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Confrontation and intimidation have failed. East and West Stand Lower have faced down the SPS to telling effect. Respect due. The Kelly, Roberts, Merrett, ‘drastic action’ philosophy is not only antagonistic and counter-productive but also entirely redundant if safety is the objective. Consultation with the fans on standing and related issues has to be the way forward for the club.

With European success so much to the front of our ambition, and with the 40th anniversary of Munich on February 6th, it is important we take time out to remember the Busby Babes who died at Munich in 1958, trying to fulfil the European dream. They are always in our hearts. It is only fitting then that the club should honour the occasion with a testimonial game for the benefit of those who survived and the dependents of those who didn’t. This should be good news for players like Dennis Viollet who is seriously ill in America and for Elisabeth Wood, wife of fellow survivor Ray Wood, who has been lobbying United.

Real Madrid have been touted as possible opposition, but surely a team from Munich should also be considered. After all, their doctors, nurses and emergency services fought to save our players lives, and the people of Munich shared our grief and sorrow.

Danny

Q: what has 64 legs, dreadlocks, and is going to win sweet FA
A: Gullit’s Shit Squad

All the latest action from Chelsea F.C.
Available on video from 8th December in the Chelsea Megastore and all good car boot sales.

THE ARCHIVIST
CROWD CONTROL IS IT SAFE?

The Taylor report placed the blame for the Hillsborough tragedy fairly and squarely on police handling of crowd control at the event. The police have admitted fault and paid compensation. The Attorney General in a statement to the Commons on 26 October 1994.

'The Taylo report placed the blame for the Hillsborough tragedy fairly and squarely on police handling of crowd control at the event. The police have admitted fault and paid compensation. The Attorney General in a statement to the Commons on 26 October 1994.'

In an ideal world, those responsible would have stood trial. That didn’t happen in spite of numerous opportunities: the Director of Public Prosecutions backed off, the coroner was called a coward and the police could bring disciplinatory action against somebody who had conveniently retired due to ill-health’, wrote Alan Cookson in the Liverpool fanzine, Through the Wind and the Rain.

The police were kept out of the dock, and in their place the terraces themselves, were held to account, duly tried, and found to be unsafe. A decision which would have been rational as being air travel following a plane crash. Statistical evidence shows flying to be the safest form of travel, in spite of the number of crashes, Hillsborough and Ibrox can no more be said to be terraces than Munich can be used to daim air travel. It was somehow the terraces, which after being in use for over a hundred years, that had become increasingly unsafe, and this, perversely at a time when the police’s ability to control the terraces had never been better. All ticket controlled entry, segregation policing, segregation, CCTV monitoring, penned terraces, could control a crowd and, sadly, not ensure its safety. Those who died in the crowd at Hillsborough were monitored by CCTV while police officers manned locked gates, watching fans being crashed against high railings, with other officers turning away ambulances. They were controlled until they were dead.

Police crowd control would have been shown to operate at the expense of crowd safety, and this in part explains why the plowmen that were unreliable to put the ‘controls’ in the dock, and have the relationship between control and safety reversed. This should have been the starting point if anything was to have been learnt from Hillsborough. Instead the Government has held firm with unsafe stands and the safety of the stadium and in consequence the introduction of all seated stands was sold as a safety issue.

With the addition of terraces and the all-seater environment, it could be argued that the threat posed by terraces, if at last been put to bed. Conversely then, if it to reinforce the correctness of ending terracing, the safety risk has transferred itself to the act of standing up and vocally supporting your team.

So just what is the safety risk in standing up? Any effective safety measure starts by defining the risk, followed by an assessment of that risk, followed by measures to reduce or better still, eradicate that risk. Apply this to the act of standing up and immediately you see the difficulty. If the act of standing up, in and of itself, is either an unsafe and/or to a risk, please would someone at Highmersham tell us. I’ve spent much of my life taking that kind of risks. For argument’s sake let’s assume it is a safety risk. Then we’re allowed to stand up when and where we want. Even more ludicrously, if we accept there’s a chance that the risk will be greater if we start doing it during brief moments of great excitement.

It common sense is the best safety policy, then the absence of it from the club and the council so far on this matter has in fact led to a situation where it has created its own safety risks for fans. Teresa McDonald (Red News, Vol 8, No 3) spoke to Dent Arrowsmith of Trafford Borough Council who deals with the General Safety Certificates issued by the Council for Old Trafford. He said, ‘I admit that the legislaters’ are too weak and the powers are too modest. They are not even able to control the stands and the stands are not able to control the safety of spectators who have serious consequences if not controlled’. And there you have it straight on the horse mouth; effective safety from an undefined risk can only be achieved through crowd control.

The club’s solution is standing up to introduce more effective crowd control. Simon Sadler, the newly appointed stadium safety officer, has said: ‘Our aim is to ensure that fans can attend the game in safety and to make sure that the club is complying with the requirements of the FA, and that the safety of the fans is given the highest priority’. They are not even able to control the stands and the stands are not able to control the safety of spectators who have serious consequences if not controlled.

Finally for those who still aren’t convinced on the safety versus crowd control argument, read Geoffrey Greener’s Official history of the FA Cup Final. The 1923 final at Wembley, with an official capacity of 127,000, had an estimated 200,000 people in the ground. The crowd spilled onto the pitch as pressure built up but people were able to redistribute themselves and be absorbed by the terraces around the ground. This incredible feat was overseen by a single copper (PC Storey) on a white horse (Billy). Now the police horse was clearly a gifted organiser and great communicator, and has claimed the credit for this event for the past seventy years. However if ever conditions were ripe for a major sporting disaster, then this was it. At least fifty per cent over capacity, no crowd control whatsoever and terraces aplenty, perhaps if there was that ‘least in to what might have gone wrong but didn’t, then the safety benefits of terraces would have got the credit they deserve, instead of a copper on a horse who on this occasion had no need to retire on the grounds of ill-health.'
John Motson put his foot in it with his comments about having trouble distinguishing between black players, racist, insensitive or just plain stupid. That he is guilty of using an offensive racial stereotype to mask his own shortcomings as a commentator, there is no doubt.

Did David Coleman have this trouble with Brazil in the 1970 World Cup, confusing his Jairzinho’s with his Rivelino’s and his Pelé’s. Of course not. And why? Because he saw them as footballers first and foremost. It was their shirts and not their skins that were colour coded.

Now if people look alike, they look alike, regardless of race, colour or country of origin. PC or what? What about some of these east European teams, full of Taranovichs or something olovch, every one of them six foot two with seventies haircut and five o’clock shadow. No problem there for Motty. It’s just those notorious lookalikes, the second generation Afro-Caribbean players in the premier that trouble the man. Worry not though, John. Virtually every single policeman, magistrate and judge in the country suffers from a similar condition. You can just imagine Motty and a member of the West Midlands Serious Crime Squad watching Aston Villa can’t you.

- Who scored that goal then John?” “That big black lad did officer.” “Right then, he’s nicked.” “Hey, but there was three of them in the box at the time, and they all look alike.” Pleads John. “We’re talking conspiracy then nick ‘em all.” “But they’re only playing football,” with intent John, with intent. And one of ‘em not even black.” “How can you tell officer,” inquires John amazed at such fine detective work. “Because he just spat at me, the name’s Milosevic and he’s got previous.”

However, for George Lewis of Birmingham it was no laughing matter. He spent five years in prison after being fitted up by the West Midlands Police. In the eyes of the police, being black meant he was guilty. Despite receiving £200,000 compensation, no action was taken against the police because of insufficient evidence. Hardly surprising when the police are left to investigate the police. As John Motson didn’t say, they’re all the same really, aren’t they?

Later.

Dessy

MANCHESTER UTD ACTIVE AFTER BLOCK TRADE

Jan 18 (Reuters) - Shares in Manchester United Plc were active on Friday after a block of 7.7 million shares was dealt by the company's broker, Merrill Lynch, dealers said. The stock gained 112p to 158 by 1215 GMT in volume of 18.7 million shares — making it the second most active stock in the UK equity market at that time. Dealers at Merrill Lynch declined comment on who was behind the trade.

Separately, a spokesman for the soccer club dismissed talk of a 50 million pounds sponsorship deal with Ford Motor Co, that helped lift the stock on Thursday. He said Ford had denied reports of a deal with the English league champions. The current deal with Sharp Corp, which expires at the end of the current season, is worth more than one million pounds a season to United and the club has said it aims to triple its receipts when it renews the deal.

Red Attitude
‘EastStanders’
The Soap Opera Opera Rumbles On...

In the latest issue of Red Print, IMUSA’s newsletter, we update readers on the unfolding soap opera set in Old Trafford, which is now dubbed ‘EastStanders’. Matchdays at Old Trafford are now becoming grimmer than even the omnibus edition of the BBC drama.

Following the Everton game, IMUSA held an emergency meeting and issued a press statement in line with the growing media interest in both the standing-sitting issue and the actions and behaviour of the SPS themselves.

As a result, IMUSA’s press officer spoke directly to his counterpart Ken Ramson, followed by conversations with Ken Merritt and Director Maurice Watkins.

As a result of these conversations, the club pulled SPS out of the East Stand for the Tottenham game, where we all now await their next move...

With this temporary victory, attention now switches to Trafford Borough Council where we hope the threat of putting up candidates on a ‘Standing Ticket’ at the forthcoming local elections is enough to help them think again about enforcing the all regulations to the letter.

Meanwhile the campaign to bring back seating goes ‘national’ - IMUSA began this as a lone voice but, as recent coverage - not least by MEN’s Paul Hino and several national dailies - shows, support is growing. We hope that those who back our campaign will attend one of the Task Force meetings over the next few weeks. IMUSA and 136 Action are also planning a more ‘local’ event - watch out in the next issue of the Fanzine for further details.

Finally, IMUSA are considering setting up a ‘Support Fund’ for fans wanting to seek legal redress against the club or SPS - including the return of confiscated Season Tickets. Benefit gigs, whip-rounds in local booties etc are all on the cards. Any help or advice will be gratefully accepted.

Guest Evening

On a lighter note, IMUSA has lined up a guest who has a small but perhaps significant, always to be remembered place in our history. Yes, IMUSA presents Michael Knighton and his Amazing Juggling Balls!

Like him, or loathe him you must admit that he is headmaster able to baffle his way onto the MUFC Board of Directors and undoubtedly make for an enjoyable, entertaining and maybe illuminating evening - perhaps you should invite those mates of yours who insist United are a professionally organised and well run outfit headed by a set of business mastersminds.

Joining IMUSA

IMUSA has again shown that, through its efforts, the plc can be halted - even if only temporarily in its tracks. For all the critics of the organisation, remember that without us there would not be enough for discontented fans, nobody putting pressure on Trafford Council and nobody able to put the SPS situation into the national papers or organise appeal funds for those ejected and banned from Old Trafford. IMUSA cannot run on fresh air and above all needs your support to give the organisation credibility with the club. Please join IMUSA to stop the plc walking all over you.

Send cheque/PO for £5 to IMUSA, PO Box 09, Manchester M32 0UZ

Forthcoming meetings

Public Meetings (Members only: Join on the night)
25th January - Special Task Force meeting
26th February - Guest: Michael Knighton
All meetings 8pm start, O’Briens, Stratford Ansdale

Committee Meetings (all members welcome)
- 10th February
- 10th March

King Prat

Giapogno’s untimely antics in the recent Old Firm clash, when he was caught on camera, for the second time, playing his imaginary flute, have earned him a hefty fine from Rangers and possible action from the SFA. He claimed that it was in response to levelled despicable taunting from Celtic fans over his assaults on his (soon to be) ex-wife. Last time he was caught, he pleaded ignorance to the relevance of the gesture. This time though, with Celtic winning two nil, Gazza’s ‘old orange flute’ did not play a happy tune; perhaps there was a dead rat stuck in it?

Right wing mystery:

No. 2

Former Klu Klux Klan leader Andrew Frain of Calcutt, Berkshire was found hanging from a rope in his loft by police at new year. A detective claimed it was suicide, although Frain’s legal representatives had asked for an investigation, and there would be a post mortem and inquest.

In 1996 Frain was jailed for 6 months at Reading Crown Court for possessing racially inflammatory material with a view to stirring up racial hatred. Frain had admitted being a member of the Klan, holding the title of Grand Knight Hawk. Was it something we said?

Red Mole uncovers...

Mark Hughes MBE.

So Hughesy goes to Chelsea, the club with more politicians in it than a Soho brothel, and ends up on the Honours List. With Major Blair and Mellor, to do the lobbying, then it’s hardly surprising that a Chelsea player would appear on it. But Hughesy? I reckon they must have offered it to him as part of his signing on deal. After all what else did they have to offer a man who’s won almost everything with the Reds, apart from the chance to miss out on back to back championships. Judging by the way Hughesy put himself about against the Reds, MBE probably stands for a bad case of Mad Bulls’ Envy.

Jack and the Beanstalk

Recent press hysteria over which Cabinet Minister had a drug dealer son, was finally ended when Jack Straw, the Home Secretary, was named. Blackburn Rover supporter Jack Straw, who is opposed to legalising cannabis (for the massess), is a firm advocate of Labour’s middle-class vote-winner Tough on crime. Tough on the causes of crime platform. Will he now put his money where his mouth is and demand the full rigours of the law be brought to bear on the drug dealer and of course his socially irresponsible parents? Or will father and son sit down together, skin up and have a good laugh about double standards and inside dealing?

Red Attitude
**A Letter From Eric...**

It's not very often that I find myself in happy agreement with the opinions of fellow fans, in the more, shall we say, mainstream area of the sporting press. By and large, I see them as a bunch of bickering, self-important pompos who, if they ever had to buy a ticket for a game, would see less live football than your correspondent - who sees fuck-all at the moment. Today however (two days after the game in Turin) I feel upon the words of a particular football correspondent with both rapture and relief. You see, up until this morning, I thought I'd seen and listened to a different match entirely, from the rest of the people that I'd spoken to since Wednesday night. And I'm not just talking about the anti-United mob. (Though if just one more of them tells me that Juventus will come back 'haunt us', I swear I'll strangle the prick there and then!) I'm on about my fellow Reds as well. It's been, "We shouldn't have played him; we should have paid so and so; the tactics were all wrong; what was Fergie playing at?" A right fucking wake-up I've been, I can tell you.

My opinion, for what it's worth, is from the Stadium delle Alpi. Yes, that was the worst, looking a class above the opposition at times, then lost the plot after half time. I think that the score was 0-1! Which means that we lost one game, away to our strongest opponents by far, by a single goal. And we easily won the group. Some form.

Lest I should be accused of plagiarism, at this embryonic stage, of a promising new career, let me quote Paul Hayward, of the Guardian, in full, on this point: "The most last impresion in a generally misleading encounter was that, in their best passages, the United players controlled and passed the ball with more dexterity than their supposedly more skilful hosts" (I couldn't have put it better myself, lad!

What is the problem with the knockers on our side? On the pitch, at all levels of the playing staff, this club has never been near the position we're in now - certainly not in the forties, odds against years I've been a Red. We are totally dominating the domestic game with more power, skill and consistency than the likes of the scoucers ever dreamed of, even in the best of their best days. And the very best of all, is that we're only getting into our stride at the moment; this is a 'taster', the feast is still at hand. If we don't become champions of Europe in the future, count my days as 'out'.

My bail-out in this whole tale is that I can't get in touch with you. This is a major factor in the game today, the problem with the knochees on our side.

To go back to the Jave game for a moment; my betting book was only slightly dented on the night. I'm happy to report. The enemy has little ammunition, and even less stomach, for a gambol following our annual goal feast on mancsdaily. Having said that, my haul, from the Liverpool game, was considerable - below average. The scoucers were eyeing the title then, and I won the equivalent of a week's wages.

This time, I had to work very hard to get half a dozen phone-cards on. And, would you believe, such is the shame and degradation we've heaped on them of late, one or two of them actually asked for the draw! At home! Bill! This is Anthony Shankland! I think I have been spinning away like a whistling top! The scoucers present a pitiful sight now; they're starting to acquire that pallid hang-dog expression that is only to be found around the confines of Maine Road. I think it's time we put them out of their misery and relegated the fixture to its deserved status of just another game.

My word! How time flies when you've having a ball. Can it really be a year since I wrote about not being too put out, when we were put out of the Cup by the Wembledonners? (Apart, that was, from losing a phone card and a couple of ounces of snout on the event.) Happy to record that I more than recovered losses at Stamford Bridge, this time round. Saw a lot of the game live as well. A rare treat! Were we not truly majestic! And did you cop the look on Rudd Gullit's boat? I've seen happier looking men leaving Crown Court, in prison vans, having had a ten stretch stuck right up their arses.

No reason why we can't go all the way. As I was saying to a Wytenshawe baw, the other day; it must be all of a stretch since we've been there. We're not the Charity Shield. We don't want the Red Army forgetting how to get there. Funny enough, he's not the happiest of men either, for the time being.

My appeal hearing was postponed in November, by the way. You may recall that it was pencilled in for the Friday before the Arsenal game. The Commissioner of the Met said something about his force being unable to cope with horde of invading mums twice, over a long weekend. Our kid was planning to stand in the Strand, holding the 'free the Gorton one' placard! Up in January now.

Mind how you go.

---

**Cactus TV are looking for contestants to appear on the next series of the "Sports Anorak of the Year" presented by Rory McGrath.**

It's the knockout TV quiz where players only answer questions on their chosen sporting topic. If you know all there is to know about the World Cup since 1950, the history of the FA Cup, or the life and career of Stanley Matthews... In fact any single sporting subject then phone us now on 0117 465 6225.
a tale of two cities

(Del Piero) and astute big signings (lezagh). They have a glorious past and have fans from all over Italy and the world as well as Turin; they are, as a result, the most loved but also the most envied club in Italy. Also, they aren’t keen on soucers.

Milan has two clubs who are still both big clubs. If you do AC equals the bastards, Inter equals Everton, it’s a bit harsh on Inter but it’s probably the closest. AC Milan have won the league a lot, sometimes by playing great football, more often by being lucky and boring. They have done better in Europe than their rivals would like to admit, and at the minute they have enough good players to make an impressive side but oh – so – sadly aren’t doing as well as they might.

Inter play in blue, more or less. But they’re not skits, and do not make a habit of trying to improve that by signing Sheffield United plodders; instead they’ve got the brilliant Dijkkaaf and the useful but over rated Ronaldo. I can’t think of many ways that they’re like Everton really, which is a shame, because it was going quite well up till now. On the other hand, Milan is a beautiful city and has an air of real class, in no way do most of its residents look in the dustbins for something to eat.

Just as Amsterdam was ‘near enough’ to – as in miles away from – Rotterdam, so it seemed Milan was going to be ‘near enough’ to Turin for us to stay there, on the basis that Milan is supposed to be a bit nicer (but more of that later). Two big, industrial, relatively close Northern cities – so Manchester/Liverpool comparisons are inevitable. On a footballing front, you’d struggle to find a more convincing parallel than Manchester equals Turin, and Milan equals Liverpool.

Turin has a once half decent side now on its knees, in the financial shit, suffering from a procession of puffy managers (such as Graeme Souness), there’s a man who can spot a player and push players, whose fans maintain that everyone in their city supports them. Juve, on the other hand, are one of the biggest clubs in the world; it took a Frenchman (Platini) to lift them from a period of mediocrity, in the nineties, despite selling world class players if you think Juve, Hughes, Konchelskis was drastic (imagine Baggio, Vialli, Ravanelli, Kohler, Mober and Vieri) they have gone on to win league after league and taken that form into Europe (more than we have) with a mix of home-grown talent.
Match Reports

United 1 Villa 0
15th December... Aston Villa are the used car of the Premiership, it all reads very good in the advert, but you know that in reality you don't get what you pay for.

Apart from Taylor, Villa were pony. They'd come for a point and as anybody knows, it doesn't work out like that. United themselves were also stymied by Villa's negativity, but there was one Red on the pitch who stood out from the other 21: Ryan Giggs.

But more of Ryan Giggs later; let's talk meeting the stars. We had our football team Christmas book on the Friday evening, Sawbones Arms then on to the Fantasy Bar, [insert name]; a pub for Sally from Hale, stick £20 in her throng, sit back and relax. It might be a while before you can stand up again though... then on to Barca.

All 15 of us right on the piss, birds with short dresses everywhere, Fantasy Bar fantasies just starting to cloud the judgement as far as quality is concerned when... Teddy and Becks stroll in, prop themselves up against the bar, and turn round wide you like "Love us, for we are they... fucking magic.

One by one, myself and the Holmes Chapel regulars approach the two of them ("Are you a god? May I call you Zeus?") and they turned out to be two totally sorted geezers. Respect is due.

Much more interesting, of course, than Giggs. Whilst Pevska isn't the pace that I would smack my bit up, that little incident doesn't make Giggs anything like as interesting off the pitch as he could be, and in my opinion, should be. Being Red is all consuming, style, swagger etc... come on Giggsy, let's see you sleeping with sisters,icking goals and all that.

On the pitch, however Giggs has few equals. Now in his early twenties, [insert age], ten years left at least! Giggs is performing at 8 out of 10 levels for every match. He is one of the reasons that we won the league last year, and in him we have one of our keys to success in Europe and beyond (eh?). He totally dominated a match where other players were slightly below par, tackling back, breaking down the left, running through from midfield, and after a lay off from Cole, swatting the inside of Kyle's thigh, Giggsy strode forward and buried it. I thought he was the best player on there.

We are very very much a Notts Forest - too good to go down? Get real. What happened in this game was, as Pendaal said: "men against boys". No Giggs, no Teddy, no problem. So bad were Everton that after United went 2-0 up, the match was over.

The other belief is that he is a long haired pool, cunt, lazy bastard, shit fool. Berg scored the first goal, a six inch tap-in, and his second goal of the season for us anyway. Not exactly a snap at £5 million, but totally solid and there's a lot more below the surface. (Ha ha ha. Can I write for RM or UWS now please?) The second goal was Cole class. Unlike Moby's muddling, I don't think it is unfair for those critical of Cole to bask in his glory now. Let's be honest, he had some shit periods. And what did we all do during that period? Sang our fucking hearts out for him.

So Maty if you put you on the Live TV detector, what would your feelings about the wing wizard wonder have been during those dark days?

Anyway, the second goal was class, pure class, from the Premiership's best striker chipping four Everton players to score his 17th of the season.

The second half was, genuinely, too shit to talk about. Let us leave this match together at this point, with the speed of tall Indians.

Being Red is all consuming, style, swagger etc... come on Giggsy, let's see you sleeping with...

Newcastle 0 United 1
21st December... Controversial points? Batty's studs into Neville and followed up on Johnson, Peacock attacking Andy Cole, pitch invasion by a Geordie twitch, Albert doing his hamstring kicking at Cole, Butt getting booked and giving away a free on the edge of the box for one of the best timed tackles of the game, Neville the younger and ex-Red Gillespie giving each others shinguard some serious indentation, oh and a superb AC goal, are just a few that spring to mind.

Were we watching the same game then as the Dalghi inspired sports hacks who only took issue with Beckham for allegedly injuring follow through a head high tackle from Pissed Tony.

Bookham's face is worth almost as much to him as his feet, so he has every right to react dramatically to an Italian size nine heading for his laughing tackle.

As for the match itself, Deliglis fielded a team of tacklers and defenders in an all out push to secure a scoreless draw. A cunning scheme indeed! No doubt when Deliglis has his BT sponsored after-match ring round with the fans, he'll be able to explain how Andy Cole ran rings round his gameplay. Newcastle are clearly a team in transition...they're going from bad to worse! After match comment from Sir John (you fuck) Hiat, "At this rate we'll have to bring back Keegan and Beardsley...as players!"

For as United, well we did the necessary, avenged last year's result, took three vital points and probably killed off Newcastle's ambition for another year. Men of the match. Schmeichel, for stopping two unstoppable goals and for creating a chance and a yard from nothing, only to be denied by the goallie's knee.

The Kerry Recruit

Match Reports

United 2 Everton 0
26th December... Welcome to your past, blue shit. Your future

at Benfica he will be superb and that he may come back to haunt us. The other belief is that he is a long haired pool, ****, lazy bastard, **** fool.

---

RED, ANTI-FASCIST & PROUD

16 RED ATTITUDE 17
Coventry 3 United 2

28th December... Arguably the worst day of the season so far, apart from losing to 2-1 with five minutes on the clock...

Coventry opened brightly... Then we took a hold on the game with Giggs and Solksiek... making inroads down the right... With Johnson being midfielded, it looked only a matter of time...

That said, Coventry, always a threat at Highfield Road up front, and Noel Whelan emphasised this very point...

United had already done enough to suggest the score line wouldn’t remain the same, and Ole Kudelja obliged with a cheeky solo effort, turning Coventry’s last man to slot home from an acute angle... United finished the half well on top, and the chants of ‘cos we play you every week’ coming from our right, when 1-0 down, barely a memory...

During the first half break, with one food outlet closed and the other swamped, the day was beginning to draw out. Chants expressing our displeasure as being in an all seater stadium broke out, and whilst I support the return to safe standing, blaming ‘other’ fans for our current predicament is a red herring...

The second half started as the first had ended. United cleared the ball deep into the Coventry half down the left... Then after brilliant chasing and working of the Coventry defence by Scholes and Beckham, the ball was crossed for Sheringham to convert with a low header. Plain sailing from now on... I think it was until the last ten minutes... Although Coventry were down, they weren’t out, and showed no indication of chasing the ball, which third goal... left us to pay the price...

If we were to be troubled, it was going to come from Huckerby and Whelan down the right... Sure enough, Huckerby ran from the touchline, where he should have been felled, into the box where he was felled, leaving a quietish Dublin to score from the spot. I was happy enough to learn the lesson and settle for a draw, but not Coventry. Cue Huckerby again... The goal was scored, thought I was George Best, and with a little help from Whelan’s back on Butt’s attempted challenge, sailed through United’s defence and put the ball past Pilkington... A goal worthy of winning all three points...

The turning point for me was the substitutions made with about twenty minutes to go... both Scholes and especially Johnson missed in the midfield...

The only good point was finding a MacDonald easily enough in Walsall. Oh and thanks to the boys for helping out in a ticket crisis...  

Michael Patin

Chelsea 3 United 5

January 4th... This was a game of two halves... The first half lasted 58 minutes and saw United romp home five-nil... followed by a 12 minute second half which United conceded three for the second time in a week. In fairness the game was all but over; mentally Pally and co were on their second pint when Chelsea’s revolver took place...

However, any hopes for a Chelsea miracle were not shared by their loyal fans, who had left the stadium in droves at four and five down. Whilst conceding three late goals is no joke, the fact that most Chelsea fans missed them and went home with five-nil stuck in their heads is funny beyond recognition...

Rumours (probably started by Fergie) that the FA Cup had taken on the importance of the Coca Cola were firmly quashed by half time, with United galloping into a three goal lead... Sheringham’s assist on Beckham’s free kick and Cole’s superb free-kick was the goal... both needed the benefit of Sky’s 4 o’clock highlights to be fully appreciated...

Sad to see Hughesy resorting to the type of display that only a has-been with a grudge would be proud of. As they say; you can judge a man by the company he keeps...

Four nil down, United corner, Beckham with the ball, “does she take it up...” Beckham cross, Sheringham... Not arsed or what!

The Kerry recruit

Spurs (or Sol Campbell to be precise) played well considering their situation, having a Swiss fundamentalist coach whose training methods have generated an injury list of ‘Newcastle’ proportions... Funny how United are referred to as ‘full strength’ regardless of injuries (Keane, Irwin, May, Solskjak, Johnson, Dyer), whilst other teams are referred to as being minus six ‘International’s’... or in Barnsley’s case minus six!

Jurgen Klinsman welcome back to England. Get your shirt off and wash Mr. Sugar’s car, after all, you won’t catch him doing it!

The Kerry recruit
The Devils Ride Out.

Kevin Pilkington
Done what was asked of him, which against Everton wasn’t much but... not to blame for any of the three conceded at Coventry. The experience won’t do him any harm.

Gary Neville
Continuing good form from the England right back. Didn’t look too comfortable at Coventry, but was steady as a rock at Newcastle.

Philip Neville
Has acquitted himself well in the absence of Irwin, which is what you expect from Neville the younger, but seemed to pick up enough bookings to warrant a ban, a little too quickly for my liking.

Denis Irwin
Pressed into service against Chelsea, he played like he’d never been away. Unassuming and consistent, let’s hope he’s got his injury quota out of the way for the season, if only to take penalties instead of you know who.

Gary Pallister
Having a great season, apart from the Chelsea ‘misunderstanding’, he seems to build at least one deliberate error into every game. Give me the ‘telling through ball at Anfield’ any day. Must surely get the nod from Hod for France next year. After all Tony Adams is still a few pints short of a full recovery!

Henning Berg
Has been gazumped in the rankings of late by his compatriot Johnsen. Henning now stands victim to Pallister’s record breaking injury-free run, and is more likely to get his place back when Johnsen gets drafted into a midfield weakened by yellow cards.

Ronnie Johnsen
This man should figure highly in the United player of the year polls, with outstanding performances at Coventry and Chelsea. He shadows and stalks opposing strikers out of games, and seems to take the ball off their feet in the box with consummate ease. It will be interesting to watch how Ronnie and Henning fare against football’s elite this summer for Norway.

Nicky Butt
Delivered against Chelsea with Keano sized proportions, the full repertoire of tackles with both feet, sometimes simultaneously. His form all season will put Ince and Batty in a permanent cold sweat.

David Beckham
Becky turning Spice abuse into goals is anger management at it’s most potent and productive. Makes you wonder what Dalglish said about Ketebai’s old lady dunnit. The crafty cockney free kick routine, with a helping hand from partner in crime Sheringham, unlike previous curlers and benders, was straight and to the point; yes variety is the spice of life.

Teddy Sheringham
Not everybody’s cup of tea, but his partnership with Andy Cole is going from strength to strength. His vision and unselfish play have helped Cole and likewise the whole team. Teddy is also keeping up his own scoring with a respectable tally for the season to date. This puts him on a par with Alan Brazil’s career total at United, so those who moan about him all the time should take a closer look. Mind you, I take your point about the penalties.

Oh Andy Cole, Andy Andy Andy Cole.
I’m sick of this bastard. I’ve made an art form out of defending him through thick and thin.
and look what happens. He goes and scores 28 goals in about 7 games, completely annihilating his critics, and leaving me to find some other lost cause to champion.

**Jordi Cruyff.**

Found one. The biggest problem I have with Cruyff is remembering whether the y comes before or after the u when spelling his name. The biggest problem that Cruyff has got, apart from being injury prone, anaemic, living in the shadow of his famous father, unsure whether he's Dutch or Spanish, and reminding me of a girl I once knew called Shirley Floyd, is that he can no longer have 'what are we doing here' chats with Poborsky. Does anyone think lightening could strike twice?

**Ryan Giggs**

With each passing game, the evidence mounts to support the case for this being Giggs' best ever season. Tackling back, headers in both boxes, dribbling, crossing, scoring, and a lot less disappearing when things are not to his liking. Has learned to roll up his sleeves. It's amazing what they teach them at United nowadays!

**Ole Gunnar Solskjaer**

Having to play second fiddle to Cole and Sheringham, following his return from injury. Has struggled to deliver the electrifying form of last season, but what a player to have on the bench. It's early days, and he would benefit from a run of games to clear the cobwebs. But with Cole the way he is at the moment.....

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**SAD PRICK IN A SUIT**

**A short story**

I'm Yorkshire through and through, nine years in the army and proud of it. Struggled a bit when I left, what with no-one to tell me what to do. Can't think for myself but I can obey orders. Not very bright but I can lift heavy objects.

Anyway got a job with this private security firm called SPS. Good types they were. Like myself, who can handle themselves a bit. Started at the cricket in the summer. We were titching get into them. No problem, they were all pissed by the time we steamed in. A load of them got nicked, just proves they were up to no good.

Next job was security at Old Trafford. Fuckin hate Man U, so this should be a lark. Great stuff, Kelly gave us the off and we were dragging them out left, right and centre. All trouble-causers we were told. There I was, Man U hater, getting paid to sling their fans out of the ground, with the blessing of the top brass to boost.

Gave them loads of verbal every chance I got. Brilliant. They didn't have the balls for it. Red Army my arse. They were more interested in the football. So we kept winding them up some more.

After the first game, the boozers got a bollocking because it was all over the papers. No-one told us they had to be standing up before we threw them out. It's all to do with safety you see.

As the games went by, the fans got more and more uptight so we gave them more grief. It was my job to put the netting over their seats after they'd been binned, should've seen their faces when they tried to get to their seats. Tickled me, I can tell you.

We were told to put our foot down against Everton, but they started getting bollocks and shouting about their rights. We dragged a few out but it was getting hostile out there. They didn't seem interested in the football, and there was a few new faces in our section. One of them said he was going to pull my windpipe out and split me in two in the hole. Another said he was going to pull my arm off and bolt me with the soggy end.

I went and stood with the other lads, had was there, everything was okay again. We were in control. We had back-up from the boys in blue. Then someone walked past who knew me, he used to live on our estate years ago. I never liked the bastard, went to college, probably a social worker. Never thought much about it at the time, just told the twist to sit down with the rest of the wankers. He gave me a knowing look, and walked off with a smirk on his face.

Next game, we had been standing down, too many complaints and the papers were kicking up about it. One of the lads showed me one of these fanzines they sell outside the ground. It had a thing in about naming and shaming the thugs and underneath was my name and address right down to the post code. I didn't know they could do that.

It started with phone calls, giving me and the missus loads of shit down the phone. Day and bloody night, every bloody

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**RETURN TO: RED ATTITUDE PO BOX 83 SWD0 OLD TRAFFORD MANCHESTER M15 5NJ**
night. Different people every time. Half of Manchester was ringing up. Then I started getting taxis up at the house followed by pizzas and then every other kind of delivery you can think of. I could’ve got me hands on them, I tell you. Any road, three days after that, I went down to sign on as usual, and I got called into a side room.

They said they’d received information that I had been working on the side. At first I denied it, but they said they would be stopping my benefit while they made enquiries. My missus went spazza when I told her and said that if I didn’t sort it out, she was back to her mothers. That night the bastards poured brake fluid over my car and slashed my tyres. Things were getting out of hand. What had I ever done to them? All I was doing was my job.

I spoke to the boss and told him the score, and said he’d have to take me on full time as my social had been stopped. He said he’d let me know after the game.

Went to get me money and he pulled me to one side, told me that my services were no longer required, said there had been a number of complaints from the punters and that I was giving the SPs a bad name. But I was only carrying out orders I pleaded. Besides he said, the social are on your case and it could come on top for him for doing me a favour in the first place I could see his point.

I was pissed off to say the least, but there was worse to come. I got home to see the fire brigade packing up their hoses. A copper came over and told me he thought it was attempted burglary and arson. What do you mean you think. It seems, he said, “that someone has forcibly entered your house, removed all your furniture to the back garden and set it alight.”

Where would it all end? I walked back inside and there were two letters in the kitchen. The first was from the missus telling me she’d left me as I was a good for nothing bully, and that I’m shit in bed. How can she tell after two minutes I thought myself.

I opened the other letter and it said: ‘Now you know what it feels like to lose your seats. Stand up you piece of shit. Greetings from K stand and East Lower. Reds are here, Reds are there, Reds are every fucking where.’

I’d had enough, why can’t they just leave me alone?

I was still laughing when (according to the punters) Chelsea trooped onto the pitch to give United a good seeing to. Dream on all you ill-informed masters of technology. It was five going on ten before United fell asleep and lost three silly goals. Is this the title challengers I ask you? Andy Cole gets better and better every time I see him play as I firmly believe his goals will win the European Cup this season. I must go credit where credit’s due. Confirmed H. Bobby Maxwell has been saying this about Andy Cole all season.

Paul Scholes, even at this stage of the season, must be a contender for player of the year. He has been immense and leaves me saying, ‘Eric who?’ Gazza must be scratching in his boots with young Scholes breathing down his neck and turning in quality performances every week. And for England also.

I’ve read that Adolfo Roberts and his storm troopers have kept up the campaign against the fans who stand up during matches. I don’t understand why the board allow this thug to continue to harass United fans. Anyway I won’t waste ink on libellous bogeymen, who have previous for being economical with the truth.

Racism has reared its ugly head again in Scotland, with the Huns fans barracking Regi Blinker. Similar incidents have been reported concerning fans from Airdie, Thistle and Motherwell. Religious bigotry was highlighted when a Rangers fan screamed ‘ya fenian bastard’ at Perrini who happens to be one of his own players and missed a chance to score. Because Perrini is Italian the moron obviously assumed he was a Catholic.

Jamsy Trotter, a local Combat 18 thugs has recently been assessed by the Scottish Prison Service for a place in Cartestain’s State mental hospital. He was found wandering about in a deranged state singing ‘I love to see the ladies with their blue skirts on.’ The mind boggles, John Motson. What a wrench! So John it seems you have difficulty telling coloured players apart. Do you mean like Emerson and Cole? Surely John, they wear different team them when they oppose each other. Oh, you mean Villa players John? Youke and Coley are a different one mind you. Let me help you there, Coley is the big wanker, who only scores with Ultras.

All the best in 1998 to all Man United and Celtic fans and to everyone at Red Attitude.

Glory, Glory
Harry Conaghan
PS. A big thank you to Alan Green (great name), Radio 5 football ‘expert’ and commentator. “Liverpool to win the cup and Chelsea to beat United” Great tipping Alan, keep it up! You don’t half talk some shite!

Fulham fans welcome Mohamed Al Fayed to Craven Cottage

HARRY’S VIEW

Hail Hail

‘Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way. Oh what fun it is to beat the Huns on New Year’s Day.’

What a weekend! I hope everyone watched us demolish the Sons of Satan on Sky TV on 2nd of January and then sat back and laughed at Gazza’s punting set-piece. He’s playing his imaginary flute. Suspended him? Flee him? No way! This crackpot is value for money. Where else can you see a football match and get a clown thrown in as entertainment? Off the park, former Huns striker, Bo Anderson has alleged that Gazza pissed on him when he was at Boro. The Man Utd boys better wear waterproofs in France.

I was still laughing when (according to the punters) Chelsea trooped onto the pitch to give United a good seeing to. Dream on all you ill-informed masters of technology. It was five going on ten before United fell asleep and lost three silly goals. Is this the title challengers I ask you? Andy Cole gets better and better every time I see him play as I firmly believe his goals will win the European Cup this season. I must go credit where credit’s due. Confirmed H. Bobby Maxwell has been saying this about Andy Cole all season.

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PS. A big thank you to Alan Green (great name), Radio 5 football ‘expert’ and commentator. “Liverpool to win the cup and Chelsea to beat United” Great tipping Alan, keep it up! You don’t half talk some shite!
UP until now the arguments over safety and standing have manifested themselves in the ugly confrontations between fans and the SPS. With the SPS temporarily stood down, the time is ripe for United fans to broaden the issues, address the causes rather than the symptoms, and change the arena of conflict.

In essence the club sits behind Council safety edicts to explain its course of action, and whilst the fans have no direct leverage on the club, as the club is accountable to shareholders and not fans, this is not the case with the council.

The council are accountable to the electorate at the ballot box. Elections are held in May when roughly one third of seats will be up for re-election. There are growing concerns over the council’s involvement with threats to close down sections of the ground, and an acute lack of information on existing agreements between club and council. Equally there are concerns that the legitimate interests of all fans have been set aside as an extension of the equation.

If the council put pressure on the club who now put pressure on the fans, then we need to explore avenues of exerting pressure on the council. If our concerns are not addressed through the elected representatives, we have the opportunity to vote for an alternative party, if the main parties hold similar positions, then standing as an alternative candidate to promote our demands is the only viable alternative. IMUSA are currently giving consideration to such a step. We are being repeatedly told by the Melksham, Bjarns and Banks that issues such as safe terracing are not even on the agenda. They will be, but only if we put them there.

So what is the aim and what is the benefit in such a course of action? The aim is simple - to make a difference to the establishment political order and put issues such as safe terracing back on the political agenda. A major step in this campaign will be the potential for broad support, impacting on local government will force many to sit up and take notice.

Winning, at this stage, is critical, but making a difference is. Local government elections, historically, have low turnouts, with candidates being elected with majorities barely reaching their hundreds in most cases.

The ability of a single issue campaign to take votes away from the established parties and at the same time mobilise its own voter support will put slimmer majorities under severe pressure. In effect, although unlikely to win, you can damage or even dislodge key political figures, and it is very much within the range of possibilities to affect the balance of power in the Town Hall. Any councillor unwilling to listen to United fans now, would effectively run the risk of being challenged by IMUSA standing against them in May.

If you add to this the disillusionment with Labour that exists in working class areas, after only seven months in government, you will see that Labour run Trafford Council have very little to be complacent about. Facing a challenge from IMUSA on the ground, Labour would struggle to compete. Labour has given up door to door canvassing in working class areas, preferring instead to rely on media sound bites from high profile politicians and GB propaganda to get their message across. Added to their ‘Tory in disguise’ policies, Labour would be exactly well positioned. Challenging Labour in working class areas will pay big dividends, and Labour know it. May could prove to be a very dirty election, and a very dirty election.

Red Attitude spoke to Charlton Athletic fans who when faced with inertia from the council over their move back to the Valley, formed the ‘Back to the Valley’ at the last minute. The club had not even considered the possibility of moving to Highbury. Renowned football fans are taking a similar course of action. (See next articles)

**PROTEST AND SERVICE**

WHEN Charlton Athletic fans formed the ‘Back to the Valley’ group to fight the local elections of 1990 the Anti-Poll Tax Campaign was at its height. The local Labour Party with its eye on a forthcoming General Election were not in the slightest bit concerned about the interests of football supporters. As far as they were concerned the issue was a minor one, football supporters were an irrelevant constituency and nobody in the borough would take them seriously.

After the local elections of May 3rd 1990 those same politicians thought differently. They had openly defied the Valley Party right up until polling day, but when the counting was over it was the mainstream politicians that were having to regroup. The Valley Party had clocked a massive 14,838 votes and the Labour Party’s Chair of Planning, Simon Oleman had lost his seat.

If the local politicians had taken a greater interest in their own working class constituents instead of being consumed by their own careers and the machinations of other, equally self serving politicians they would have foreseen their own disaster. Football is a major part of the fabric of working class culture yet because these self-opinionated people had locked themselves away with their arrogance of power the fans are not believe that football fans could be self organised and efficient. When the Labour councillors opened the £2 million fund to help the Valley they believed it was bluff. The truth of the matter is they were lucky. The Valley Party, with 1% less understanding of the working class, could have ended up running the council if they had added to their: “Back to the Valley” slogan the rider ‘and no Poll Tax’.

The story started in 1985 when another bunch of businessmen, who were running Charlton Athletic in a similar fashion, decided to move the club round the south circling Crystal Palace’s Selhurst Park ground. Effective by boycotting of home games and an imaginative campaign, run through the famous Voice of the Valley kept the issue in front of the locals, the media, the club and the council. Finally the club were forced to look at a return.

By that time the local council had decided that they were not going to give planning permission. With no real roots in the community their decision was made on the basis of nothing more than a vague rumour. The return of the club might be unpopular with those living round the ground. They believed that such a move would be controversial and in true Labour Party style they did not want any controversy. Never mind the wishes of the community all they wanted is to keep things quiet and ensure they could hold on to the safe seat.

The Valley Party was eventually set up as a single issue organisation. With no understanding of what was going on, the local Labour Party accused the organisation of being a Tony front aimed at splitting the Labour vote. In fact the titular head of the Valley Party and the main driving force behind it were both card carrying Labour members who simply knew more about local politics than the ‘politicians.’

Getting as many people involved in the campaign as possible the Valley Party could tap into the imagination and energy of the real working class of the area. A poster campaign was devised with such logos as “Let’s send the council to Croydon and see how they like it” and “Labour can’t save Charlton this time, but you can, this accompanying a photo of the famous keeper in action. Local papers were kept informed of the situation and links were established with both sports and news editors. For the raising of both funds and profile Charlton supporters enlisted the help of celebrities to do fund raising gigs.

In this way people like Frankie Howard and Cheryl Baker got involved.

The big lesson to be learnt from Charlton’s battle to return to the Valley is the power of the fans. Football authorities and local politicians have always feared football fans as an amorphous mass with no real identity and no way of expressing their desires. At Charlton we proved them wrong. Football is an important part of working class culture and it is worth fighting for. Scraping with other football fans is a pointless exercise. The real enemy are those who bleed too dry and think they can run the game by taking our money and ignoring us. We are the majority, we have the spending power! We can make the most noise and we are not the people. Manchester United fans, STAND UP.

Dan Todd

**RED Attitude**
Residents’ poll threat to 27-year town hall reign

LABOUR councillors face the red card over their backing for Arsenal's controversial expansion plans.

Furious Highbury residents, worried that their homes are at risk, are threatening to field their own candidates in May’s municipal elections. The move could end 27 years of Labour rule at the town hall.

Although the residents - members of the Highbury Community Association - are not expected to win any wards, their intervention could result in Labour losing seats to the Liberal Democrats.

With all parties predicting a close finish on May 7, the “Highbury factor” might tip the balance between a Labour council and a hung council.

Alison Carmichael, publicity officer for the Highbury Community Association, said: “A lot of people, including long-standing members of the Labour Party, are angry that council leader Derek Sawyer is determined that Arsenal should be given whatever it wants, in spite of residents' concerns.

“It is a definitely an election issue and there is a feeling we have to make a stand.”

Councillor Sawyer played a key role in the decision of the council’s development sub-committee on December 11 to approve a planning brief for Arsenal’s plans to increase the capacity of Highbury Stadium from 38,000 to 50,000. The sub-committee was split four-four on the issue. The Labour chairman, Councillor Neil Mercer, then gave his casting vote in favour. The association believes that if Councillor Sawyer who became a member of the sub-committee a few weeks before the crucial vote, had not been present the planning brief would have been rejected decisively. Councillor Sawyer said: “The council has not taken a Final decision. All we have approved is an outline planning brief. We have taken into account the views of residents as well as those of the wider community.”

Important Notice

Football Task Force

Manchester Town Hall
5th February ‘98, 7pm

Take the opportunity to make your views heard on the state of the game.

All Welcome

SECURITY ALERT

I don’t care who she is... If she gets ‘em up singing again, she’s out!
PEACE IN OUR TIME
Or... Does this mean everyone gets back in now?

SPS may have gone, for now, but it is still far too early to say if it is all over. Certainly there has been a sea change at the club, and with luck there will be constructive dialogue instead of insults. After all, when the club describe the paddock as full of troublemakers we don’t need you to hold out much hope for your season ticket renewal.

The talks process (hey, sounds like Northern Ireland!) is all good, but the first thing the club must do is release every season ticket, and remove all green netting. If this is not done within two games, 135 Acton will reconsider its position on the peace process. After all, we cannot forget overnight just exactly how the board have behaved on this issue. We need guarantees concerning tickets and their future conduct. Nevertheless, we must widen the debate to include those bodies who have the power to influence the law, such as the FFA, the RFL, and so on. Getting embroiled in a ‘them and us’ scrap with the board is not constructive. If the talks are again, there will be hell to pay. If they are not, then the influence of the club can be brought to bear on the wider world. Could you hope for a more powerful ally? This wasn’t about anything except the right of the fan to support the shirt properly. It’s turned over a big stone and found all sorts of slimy bugs underneath. Why were people consistently misinformed as to the law? Why did it take fans groups so long to work out what would be common sense anyway? Why are the powers that be in football and government so opposed to terracing? Because of the control factor The Taylor report highlights the maxim ‘a controlled crowd is a safe crowd.’ They have never listened to the fans on any issues, they do not care about our wishes, or needs or concerns. They have only seized upon the tragedy at Hillsborough to place chains on the soul of the game. The entire final conclusions of the Taylor report are listed in a book from 1982 as ways to ‘pacify’ football. Hopefully the club will keep them out of this.

With the withdrawal of SPS, 135 Acton can be well satisfied. What was done was done for the fans, and not for the personal glory of anyone. We will all still be around if they decide to come back again. Our original statement still stands. The club should back us, its loyal supporters. If they would pay only a little attention, we could all work together to create a better atmosphere. Everyone would then love them, instead of thinking they’re a bunch of shortsighted greedy (insert expetive of your choice). Its shown yet again that people can stand up to what, on the surface, is overwhelming force. All that is required is will, passion, and a persistence to gain the knowledge that will bring success. Everyone involved with 135 backed their season tickets distributing leaflets, carrying out other activities and just plain standing firm when the heat was on. They did willingly not just for themselves, but for others too, because it was, an insult to them. Something would change, but things only remain the way they are if people accept them. That’s something everyone could do with thinking about.

Some said nothing would change, but things only remain the way they are if people accept them. That’s something everyone could do with thinking about.

He was a working class boy from Camberley.
Did well at school and went to University,
To study for a lucrative career
As a mechanical engineer,
He travelled down the M4 corridor,
Researching west of Heathrow’s engine - roar,
Researching what he liked researching best,
Looking at steel and all its consequent stress,
When it explodes right on requisite time,
Through a foot disturbing subterranean mine;
But he met this girl, cultured, middle-class and nice
Who showed him theatre, books, cinema and twice-
Weekly tantric sex - but what he liked doing best,
Better than all the recreational rest,
Was playing football in the Sunday League,
He played mid-field for the I.T. team,
Then had a few pints and then would try
To watch the football match on Sky,
But on this special day March the 21st.
Nigel’s shot made the football burst -
“I missed a sitter in the 1st half, Lucy, I wanted the ground to open up and swallow me,
But when I scored, I hit it like a rocket.

It nearly took the goalie’s fingers out their socket,
It literally exploded into the net,
I held my arm aloft to celebrate”
She lives in a corrugated shanty shack in Angola.
Never went to school, it was destroyed by U.N.I.T.A.
So she hoes the ground and cuts the weeds from the desiccated soil
And plants the seeds and nurtures the leaves in unremitting toil
In a frantic bid to feed those
Increasing hungry mouths
And so the village took an extra
Another field to feed the hungry throng
Who watched and waited as she went along.
Hoeing and weeding and slaking foliage thirst
Until that eventful March 21st.
When Nigel celebrated his most important goal
While she scoured the crop-field surface with a trowel
And touched his steel case landmine band
Which blew off her arm and her right hand
Nigel had a few more pints and an alcoholic rest
Then went to work on Monday to test
Steel and all its consequential stress,
Dreaming of the ball as it hit the net.
But, in Angola, she’d have been better off if it dead.
European success, along with contributions from Michael Crick and Jim White. A well-written documentary from the pen of Richard Kurt with running commentary by Boyle disproving the myth that his speech is permanently slurred!
If you didn’t get this for Christmas, consider yourself deprived. Buy this one before New Labour cut your benefits to ‘realistic’ levels, and take all the slack out.

By far the most interesting and controversial United video of the year, made by United fans for United fans, outspokenly critical of the PLC, Edwards and his pursuit of wealth, it addresses many of the issues which have led to concern and disquiet amongst the United faithful in this, their most successful period since the sixties. My only criticism of this video however, was the unexpected shock of being confronted by the ugliness of one Alan Green. His looks are similar to his football analysis – distorted! Up until now it had only been my misfortune to hear him, not realising what a benefit in disguise that was. In an instant understand the necessity for screen tests on TV to filter out the little Green monsters! It’s the kind of face that gets you banned from going near school playgrounds and guarantees an automatic place on the sex offenders register.

On the plus side, there are interviews and discussions with Reds from the fanzines, nulling over the departure of Eric; hopes for

The Pick of the Season
The best of British Football Writing
Edited by Stephen Kelly
Priced £3.99

As the title suggests this is a collection of football writing culled from fanzines, newspapers and magazines over the 1996-97 season. With contributions from Red Attitude (plug, plug), Red Issue, and such luminaries as Jim White, it makes for an interestingly diverse review of the season, with chapters on the fans, the managers, players, great games of the season and also the business side of football.

Stephen Kelly must have trawled through a veritable barrel of shit to come up with many of the gems that made it into this book, but I can’t think of an easier way of filling a 300 page book. It’s one of those books you can pick up and put down at leisure, open at any page in the book, read a few lines to get the gist of the piece, hook into the theme, and then you’re thumbing back to the start of the piece.

Definitely one for the reading shelf in the little room with the cold seat, or if you are bored shitless at the thought of one of those bus, plane and train journeys to foreign lands. At ten pounds, though, this book pays its way.

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Our trip to Turin began at four in the morning at a Fallowfield bus stop on a wet and windy Wednesday, polishing off the left over drink from the previous Saturday's Liverpool drubbing. No wonder the bus driver didn't look keen. This was followed by an unsuccessful jib from Piccadilly to Chéz Swampy, being the only ones on the train leaves limited room for manoeuvre, it's not as if the hectar can get anyone else's ticket while you look for yours or move down the train a bit and get off the next stop. At some stage later in the day it seemed funny that we'd done Plains, Trains and Automobiles in reverse order; to appreciate this you'll probably need an extended drinking session and guaranteed qualification for the next stage of the Champions League. The only thing worth remarking on the flight from Manchester was that it was to all intents and purposes a cheese buttery. Cheers.

Oh, and also, as we were going with Miss Ellies, there were a few stewards/SPS on the trip, two of whom were at our hotel and seemed like decent lads, perhaps it's the yellow jacket that turns them into swines.

The hotel was very thoughtful; their breakfast included a respectable and welcome amount of cake; they offered to keep the bar open for as long as necessary for when we arrived back from the match and they had no end of free stuff in the rooms as well, or at least that's how it seemed.

Rather than follow the Miss Ellies itinerary, 'arrive ground three hours early. Go straight in. Sober up. Be bored shitless... we opted to find our own way. First stage being finding the Central (What a station). This proved difficult, but not as difficult as finding a lout! Word of advice: bloke and girl next to each other in classic 'taxis this way' sign style apparently means 'walk this way to find a snotty museum down some latrine-esque stairs' - how were we to know! When we eventually found a toilet and emptied our (by this stage) weary bladders, it was not your usual British toilet for starters; it had an attendant who you were supposed to pay a set amount to when you'd finished; also, it appears that it's OK for street-theatre performers to change into their papier-mâché costumes behind you, causing some surprise when you turn round; just as well we were in a toilet really.

Conscientiously deciding to get a tram ticket for the journey, we then needed somewhere to buy one from; turns out you get them from the newsagents. Dead logical that, it's often as I've wandered past Aale's and thought, hey, wish I could get ticket to Preston in there. The trains were a right state, rickety old wooden things with graffiti all over the place; more that made up for by the helpfulness and friendliness of other passengers who know a 'shody hell, where do we go now' look when they saw it.

The train to Turin was the second failed jib of the journey; however, if all the effort you're going to put in, is finding an empty compartment and remain there to continue on the duty free, then the chances of not paying are remote. It was pretty cheap anyway, and despite the hectar speaking less English than Idi Amin, he was dead friendly. The length of the journey was somewhat at unexpected; two hours or so, more Manchester to London, than Manchester to Liverpool. Which leads me to the point, do not arrange your travel by what it looks like on Gazette!
Dounreay
shopping
arches make
the Andralle
look like a
public toilet

...if someone says fifty
a week and drops you off
in Milan centre to think
about it, what are you
going to do?

Dear Red Attitude

Now that the Andy Cole debate has
disappeared into the back of the
Feyenoord/Chelsea/Newcastle net, it is
worth considering what might have been.

Fergie was trying to prise Collymore away
from Forest when Keegan took the bat
and sold Andy Cole. The list of bad
strikers bought from Forest would have
gained one more unwanted addition.
Thankfully, Roy Evans was of the mind
that if he's good enough for
United then he's good enough for
Collymore flopped at Liverpool big style,
who surprised me when they got their money back
in full from Villa.

His partnership with Savo Milosevic
would make Barnsley's defence look watertight.
Yet he's managed to get in the England squad
ahead of Cole. Maybe Hoddle's not so
bright.

The only saving grace for Collymore,
and more importantly for us, is that he
didn't sign for United. Imagine the shit he
would have had. He's flopped at £8 million twice,
and hasn't had a tenth of the shit that Coley got.
And as for Salas, anyone seen him play?

Happy of Atterham

LET US ALL LAUGH AT RANGERS

Dear Red Attitude

1. They and their fans are the most bigoted in
British football, signing players purely on
religious grounds for over a hundred years.
2. Their supporters renditions of various
Munich chants
3. Their seedy alliance with Chelsea, no, not
big club City.

I only moved to Fulham to be near you...
Yes you are right. I am banned from every ground in Holland just because I pushed a steward who wanted to take a flag off the fence. He told the cops I beat him up.

These bastards are the same in every country, although from what I’ve read in Red Attitude, you’ve got some real ‘nazi-stewards’ at Old Trafford.

When Manchester United reach the final, we can meet up for a drink. Thanks again for the latest Red Attitude, and keep doing the good work.

Sammy
Roda Casuals
Holland

Dear Red Attitude,

Thanks for the latest Red Attitude fanszine. Here in Madrid, Man United have more and more supporters each day. Good luck to your team in the European Cup. We are still celebrating the 100th anniversary of Athletic Bilbao, organising travel to games, supporters meetings etc.

You are welcome in Madrid anytime.

Happy New Year
Almodena
Madrid.

R.A. We have some business in Monaco to take care of first, but if we do, and Madrid win their quarter final as well, we might get the chance to take up your offer!

Hello,

I would like to say that Red Attitude becomes better with every issue. Keep up the good work and all the best for your team.

Thorsten
St. Pauli
Hamburg

Following Berkamp’s recent suspension/dip in form/slaging his team mates for being ‘skies, anyone fancy a tenner on Mr Cole for player of the year? That should sort out his World Cup place.

Could be a bad thing if he gets injured, then we’re back to square one. On the other hand, it’ll be nice to see how the fans who delighted in taking the piss out of him handle his renaissance, about turn the press of big red faces and ‘gets the ball songs all round?

Shame to see the end of the Fast Show till 1999 apparently, after another nice series. Just one query, how can Roger Nouveau, football fan, doesn’t support Chelsea? Picture the scene; stood waiting at some non-descript tube station, less moody atmospheres than expected, a scarred, hatted, badged, tasteful autoglass replica shirted middle aged bloke wanders up to a couple of crafty cockneys, asking (slush fully in mouth) “excuse me, how do you get to the ground?” suits you, ohh, suits you sir!

Already in the running for best piece of journalism for ’98 from the Daily Mail’s Ken Lawrence – headline FERGIE HAS THE JITTERS; leads with, “Alex Ferguson put his Manchester United players through unexpected closed door preparations yesterday revealing just how nervous he is about chelsea’s FA Cup challenge”, picture of a pensive Fergie with caption, “worried man: Alex Ferguson sees Chelsea as a real threat”. Maybe I’m being wise after the event, but how funny is that?
In the 1970's the fascists in Britain tried to 'kick their way into the headlines', although the National Front had some success the combination of physical opposition and the election of a right wing Tory government in 1979 saw them rapidly decline. Nowadays the British National Party no longer seek confrontation and declare 'community politics is sensible politics'. The danger is this new approach could be successful.

Last May in the general election, the BNP stood over 50 candidates, qualifying for a 5 minute TV broadcast and the free delivery of two a half million leaflets. They had no illusions about winning seats, instead using the election to reach a wider audience. They claim to have got 3,600 enquiries as a result of their election campaign which gives some credibility to their verdict of 'mission accomplished'. It is worth pointing out that if Britain had proportional representation, although the far right only got 0.13% of the overall vote, they would have 8 MPs.

With Labour in government and election promises flying out the window, the already high level of disillusionment among traditional Labour voters is risling. The fascists are looking to become the voice of opposition in working class areas. In the same way the Front National is now the largest working class party in France.

The failure of the left to provide credible solutions to working class problems allows the fascists to gain influence in these areas, but they are also keen to increase their influence with the middle classes. They are starting to increase their work in rural areas and small towns, and leafleted the massive pro-hunting Country-side demo in London last summer, as well as the march against banning hand guns in September. The BNP leader, John Tyndall, recently revealed his elitist tendencies when he declared his satisfaction that the party was getting more enquiries from people "of a generally superior intelligence, better appearance and bearing."

At the BNP rally in 1997 another one of their leaders was keen to quote a liberal academic who had expressed concerns that conditions in Britain were ripe for a fascist party to grow, as in France and Austria, all that was needed was a modern, professional approach and 'men in suits' to deliver the message. As we can see the different pieces of the jig-saw are starting to fit together. The local elections in May will see a major effort from the BNP. Every branch is expected to stand candidates and as the election nears, activists are required to be out and about for four nights a week. To try and avoid splitting the fascist vote, the BNP is putting some effort into appealing directly to the membership of the NF and the National democrats to join them.

In the past the fascists would hold marches and meetings at election time giving militant anti-fascists the opportunity to cause considerable damage. Nowadays they have side-stepped the confrontations, preferring to canvass door to door. The absence of other political parties on the council estate landings is why the BNP are picking up working class support.

As fascists move away from street violence, so must anti-fascists enter the political arena. The threat of violence from C18 or the KKK must be confronted when necessary, but this is a distraction from where the real problem lies. The 'solutions' offered by the far right aren't radical, they are ultra-conservative; more repression, more division, more exploitation - all in the name of the 'national interest'. Anti-fascists can stop the growth of the Far-Right, and AFA is developing new tactics to deal with the new problems.

Join us,

The Correspondent
Manchester AFA

Anti-fascists were surprised to hear towards the end of last year that the BNP were bragging on their website about a new group they had established in Stockport. Concerns were compounded when the British Nationalist in November listed a Stockport group with a PO Box, suggesting members and money, as a high degree of organisation (for them), an intent to distribute sufficient material locally to warrant their own addressee rather than use their London address. Bits and pieces of information also began to filter back of at least half-hearted attempts to distribute racist leaflets and stickers and then over the Christmas/New Year period of fairly widespread flyposting. Taken together this appears to mark the start of a six month campaign, a blueprint for which was also outlined in the November issue of British Nationalist, intended to culminate in the standing of candidates locally.

So why the surprise? Even these nuckleheads ought to be able to turn all their publicity during the General Election (TV, Radio broadcasts etc) into a few recruits locally, especially with the history of so-called "anti-racism" in Stockport and the fascists record of exploiting this. However, the renewed BNP activity came as a surprise to many of us, even initially dismissed by some of us, due to their record of humiliating defeats at the hands of anti-fascists in Stockport and in nearby South Manchester. Their last attempt to organise in Stockport is still talked about by both fascists and anti-fascists after two minibuses of likely lads routed their march through Stockport in 1985 and one local BNPer still complains of a chesty cough to this day after smoke bombs were used to attempt to coax the crowd out from Stockport station waiting room. Needless to say nothing further was heard from them, until now that is. They must be as stupid as the guy who two years ago set up a South Manchester BNP branch based in Chorlton who after only a few weeks contacted anti-fascists to negotiate a surrender. The regional BNP organiser Mike Henderson asked him what he had expected when Manchester is "full of naturals" and no he wouldn't come down to help him out, he had made his bed and he could lie in it. So why go through all the anguish and agony Mr Bowden, life can't be that dull up there in the Long Sos on Lancashire Hill that you need to play Russian Roulette. Wise up Tony give us a ring and we can help you get out of this mess.

0976 406 870

Anyone else who thinks they may be able to shod some more light on what these characters have been up to should also contact the number above or write to PO Box 83, South West PDO, Manchester M15 8NJ.

Manchester AFA

Red Attitude is written, produced, and distributed by Manchester United supporters who are opposed to the spread of racism and fascism in football and everywhere. 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 used 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 Milwall 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, to carry out the racist 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 Red Against the Nazis. Red Attitude is a development of this tradition by those United supporters who are against racism and fascism.

ANTI-FASCIST ACTION

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