e. we're kicking this way, we're in red etc.) and there you go, 1-0.

Ladies and gentlemen, I present to you for the next half hour, for your enjoyment,

Match Reports

Keane and Butt. A great moment came after about 25 minutes when Butt just booted Wise, then stared at him - 'Are you looking at my girlfriend?'. United now owned the midfield. Suddenly Cole broke, and looked a mile off. He carried on, slipped it past some old bloke in nets and Scholtes (completely ginned) scored. Suddenly lovely Chelsea were annoyed - the linesman didn't love them as much as everybody else was supposed to. Gullitt, too, lost his cool and the ref quite clearly told him 'Fuck off you windmill cunt'.

Poyet stamped on Keane, who kicked him in the arse, and got a booking, his second of the season. Wise (have you seen the challenge he did on Viera against the arses on Sunday?) proved what an noxious little shite he is by getting his FETH NOT SECOND booking of the season, and incurring a three match ban. Oh, and then Roy punched someone at a corner. When I told my girlfriend (a Redhead with Attitude) 'Then Keane did a forearm smash on Myers', she said 'Of course he did', dead matter-of-fact. Roy, I am humble in your shadow.

Second half, United magnificent for 20 minutes. Then the tide turned. By the time Schmeichel gave Hughesy the second on a plate, Chelsea deserved it. In response, on comes Teddy and Ole, for the impressive Poborsky (true) and Scholtes. Ball + Cole + 20 yards out + important match = Over. Ball + Ole + 20 yards out + important match + only played 10 minutes all season = Top right hand corner. Say no more. Both Ole and Coley went close afterwards and we a bit of luck we could have won.

Spaldernan

United 0 Bolton 0

September 20th... Oh what fun it is to see our close neighbours back in the top flight. My arse! I hope these wankers take their new stadium cum shopping centre back to the Nationwide as a rap with those other bitter bastards. This match revolved around the sending off of Pally and Blake. As has been proved later, Mr Durkin was effing useless as this derby went off as much on the pitch as it did outside the ground. The shit were not going to get beat six nil again so the only way to avoid a repeat, was to kick us off the park. Durkin saw this as a fair game. It was uneventful as a football spectacle with the exception of the woodwork being rattled by either side, a glaring miss by Bolton and a good effort by Andy Cole near the end, having earlier hit the post. Definitely two points dropped by the Reds as Bolton are crap and I'm not one to spout a biased opinion on the matter.

Michael Palin

United 0 Leeds 1

WHY DON'T WE GIVE UNDERSTUDIES LIKE BEN THORNLEY A STRAIGHT GO?

August 27th... More fun up at Elland Road. It's hard to choose between Leeds and Bolton over who should get a well earned slap from the hand of fate first, but the scum just pip it on their past record.

Most frustrating game of the season so far, not least because of the loss of Keano, and if we were still playing till now we wouldn't have scored. We lacked imagination up front, width and speed without Giggys. Teddy Sheringham missed a sitter which was the only chance produced in a second half dominated by United. Why don't we give understudies like Ben Thornley a straight go when injuries impose on the situation? With Giggys out, the addition of Thornley to the starting line-up would have kept the shape and form of the team and given Ben a rare opportunity to give it a go.

Michael Palin

United 3 Juventus 2

of non-football events in my life which have caused me extreme pleasure, and so far the only thing I can think of which even comes close is the occasion when I got the Minoque sisters and two grams of charlie into bed.

See? Can you think of anything better? I can remember a couple of matches at which I've been close - FA Cup 1996, Millwall away, Hughesis scoring 1990 (no idea why), Rotterdam, Arsenal 6-2, Liverpool 3-1 (twice). Up until this match, the team performance which I always remember is Sheffield United away with MIB Cantona, Hughes, Sharp and Giggys turning it on. But that was Sheffield United, and this Juve, the Old Bag of Italian football, by all accounts the best team in Europe for the last three seasons.

They came, and within 24 seconds I was almost in tears. At the time I remember thinking that Berg and Pally had really cooked up, had ruined my night and my season. I remember thinking that I didn't actually think that we were going after 90 minutes, but after 24 seconds? Jesus.

On TV later that evening it was clear that it wasn't their fault, and that they shouldn't have got that far through midfield in the first place. Sorry lads. But who cares? United slowly turned the screw, Giggys should really have scored but knocked the ball back to an offside Teddy. Teddy scored himself a great equaliser. Scholtes was similar in nature to Tel boys and then the mighty Giggys slammed in the winner in the last ten minutes. I could see he was going to shoot and remember thinking 'Across the goalie, across the goalie. SHOOT IT ACROSS THE GOALIE NOT INTO THE TOP LEFT HAND... Oh.' That, in essence, is why I pay and he plays.

I can't really go on about it any more (actually I could, for ever). You all will have been there, or seen it or listened to it or read the papers. It will live in folklore for ever, that match. I can't do justice to it and the memory is better than reality anyway.

Right, about the Minoque/Cocaine thing. So I says to Danny in the bar of the hotel (Riviera, Barcelona) how about wos up with me and me mate Dave? 'Nah', she says, 'Dave's too pissed, You'll do.' So we go upstairs to her room (no suite, which was weird) and she's in the bog so I get a nice big fat line out and roll up a twenty. I had left over for me trip back. She comes out, no knickers on and bends over pushing her back over her ear whilst doing the line. It's good stuff so she's hit almost straight away, a bit short of breath and gets a bit aggro when I grab her. I'm calming it down and she's starting to talk shite and babbling away whilst by jaw goes numb and then I tell her I'm called Nicky Butt and I play for United. Now it turns out that Kyle's a bit of a fan but Danny's more into your cricketers so cos she's met Charles she drags me into Kyle's room (which was a suite) and Kyle's asleep and we can't wake her. Now I'm on me way down so I've got the horn so I take from behind on the bed whilst claiming all Eric's goals as my (Butt's) own. Kyle sits, and the mad thing is that while I'm shagging her sister I get introduced and she goes, 'That's not fucking Nicky Butt... Nicky Butt's black'. Uh? I just can't get away with arguing with that sort of logic so I'm like, 'Alright soz, me names David, I play at the back and it's just that Nicky gets the goals so I get a bit embarrassed', by now Danny's gasping and says she doesn't care who the fuck I cos I've give her a good shagging. But I haven't finished so I give Kyle a bit of the old, 'Won't take long and she's up for it and after about 10 seconds a bit disappointed and so I says well watch this and call room service and say I've got a problem can they send me the biggest tad they've got. Now up he comes and fuck me it's Jason bloody Donovan who's a bit skint like so he's a bit shitty about me having a portion of his on screen missus but I tell him that I play for United and he says, 'Abhh! I thought I recognised you. It's Cole innit, Andy Cole', so that's me scuppered and nobody believes me and I end up sitting in the armchair with Danny on the floor between me knees (if you know what I mean), whilst Jase bushes Kyle around. So I get back to the northland and I'm in the pub and all mates are there and none of them believe me so I fuck them all off. Everybody reckons its all I talk about now and when the anti-fash boys asked me to write about the Juve match I said yeah I will, I tell you what I don't know about Juventus but Barcelona's the best place I've ever been to. I was in this hotel...

Spaldernan

I got a bit sidetracked whilst writing this as I'm sure you can tell...

Right, let's try to consider anything that even comes close to this.

Can't. I've just spent five minutes trying to think

me extreme pleasure, and so far the only thing I

can think of which even comes close is the occasion when I got the Minoque sisters and two grams

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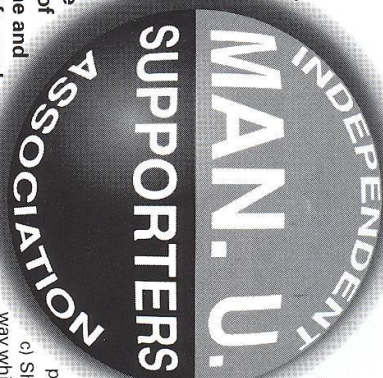
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She comes out, no knickers on and bends over

pushing her back over her ear whilst doing the line.

It's good stuff so she's hit almost straight away,

In the light of the actions and confrontational attitude of the 'suits' at the Southampton game, IMUSA present a guide to what supporters, stewards and SPS can and can't do inside Old Trafford. We have taken a number of actions since that game and will keep supporters informed as matters develop.



authority he is acting and what you have done wrong. Vocally dispute having breached any rules.

b) Inform the steward/SPS that you are being treated unreasonably and will consider taking action - demand to speak to the stadium manager and the police.

c) Should the stewards act in a way which you believe to be illegal, approach the police and report the incident. Should the officer decline to take action, you are entitled to ask the police to find out the steward's details in the event of you wishing to pursue a private prosecution.

d) Report the incident to IMUSA, the press, your solicitor and anyone who will listen - the Club respond to bad publicity.

Standing Up

The decision of who and who not to eject is completely arbitrary, everybody in the ground (even Fergie) is in breach of ground regulations at some point or other. The PLC may find it difficult to prove breach of contract and justify the confiscation of season tickets if they rely solely on the word of SPS stewards: if their actions are challenged legally, IMUSA have asked for a meeting with Club officials to discuss the issue in order that facts may be established. The club have spoken of the threat of having parts of the ground closed down by the authorities on the grounds of safety should supporters continue to stand. Yet many supporters are forced to stand because of a poor view or because of the actions of United's own security firm, as SPS staff force their way between rows of seats obscuring the view of fans on the way. In addition, reports have been received of SPS staff verbally abusing supporters in language that would lead to ordinary fans being ejected.

SPS and Stewarding

- i) SPS/Stewards have no more power than any other individual.
- ii) They CANNOT stop and search you without your permission.
- iii) They CANNOT assault, manhandle or physically interfere with an individual
- iv) You DO NOT have to give them your name and address. Should you come into conflict with the stewards/SPS
- a) Ask the steward for his/her name, under whose



Do you want to ask Martin Edwards his view on recent events in the East Stand? Quiz him about the actions of SPS stewards? Find out why the club refuse to listen to the fans solutions to the problems which face the modern day Old Trafford? Then now's the chance to do it...

The Share Club was set up to provide an alternative service for IMUSA members. Due to what we would consider the unexpected success of and interest in this share club, it is now run semi-independently of IMUSA in that it now has its own PO Box address and own bank account.

The club operates by the member paying a one-off subscription fee to join the Share Club. This consequently entitles the member to receive what is essentially a gift of a number of shares. What we at IMUSA actually do is purchase a block of shares (paying only one brokerage fee) and then transfer these to members of the Share Club, in the same way that someone may transfer some shares to a member of their family as a Christmas present, etc.

With the AGM, the only forum in which supporters can put their questions on issues such as Singing Sections and stewarding directly to Edwards and Co., fast approaching it is time to start applying for shares by joining the IMUSA and Share Club.

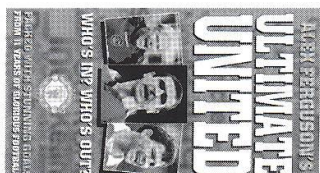
To join IMUSA send a cheque payable for £5.00 to IMUSA, PO Box 69, Manchester M32 0UZ. IMUSA members wishing to join the Share Club send a SAE to IMUSA Share Club, PO Box 8, Manchester M30 7BS. Note that the Share Club can only respond to existing IMUSA members.

Fortcoming meetings

- Thursday 23rd October**
Open meeting (members only)
- Special guest: Sammy Mellroy**
- Tuesday 11th November:**
Committee meeting (all members welcome)
- Venue: O'Briens, Stretford Arndale.**
Kick-off 8pm.

REVIEWS

Alex Ferguson's Ultimate United



If you buy this, the latest offering from the VCI conveyor belt of United videos, then take the trouble to read the little booklet that lists all the players involved during the Fergie era first. Now in order to bring some controversy to the watching of this video, choose your own top eleven from those listed. Press the play button and see how your judgement compares with that of the grand old wizard himself. If you don't then this one will run by you without a hint of dissent as you fall in effortlessly behind the logic of Fergie's thinking and choices. Alex Ferguson's Ultimate United is released by VCI and is available in all the usual outlets priced £13.99.

Manchester United European Glory

Astron. Price £12.99.
Available at all good video stores.

This video attempts to cover United's European history in 68 minutes which is nigh on impossible. But as videos go, this one follows the plot and covers all the main events. From United's first Euro cup venture in 55/57, and the tragedy of Munich the following year, coupled with comment from Bill Foulkes, (the memory of Munich still fresh in his mind), right up to the recent campaigns. In between we get some good 1966 footage of one of Best's greatest nights in a Red shirt, beating Benfica 5-1 on their own ground, with chants of 'easy, easy' quite audible after the third United goal. Arguably this was the sixties team at its peak. The 1968 semi final and final are covered along with comment from Bill Foulkes, Best and Sadler. We then move swiftly to 1983/84, great win over Barcelona, followed by narrow defeat to

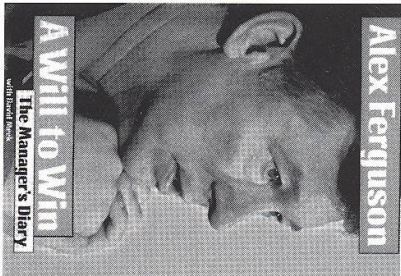
REVIEWS

Juventus in the UEFA cup, with comment from Hughes, who happens to have a big hand in the next glorious Euro night in Rotterdam in 1991. All in all a watchable video that includes the 'key moments' in United's Euro history. This video will perhaps best be enjoyed by those not old enough to have experienced those heady days. (Or those whose support for United does not pre-date 1991.)

A Will to win

The manager's diary by Alex Ferguson

"This is Alex Ferguson's unique and compelling account of Manchester United's roller coaster 1996/97 season at home and in Europe. Outspoken as ever, Fergie confides to his diary the shocks, setbacks and secrets of life at England's greatest football club" trumpets the sleeve notes of this most predictable tome. In reality there are neither shocks, setbacks or secrets within this book that the reader won't already be familiar with.



David Meek (in-house journalist/PR man for the club) has been given the unenviable task of making this book even vaguely interesting. If ever a man deserved this responsibility then surely it must be Meek. The man who's had more comebacks than Frank Sinatra and Tommy Doc put together. The man for whom the word retire does not exist.

One need only turn to the contents page to understand the book. Chapter titles such as "Pre-season: Chasing Shearer", "Ten Incredible Years" and "Keegan Quits" give the game away. The first paragraph alone contains these gems: "another season another challenge", "that's how it goes in football", "the last thing you can do is rest on your laurels", and finally that timeless

classic "you are really only as good as your last game". Earth shattering stuff!

There are a few intentionally lighter moments as Ferguson talks of Roy Keane's understanding of Guinness as medicine, Giggsy and Sharpe's trip to Blackpool between games when they were under curfew and the subsequent party Ferguson interrupted on learning of their trip, whilst Ferguson's description of his son Darren as a "fine passer of the ball" had me roaring out loud.

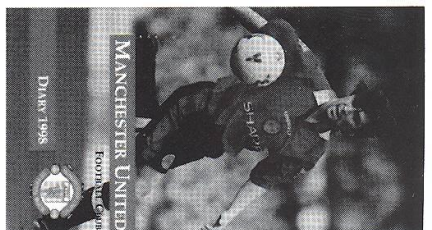
Ferguson's constant reference to the close set of friends he has known for almost all of his life and his philosophical reminiscences about the ageing process simply confirm the stereotype of this "deep thinking Scotsman".

The Boss does touch on a few subjects close to heart stating that when "stand up for the Champions" rings out "the hair on the back of my neck curls". But sensibility prevails and he appeals for everyone to "sing, shout and cheer...but do it sitting down."

In spite of this glowing tribute, this book will sell in its thousands to those hungry for the 'inside story' from Old Trafford. Rumour has it that all the best bits have been left on the cutting room floor, and that after an unhealthy degree of self-censure from the authors lest the powers that be in the PLC take umbrage. No Booker prizes for this one but if the PLC put the profits into the transfer kitty then at least we can look forward to reading about another failed bid for a German, Danish, Brazilian transfer target in the sequel *A Will to Win* is available priced £14.99 in all good bookshops.

Manchester United 1998 diary

Price £4.99. Available in all the usual outlets. A fiver for a diary with some player profiles and information printed every week in the official programme is about the size of it. But if you're a souvenir junkie then the Manchester United 1998 diary presents a must-have situation for you. Nothing I say will put you off. One useful



bit of information is the premiership directory of clubs including ticket office numbers, handy for trying to bypass those tricky ticket allocation problems. We have one free copy for anyone who can go to the trouble of sending in an S.A.E. and asking for it.

Claret and Booze

Fanzine of Colwyn Bay F.C.

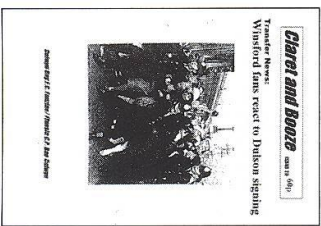
Price 60p for 24 pages.

The boys took the trouble to send it in to the RA office so the least we can do is review the thing. I'll try not to mention the 3-1 home defeat to Emley in the Urhpond league but ...shit, I already have. Sorry lads.

Colwyn Bay, happy not to have joined the League of Wales and thereby depriving themselves of such wonderful days out as Stevenage away, are a North Wales outfit, whose fiercest rivals are based next door in Conway. Their fanzine would put many league teams efforts to shame and there's more substance to the thing than you could ever hope to find in a City fanzine.

I'd just like to state that this review has in no way been influenced by the fact that I have a holiday home in Wales and am mindful of it being torched by Welsh extremists.

And for all you Welsh Reds that are closet Colwyn Bay fans, I am asked to remind you that the Colwyn Bay supporters club stall situated opposite the Saturdays entrance to the shopping centre is open Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays.



HARRY'S VIEW

Hail! Hail!

Congratulations to all Reds on our fantastic victory over Juventus. Without Keane, I had my doubts before the game and after 24 seconds I was speechless! The lads played with passion and played Juve off the park.

I am not dismayed at the 'Boys' performance against the Mickey Mousers because we are a team in transition and were without a few key players. Fowler, the confirmed Evertonian and part-time Hun wasn't so cocky on the park as he was in the Scottish press before the game.

I hope the Reds go on and win the Champions Cup this year as for entertainment you can't beat them. The atmosphere created by the fans at Old Trafford was reminiscent of Parkhead. I never heard the Scousers on the Tuesday night. They haven't a patch on our great supporters of the Red and the Green brigade.

Please note the Huns from Ibrox created a new record recently. They were the first team in Britain to crash out of Europe twice in one season. Gazza has lost it and Celtic are now the only team in Scotland.

The Aberdeen sheep shaggers have stooped to a new low. As well as being bottom of the league up here, their fans now have a racist/fascist faction. Six of them were convicted and fined for anti-Jewish Nazi chants on a train returning from a match in Strirling. Hail, Hail and Glory Glory. Yours in Green and Red Harry Conaghan

A COMRADESHIP OF HEROES

MANCHESTER AND THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR

*"Ten years before I saw the light of morning,
A comradeship of hero's was laid,*

*From every corner of the world came sailing,
The Fifteenth International Brigade,*

*They came to stand beside the Spanish people,
To try and stem the rising fascist tide."*

(From the song 'Viva La Quince Brigada' by Chrissy Moore)



They came from all over the British

Isles, but there were four main areas from which they came in strength: the valleys of the mining areas of South Wales, the Clydeside, Manchester and London. And so continues Red Attitude's look at the contribution of Manchester's anti-fascists in the fight against fascism in the Spanish Civil war. This is the final part of A Comradeship of Heroes.

Thanks to the Big Bella for his endeavours on this article...

CAPTURED!

As the war raged on the Republican forces were retreating on all fronts before the combined armies of Franco, Mussolini and Hitler, while the Western Governments stubbornly refused to sell the Republicans the armaments they so urgently needed. In 1938, with the fascist forces poised for victory, the Republicans threw everything they had left into the last big offensive of the war at the Ebro. After initial success, the offensive collapsed and the Brigaders were forced to withdraw the best they could in the face of overwhelming odds. A number of them were captured. Amongst those taken prisoner was Joe Norman. "We were marched off down that road which we had so bitterly fought over, our hands above our heads, tired, hungry and miserable. We did not feel better after we'd been sneered at by a reporter from the Daily Express. 'You'll all be shot,' he told us, encouragingly. We were sitting on the ground in the town square at Gandesa when he came and he started asking questions to which he did not want to hear the answers. Then we were loaded into caissons

and taken to a concentration camp at San Pedro.

What a horrible place! It was controlled by the German Gestapo, and more than 6000 Bets from twenty different countries were all crammed into one room. It looked like a dungeon and had walls six foot thick and floors made of stone. We had one thin pallasse between two and no blankets. Dysentery ran through us all and men died like flies of that and of typhoid and influenza. The sick were taken to an upper floor and lay there without help or medicine until they either died or recovered.

The toilets were shocking. A sunken room, it was, without water or paper. Men started to tear their clothing to use as paper.

The inevitable happened. The sunken room flooded five feet deep, and in the interests of health volunteers were asked to go and free the blockage. I volunteered with two others, a Canadian and a Scot. I had to dive under all that piss and shit, naked, but we succeeded in clearing the drain and got an extra eight-ounce loaf as a reward. But my two comrades died of typhoid within a week. Five Olympic gold medals wouldn't have been good enough to swap for that loaf of bread. It tasted beautiful - I can still recall the taste of that bread after forty years.

It was so cold. Such a cold place you can't imagine. I went down with pneumonia and lay shivering and nearly lifeless on the floor of that upper room. I was lucky - they gave me two aspirins. Suddenly it struck me, 'I didn't move I'd die, so I got up and staggered away.

Then the Gestapo got busy. They began to ferret

out the officers, and those who had been leading lights in anti-fascist movements were taken away regularly. They were never seen again. The Gestapo sent for us one by one to interrogate us. I was interrogated by two Gestapo officers, and carried away with bravado I gave them the closed-fist salute. I thought they were going to shoot me on the spot, but after some dirty looks they instructed two Spanish guards to beat me, which they did for some time. At one point I wandered who was making all the noise, and then I realised it was me.

Then one morning, the guards roused up most of the camp committee, including me. They said nothing to us. They lined us up against a wall and also lined up a firing squad. They kept us there for about an hour, pressed against that wall, then they took us back in. The following day they repeated the treatment. We never discovered why. Most of us were shattered with shock and cold. It was quite a while before we could take it in that we would be eating our 'red-pepper soup again'.

Not everyone was as lucky as Joe. Jimmy Rutherford from Edinburgh had been captured and repatriated from Spain in 1937 and had then returned to fight again. Under a League of Nations edict any Brigader who was captured, repatriated and then caught again would be shot. "Jimmy had been captured in the early days of the war, had been sentenced to death and then escaped. When he got to the prison he gave an assumed name. When the Gestapo lined them up for fingerprints when they got there, Jimmy was in trouble. So we had a quick discussion and I was pushed into the fingerprint line. We hoped he could get away with it and held our breath for two days, but it was no good. He must have known he was finished, but he never showed it. He was a brave boy".

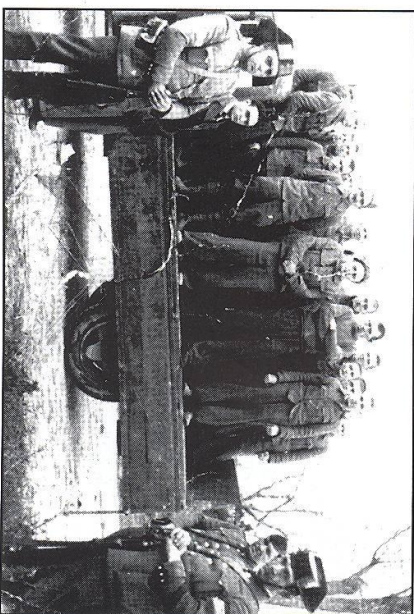
"After we were contacted by the Red Cross, things

became easier. We began to dare to think we'd see our loved ones again. After six months as a prisoner a representative arrived from the Foreign Office about the exchange of prisoners" and eventually "we went back, through France, to Britain".

"YOU ARE LEGEND!"

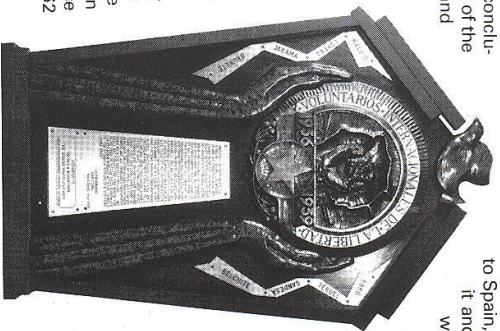
In a last-ditch effort to have the German and Italian armies withdrawn Juan Negrin, head of the Republican Government, proposed to the League of Nations that the International Brigades be withdrawn. The initiative would fail, however, and the International Brigades paraded for the last time on 15th November 1938 in Barcelona. At an emotional farewell rally, La Pasionara, the Spanish communist leader told them, "You can go proudly, You are history. You are legend". On 7th December the 300 survivors arrived at Victoria station, London. To their shock, they found thousands were waiting to greet them. Sam Wild, who had become the last commander of the British Battalion, declared that "The British Battalion is prepared to carry on the work begun here to see to it that our 500 comrades who sleep for ever beneath Spanish soil shall serve as an example to the entire British people in the struggle against fascism".

Of course, Charles Morgan arrived home in a less conventional fashion, "I reached England in a very peculiar way. I was put on an English boat, and do you know what it's cargo had been? Guano - bird shit! It was used as a fertiliser and it showed how optimistic the Republic was, shipping in fertiliser. Anyway, I stank by the time I got home". By January 1939 the Republic had fallen and Franco was in power.



Jim Rutherford
(Front row, first right) was shot in cold blood by his fascist captors

The rest, as they say, is history. Less than a year later Hitler, who had used Spain as a training ground for his armies, invaded Poland and plunged Europe and the world, into a bloody war that would cause the deaths of millions. It would also witness the ultimate, logical conclusion of fascism...the barbarism of the Holocaust, as men, women and children were gassed in their millions and lamp shades were made from human skin. With a bitter twist of irony, Franco's fascist regime was actually allowed to stay in place after the end of WW2 and would do so until his death 37 years later, obviously despite the war, the Western powers were still more afraid of communism than fascism.



Because of the clandestine way the volunteers had to get to Spain, it is difficult to get a precise figure of those that fought in Spain from Britain. One source puts it at 2,762, with 1,762 wounded and 543 killed.

But for those men from Manchester who returned, their experiences in Spain would always mean something special to them...

Walter Greenlough from Manchester said that, "Spain was not like the Grunwick picket line - you couldn't join the battle in the morning and then go home and watch yourself on the telly before settling down for supper and bed.

"It didn't take long for us to have doubts, disillusion, frustration, and very often the fervent wish to be anywhere except where we were at the moment. Nevertheless I have never doubted - nor have I come across any of my comrades who doubted - that serving with the International Brigade was the most worthwhile and significant period of my life. One lasting result has been to give me a pride in my working-class origins that nothing and nobody since has ever been able to shake".

Maurice Levine said that Spain, "Made the most tremendous impact on me and influenced me ever

after, especially in my way of thinking. I know people who've done very well financially after being a rebel or a red in the thirties, but it's never appealed to me since I felt the feeling of fascism in those days. I feel so proud to have gone to Spain, proud to have been a part of it and the comradeship that there was between us. You were on the right side, fighting for something right and proper".

After the war Charles Morgan settled down, marrying one of his 29,000 correspondents and, "exchanging one civil war for another, you might say. I came back a different person, and I've stayed that way ever since. I've never consciously let down my class from that day to this, and I learned it the hard way - not from textbooks and lectures - but from Spain".

I will leave the last words to Sam Wild, the man who probably epitomised Manchester's struggle against fascism during the 1930s, "Spain made me a working-class snob. I've had experiences of all kinds, but the happiest days of my life were spent in Spain. For the first time I recognised the dignity, the goodness and the bravery of ordinary people. In this case the Spanish people. I also experienced the comradeship of my own people - the British - which I had not believed to be possible. I've been through life, joined the navy, been all over the world, and seen the poverty, degradation and exploitation of peoples everywhere, but I've never met people I could appreciate like the Spanish people and the British who went to Spain".

In Manchester Town Hall is a memorial carried from wood and surrounded by brass and slate. It is dedicated to the 130 men and women from the Greater Manchester area who fought as volunteers in the British Battalion of the International Brigades during the Spanish Civil War, at least 35 of whom were killed.

FURTHER READING...

Apprentices of Freedom - Judith Cook
British Volunteers for Liberty, Spain 1936-39 - Bill Alexander
Memories of the Spanish Civil War - Colin Williams, Bill Alexander, John Gorman
Cheekum to Cordova - Maurice Levine
Greater Manchester Men Who Fought in Spain - Edmund and Ruth Pross

AFANNEWS

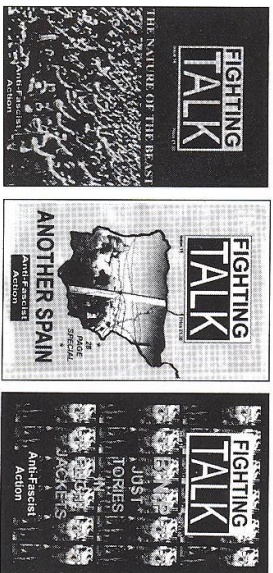
On the 11th of September at Southwark crown court, dustman Mark Atkinson of Feltham in London was jailed for 21 months for publishing race-hate magazine 'Stormer'. The C18 publication printed the name and address of Frank Bruno's mother who subsequently received neo-nazi hate mail. The magazine also targeted Paul Ince along with the names and addresses of other political targets. Atkinson was a leading member of C18 in West London, and had previously been active in the Ku Klux Klan and the British National Party. Stormer regularly carried reports on football hooliganism, centred around Chelsea headhunters involved with C18, and their ongoing campaign against the Chelsea Independent fanzine.

In Denmark last month, three members of the Danish version of C18, were jailed for sending letter bombs to targets in Britain. The ring leader, Nakaba, got 8 years for sending the bombs to Sharron Davies, Anti Fascist Action in London and Michael Leigh, a fellow neo-nazi. The bombs, which were intercepted in Sweden, were sent at the behest of their C18 pals in London.

An international conference was organised by Anti Fascist Action at the beginning of October, A to bring together activists from all over Europe involved in anti fascist work. The weekend's planned agenda was the subject of a concerted campaign of disruption by the Metropolitan Police who went to great lengths to put pressure on proprietors who had given AFA use of their facilities. In spite of this the event went very much to plan and the next Red Attitude will carry a report on the weekend's events.

SUBSCRIBE TO FIGHTING TALK

The quarterly magazine for militant anti-fascists



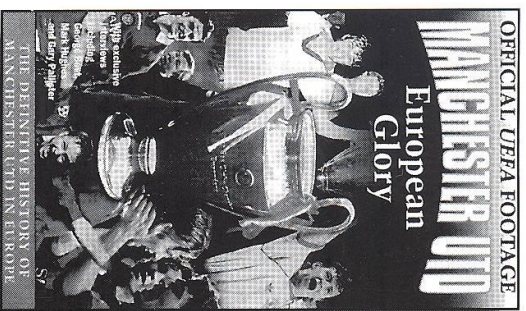
Subscription rates (for 4 issues):
 England, Scotland & Wales: Individuals - £8
 Institutions/ Organisations - £14
 Overseas: Individuals - £10
 Institutions/ Organisations - £17
 Cheques made payable to 'Anti-Fascist Action' and sent to the address below

Individual and bulk orders

Available from London AFA - £1.50. Bulk orders £11.25 per each 10 copies. Back issues available at £1.50 each

ANTI-FASCIST ACTION
 BM 1734, LONDON WC1N 3XX
 FASCIST ACTIVITY IN YOUR AREA RING: 0976 406 870

COMPETITIONS



Win a copy of
"Manchester United European Glory"

Released by Astrion on 20th of October and retails at £12.99.

Red Attitude have two copies to give away in our easy to enter competition. Just answer the following three questions based on United's European exploits and the first two correct entries will receive copies of "Manchester United European Glory".

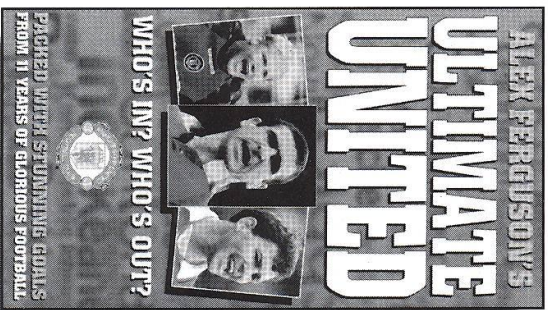
- Question 1. What was the score in the second leg of the 1968 European Cup semi-final against Real Madrid?
- Question 2. Who scored the only goal in the first leg of the 1968 semi-final?
- Question 3. Julio Iglesias used to play for Real Madrid. True or false.

Win a copy of "Alex Ferguson's Ultimate United."

Red Attitude have two copies of Fergie's Ultimate United to give away in our easy to enter competition. This official Manchester United video is released by VCI and is available in the shops at £13.99.

Answer the following questions correctly and the first two out of the hat will receive a copy of "Alex Ferguson's Ultimate United."

- Question 1. Name three of Fergie's players whose surnames could also be used as a first name.
- Question 2. Name two past or present United players whose fathers have managed teams in European competition?
- Question 3. Which United player gets a mention in the Bible?



Answers on a postcard to:
Red Attitude, PO Box 83, SWDO, Old Trafford, Manchester M15 5NU

Mattys Mutterings

UNITED? WHAT THE F*** IS GOING ON?

Hopefully you were stood singing that as the SPS rent-a-twats marched in on the East stand against Palace. If you didn't show your opposition to Ned Kelly fantasising about storming the Iranian Embassy, then I'm sorry, but part of the blame for the ejections is yours.

Cast your mind back four days earlier. You're shit and you know you are' to the world club champions: booing a team so frightened of US that they had resorted to diving, niggling and cheating. That's not just US as in Giggs (second best winger in the Premier League behind Steve McClarnahan, you know) and entourage, but US, the crowd as well. Read any report, any interview - Fergie, Giggs, Gary Nev, Del Piero, Lippi - they all paid tribute to the incredible atmosphere, and the effect it had on the game.

I even think I heard an announcement thanking us for "our magnificent support". Yes, it's hypocritical of the club to condone, even encourage our behaviour for one match, then condemn it the next, when they don't need it as much. But it's daft for us to let them do it.

If they'd tried to do what they did on Saturday, against Juventus, they'd've had fuck all chance, because the crowd was UNITED. Plus the whole match was a "moment of extreme excitement", something you couldn't say for the Palace game, other than the goals and a couple of Schmeichel party pieces that must have had Lombardo tearing his hair out! (The old ones are always the best, eh?) Against Palace the crowd wasn't united. Okay, it's difficult to produce the Juve atmosphere week in, week out, but it used to happen, didn't it?

When you try and get an atmosphere going on your own and get no response, one of two things tend to happen: Firstly, unless re-arsed you feel like a right dickhead and sit down sharpish; or secondly, you're easily singled out, easily picked on and easily ejected. (Why does it take 5 big bastards to kick out one lad - because they're fucking cowards, that's why.)

REVERSE PSYCHOLOGY

Hey, perhaps the club was employing some reverse psychology. Seeing as the atmosphere was so shite, maybe they thought they'd stir it up a bit; the only time anyone looked remotely arsed was when all this shit was going on.

REWRITING HISTORY?

And while I'm having a moan, it seems as if it's okay to criticise Andy Cole nowadays; as some people have done in some fanzines. Hey, let's all jump on the bandwagon. Here's how to do it:

1. Develop selective memory.
 - a.) Remember Forest (a), Porto (b) equals guaranteed last goal in 4-0 romp.
 - b.) Forget Sunderland (a), Arsenal (a), Blackburn (a), Liverpool (a), Leeds (a), Coventry (2) (a), Spurs (a), Chelsea (sf), City (a, more than once), Middlesboro (a). - can Messrs Shearer and Fowler note that none of these were penalties 'worn' in front of a home crowd.
 2. Use new-found talent to conclude that he doesn't score important goals or match-winners.
 3. Forget that Eric sometimes missed chances or played poorly.
 4. Ignore Mr. Cole's assist tally which is apparently 'not bad for a fucking donkey'.
 5. Watch the videos from the last few seasons, fail to notice the amount of goals he set up / had a hand in / was sniffing around waiting to gobble up any rebounds - something that made Denis Law great, according to Fergie.
 6. Ignore real facts.
- Real Fact No. 1. When Andy Cole plays well so do we.
- Real Fact No. 2. He needs to feel confident, he needs our complete support.
- Congratulations, you are now a complete tosser. Unfortunately the process is reversible; simply by refusing to slag him just because others see fit to do so, and giving him the support he needs, you might just help him become the player we all want him to be.

Feyenoord Fans Against Racism

In spring of 1992, a group of Feyenoord supporters started action against racism. We were very angry about the fact that some elements were trying to get Feyenoord supporters involved with racist and fascist political parties. More and more racist chanting was being heard in 'the Kuip'. We had really had enough of it!

We made a banner with the text: 'Feyenoord fans tegen Racisme' (Feyenoord fans against racism). The first time we displayed the banner was against Spurs in March 1992.

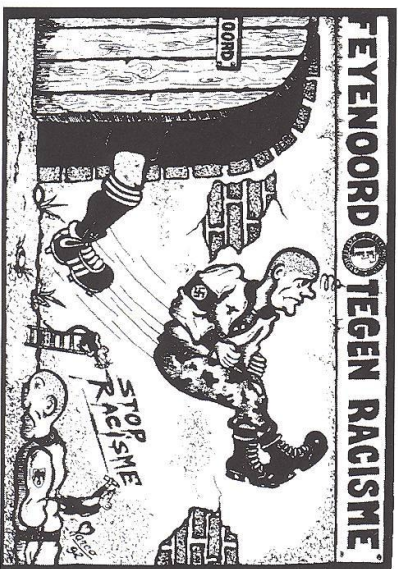
There was a lot of positive reaction to our campaign and lots of Feyenoord supporters realised they were not alone in wanting to oppose racist ideas.

We decided to make stickers and distributed them in the Cup Final versus Roda JC in May of 1992. We received much publicity for what we were doing as we were the first supporters in Holland to campaign against racism. All the Press were writing about our action, and we did many interviews for Press and TV. In the national football magazines and Feyenoord papers almost all the Feyenoord players spoke out against racism

and were enthusiastic about our anti-racist work. The positive side of our actions was that it made all the supporters stop and think about racism.

We met with the manager of Feyenoord and we were allowed to put advertisement boards carrying our message in 'the Kuip'. Over the last two or three years there has been a marked decline in racist chanting from Feyenoord supporters.

Brenda,
Feyenoord Fans Tegen Racisme,
Postbus 85306,
3508 AH Utrecht,
Holland



European Spotlight

Club: Roda JC of Kerkrade
League: Dutch 1st Division
Fanzine: Voice of Kaalhei.

It was in the late 1970's when the fanatical Roda supporters, by that time called the Black and yellow Eagles, decided to move to the North stand because in those days it was the only place you could stay without being chased by rival supporters, that was the time when the North-Side was born.

Kerkrade is a small town with 55,000 people living here so our fan-scene isn't that big.

At the moment our group has about 300 members and you can split them into two groups. The New Yellow Generation, which are mostly younger supporters who create the atmosphere and who are dressed up in the club colours, and the Roda casuals who are just as fanatical but they are also ready to fight for their team.

Here at Kerkrade we have no problems with racist football supporters and we don't see many skinheads here. The problem with racism in Holland is not as big as it was a few years ago. Then there were problems at almost every match where people were making monkey noises and throwing bananas onto the pitch to provoke black players.

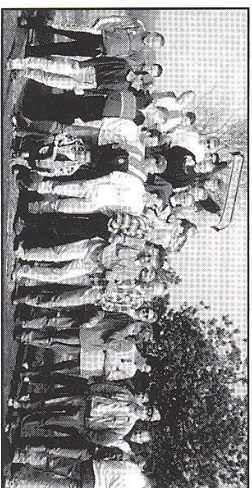
Then you had the problems concerning Ajax who have a large Jewish following and whose supporters wave Israeli flags. Everywhere Ajax played, opposing supporters sang racist songs against Jews or made the sound of gas escaping. In those days Feyenoord, Den Haag, Utrecht and Groningen (who had a lot of skinheads among their group) were very racist. The Dutch F.A. has campaigned against racism with some degree of success. The only team where racists still, show up is Feyenoord who have some Nazi skinheads amongst their following. But there are also some supporters who started "Feyenoord fans against racism" and although they have had trouble with the skinheads, they are still doing their work.

Now back to our group; as we didn't get much support off our club we started to organise things ourselves. We organise the travel to away games and produce our own fanzines (currently there are three Roda fanzines) and souvenirs (scarves, badges etc).

Last year we organised a supporters football tournament with teams from the Hague, Feyenoord, Juventus, Hamburger S.V., K.V. Mechelen, Bruges etc etc. Everything was organised perfectly but a group of Feyenoord hooligans caused a lot of trouble, so it was probably the last time. At the moment there are plans to make an official supporters club from the North-Side, but we are still talking to the club.

If anybody wants to know more about us, wants to order fanzines or souvenirs, wants to correspond with Dutch football fans or maybe wants to arrange a football match against the North-Side, then just write to us as we would love to hear from Manchester United supporters.

Sammy,
Roda Casuals North-Side, John Esser, Lupinstraat 175, 6466SG Kerkrade, Holland.





DOCKERS

Until Robbie Fowler's shirt raising antics against SK Brann on 19 of March, this year, for which he copped a £900 UEFA imposed fine, you could be forgiven for not knowing about the struggle being waged by the Liverpool dockers, such has been the almost total media blackout. Mr Fowler's efforts to counter this at a cost of £900 would have been cheap at twice the price.

As far as Fowler's free advert for the dockers goes, one can make an interesting comparison with the antics of Mr Wright when he reached his tally of 179, whether it was to celebrate his goals or his bookings is difficult to tell. Unveiling a shirt carrying a variation of the Nike slogan and the numbers 179, it was splashed across all the papers not to mention

unlimited prime time TV exposure. Yet no censure at all for Wright or his sponsors. A case of double standards if ever there was one.

The Liverpool dockers, 329 of them, refused to cross a picket line in support of fellow workers in dispute. They were sacked by the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board and their jobs advertised. When they tried to return to work, they were locked out, and on the flimsy basis that they had refused to cross a picket line without first holding a ballot, their union, the TGWU, has refused to support their case.

The dispute has now ran for two years, with the men refusing redundancy terms on principle, and have stuck to their demand to be re-instated.

The government has a 40% stake in the Mersey Docks and Harbour company, and Tony Blair's father-in-law, Tony Booth, is backing calls for 'new Labour' in government to sort it out. Given the way they've been sold down the river by their own union to date, then hopes for a quick settlement may prove optimistic. New Labour as indeed old Labour, if the truth were told, are not there to promote the well being of the working classes. Blair's party as he keeps telling us, are the party of business, so you can guess where social justice for dockers and others on the receiving end will come in the scheme of things.

Anyone wishing to make a donation or send a message of support can do so by writing to:

Merseyside Docks Shop SteWARDS Appeal Fund
19 Scorton Street, Liverpool L6 4AS

ANDY COLE

Dear Red Attitude

I am writing to you after reading your fanzine for the first time. I would just like to talk about Andy Cole. Now you said that his "commitment to the cause is undoubted", that may be so, but to tell you the truth, I am not a fan of his. You can talk about workrate, and how his all round game has improved, but at the end of the day he was surely bought to score goals, and for me he has just not produced the goods to justify his £7 million price tag.

Last season when we beat Liverpool at Anfield 3-1, he should have had a hatrick, and I thought that the chances he missed were very easy. I know he has had his injury problems, but if he doesn't produce the goods this season, I think it's goodbye Andy.

Keep up the good work, a good read and interesting.

John Bentham
Salford Reds

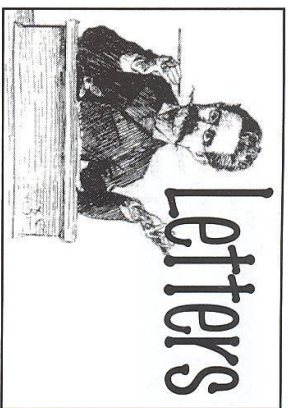
LIVERPOOL

Dear Red Attitude

Being a big Liverpool fan, all I'm hoping for is that Liverpool beat Man United this season and Paul Ince scores!

Julie
Liverpool.

RA. Julie, between you and me, Paul Ince still



works for the PLC. He's been sent to Anfield on a mission, and it doesn't involve scoring against United., but please please don't tell anyone in Liverpool. This can be our little secret.

PAMPLONA RED

Dear Red Attitude

Hi, I am Eduardo from Pamplona. I love English football, especially the Manchester United, my favourite team. I would like very much if you could send me some of your Manchester United fanzines.

Eduardo
Pamplona
Spain.

BRIGHTON

Dear Red Attitude

Somewhat belatedly, I would like to thank all of your supporters who backed Brighton's Fans United protest against our former chairman, Bill Archer. Every Albion fan I know was overwhelmed by the support we received - from Germany, Spain, Poland, South Africa, even Portsmouth and Crystal Palace! As a side issue, it helped us win 5-0 and we only stayed up by scoring three more goals than Hereford.

I would have written earlier but I've been waiting for confirmation of Albion's new share structure, announced in April but only finalised in September. Although Dick Knight is now chairman, Archer keeps a big shareholding and we won't rest until he's gone. Please keep up your support by boycotting Archer's company, Focus Div, and

write to him at Virehouse Farm, Whinney Lane, Mellor, Blackburn, Lancashire BB2 7EH.
Jo Fowler

FOOTBALL UNITES, RACISM DIVIDES: FREEPOST NEA3131, SHEFFIELD S11 8TE

Dear Editor

'Football Unites, Racism Divides' is a project managed by Sheffield Youth Service aiming to increase the participation of local people from ethnic minorities in the life of Sheffield United Football Club as either spectators, players or employees, and to decrease the level of racist harassment and abuse in and around the club.

As part of our initiative to use football as a vehicle for anti-racist education in schools, colleges and youth clubs, we are developing a resource centre of materials relating to football, racism and football fan culture. This will include a collection of football fanzines to help illustrate how the climate among fans has changed in the last few years to make open discussion of such issues more acceptable. The project is based on the Progetta Ultra anti-racist archive in Bologna, Italy and receives regular requests from students aged from 8 to 25 for information about racism and football.

I am writing to ask if you would be able to add us to your subscription list free of charge. Alternatively, would you be able to donate a copy of your current and/or back issues for us to lodge in our library, which will be open for use by students, fanzine writers and football fans in general? If you have covered racism in any of your issues obviously these would be particularly valuable for us. If you are unable to donate any copies, please could you send us your latest issue with an invoice for payment, in the FREEPOST envelope provided.

Thank you very much for supporting our project and I look forward to hearing from you.

Yours sincerely
Ruth Johnson

ANTI-FASCIST ACTION

WANTED

Information on Fascist Activity in your area BNP - C18 - NF



OR write to

BM 1734, LONDON WC1N 3XX
ALL INFORMATION TREATED IN THE STRICTEST
CONFIDENCE

AFA National Phone Number
0976 406 870

Red Attitude is written, produced and distributed by Manchester United supporters who are opposed to the spread of racism and fascism in football and elsewhere. Red Attitude is endorsed by Anti Fascist Action, a national organisation who promote the ideological and physical confrontation of fascist groups like the BNP and C18. Manchester United Anti-Fascists are determined to ensure that Old Trafford remains a fascist free zone.

Historically, the fascists have seen the football terraces as a way of reaching disaffected white, working class people. In the seventies and eighties, the NF and the British Movement made inroads at a number of clubs, most notably Leeds and Chelsea, along with many other lower division teams like Millwall and Rochdale. Manchester City also had a clique of supporters who were highly active in National Front politics in the early eighties.

The British National Party and, more recently their splinter group Combat 18, have continued this trend of trying to recruit football firms to support Nazi politics. The role they envisage for football supporters is as foot soldiers, recruited to do their fighting for them, and eventually discarded when the dirty work is done. Fascist leaders promote racial hatred and incite violence. Guess who they've chosen to put their ideas into action, ie to carry out the race attacks and arson attacks, do the time and also take the flak from the opposition? That's right, the football recruit.

Left unchallenged, the fascists will seek to impose their political agenda on those around them. The fascists of the BNP have a political programme which goes beyond racism, and leads to misery for all working class people regardless of colour or nationality.

Manchester has a long and proud tradition of total opposition to fascism and its promoters. Over the last three decades, United supporters have made a telling contribution to this proud anti-fascist tradition, with initiatives like Reds against the Nazis. Red Attitude is a development of this tradition by those United supporters committed to opposing racism and fascism.

Join Red Attitude

Membership of MUAFA is now free and is open to all United fans who want to have an input into the work of Red Attitude and MUAFA's. Red Attitude now meet regularly in Manchester and are in the process of setting up an active support group in London, to co-ordinate the work of Red Attitude and Man United Anti-Fascists. All MUAFA's and Red Attitude supporters, past and present, have or will be contacted in the next few weeks with further details. Anyone interested in getting involved can do so by writing to Red Attitude at PO Box 83, SWDO, Old Trafford, Manchester M15 5NU.

Anti Fascist Action

Anyone who wants to get involved in the fight against fascism can do so by contacting AFA. If you have any information on fascists in your area, then AFA would be very interested to hear about it. Any information can be sent either to Red Attitude or direct to AFA.

Manchester AFA
PO Box 83, South West PDO, Manchester M15 5NU
London AFA
BM1734, London WC1N 3XX