

50p.

Fanzine of Leeds Fans United Against Racism And Fascism

ISSUE No 16



**MARCHING ALTOGETHER**

**LEEDS**  
**by example**

# COMMENT

AT THE MOMENT, THE GOOD TIMES HAVE DISAPPEARED BUT WE SHOULD REMEMBER THE TWO GREAT ACHIEVEMENTS OF RECENT SEASONS:

(1) WINNING THE TITLE;

(2) BANISHING RACISM FROM ELLAND ROAD.

DESPITE THE PROBLEMS, VERY FEW HAVE TURNED ON THE LADS, AND EVEN FEWER HAVE SUNK TO THE DEPTHS OF RACIST ABUSE OF OUR BLACK PLAYERS (WE KNOW WHO YOU ARE, DICKHEAD).

SO SING YOUR HEARTS OUT FOR THE LADS. NOW WE'RE UP AGAINST IT, LET'S SHOW THE SAME PRIDE AND DETERMINATION OFF THE PITCH AS GORDON STRACHAN SHOWS ON IT.

ON! ON!! ON!!!

JOHN SOWERBY - a big heart on the Lowfields. Rest in Peace, big man - we'll miss you. Dave and Alan.

LIKE MANY AT ELLAND ROAD, UPSET AT RECENT EVENTS, ERIC - HAVING CHANGED HIS NAME TO 'IMRE' TURNS ON HIS OWN TEAM.

EPISODE 6.  
SING YOUR HEARTS OUT...  
(SPEEDO NEW HAIR CUT)



THE ADVENTURES OF  
ERIC THE FOOTBALL  
HOOLIGAN.



THEN HE REMEMBERS... HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE A

**LEEDS FAN!**



Sing yer hearts out for the ladz!

# EDITORIAL

"Now is the winter of our discontent, made full summer by those scum bastards on top of the table", as Bill Shakespeare said (taken from his finest work, "Eric The Turd".) Yes, its been a rough old time recently. What's been particularly frustrating is that the opposition, Rangers included, haven't been better than us. We've simply not done ourselves justice, and it's not just due to poor defending - the self belief and confidence of the whole team simply vanished after the Rangers defeat.

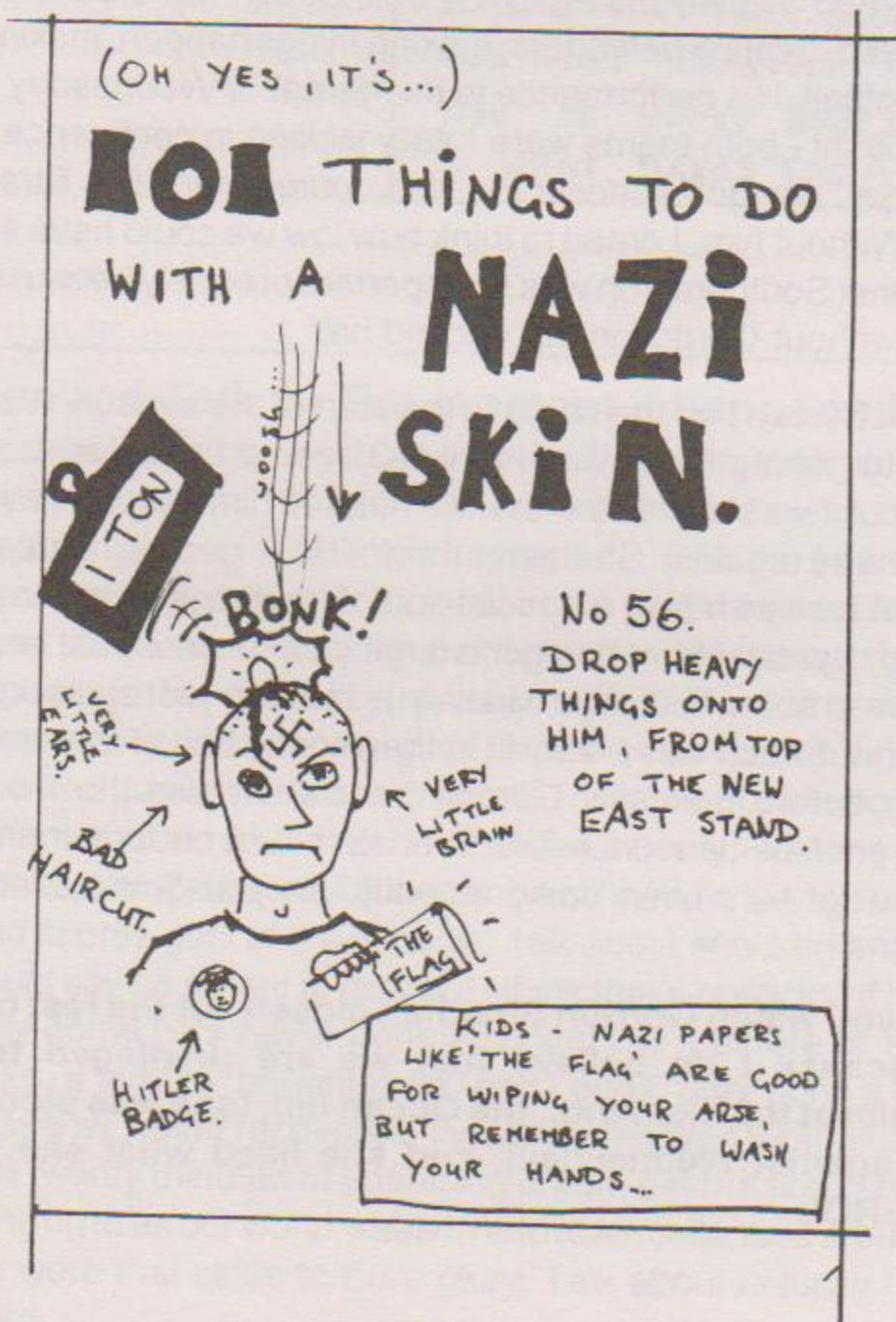
However, how can you enjoy the highs if you don't have lows??

As we said in the last issue, you have to enjoy the glory when it comes because you don't know when it will come again. In the meantime we have to keep the faith, and stay positive. Some people have been quick to criticise the lads and even Wilko this season (led by the YEP shit-stirrers). Yet have we the right to moan? From the moment Wilko took over in October 88 we've seen a continuous climb upwards to glory over four years. How many other clubs can claim that? The only way this climb could have continued this season would have been to win the European Cup (we had the chances to beat Rangers) or win the league again (Liverpool are the only club to do this since the 1950s). So November 92 saw the first real setbacks of Wilko's reign. Crisis? Do me a favour!!

Sure its been disappointing, but we just have to roll up our sleeves and get back to basics. That goes for the fans as well as the lads. Throughout Wilko's time, our noise and support has been crucial, home and away. We've been noisy, fanatical, and positive. It's a two way process, so if

# KEEP THE FAITH

we become negative now, as sit back moaning, and waiting to be impressed, then it will go wrong on the pitch. Now is the hour for that old classic "sing your hearts out for the lads". It's the time to remember the title win and keep the faith. If we keep our nerve and stay positive on and off the pitch it will come right. Forget Rangers, and what might have been, and sing "sing your hearts out, sing your hearts out for the lads". KEEP THE FAITH.



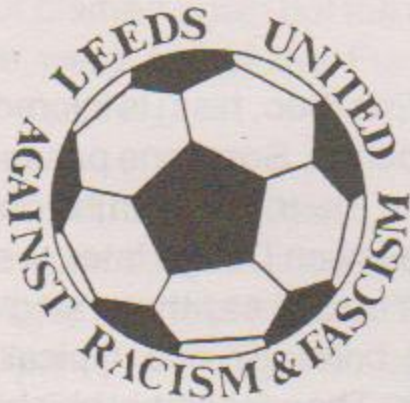
# Our Bloody 'Ero

There's been so much doom and gloom over our performances recently, that no one in the media has anything positive to say about us. So we're going to say it - during the slump, Gordon Strachan hasn't just been playing well, he's been sensational, playing out of his skin. I'd go so far as to say that few Leeds players in modern times can have turned in such a consistent series of excellent performances.

Single handedly, he kept us together in the dark days of November and December. When confidence disappeared and most of the team seemed to dread actually receiving the ball, Strach ran around like a man possessed, beating defenders, making things happen, making us try to play football. His performance in the defeat of Wednesday was quite exceptional - both teams were totally lacking in confidence and self belief, yet we got a deserved win, purely through Strach's inspiration. Without him, I dread to think how low we could have sunk. The win against Southampton was so important precisely because we had to do it without Gordon in the second half.

Such influence wasn't on the cards at the start of the season. A place for Eric the turncoat and a switch to 4-3-3 seemed to be squeezing Strach out, but it was soon clear that we needed him desperately. His display at home against Stuttgart, then THAT goal in Barcelona signalled that he was hitting a special sort of groove. The ironic thing is that this exceptional form has gone largely unnoticed. Last season the media raved about his role in winning us the title, yet regular Leeds fans knew that Strach was barely fit in the second half of the season. The season before that saw Gordon deservedly win the Football Writers Player of the Season award, but I don't think his form then was a patch on what he's been doing recently. He just gets better and better!

**Make sure you watch Gordon Strachan closely for the rest of the season because I do believe that we are privileged to be watching him at the moment... the Queen did, (she was stood on Lowfields against Wednesday), and she liked what she saw! BLOODY 'ERO!!**



LOTS OF BRYLCREEM



GREAT FOOTBALLING  
HAIRCUTS OF THE  
90s.

No 24. THE  
GARY  
McALLISTER.

COLLECT THE SET.

THE GLASWEGIAN SPIV LOOK  
CULTIVATED BY MACCA IS A  
CLASSIC FOOTBALLING NUMBER.  
BASED ON THE SHORT BACK  
AND SIDES, MACCA'S CREATIVE  
USE OF HEAVY BRYLCREEM  
IS WHAT MAKES THIS A CLASSIC.

### **Terrace Talk 1 - The moment it happened..**

It still pains me to say it. Elland Road was beginning to hum for THAT Rangers game. The atmosphere on Lowfields was on the verge of exploding, when suddenly it happened.... Eric, the treacherous French genius/bastard breaks for goal in the first minute. He's through, he must score, he shoots, the ball hits a hand that is not the keeper's, it's a penalty...but of course, we didn't get it. The European directive on Leeds never getting marginal decisions holds firm and Goram - the talented bastard - cleared the ball. To Hateley of all people. Alright, the defence stood and watched but it was only Hateley. The man who made John Pearson look elegant. And then he swings his leg randomly and scores goal of the decade...talk about shocked and stunned. You could say he meant to do it but I think that's bollocks. If he's that good, how come he's never done anything like it before or since. It was a fluke, a terrible, brilliant fluke, and Leeds, after John's little mishap in Glasgow, never recovered. I've never enjoyed football less than those last twenty minutes of agonising dream destruction. The only thing to cling on to as our world, season and team collapsed around us was that we were that close to Euro glory. Talk about unlucky - that's not the word.

## WHY WE WERE GOING TO WIN THE LEAGUE - AND COULD HAVE DONE! (AND STILL COULD...)

It's midway through the 2nd half in Stuttgart. Eric (boo, hiss) is injured, knackered, can't run. He's hovering near the bench. Someone passes him the ball. Flamboyant to the last in a crisis, he tries an ambitious cross-field ball. It goes astray and an out-of-position Dorigo later, we're one-nil down. Then two-nil, then three-nil. You can say that a single moment changed our season. We played brilliantly and typically mixing long and short balls, for sixty minutes. They looked rubbish - then that one moment of idiocy... or was it Rocastle's miss early on in his first appearance for Leeds ever ( and out of position ). Or was it Dorigo's illness that day? Johnny Giles called us naive. "You should have been satisfied with one-nil," said Ron Atkinson. When it came to Ibrox, we tried to play sensibly and settled for two-one. It wasn't naive but somehow it wasn't us. We've always played with confidence and gone for victory because we know we're the better team. At Ibrox we played how people told us we should play - cautiously. The memory of those goals we conceded will linger - Hateley will never score a goal like that again. Bad luck, a string of moments of bad luck and high drama early in the season. Somewhere along the line the lads lost confidence.

And yet even before Stuttgart there was Middlesborough. The signs were already there. We had the burden of expectation as Champions. We tried three up front and it left midfield looking light. Sterland was still out and for all his faults that was a crucial injury for us. As well as Newsome played last season, we never conceded four goals until Sterland was out. We've missed his defensive nous, if not his pace. Dorigo was totally off form early on and is only recently back on his game (he is? - Ed).

And yet...we've played some of the best football around this season. The two Stuttgart victories were this season and they were phenomenal. Away to QPR we were one-nil up and playing great football. One great



move saw the ball swept from side to side and Chapman's header skimmed the bar. It would have been a brilliant goal and a two-nil lead but it was another moment of bad luck, wasn't it? Minutes later, McAllister was too knackered to run back from an off-side. Strachan, Wallace and Speed all looked in the same state. Before you could say "Eric's off to Scum" QPR nicked two goals and we'd lost. The defence got blamed again but the whole team was knackered. Two weeks later we were out of the European Cup and the confidence was gone completely.

And yet.....even then.....there was the Arsenal drubbing. Heads may have dropped at times but we've still played some great football. Chris Whyte has taken a lot of the blame but for two years he's been playing beyond his ability - on confidence. Suddenly, he's the lynchpin of a Sterland-less defence, Dorigo off form, and Lukic having a nightmare. Speed has hardly missed a game for three years, and though he's been consistent he could have had a sensational season, but the poor lad is knackered (shouldn't have had his hair cut - Bible-reading Ed). Chapman also started the season in sensational form. Perhaps like the rest of the team, he had too much confidence at the start. A couple of bad early results followed by the emotion and intensity of the Euro games, and the whole team's confidence just took a huge knock. Those three goals in Stuttgart were devastating for us. Giles and Atkinson's comments were devastating for us and unfair.

So we've played some great stuff this season and we still can (witness the Cup game at Highbury). We've also played some awful stuff - pumping it up aimlessly to Chapman makes him look like a donkey. We are still Champions when we hit the right groove but it's all about confidence. We could have walked this league in a season when the top sides have already lost four or five games (last season we lost our second in February). It's a long shot but we could still get a UEFA Cup place. We've had three years of continuous and total success. Wilko has taken gambles and made mistakes. He should have bought a right back, he could have rested Batty, Speed and McAllister at times, he should have introduced Rocastle earlier and he shouldn't have risked Dorigo in Stuttgart. But he's human. Stubborn and human. Stuttgart! Arsenal! Shutty's goal! These are still great times to be a Leeds fan and the lads need cheering all the way.

**ON! ON!! ON!!!**

Losing to Rangers now seems light years away, but it's still as painful as if it happened yesterday. In both games, we had plenty of chances, and failed to take them - goals in the first five minutes and last five minutes of the tie were not an accurate reflection of the balance of play, but we've only ourselves to blame.

This has supposedly been an awful season for us, but it was right on course until that night, 4th November, at Elland Road. It was all set up for us to finish the job - overturning a one goal deficit was hardly climbing a mountain. There's no point in reliving that game, or dwelling on the chances that a certain Frenchman missed. What is certain is that if we'd won that night, and qualified for the group stage, we'd be calling this season a great season, a continuation of the glory. We'd be saying that even if we were in the bottom half of the league, as we are, but we all know that if we'd beaten Rangers, we wouldn't have been so low in the league - the real collapse in confidence and self belief came after that Rangers defeat. That's how important one game can be.

The whole Rangers saga raised a lot of issues, and we reflect on them in the next few pages. The away fan ban was a disgrace, and we are ashamed that our club agreed to it. A number of Rangers fans contacted us for tickets, and if we'd had any spares, we would have gladly passed them on. One of the MA team made it into Ibrox, and was well treated by Rangers fans. It's a pity the same spirit wasn't shown at Elland Road by the minority of cowardly morons who attacked lone Rangers fans (keep typing, Tonto!) Maybe the Jocks should have kept their mouths shut, but are you proud that whole groups of Leeds fans tried to hit individual Rangers fans?

Surprisingly enough, these people were the sort of Leeds fans who left Elland Road straight after McCoist's goal. No pride or respect - they just buggered off home because we hadn't won. They probably asked for their money back as well. It was a much better atmosphere without you, you part time prats. So it all ended in tears. We know we could have beaten Rangers, but let's remember the pride and the glory of twice stuffing Stuttgart. We'll be back!

## **SINGING THE BLUES**

## THUNDERBIRDS - MISSION IBROX

'twas the eleventh sunday before hogmanay, and a quick telephone call to one of my sister's ex's, north of Carlisle went something like this:

"Maccy, ye all reet bonny lad?"

"Ah ma wee man, ah ken ya'd ring. A got ya one fa the terrace".

"Yesssss, you \*\*\*\*ing star (and no need for a premier card)".

A second call ten minutes later sorted out where to meet etc. Monday and Tuesday, I was cool. I didn't have the ticket in my hand, and I'd been let down before, resulting in me being savaged by the third reich throwbacks who policed Bournemouth on THAT glorious day. Wednesday morning in Manchester it was sunny (honest). I was on my way to Ibrox - it was all just too beautiful. Manchester Piccadilly BR "return to Glasgow, please mate" Then it happened! I opened my wallet type thing and the word "Leeds United" glared fluorescent from old ticket stubs, the championship pin on my chest became neon. I knew what was to come, the alarm would be raised. Any moment now, a bang, the hiss of CS gas and the Interpol militia would appear and beat me with an electric cattle prod, place an Uzi in my mouth, and say "Monsieur Leeds scum, nay reisen Ibrox".


How could I explain to these mad eyed guardians of UEFA that in fact Leeds are not scum, and while racism and fascism spread like cancer across Europe, we loyal fans of LUFC have striven to cleanse our sacred Elland Road from all that filth. Well, yes I could explain these things, but would they believe me while we still tolerate THAT racist dickhead on Lowfields? Fortunately, the guy on the other side of the glass was a Man City fan. He wished me luck, and I was on my way. Travelling standard class towards the rear of the train, the hills rolled and peaked all the way to Carlisle, where I produced my Geordie passport in case of border checks. No worries, as Edentown flashed past, I had scaled Hadrian's great wall. I lay back to sleep only to be woken at Kilmarnock by some Rangers fans in full voice singing about wanting casual sex with the Pope and the IRA (don't forget the condoms, lads John Paul's been around).


At Glasgow, I was met by Maccie and mates who whisked me onto a bus and off to some pub, then some other pub, an off licence, and a pub. I don't drink that much, but here I was on the receiving end of Scottish hospitality. I would sneak off to the loo and donate my pint to some grateful old bloke in the corner, only to receive another on my return. There was, however, no getting out of swigging some strange

brew from a bottle on the way to the ground. Arriving on the terrace just as the Leeds team were being introduced, "Englands, Englands, number one" I cried, arousing interest from those around, and attracting a couple of Leeds fans who had also infiltrated. Needless to say, other Leeds fans exposed themselves (OO-ER) very quickly, as Macca hit the target. 20 or so whites gathered together and were shielded somewhat from the interest of the polis by Rangers fans. We tried to encourage Rangers to join in a chorus of "marching on together" but it was not long before it was twisted into a very untuneful "We love you Blues, Blues, Blues". - Much more preferable to \*\*\*\* the Pope etc. I asked Maccie about this traditional sectarian bullshit but a reply was lost to their equaliser.


MIRROR 15.10.92

## FANS WARNED

 RANGERS have warned that they will take action against any fans guilty of shouting racial slogans.

 Alistair Hood, the club's security operations executive, said: "We play Leeds in the European Cup next week - and it's appropriate that we issue a warning at this

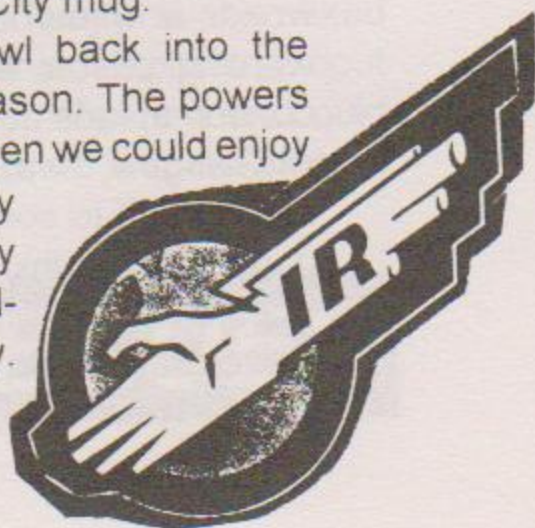
time. I have received a number of complaints from fans sickened by racial chants and taunts. Action has already been taken this season against the fans who have been reported."

 "We must act to protect the players and reputation of this club."

I won't go on about the game because everyone saw it on TV. As the roar went up signalling the final whistle, I didn't feel as if we'd lost, but that Leeds had gained a lot of friends thanks to those 20 women and men who represented the club. This is not the end of my story however - when asked "Ha miny tickets kin ye git oors fa Elland Rood?" I was somewhat ashamed to say "Fuck all, pal". Furthermore - I wasn't at that game because I can't afford a season ticket and rarely get to home games now because of all the part time bastards who six years ago, while we were standing on the terrace at Cardiff on a cold rainy night, were sitting at home supping tea from a Bradford City mug.

Once the novelty has worn off, they might crawl back into the woodwork, and I'll be back at Elland Road next season. The powers that be might stop treating fans with contempt and then we could enjoy Rangers fans at Elland Road in the future. David Batty might score a hat trick! Until then, we can only continue to love Leeds, and respect others, regardless of their team, race, religion, gender or sexuality.

ON, ON, ON!!! VIRGIL (FAB!).



## **Terrace Talk 2 - Imre to the rescue...**

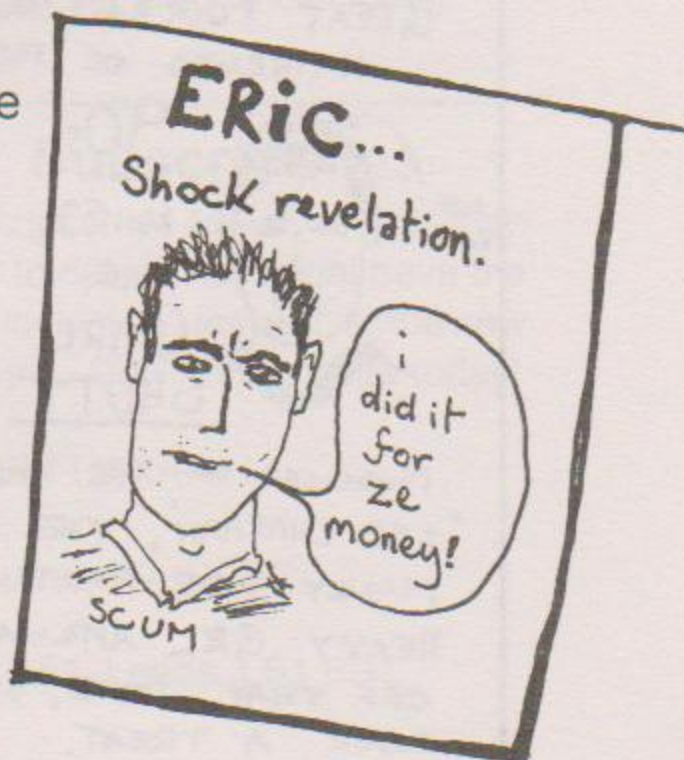
Divorce, redundancy, watching Beadle, no amount of pain can compare to the pain of the treacherous Gaul deserting to the Mancs. All the way through the Sheff Wednesday game we were sulking. Then comes the Wilko master stroke - bring on Varadi!! And bugger me, but he scores with his first touch. I even believe that he meant to do it, but I know there's some debate here. However, the Kop was not slow to see the possibilities of the situation. Alright Varadi was slow, limited, and a bit of an embarrassment but he had a funny foreign-sounding name. Enter the Imre Varadi song to Halva Nagila (a Jewish number if I'm not mistaken). The best bit of all was when Imre (who doesn't know what's going on but likes it) starts playing out of his skin and nearly scores again. Who needs Eric? We've got Imre...oh no, we haven't, Oxford have (phew!)

## **ODE TO A TRAITOR**

The editor wishes to make clear that the views expressed below are definitely in a minority, but what the hell...we'll print anything!

There was a young man from France  
Who signed up for Leeds quite by chance  
The fans he could thrill  
With his vision and skill  
And sent the crowd into a trance!

There is a young man now at Scum  
Who is making all Leeds fans quite glum  
Scoring goals every game  
Scum fans singing his name  
I wish back to Elland Road he'd come!



## RED, WHITE AND BLACK

Thankfully, like the hooligan, the football racist appears to be a dying breed. But that is no reason to be complacent about the need to eradicate this particularly disturbing element of society from our national game.

With this in mind, Charlton Athletic has joined forces with Greenwich Council, to emphasise our opposition to all forms of racially prejudiced behaviour.

And it is quite appropriate that Leeds are the visitors as we

make this declaration, considering the success of the anti-racist group at Elland Road.

The club is committed in support of the council's equal opportunities programme, which includes positive action to ensure that all sporting facilities are available and accessible to all groups, irrespective of race, religion or disability.

The club condemns all forms of prejudice and discrimination, and such behaviour by spectators could result in guilty persons being banned from the ground.

CHARLTON FACUP  
REPLAY PROGRAMME

NICE TO SEE SOME CREDIT FOR LEEDS FANS, ISN'T IT? JUST A SHAME THAT OUR OWN CLUB HAS NEVER FELT ABLE TO WRITE A SIMILAR EDITORIAL AGAINST RACISM.

GREAT FOOTBALLING  
HAIRCUTS OF THE

90s.

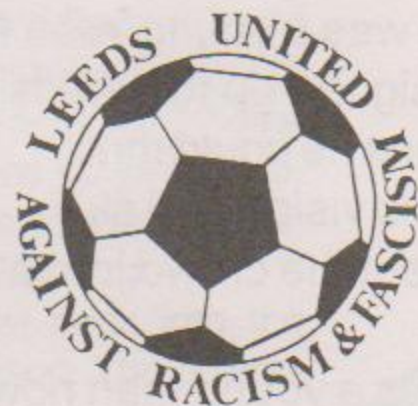


No: 52

THE  
CARL  
SHUTT

COLLECT THE SET.

MODELLED ON THE NOW OUT-DATED  
"LEE CHAPMAN", THE SHUTTY  
MANLY SIDE-PARTING WITH  
HEAVY GEL APPLICATION, SETS  
OFF THAT SOLID, SQUARE-JAW  
LOOK A TREAT.



## What were YOU doing on Championship Day ?

Remember when the team was doing well, the fans were happy, when we were in pole position instead of a lowly 16th ? Remember Sunday April 26th.?

The weather wasn't up to much as I left Leeds heading North-West instead of South, rather than being at Bramall Lane, I was going to Carlisle on a steam train. The train was ready to board at Skipton station, Stanier 8F 48151 at the head. The driver was a Skipton man, a Leeds fan to boot, the support crew were from Carnforth, and had Manc leanings. The train was delayed en-route, so the match didn't kick off till we left Settle. Radio Leeds had petered out by then, but Radio 5 was carrying commentary. Reception in the High Pennines varies from bad to worse, but the Blades scored about Horton-in-Ribblesdale, Leeds got the pin-ball goal at Dent. Garsdale came, a water stop, '1-1' I said, 'it's still all to play for'. The train set off again, Newsome put us 2-1 up, reception was getting really awful by now. Chappie's own goal came at Ais Gill, the summit, and then the reception became impossible. All sorts of permutations with the aerial were tried, but reception was lost for minutes at a time. As we approached Kirkby Stephen, the own goal went in, and the final whistle came at Griseburn. The train was due to stop at Appleby, time for a quick pint in The Midland I thought, but the 8F carried on. Arrival at Carlisle was too late to be able to rush to the Bottle Shop, the 8F left the station with whistle blowing, and sad looking Mancs in the support coach. Carlisle was closed and it was cold and wet as per usual, so it's off to Currys' to see if they were showing the final Manc humiliation - they weren't, so good old Radio 5 to the rescue. Rush got the Scousers off to a good start, 5 to 5 came, 2-0 to the Scousers, I did a dance on Platform 3, the driver gave a long tattoo on the whistle and we were off, back to Leeds, a dodgy pizza and euphoria - but that's another story.

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# GREEDY BASTARDS OF OUR TIME

## No 1: GARY LINEKER

Mr goody two shoes himself, the guy who never beat Bobby Charlton's record. But he manage to get right up my nose. How his team mates stuck him I'll never know. That used to be their problem, now it's our problem.

He's never off the bloody TV, Match of the Day, Football Focus, and to cap it all, he's got his own radio show. "Gary's Wednesday Football night", when he and couple of mates drone on during a game, collect their money and head home. Come Saturday he's on Football Focus, with Bob "Gunner" Wilson, where he tells us how nice every player, ref, and linesman is. Later, on Match of the Day, with Alan Hansen, and Des "Sexy" Lynam they talk more bullshit than ten years worth of party political broadcasts. It's only a matter of time before Gary is leading the televised church service the next morning. Does the guy have no shame? Gary, please take yourself off to Japan, and give us all some peace.

Sad thing is, I saw this coming years ago, every time Spurs or England were on TV. As soon as Gary got the ball all you could hear was "Oh, Lineker" as Motson & Davies wet themselves. He was just the type to suit their old school tie, ie never booked, never kicked, never took it seriously. As a fellow human being I wish him no harm. It's just that he sickens me with his silly comments, plus the fact that he's never off the box. It's not as if he needs the money - is it greed or does he just fancy himself?

What we need is a Vinny Jones type on TV. Someone who'll tell it like it is - "ref's a blind wanker", "linesman's from Mars", "directors are all fat greedy bastards, who don't give a fuck about the fans" (Flashman!). You know it, they know it, for God's sake, let's hear it said on TV. How about Danny Baker on Match of the Day? No... wait, with all his DAZ adverts, silly game shows, and radio shows, I think I've found another greedy bastard!

**Citizen Smith.**