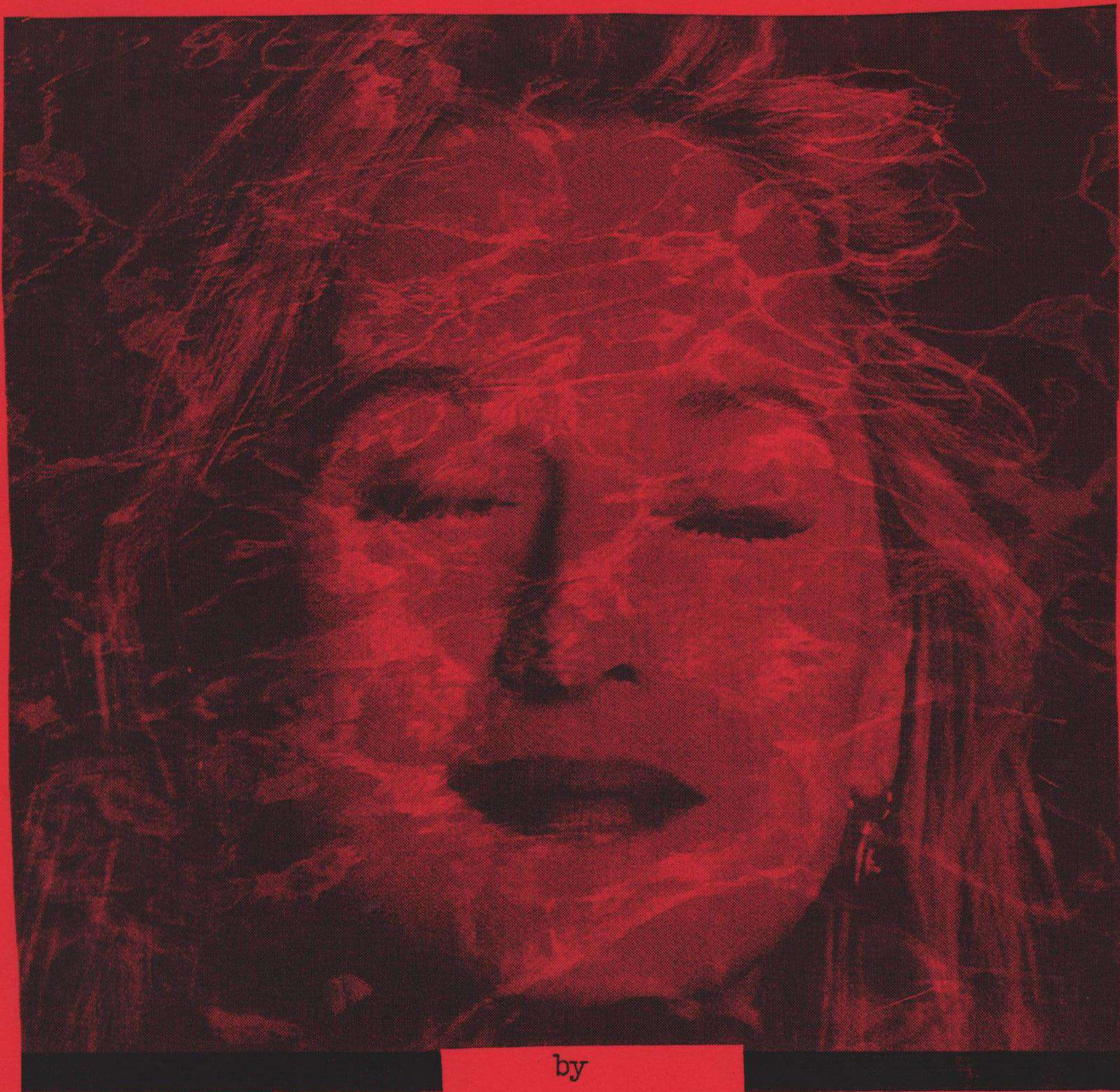


# THE MISERY OF FOOTBALL

considered

in

all its forms,  
and a few remedies offered



by

F.A. KICKER

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HAT TRICK FOLIO

1995

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We sincerely hope this paper will circulate amongst all clubs , in  
order to generate a discussion.

The author would like to thank all those who have helped this document to see the light of day .

## THE MISERY OF FOOTBALL

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"How many holes does it take to fill in Blackburn, Lancashire?"

"The members of the mass are receivers, not transmitters".

C.W. MILLS (The Power Elite).

"People take pleasure watching spectacles; in that manner we keep hold of their hearts and their spirits". Louis XIV.

The recent events which shattered the crystal palace of football are quite unique and yet banal. All the idiots who have rushed to give us their opinions on the subject are really a disgusting crew, far worse than the yobbos who week after week attend their mass. Each team needs to win (1), each town wants social peace. Indeed it can sometimes almost lead to war between countries, as we have seen in Central America, or simply fans will fight each other like in Genoa recently during a match with AC Milan supporters.

So many people lead empty lives. Football fills them. It is simply horrific. They will speak of their team all day long, day in day out. They even wear the colours, and not only on the day of the match. Some even wear them in bed, they claim some scoring magic rubs off! They ought to wear their boots too.

But the awful thing is that each team is sponsored by a big firm. So in a way we ought to say SHARP vs. CARLSBERG, MÜLLER YOGHURT vs. JVC. In other words football is big money. No wonder players act like prima donnas. A Klinsmann earns 27 grand a week. Cantona a mere 10. But these stars forget they are puppets. Football is a safety valve. You wonder what would take place if people could not let off steam. Aldous Huxley had this to say on the subject: "The rhythm of life

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(1) A football match worth seeing must be the recent IRAQ-IRAN. Another Middle-East country worth analysing is Saudi Arabia. A Saudi Prince sacked the team manager, and took his place. Speak of despotism. A book worth reading is The rise, corruption and coming Fall of THE HOUSE OF SAUD by Saïd K. Aburish. (Bloomsbury, 1994).

is necessarily routine punctuated by orgies and the latter must be provided whether sexual, religious, sporting, political, or nationalistic. Periodical intense excitement is needed by all, and the life of extreme restraint is always dangerous. It is for this reason that gladiatorial games, bullfights, boxing matches, mass meetings, religious revivals, patriotic and other demonstrations, parades, gambling, and prostitution have existed. They have been psychological necessities. The task is to render these orgies relatively harmless in all aspects while making them as effective outlets as possible." (Beyond the Mexique Bay.) (2)

But as we have seen in the past the nationalistic beast can go on the rampage with Auschwitz and Gulag results. And today we see its head resurfacing in many countries. The Ex-Yugoslavia of Milosevic The Butcher qualifies for the Dracula Cup. Hence hate is kept in the football stadium. (3)

Cantona broke the cardinal rule of the spectacle, he upset the entire show, he went too far. What he did was not written in his contract. But we sympathise with his actions since he was provoked by a meat-head who shouted racist slogans at him. Anyone in Cantona's football shoes or in real life would have done the same as Eric the scapegoat. For this is what he has become in the eyes of many little Englanders. He is the perfect target. He is foreign. All this British nationalism was whipped up by Thatcher during (4) the Falklands war. A conflict that could have been solved by diplomatic means. But Lady Belgrano preferred to embark on a bloody warpath for which many in both camps died in vain, and many others are still paying the price, whilst her Ladyshit has made millions of pounds out of it with the help of her beloved son Mark. She epitomized the Family, the Country, the Flag. The lumpennationalism which is apparent at football matches is a reservoir of vociferous dogs. They have been conned into believing all these traditional values, but those in power only know one value, that is to say wage-slavery and its corollary namely profits. The rest is superfluous. It is the same in all countries. Unless those who hold such illusions throw them overboard they will remain in chains, albeit nationalist ones with season tickets in their hands. One character who is constantly hammering the xenophobic drum is the DHSS Min Peter Lilley. Divide and rule. The usual scenario. It helps those in power. State power requires such separation. It is excellent for business.

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(2) Chatto and Windus. (London, 1934). Huxley's understanding of the nationalist question was not too deep. Orwell on the other hand saw the Franco murder gangs at work, and also Stalin's secret police the GPU. A real horror show.

(3) It was noted recently that followers of football teams are no longer strictly working class, but include young execs who are looking for a bit of boover. The spectacle of revolt is big business (rock concerts, sports, etc.), it caters more and more for all sorts of whims and escapisms.

(4) The real reason for the Falklands War emerged recently, it had to do with the huge mineral deposits in that region (uranium, oil, etc.). Ironically the extraction of these commodities will necessitate the cooperation of Argentina for their storage and treatment. An aspect which escaped many leftists was the fact that the Falklands War brought down the military junta in Argentina. It reminds us of Wellington's action against Napoleon during the Peninsula War. His demise brought back more democracy. Thatcher also had to go, she was becoming a real tyrant. Geoffrey Howe gave her the kiss of death, not bad for a sheep!

In other times the Jews fitted the role of scapegoat. They had killed Jesus. But as Staehelin pointed out in his book: "Antisemitism is older than Christianity by a few centuries. In the final analysis it is a pagan instinct which is awoken from time to time." (5)

The Nazis were up to their necks in the occult mire. (6) Even C.G. Jung joined them for a while. The Aryan revival fooled him, he had also voiced anti-semitic remarks towards Freud. The revolt against the father can sometimes produce weird results. A critique of these two monuments is necessary. Often some people manage to criticize Freud but fall into the Jung camp, and vice-versa.

Indeed when Rudolf Hess flew to Scotland and was captured, he baffled his interrogators which included Ian Fleming of Naval Intelligence (7), -who later made his name with the James Bond myth-, he apparently said that they could have done with the services of Aleister Crowley to unravel Hess's mind. Whether the ol' crow attended such sessions is unknown and if he did it will probably take another fifty years before anything will surface on the subject. Such is the nature of the British State. But then all States are secretive. That is why it must be abolished.

So let's come back to sport for a moment, Hitler, Stalin, Hiro Hito had harnessed the energies of their populations. Sport was used to the hilt. The cult of the healthy body. The road to Wellville without cornflakes. And today we see the same bread and circuses, week after week. Healthy body, healthy mind, what a joke! It is laughable, and yet tragic. On mainland China people can do Tai Chi exercises in the streets but they can't speak freely. And the take-over of Hong Kong is only two years away. The inhabitants of that region have been sold down the river. Their only hope is big upheavals after the death of Deng and the collapse of the Li Pong dictatorship. Here in the west many sports' fanatics have been taken to the cleaners. They have been Niked or Reeboked.

If you look at Manchester United's treatment of Cantona (8), you will realise

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(5) Der Antisemitismus des Altertums (Basle, 1905), quoted in Jules Isaac's Genèse de l'antisémitisme. (Paris, 1956).

(6) An interesting book on the subject is The Occult Roots Of NAZISM, secret aryan cults and their influence on nazi ideology by Nicholas Goodrick-Clarke. (I.B. Tauris, 1992, London).

(7) **A contradiction in terms.**

(8) Cantona's departure from Leeds was a strange business. It had nothing to do with football. Howard Wilkinson the manager (a real conservative dumb head) could not stomach the way some of his players lived. They played musical beds. The protagonists were Cantona, Lee Chapman and their wives. They swapped partners. At least they had desires, whereas ol' Howard was afraid for the image of the club. What a boring old fart. Leeds never recovered from the departure of their two ace players. Chapman is a cut above most footballers, he speaks French, he can write, he likes wine and never talks of football outside the ground. What is remarkable is that the various turnips in charge of the English squad only included Chapman once in their side, although he was a top scorer. Peter 'Beardo' Beardsley's departure from Liverpool F.C. also had nothing to do with football. Beardo and Dagnish's wife had become lovers. Things like that happen. Love is a strange fruit, one bite and you're gone. Beardo avoids the Blackburn manager, ie. K. Dagnish. The magpie hunchback is a keen scorer! We welcome more romance off the field, for it causes chaos. Love is a **great** weapon which can fuck up the boring game. Ripley is also learning French... Terry Vegetables speaks Spanish, his tenure of the English manager's job could be short lived, if the squad does badly. If he is sacked all his 'bung' deals will resurface. The Establishment never forgets, they only delay the sentence. They are cruel. It is historically proven. The most cunning ruling-class knows how to stay in power.

It should be noted that both Cantona & Beardo were sold to arch rivals -Leeds to Man U. in Cantona's case, and Liverpool to Everton for Beardo.

that economic and financial considerations were paramount. The day after Eric the philosopher had erupted live on TV, £3 million was lost by his club on the share front. Clearly the management had to announce that he would not play the rest of the season. And if he stayed on all the sponsors would withdraw their franchises if Eric the painter continued to draw such masterpieces. It is really the society of the spectacle. Some people even accused Guy Debord of inventing it. No, he just wrote what he saw. One character in France who was always keen to quote the book of the same name was none other than Bernard Tapie (the ex-minister who was also the owner of Olympique de Marseilles), Tapie is a swindler who got on the nerves of the establishment. A social climber who paid the price of wanting to get to the top of the greasy poie. He likes to portray himself as a man of the people, and for that reason 'thinks' he must speak in a vulgar manner. Decomposition has reached many aspects of society. Culture is a good case in point. Language is another. Modern capitalism resembles more and more ancient Rome. Gladiators all over again. In a way Eric the sharp dresser is some kind of arena fighter. He rebelled against his role. Maybe the spectators ought to do the same. But for that to happen they will have to criticize their roles and illusions. Football gives them an identity, but a spectacular one. It gives them a practice, but they lack a theory. They remain in their seats, in their place. (9) And the price of tickets goes up and up. Is it by chance that some neo-nazi groups are attempting to infiltrate the football crowds? They know that some people are easy targets and confused and xenophobia is their key ideology. As we have seen more than one conservative minister pushes this deadly disease. It is horrific, because it kills people. In a way these nazi donkeys are very Leninistic (by that we mean they use entryism). But this kind of manipulation never works. Is it by chance that the neo-Nazis and the Leninists are always at each others throats? Not really, their character structure as Wilhelm Reich pointed out in his Mass Psychology of Fascism is very much the same. One good way out of this maze is to refuse leninism in all its variants, and all the neo-nazi swamps. We welcome the idea of the Millwall goalkeeper Kasey Keller who is apparently compiling a report on racism off and on the field.

Eric the merdia star knows exactly the power of the negative. Hence his Nike advert. He is caught in a spiral. He has to be more and more bad. Unless he realises what is in store for him, he will end up badly (10). The history of stars is littered with disasters. They are everything the punter will never be. The punter in turn dreams he is a star in the making. Spectators daydream whilst they watch hopelessly "their" team. They are transfixed. And parents take their children to the match, thus they make sure they too are addicted, although they see it as a bit of an 'education'. Addiction takes many forms (11). To think it is only powder and pills is nonsense. Alcohol is also a drug which kills thousands every year all over the world. Indeed "it is difficult to be a cucumber again once you have become a gherkin". Georgie Best knows something about it. Pressures of all sorts drove him to drink. One of the greatest players ever, paid the prize for being a star. But then alcohol is legal. At least 150 members of Parliament are part of the booze

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(9) "Spanish referee Garmasin Hurtado did a Cantona during a game in Santander. He lost his head -and used a linesman's flag to attack an abusive spectator!" (Sunday Mail, end of February.) It is difficult to know if this ref's action is similar to Cantona. Refs remind us of policemen. You wonder what pushes someone to become such a character. Authority attracts all sorts of maniacs and this in most jobs.

(10) Cantona is indeed a brazen head. He often adopts a healthy anti-French attitude, like the Surrealists did. Pat Niven of Tranmere Rovers is probably the only footballer in Britain who knows what we mean by that. But then Eric Bloodaxe takes up a pro-English position. Here he shows he is a confused goon. In a recent article in a mag called The Idler someone said Cantona's Manchester outburst was a situationist act, there is a bit of truth in that but as we have demonstrated he is far from a radical position. Hence The Idler journalists need to beaver a bit more in order to reach the truth. Down with all countries. Nationalism stinks...

lobby. The peerage is often called the Beerage. A powerful cartel. Take Glasgow Rangers (The Tories as they are called by canny Glaswegians) for example, the richest club in Britain and who backs them? None other than McEwan's. Some brewers like Wm Younger give money to all political parties, in that way they make sure of backing a winner who will help them in turn.

An interesting club in Glasgow is Partick Thistle. It attracts people who don't want to take part in the religious divide which is still prevalent in Glasgow. There is still hope without the Pope, a real Bob Hope. There is still hope without the Queen, a real has been. Partick is known as the atheist club. Some excellent players came out of their ranks: Maurice 'Mo' Johnson who got so much flak for joining the Tories, he is a Catholic. And Alan Hansen, the acerbic anti-pundit of fitba who takes no prisoners. Jimmy Hill (12), Trevor Brooking, Des Lynam, Ray 'Baldie' Wilkins and Garth Crooks (13) all cut sorry figures next to Hansen, because they are too positive when they waffle about football matters. They can easily rubbish a player one minute, and shower him with praise two minutes later. John Motson is a fine example of this kind of manicheism. All these commentators are little Goebbelses in slippers. They and newsreaders are torso 'persons'. They all push the idea of winning. There is no room for losers. Selling and buying that is the name of the game. It is the same on the job front, you have to sell yourself, like some kind beast of burden. The rich literally devour the lives of the poor so that they can sustain their lifestyle. Another form of cannibalism, but a more astute brand. And for each player that hits the big time, there are thousands who will rot without a penny. They will die with their shirts on. The sporting life is a bad joke for which many sacrifice their lives. The dream of every footballer is to play for "his" country. Many believe they have a country (14).

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(11) Recently we heard that there were secret Alcoholic Anonymous meetings designed so that stars could attend their session without being disturbed by the plebs! Elitism blues. 12 steps to a clear life. The AA is a kind of Christian cult.

(12) In the early sixties J. Hill was one of the instigators of a football strike. They wanted higher wages. A footballer used to get £15 quid a week in those days. Then inflation hit their wage-packets. As usual a rebel became part of the Establishment. That is how it survives. At the time of this strike Littlewoods were worried, there was no football for eight weeks. What a comic relief!

(13) Garth Crooks heads some 'Institute for Professional Players' a grand name. Crooks is a middle-class buppie. He was quick to condemn Cantona. Another who did the same was Gary "Crisps" Lineker. The Japanese were not sorry to see him go, his performance in the country of the falling yen was not too great. The Japanese were hoping for a high profile. They hadn't realised they had hired an old nag. Bloody British clap! After the match between England and Eire in Dublin Lineker was asked what he thought of it. According to him it was not "a football problem, but a society problem". As if you could dissociate one from the other. Another case of Colemanballs.

(14) Guy Debord in a book published before he died, called Cette mauvaise reputation (This bad reputation, 1994), spoke of his country. It is a regressive statement. Success is not always a good thing for a writer. He loses the edge. Still it would be quite unfair to diminish the earlier work of Debord. He put dialectics back on the map. Still compared to little turds like Stewart Home, his contribution to a modern critique of capitalism is immense. Mobile's is still nil. He resembles Tony Parsons in that manner. But Home has made an ideology of violence, the violence of his ideology is ghastly. He tries to emulate Richard Allen's skinhead bover books. Home can hardly be called an internationalist. His solidarity seems to stop at Dover. On this score Bob Black is right, his critique of Home is welcome. But that does not mean we agree with his scissor work on Annie Le Brun's text called Vagit-Prop. We think texts ought to be left neat. Let the readers decide what is worthwhile or not. But Home went even further, he drew a death list (how brave!), it included Debord, but worst of all Salman Rushdie was thrown in, as if he did not have enough

But as Karl Marx said a few years ago: "proletarians have no country, you cannot take from them what they haven't got". By proletarian we understand: "those who have no power over their lives and who know it". It seems an accurate modern definition. We don't expect Tory Blair aka Tory Plan B. to understand this. He wants to continue using people as political footballs. That is to say kicking them around into the next century. The New Labour Party hacks are very keen to get people on the so-called Information Highway. Wilson did the same with his white technology. Tony Benn was then very keen to back up the nuclear industry. Today it is a different kettle of red fish. He has been pushed on the margins of the Labour Farm. So many still believe that a Labour Party could do better than the Tories. But once in power they would do a Clinton. Reformism never works. The Tory butchers are a bit more brutal than their Labour and Lib-Dem counterparts, but the result is still the same, the animals are skinned in the name of wage-slavery and money. So the NLP is clearing the way so that modern capitalists can exploit people even better. Their minds are already caught in the Internet maze where tons of useless info is stored, but the real McCoy is always kept elsewhere. Hackers of the world unite! Knowledge is power. For those in power it is the best drug. It keeps them high eight days a week.

But Blur and Major are bores. Blair's shadow Min for Sports, a dour hag called Kate Hoey wants to clean up the game. It is a ludicrous idea. Likewise Blair's crew G. Brown, Cookie, Prescott, Mowlam, Clwyd and Short want to clean up the capitalist sty. They don't like the smell. But to clean the Augean stables, you must catch the horrible odours that no soap can get rid off. In fact it is not a matter of cleaning up the pig shit, but abolishing it altogether. Tory Blair is a real farmer Jones. Maybe the animals will rebel against him one day. It only took a massive riot like the Poll Tax jamboree in Trafalgar Square to knock off Thatcher from her pedestal. Her colleagues, that is to say her more lucid ones realised she was putting oil on the fire of discontent, it was time to knife her in true conservative fashion. Blur is hooked on the drug called power. He wants a big dose. Power is a rapacious creditor. It can wait for its victim!

No wonder so many people escape en masse into the sports' maze. They can forget reality for ninety minutes. It is their weekly fix and they waffle endlessly about their toon. George Orwell called it prole feed in 1984. He describes the hate sessions in great detail. Every sport includes such phenomena. The little man who screamed abuse at Cantona went home feeling great, he had vented his frustrations and in the process made a few thousand bucks out of it, selling his obnoxious 'story' to The SUN aka The SCUM. He got mardocked. The dirty digger's organisation

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(cont of footnote 14)

trouble already with the fatwa which has been hanging over his head for the last six years. Home's statement is inhuman, as inhuman as the Islamic laws which are enforced in many Islamic countries. Home in a way has a lot in common with the bloody mullahs. His neoist stuff is garbage. We despise him and all those who put up with him or admire him. Home has never swallowed the idea that art is dead and that it needs to be superseded. That is why he hates situationists. They ruined his position as a rock and roller. Recently the Late Show (Beeb 2) did a prog about Debord's suicide. All the pseudo-intellectuals were in attendance: Malcolm Imrie, Brigitte Cornand a French hackette who did a documentary with Debord before he passed away. A few days after he died she gave an interview to the French CP paper "L'Humanité" saying how wonderful he was to work with. All too positive for our liking. Cornand does not understand that to succeed in this world you have to be bad. Of course by succeed we do not mean the dominant ways, but to shake this old world. Cornand could not even get hold of newsreel footage about Mexico in 1968, therefore she missed an opportunity to say something about the Chiapas. Maybe her bosses at Canal + were not too hot on this dialectical idea. The goons at MI5 and MI6 must have been pleased by this Late Show prog. Many work

is responsible to a great extent for the present tabloid and lottery mentality which has engulfed Britain. A crass view of life where everything can be bought and sold. Here we must sympathise with Dennis Potter who was very brave to attack Murdoch Inc. , before he died. But poor Potter was not so careful when he allowed one of his last texts to be published in the New Left Review , whose offices are in Meard Street. What an appropriate name! A few years earlier VERSO/NLR \*\* had accepted an award from Murdoch. They thus traded in each Wapping printer for a mere sixteen pence. Life is cheap these days. It is simply horrific. We still think it is a good idea to boycott the Meard crew. In fact they are a pressure group of the **Labour Party**. But all belong to the executive class, therefore they will back up the top end of the party, not its grassroots. Deep down they are Leninists, and a few old Stalinists still lurk in their ranks, like Hobsbawm. They are a vile bunch who have retarded consciousness in Britain since they started publishing their review. What is striking is that they have followed every fashion. And are always keen to appear on the box. They are bored and boring. Strangely enough Murdoch is also backing the "New Labour Party" and a strict censorship is enforced at any meetings which are sponsored by the News of the World. Some allies. It makes you want to puke. What a party! Not much fun there. Speeches, spin doctors, U turns, leeches, leashes and political correctness. AARGH! The "New Labour Party" will have to do a deal with the Lib-Dems if they want to defeat the Major Mob. Blur and his spin doctors are working on this problem at present and the way to break the news to their flock .

As for Murdoch before all that he was only following his political mistress of the time, namely Mrs Whiplash, the führerin, the milk snatcher, Mrs Thatcher. She set millions of men and wimmin on the market with nothing more but material gain as their aim. Commodity-fetishism at its worst. Thatcher has a lot in common with that other material girl, namely Madonna. Mitterrand once said Thatcher had the body of Marilyn Monroe (how did he know?) and the mind of Adolf Hitler. Everything is up for grabs. And even if Tory Blair became P.M. it is unlikely that he could reverse the privatisations, because they would have to compensate all those who bought shares. Blair and his spin doctors are in a real fix. They dare not announce the awful truth. Or they say one thing one day and contradict themselves at the next press conference. A bit like the Tories. A real mess. It all looks like a football match when everything goes wrong. And it seems to be the trend these days. Maybe we will reach the point very soon when no match can be staged.

Is it by chance that prostitution has increased so dramatically in the last fifteen years? It was the same before the French Revolution of 1789. Life had become unbearable, only money ruled. It was not long before the entire edifice collapsed. Here it will take a few more years! As a friend of the author said the other day: "can you imagine a royal family in the year 3000?". He is right it is hard to envisage such an anachronism. Here some anarchist boneheads call prostitutes : "workers in the sex industry". Another form of newspeak. They don't mind people working in the oldest profession as long as it doesn't involve them, their sister, their mother or in some cases their brother. We speak about this

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(Cont of footnote 14)

for the TV networks. We despise all those who took part in this BBC 2 prog. We shit on them. (cf. Larry O'Hara's book Turning up the Heat:MI5 after the Cold War, Phoenix Press, London , 1994 . Apparently Gerry Gable and his cronies from Searchlight have been going round bookshops urging people not to stock this title. It smells of stalinism. Gable works closely with the security services and TV networks.)

Gable and Co have gone further since this document was first published. They went to Larry O'Hara's work place and took a photograph of him. It is a despicable action.

\*\* They won the Sunday Times Small Publisher Award, it was worth a £1,000. 6,000 printers in Wapping were sacked. (Note added on 28.3.95.)

reality not from a moralistic point of view, but from a human one. It is clear you cannot abolish prostitution without abolishing wage-slavery, the commodity and the rest of the State paraphanelia. It is a project which needs to be undertaken on a world basis by the vast majority of those who have no power over their lives and who know it. The absence of this project will prolong the misery which modern capitalism fosters (15). Apparently two prostitutes out of five are HIV positive down in King's Cross. This was reported recently in a local paper. Prostitution is thus a very deadly job. Mass unemployment has forced many people to take up this kind of work. Capitalist society is a cesspit. We despise all pimps, managers of factories and football teams and all cops. We also despise all yuppies who love their work and the money that goes with it.

So what can a poor boy do to make it? He has a few choices. Kicking a ball, punching heads or becoming a sick Jagger. These choices seem to apply to a poor girl too. There are other sports which need cannon fodder. Rugby is more middle-class. You only have to listen to the crowd with their sweet chariot song. They resemble sheep. They long for a past, the imperial one. Alas it is all gone. The only thing left is nostalgia and the empire of the commodity-racket. Rugby players are not 'paid', but they use the game to make contacts for their respective businesses. Many policemen are keen rugby players, it suits their temperaments, since it is quite a brutal game. Other sports to get into are darts, golf, cricket, snooker, car racing, athletics and all horsing. The list is endless...

Of course American football is even more brutal and vulgar, it reflects the American way of life. It resembles a filthy McDonald burger. But we are not anti-American only anti-capitalist. The USA typifies modern capitalism and its model is now spreading all over the planet. A ghastly system (16) with no medical cover for at least forty million people. And now the Democrats and the Republicans are talking openly of sterilising the underclass. Eugenics are thus rearing their ugly heads. Many people (17)

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(15) Tory Blair has no wish to tackle this problem in a radical manner. He does not even want Clause IV in his political stew. He is conservative mark II. Many lemmings have followed him doing a U turn.

(16) Even those who are against that system are taken in. It reminds me of the story of a radical American in Paris, who was invited to a restaurant by a friend and his French host asked him what he wanted to drink with his meal. His reply was incredible, he wanted a Coke. No quality is needed, only a vast quantity of nothing. It is awful.

(17) P.J. O'Rourke mirrors this American air-conditioned nightmare. He is a buffoon. He has swallowed all the myths that money can buy. Everything is fast for him, from cars, to food and women. Another American goon is Jerry Garcia of the Grateful Dead, it was revealed recently that he had been working for the FBI since 1968. His job was to channel youth anger down a cul-de-sac. How many singers work part-time for law enforcement agencies is not too well researched, maybe Gruel Marcus can do some serious studies for once instead of the mish-mash he puts on the supermarket.

As for P.J. O'Rourke he is a right-wing pig. Bragg fell for him. Bragg admires his output, the money in other words, not the content of his turgid books. A sort of airport literature. Bragg is also part of Tory Blair's inner advisory board. Another newshound is Peter Handelson, a sort of would be witchfinder general, in other words a top pig who is there to sniff all the truffles for his master Tory Plan B.

in the USA in the early 1900's paid with their lives, many so-called misfits were sent for resettlement (ie. murdered). It is a terrible story. The Nazis were quick to pick on this 'ethnic cleansing' idea with the result that we all know, although some neo-Nazis have the nerve to say it never took place. A few years ago a left-wing writer and poet called Kenneth Rexroth even advocated such a eugenics program. He had this to say: "But perhaps the future will decide that one of the greatest evils of Nazism was discrediting eugenics." Surely some mistake. Rexroth's brain must have been inexistent! Strangely enough his recent biographer (a grand name for someone who wrote a brochure about his master), Ken Knabb forgot to mention all this. He can find it in Communalism from its origins to the 20 Century by Rexroth (Peter Owen, 1975). Rexroth thought he was a poet. As for Knabb he prefers coca-cola to wine! Beurk..

So when the Dadaists said: "To each their own football" wayback in the twenties in Germany, it was a funny way of saying: "To each according to their needs, to each according to their abilities." But their initial phrase was not of much use, owing to the rise of nazism in that country from 1918 onwards. For this was when this deadly disease took root. Many specialists of nazism never reach the roots of the problem. For them it all started in 1933.

So where does all this lead us? Football as a game between people as a free activity can be fun. Football as a commodity is a cocktail of ills. The only trouble is that the first lot dream of being in the second batch. The professional scouts have a ready-made reservoir of cheap meat to choose from. It never runs dry. That is the dilemma.

Another alternative is to take all that channelled anger on to the plane of ideas in order to change the world. But for that people will have to dump their fantasy football illusions in the dustbins of the grounds where they spend their time and money worshipping their clay-foot idols. Until then life will be a giant scoreboard where punters always lose, even when "their" team wins.

### STOP PRESS

- \* The Irish Question spilled into the England-Eire match in Dublin. God Save the Queen hadn't been played in Lansdowne road for many years. Both anthems were jeered at, but not from an internationalist point of view it seems. BMP/NF thugs were there in attendance shouting "No surrender to the IRA". These idiots have close links with the Loyalists. They threw pieces of wood with nails on to Irish fans. It was horrific. The Daily Mirror and all the TV networks even went further offering money to anyone who will identify the hooligans. Delation is also on the menu of Professor John Benyon (Director of the Centre for the Study of Public Order), he had this to say: "We've got to foster the idea that it is patriotic to identify trouble makers to the authorities". Benyon is a keen Labour supporter. His call for "Locking up ignorant soccer" is laughable, as if football could be intelligent. All libertarians ought to refuse all relations with those who use delation. During the last war, the Gestapo could have never done what it did without the help of all the denunciations from the French public and with the help of the police. TV progs like CRIME UK are unthinkable in France because of that ghastly past. 9 tons of Gestapo archives lie in some police cellar in Paris!

The Irish garda were particularly vicious towards the English contingent. They

were given carte blanche by their Justice Minister Rona Owen, a vulgar hag who wouldn't be out of place in some Coronation Street episode or the Adams family. And to make things worse for the lovers of the Union Jack they were put on a boat in a force 10 gale. Another case of Irish black humour. The Irish State "gave them a hiding they wouldn't forget." Strangely enough it is the kind of treatment the BNP/NF/COMBAT 18 often dish out to defenceless coloured people. Many have been murdered. Maybe some of these racist thugs will realise that they need to reflect on their actions and criticize their racist past in order to become human. In any case they are doomed historically.

\* Even the Daily Terrorgraph can see the merit of Tory Blair as a future PM. His photograph session with Stanley Matthews was a remake of Harold Wislon's photo with the smiling Beatles. That Beatle snap-shot was worth a cool million votes. Blair's nostalgia photo call might not be so big. The spin doctors as usual got it all wrong. Blair should be photographed next to veal crates, but maybe the poor animals might object.

\* During the last election in Britain, the NEW STATESMAN bemoaned the fact that situationists were not on their side in order to fight the Tories. Some have illusions. In any case it is no longer a matter of being situationist, -of course that does not mean that you throw the baby out with the bathwater-, but of being proletarian in a modern sense. So in a few words we refuse all political parties, religions, sects and cults, and all isms. A fine programme. There is a lot to do so that a new life can emerge from this collapsing world.

\* A few years ago various scribblers known in the trade as criminologists (another word for cop) tried their hand at analysing working class violence. They asked the question why do they do it? When in fact they ought to have asked why don't they do it more often, since they are kept in their cages. These sociologists only uncover half the truth and get paid handsomely for it. They have all made a comfortable career for themselves. To name but a few: Stanley Cohen, Jock "ridiculous" Young, Paul Walton, Andrew Gamble, Lorrie "New Statesman" Taylor. A laughable crew who find nothing better to do than to back the "New" Labour Party. That shows how radical they are!

\* When Cantona left Leeds, the sellers of Cantonamemorabilia were really pissed off. They were left with thousands of pounds of rubbish on their hands. They cursed Wilko day and night. To this day the curse has worked, Leeds hardly score a goal. Maybe Wilko will have to take a walk on the Moors.

\* The Heysel and Hillsborough disasters are clear cases of negligence on the side of the management of these stadia. We must not forget the collapse of Stairway 13 at Ibrox (in fact three disasters took place on that stairway over a long period). The police's part in the Hillsborough was awful. Spectators always cop it. This was documented in a recent film on TV.

\* Scoring a goal clearly has Freudian connotations. Frustration followed by release. Everyone goes home relieved except the losing team & fans. Pain and pleasure. Players often find it hard to cool off. Hence their wild behaviour off the pitch. And they have so much dough. Molby used to send his minder on errands for coke, booze, etc..

\* As we have seen football can be a deadly game, a player from the Colombian team paid the price of not winning during the last world cup. The Medellin cartel probably put a contract on his life.

\* Recently the French Min for Youth & Sports Mrs Alliot-Marie promised measures "to implement the integrating role of football in the suburbs". (Le Monde, 10.2.95.) These districts are very hot indeed and explode almost daily. The reasons are plain: bad housing, police harassment, racism and boredom.

\* Blair was also keen for people to denounce the Lansdowne hooligans. People on the left ought to refuse such a practice. Because one day it could be their turn. The State machine never stops grinding. Today it is neo-nazis, tomorrow it can be them. Smella Rimmington, the head girl in charge of MI5 is quite clear about that. Robin Ramsay the editor of the magazine THE LOBSTER wants accountable secret services. Some have illusions. Ramsay votes Labour. His mag is not without use. It often contains valuable information. Ramsay has never been able to swallow the Gemstone File which deals with the assassination of JFK. It is too far out for him. In a recent OBSERVER (12.2.95), which dealt with conspiracies, the file was rubbished, therefore there must be some truth in it. Ramsay took part in this disinformation.

\* Quick profits are always in the mind of football promoters, this is demonstrated by the disaster in the Furania Stadium in Bastia, Corsica where 14 people died and about 1300 people were badly injured. A real scandal, a badly built stand collapsed, live on TV.

\* When Khomeini came to power he banned draughts, boxing and football players had to wear longer shorts, they are not allowed to show their knees. Some society! Women were banned from all sporting stadia.

\* The Nazi salute by the English football team in 1938 in Berlin was in line with Chamberlain's appeasement. Bill Murray in his Football. A history of the world game. (Scholar Press, 1994), fails to understand this simple truth. He made us laugh when he wrote in his introduction: "The world cup held in Italy in 1990 was watched by more than 26 billion people throughout the world", a weird way of saying it was viewed 26 billion times. A lack of critique can lead to false consciousness. Apart from all that, Murray's book is a goldmine of info. He is right to say that the nazi image of some of the Liverpool fans contradicted those who only saw the fascism of the Juventus fans in the Heysel stadium. Life is never black and white. Some people like an ultra-left group in France called OS CANGACEIROS are thus left with egg on their faces, since they backed the Liverpool fans to the hilt. Ideology is a luxury, it is better to come to terms with this simple truth. We have learnt to wait before saying anything of note.

\*The Nazis when they came to power in 1933, banned professional football until 1945. Another contradiction for the neo-Nazis to mull over.

\*In Jamaica football is big in the streets, cricket is big in the stadium.

\*Bill Murray in his book speaks of Alec Villaplane who was captain of the French football team in 1930. Murray points out that he was shot as a collaborator, but fails to say why. In fact Villaplane was a member of the Parisian Gestapo whose job was to track down members of the SOE. An excellent book on the subject is LA BANDE A PIERROT LE FOU by Stéphane Vincentanne (Champ Libre, 1970). According to Murray Villaplane is portrayed in Camus's The Plague as Gonzales. Sartre and Camus were keen spectators of football matches. The footballization of the masses never worried these two goons who fooled many with their books. Maybe Camus should have played more football! As for Sartre he epitomizes many creeps on the left with their black and white beliefs. They lie by omission.

\*As for Tory Blur one of his favourite bands is Guns n' Roses who sometimes sing songs by Charles Manson! What a mess! All you need is £££.

\*Ed Winters, a lecturer in aesthetics at the University of Westminster and a lifelong QPR fan, -Some aesthetics there!-, furnished the Daily Terrorgraph (6.2.95) with some copy with an academic point of view on Cantona. We find Winters and Cantona to be full of holes, they resemble a Swiss cheese. Firstly Winters tells us that footballers should stick to football. If somebody in that field was capable of doing something of note outside of that so-called profession it could not be denigrated. For example footballers in France in May 1968 went on strike in solidarity with the ten million wildcat strikers and against the conditions they had to put up with in their clubs. It seems Mr Winters lacks a bit of historical insight. Maybe if he had read a bit more of G.W.F. Hegel he would have acquired some basic knowledge in order to comprehend the past and past epochs. Winters is very keen on that damp squid called Bertrand Russell who apparently excluded Hegel from his canon. In fact there has been a revival of interest in the works of Hegel in the English speaking countries. We know that Russell's logic was not too good. And we can pinpoint the consequences to which it gave rise. Russell enjoyed his role as a Lord and pundit. But have his ideas lasted? Not really. Let's face it Russell was a bore. His common sense did not lead him very far. Russell was at home next to bishops, MPS' and left-wing politicians. In other words a bunch of liars who have led everyone down the garden path. And it is continuing with Tory Plan B. and his gang. Mr Winters plays his Little Englander role, but it is a well-known ploy because anyone in aesthetics has to study Benedetto Croce (an Italian author) and a few Greeks philosophers and Hegel! The bad side of this nationalism trickling down from the top can have devastating effects when translated at ground level by morons who can see no further than their noses. For Hegel contradiction is the most essential quality. This is why it is easy to criticize anything once you have understood this reality. Winters might have been able to fool Max Hastings, his editor at the Daily Terrorgraph, but not us. Maybe Francis Fukuyama is admired by the QPR fan?

As for Cantona's assertion that "football is the most beautiful of the arts", it really belongs to pseud's Corner. It is pure Colemanballs. Maybe Cantona does not yet know that art is dead and that it needs to be superseded. This reality is not too difficult to grasp especially when you see what passes for art these days. Sheep in formolin, resprayed by another idiot, paintings done with caviar, rotten carcasses and now Cantona's philosophy. It is really the decomposition of art. We pity all art students for they have nowhere to go in the art world, and most of them will end up in advertising, the pop business or tv. Too bad...

If Cantona marketed dog turds, people would buy them, Gaultier could put them in silver tins and Rapido could waffle about it. What a ridiculous society,

rotten to the core. What counts more is who does the art, not the art itself. Big Ears's watercolours sell well because of the so-called prestige attached to them. He even said it enabled him to pay for the education of his two brats. So in other words he too is working class. It is a ludicrous statement from someone who is worth millions. Big Ears is quite cunning, he has been playing two different roles at the same time. One is green, the other is more traditional, it involves shooting grouse, driving an Aston Martin and mounting polo horses until they drop. All very ecological! Recently his sons were introduced to their first fox hunt. Royals must know how to track down scroungers, foxes are the ideal animal. If the monarchy is not abolished in the coming years, -we sincerely hope it is-, then we will have another king called William V. The queen is going to do a Victoria, that is to say, stay on the throne for as long as possible, Charlie will be bald by then, in any case his relation with Queen Camilla is not too kosher from the Buck point. The Royals have done well recently with all their bedroom antics, they have been abolishing themselves slowly. This is a fact that many people of the British Isles understand.

As for Cantona his philosophy is a portable one. It only concerns his glorious self. If he stopped being a football star we might take him more seriously. In France he appears daily in the equivalent of Spitting Image. We will continue to defend him if he is attacked with racist abuse, but we will criticize him without mercy, especially as he has stepped out in the limelight as a pseudo-intellectual. His search for freedom has not led him very far. One more effort!

The fight for freedom is a hard road, it does not need lecturers or football stars, but people who are able to think dialectically. Contradictions are plain to see at all levels, within ourselves and in society at large.

written by F.A. Kicker on the 19.2.95

END OF PART 1

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#### LIST OF TEAMS AND BUSINESS SPONSORS

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Newcastle Brown Ale/Chelsea Coors/Blackburn McEwan/Arsenal JVC/Norwich & Peter-  
ground/Crystal Palace TDK/Man U Sharp/Man City Brother/Tottenham Holsten/  
Liverpool Carlsberg/Everton NEC / Glasgow McEwans/ Aston Müller Yoghourt/  
Wolverhampton Goodyear/Sheffield Wed Sanderson/AC Milan Opel/ Coventry Peugeot/  
Swindon Burmah/ Nottingham Labatt's/ Bolton Reebok/Southampton Dimplex/ Tranmere  
Wirral/ Charlton Viglen / Grampian 8 Toyota/ etc...

#### STOP PRESS STOP PRESS

Paul Ince is also being made a scapegoat over the Cantona outburst. The F.A. likes all matches to run smoothly, million of pounds are at stake. And their fat salaries as officials make sure they police the game. Ince has been charged with assault. Just because he defended Cantona.

Recently a spectator was arrested because he threw a turnip at Graham Taylor. The ref acted as a policeman. Taylor's team is not doing too well. As for Terry Vegetables he has the King Cole blues. The Uruguay Round. The entire show is a hype. As if the destiny of the UK depended on the results. It is the same in all countries. At the height of the Roman Empire, emperors had to stage more and more circuses.

national greeting of the country'. Sir Stanley Rous, then the Football Association Secretary, asked for advice from the British Ambassador, Sir Nevile Henderson on the matter. He replied: 'When I go in to see Herr Hitler, I give him the Nazi salute, because that is the normal courtesy expected. It carries no hint of approval of anything Hitler or his regime may do. And, if I do it, why should you or your team object?'

Several of the touring team were not at all happy with this attitude. One of the leading protestors, Stan Cullis, normally an automatic selection, found himself dropped for the German match and

*England's footballers giving the controversial Nazi salute before playing Germany in Berlin in 1938. It was excused as being 'a local custom'.*

the next against Switzerland, but was restored to favour for the following game against France. Stanley Rous was forced into the undignified position of begging 'I want you to do it for me'. Frank Broome, a forward on the trip, recalls the atmosphere: 'Jimmy Hagan, who had been coaching the Austrian team, translated the German papers, which were full of how the Germans were going to stuff it right up us. They were the master race. No one could beat the Reich.' Rous stressed tactfully that they must not lose for political reasons as well as sporting. England emerged 6-3 winners, much to the side's grim satisfaction.

Eddie Hapgood, the experienced Arsenal and England full back, later described his opponents on the day as a 'bunch of arrogant, sun-bronzed giants' just back from special training in the

Black Forest. Nevile Henderson had warned Rous about staging contests between German and British teams because the Nazis were looking for victories to boost the idea that the régime had produced a super race. The English victory clearly did not support that notion, and the next day a team from Aston Villa beat 'Greater Germany' (a German and ten Austrians) 3-2, introducing the Continent to the pleasures of the offside trap, which Villa's president later claimed was 'all a misunderstanding'.

Following an article surrounding the incident, the *Daily Telegraph* received two letters about hockey players' experiences in Nazi Germany. The first concerned Basil Brooke, whose father was at that time Treasurer to the Queen (now the Queen Mother). Following his selection for the team at the German university he was attending, he was advised by the Palace that on no account should he give the Nazi salute when lining up for anthems - or indeed any other occasion. He was told that, as a former member of the Winchester College OTC, he should use the British Army salute. The other letter was from Mr R. A. Child, who recalled:

When I toured south Germany in April 1937 in a public school hockey team ... we did not warrant bands and anthems but simply lined up midfield and after the *Seig Heils* and salutes, we countered by brandishing our sticks in the air and yelling 'Whipsnade, Whipsnade, Zoo, Zoo, Zoo'. This never failed to raise a tremendous roar of approval from the not inconsiderable crowds which followed our progress wherever we went.

There was, then, little overt anti-British feeling in the German sports world as late as 1938. In fact many Germans felt they still had a great deal to

