Teddy Sheringham signs lucrative tobacco sponsorship deal

Ultra Slow

Late Bar

Ultra Low

HM Government health warning
Slow Coach can seriously damage your title ambitions and lead to less of form in Europe

RED ATTITUDE

Issue 19
£1.00

INDEPENDENT MANCHESTER UNITED FANZINE
RA REGULARS

RA CASUALS

WITH THANKS TO
Eurostar '98, Uttras Futsal Bordeaux.

RA DESIGN
Date.

DISCLAIMER
The views expressed in this fanzine are those of individual contributors and are not necessarily those of the editorial board, and are probably not those of Manchester United FC.

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

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

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

INDEPENDENT MANCHESTER UNITED FANZINE

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The Archivist

Was it losing the league or loss of margin on the merchandising that has prompted such a radical change in spending policy?

Interaction with the Posh one proved sufficiently interesting to the press in the absence of their number one target, who died this time last year in a car crash in Paris. She must be turning in her grave at how the press have subsequently regarded themselves in.

If Beckham was anything but English, and received such hostility from his fellow countrymen for being a Manchester United player (after all, that's what's eating them) would the club be so keen to send another five first team members into the same environment? Of course not. The time has come for United to say no to England. The shameful treatment of Beckham and the general abuse heaped on Reds playing for England is unacceptable; it is time to draw a line under it.

European Super league - fact or fiction. Despite initial denials by United of any involvement, the FA's feathers have been suitably ruffled on the matter. How quick they were to demand an undertaking from United, whilst at the same time appealing to UEFA to change the set up to suit the top clubs. Concessions already made by UEFA have devised the European Cup, making it a Champions Cup in name only. As usual the fans are ignored, as the type of secret alliances and backdoor deals which led to the formation of the Premiership, replicate themselves on the European stage.

There have been positive developments as well, as fans in Europe begin to make their voices heard. Eurostand 98 has been formed to co-ordinate fan protests against UEFA's all-seater requirements for European games. In Europe the terraces are not stigmatised by the Hillsborough factor, so the impetus for change has come from a different direction, and UEFA's action is seen as the pre-requisite for the introduction of all seater stadia in the national leagues.

Finally, August sees the long overdue Munich Memorial game take place, and with it the return of Eric to Old Trafford. With the season we've just had, only a fool would say we didn't miss him.

Danny

The shameful treatment of Beckham and the general abuse heaped on Reds playing for England is unacceptable.

4 Red, Anti-Fascist & Proud

As a convicted child killer, how have you handled the media attention?

A lot better since Beckham got sent off
Beckham: reasons to be cheerful

The world and its dog has had its say on Mr Beckham, so don't expect me to be any different. As far as I'm concerned, the whole issue has been blown out of all proportion, but what that proves is that there are more levels to it than meet the eye. In fact, there are more levels to it than there were to Impossible mission on the C64. Here are my favourite ones.

In all of FIFA's rule changes to make football more appealing to a global TV audience - though I'm sure banning a Nobby Butt style two-footed challenge from behind will actually lessen the entertainment - I am 99% certain they didn't announce that having a man sent off, automatically confers defeat upon his side. If it's not actually the case that this happens, nor is it effectively the case. Think Kevin Moran. Think a million lazy fudging clichés about ten men giving a hundred and ten per cent, being more difficult to play against than eleven, etc. Now think disallowed goals and missed penalties. Are you thinking the same thing I am?

Now just suppose Beckham's sending off was the reason for England's defeat. Well, bollocks to them, I'm glad he did it. I'm just sorry he didn't give an interview afterwards saying, "that'll teach you to sing 'Stand up if you hate Man U' and songs about my betrothed at England games. F*ck you all."

I'm doubly glad he did it for the pain he caused every single English racist twat. Now, despite being a football obsessive and being possibly the most English person I know - I have no 'interesting' foreign blood relations whatsoever - I, as I have had to explain to a number of my 'interesting' foreign friends, do not give a flying f**k about our national side, and not just because of the rampant ABUGism around it. I just reckon that the border between patriotism, nationalism and racism, between being proud of your country and xenophobic to others is far too blurred. Case in point, the Daily Mirror's coverage of Euro 96, Achtung! Surrender and all that.

But you don't just find that with 'national' (south-east) opinion. It exists to the same level here, in Manchester, amongst us. Imagine not a run down local but a continental style café bar, which is supposed to have an attitude-free atmosphere, somewhere in the Castlefield region. Now I happen to know a couple of the bar staff who worked there on the night England played Argentina, and the match was on TV there. A reasonable number of people turned up, I'm told, and as things took a turn for the worse (or better, depending on your view), so did those people. A couple of tables were thrown, steps broken. Now that doesn't concern me, other than it being a simple display of moronic bad loyalties. What does concern me is that apparently anyone who was there and either not Caucasian or English, or not supporting England visibly, was abused for being 'a f**king Dago'. Anyone who said that, anywhere, anytime, I'm glad England lost, I'm as glad as you were gutted you narrowly missed scum.

In fact I'm trebly glad he did it, for the psychological trauma it's caused to the racist/ABU/telcomplete bastard lobby. Now excuse me for getting all intellectual, I just can't help coming out with all this shit, but I have a theory and this is how it goes.

In the beginning there was nothing, but then the waters moved on the face of the deep or something like that. Our Lord looked upon Old Trafford, and saw that it was good, and infinitely preferable to the satanic pit of Elland Road, so he sacked off the chosen ones, and lo, we became the chosen ones. And as he became our Messiah, he also became the Antichrist to the perverse, bitter religion known as ABUism.

Not only was it the key to our success, but he was different, he was 'the other'. French. A poet, philosopher, painter. Not a Lineker, not bland. Not a Gazza, he would stick as many fingers as he liked up to the authorities with kung fu, not kebab. As such he was easy to revile, difficult to understand. Hated by those who didn’t love him.

Then began the New Testament. The club known as United signed for a huge amount of money, the best player from one of their nearest (so they thought) rivals. This was a portent, which declared to the ungodly that verily, we could buy whoever the f**k we wanted. And the Son of God, too, was different. Not only a goalscorer of genius, but black. And by moving, he had deprived the media of their Goal's/Col's/goals to Newcastle headlines, except for twice a season, when he would smile the Geordie bastards down.

He went through his forty days in the desert, as the followers of ABUism rejected. He had his difficulties, though the followers of the truth religion believed in him. There were rumours that the Son of God did not get on with God. But he bore his cross, and was crucified by all and sundry. Yet he made it to his Garden of Gethsemane, where the grass was green and the goals came in multiples of three. He became another figuratively - still different, still despised by those who could or would not understand.

And then there came a third testament. Miracles came in the form of goals from beyond the halfway line, of pinpoint passes the length of the Sea of Galilee. And here began the psychological trauma of the ABU religion, for this God was not 'other' nor 'different', just better. He played football better. He drove faster, more expensive cars. He had a popular girlfriend, even if she was a boot really. But he could not become their Messiah, for he played for the club he had believed in, the holy United.

And so it came to pass that there was a World Cup. And the deadliest dead ball exponent in the world could only blast the ball into the wall. Up he stepped, in flew the ball, and even the ABU’s celebrated. But they could feel his

Uniteded even then. If only the scallywag scouse shit had scored that goal. And so, in the following game, when he made a mistake, they had the chance to forgive, but like the ungodly bastards they are, they savaged him and continued to do so at every chance they get. 10,000 red cards at West Ham? You deserve nothing more than the ABU hell you find yourselves in.

And that is why I'm glad he did it.

Matt
Various proposals and projections on the so-called ‘pay per view’ are appearing with increased regularity as the vested interests lobby for position and sound out the market ahead of its inevitable arrival. At present Sky hold the franchise on PL football, and are keen to start dabbling with their version of ‘pay per view’. This means Sky subscribers paying a premium on top of their monthly payment to watch selected matches. Sky currently run their boxing promotions on this system. Boxing fans who’ve invested in Sky to watch the top fights now have to pay again to watch them live. This is akin to paying once to get into the ground and paying again to get into your seat! Whilst this practice may still be the norm in Soho strip clubs for the benefit of Japanese tourists, I’d be surprised if it will be such a hit with football supporters.

Sky makes no secret of the millions they’ve ploughed into football, and all the attendant benefits they claim it has brought. Yet any analysis of the effect of TV money on boxing tells a different story. Boxing as a sport is suffering from an identity crisis. Quite apart from any arguments over whether it should be banned or not, boxing, since it got into bed with Sky has become a minority sport. It’s public profile is at an all-time low. In its wake it has spawned a plethora of World governing bodies each with their own champions, all vying for TV money. Hardly a success story.

With the advances in TV technology, the imminent arrival of digital TV and more channels than you can shake a stick at, the prospects for live football have never been better. The growth in PL status among football clubs will see them looking to increase turnover and maximise profit from TV exposure which means that long term deals are not a feasible option. Sky could void the deals at the flick of a switch. However, the success story of Sky and Premier deal is effectively a business cartel, and that clubs negotiating their own deals would be the best interest of the consumer.

Red, Anti-Fascist & Proud

Memories of Jack Rowley 1920-1998

In the post-war years Jack "Gunner" Rowley was in immaculate form. He hit some of the all-time glorious goals I’ve ever seen. His shooting on the run was devastating, the ball seemed to spring from his left foot as if it were propelled. He had a terrific burst of speed and he didn’t have to slow down to make his shot.

They called him the "Gunner" at Old Trafford and I must admit he packed some heavy artillery. He operated between the left wing and centre forward. He joined the club in 1937 scoring 208 goals in 422 appearances, winning 6 England caps, as well as League Champion and FA Cup winners medals. He scored 30 goals in the 1952 season, which included a hat-trick in the 6-1 defeat of those Gunners, Arsenal, to clinch the title at Old Trafford, this total of 30 goals the second highest of all time by a United player in a season.

Jack "Gunner" Rowley pulled on the Red shirt for the last time in early 1956 before moving to Plymouth as Player Manager.
Dicks, the lot of 'em
Fears that West Ham fans 'red card' protest might not go ahead due to a shortage of cards were eased today when Julian Dicks stepped in and offered to let them use his personal collection.

Er... Dud Czech?
Poborsky's transfer saga took one final ironic twist which served to highlight what a difficult job headline writing can be. Benfica refused to honour their signed contract which had been agreed back in May. Apparently they were very interested in Viagra and Charlie, both of whom are available at French club Bordeaux.

Stand by your man... yeh, right
Further bad news for Douglas Hall as his wife starts legal proceedings for divorce. The cost of Hall's whoring and snorting is believed to be in the region of a £15 million settlement. Begs the question, what's he going to do. Buy Shearer!

Public Relations...?
PR guru Johnny Corle has taken on the role of special advisor to shared tomies Hall and Fletcher. Obviously full of his own bull and a big fat retailer, Coyle went on to say 'I don't see a problem advising them. I'd even take on David Beckham'. Even David Beckham couldn't save the doomed trio. Even David Beckham would have less to worry about in the middle of Newcastle on a Saturday night than Hall and Fletcher. What's your advice to them - stay out of toon?
The Sanity of Hed

Glen Hoddle
wouldn't have been going, he
told us, if he didn't think he could
win it. But was this the usual case
of national chauvinism, fuelled by media-
led hype and misplaced optimism, which starts with
England looking likely winners before they've
even kicked a ball, and ends with them drawing
hard on the Dunkirk spirit as they retreat
ignominiously towards a premature exit?
Or was the optimism well justified, only to be let
down by a manager who deserted in spiritualism,
set his players up for blame and ridicule by the
media, and demonstrated to all and sundry that he
didn't have a clue what his best team was?

Hoddle inherited an England team that reached the
Euro 86 semi-finals, only going out to the
eventual winners on penalties, having disposed of
the Dutch 4-1 along the way.

To add to this he has at his disposal a crop of
United players whose abilities we are well aware of,
both domestically and on the European stage.

Glen Hoddle put the England Squad through its paces

Just for good measure such emerging talents as
Owen, Ferdinand (not Lee) and Huckerby were
knocking on the international door. Without
doubt there was substance to back up the optimism.

Twelve months on, at the Tournoi and England looked to be on track with victories over France and Italy followed by defeat to the World
Champions by the odd goal. England's place in the
finals was assured with a draw in Rome, leaving the Italians to make France via the play
offs.

It was Terry Venables who pointed out that
Beckham's retaliation was in fact no worse
than Owen's blatant dive which on another
day may have earned him a red card rather
than a penalty.

Rational minds would have out him saunter,
because he saw in Gudjohnsen a soul to be saved.
But when the sinner wouldn't repent and took to
drink and kebabs, Hoddle took him to Morocco
and dropped him from a great height.

The boy Beckham, heir apparent, and media
celeb, was also deemed to be in need of Hoddle's
spiritual discipline. Following the old adage
about not believing everything you read in the
papers, Hoddle dropped his
world class playmaker on the grounds
that he was not focused.

This after excusing the high jinks
of one Mr Sheringham in a
Portuguese night club. But the
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It was Terry Venables who pointed out that
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than Owen's blatant dive which on another
day may have earned him a red card rather
than a penalty.
football supporters, WAKE UP!

Countdown for a European football supporters protest day...

From the summer of 1998, the European Football Association (UEFA) have decided to ban all standing room on the terraces, at football grounds holding European football ties.

Standing during a game is totally banned. If the supporters do not start a discussion with the authorities now, it will be inevitable that UEFA’s all-seater demand could be extended to the national leagues of all European countries, as is the case with the Premier League in England.

It is a fact that the implementation of all-seater stadia in England together with other amenities have enhanced security, but this has dampened the enthusiastic atmosphere created by the supporters.

Football is a trend these years, but someday it will turn.

If standing fans are being banned, the atmosphere will disappear (as in England), the trendy spectators will disappear, souvenir sales will decrease and the question remains: will the real fans still be there?

Most fans agree on this issue and lots of talk is going on, but now it is time for ACTION!!!!

Our goal is: We will fight for the possibility to remain standing throughout the game. We will fight for the right to have a section of the stands with un-numbered seats or terraces, so supporters can stand together with their friends and acquaintance.

We will prove that: Standing fans are an integral part of football. That when the enthusiasm and atmosphere disappear the fans will disappear, thus effecting the clubs economy.

Fans have their right to be heard and cannot be ignored if we stand together.

Our point for discussion could be: A 100% peaceful protest weekend in the autumn 1998 (5 and 6 September) with the participation of the fans from all European clubs, observing a total silence during the first half of a game, and giving full vocal support during the 2nd half.

The action (details [suggestion]): During the 1st half All fans will be seated, keeping quiet and will only applaud when goals are scored - similar to a tennis match. This will symbolise how boring football will become in future...

During the 2nd half: All fans will stand up and give full vocal support. This will symbolise how much standing and singing supporters mean for football, and be a symbol of how it ought to be.

Distribution: Copies of this letter have been sent through the internet to most European fandoms. It can also be found on the official home pages, the fanzines, and fandoms sites.

Rumours spread through the internet, fanzines, pamphlets and verbally. This standard letter can be copied and distributed to every football enthusiast you can think of.

We ask you to distribute this letter to every fan you know, who might be interested in this protest. The success of the action depends on the interest of supporters. We want all clubs in Europe to participate...

Responses, comments, or any other relevant ideas of support or debate...

Website addresses and contact persons: The EuroStand98 Hompage...

The present schedule is: June 1st - September 1st 98. Preparing for Action Around September 1st. Action Weekend.

There is a good old saying: "The customer is always right" - but this apparently does not apply to football fans. When was the last time a business prospered without considering the needs of its customers, not very often, so lets not make UEFA the first to do so.

It is necessary that this action will be 100% peaceful if we want to be taken seriously.

EuroStand98 Website: http://www.web4you.dk/wpa02354/index.htm
E-mail: knijak@post8.tele.dk or k12@hotmail.com
Kristian Jakobsen

next committee meeting
13th August, 8pm at O'Briens.

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Join IMUSA - £5 for twelve months (£10 overseas) - and receive a newsletter containing news, views and info on IMUSA's public meetings and special guests. Just fill out the form below, enclose a cheque for £5 (payable to IMUSA) and post to:

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I wish to join IMUSA / I am renewing my membership [Delete where applicable]. Please find enclosed a cheque for £5 made payable to IMUSA.

Name: ____________________________
Address: ____________________________
Telephone No: ____________________________

Red Attitude
MERCHANDISE FOCUS - WITH SARAH

Contrary to popular belief, United are not the only club that sell a pile of shit. Southampton have also got in on the act with a range of quality items for those people who must have their clubs logo on everything they own.

Item one, a Southampton fruit knife. Nice. Obviously an essential item for football memorabilia collectors. I also like the St. John the Baptist dinner knife (£2.95), the St. John the Baptist towel (£3.95), the St. John the Baptist power drill (£2.95) and the St. John the Baptist luggage tag (£1.95) at £1.95. All this is yours for £15.95. But Southamptons F.C. sewn kit (£1.50) also gets my vote.

Similar items are sure to appear in United’s next catalogue ("yippee" - day trippers world-wide).

Our Yorkshire mates, Leeds United haven't let us down, selling a large range of merchandise from their 'cup final' win against us in September. Sad Bastards. No doubt the Yorkshire scum can't get enough of it.

Chelsea have not let their cup final win against the 'mighty' Middlesbrough go unnoticed. Everything from clock, limited edition Corinthian badges and even very dodgy framed ceramic kits, proclaim the fact that they won the cup. You can also buy a CFC plug in phone (hideous), bikes and even scooters (£2500). All absolutely atrocious. Those who reckon the number of 'merchandise outlets' United have is ridiculous should have a look around Oldcastle Upon Tyne, the goodness can't get enough of it. There's NUFC shops "al over" the place, as well as a very tacky restaurant, and a travel agents (very handy for booking all those European trips). They all sell utter shite. My personal favourite is 'Shearer Sherbert', sounds delicious doesn't it? Surely 'Tennant's Tapes' would be more useful to the cartoon army.

Contrast the toons' club shops with the 'City Store' in the Arndale. City are such a big club but couldn't they have afforded to have their shop in a prime location instead of a cloakroom in the part of the Arndale no one goes to.

We know that everyone from Manchester is a City fan, but how come there's never anyone in their shop? Maybe it's the continual blasting of Oasis songs in a pathetic attempt to attract some attention to the shop (but only ends up reminding me of the blues' existence).

Our Scouse mates also have a couple of exciting products that will have football supporters everywhere reaching for their doh. For the mere £3.25 you can buy a 'hallowed turf keyring' complete with real Anfield grass. Lovely. What is even better is the scarf's own make of aftershave, named Anfield spirit (a snap at £9.99). If, as claimed, it smells of Anfield's spirit then, bloody hell, it must reek of crap.

Meanwhile while those loveable Liverpudlians have launched a product that is sure to be a best seller, the Paul Ince toilet. But why name a toilet after Ince baby, the greatest player ever to wear the red shirt (this words? probably) well, it's simple really, they're both full of shit.

I hope that from this article you've realised that United are not the only club selling a load of shit.

But who can blame them, plenty buy it, especially the new breed of football fan who want everything with the clubs logo on. You can't blame the club for milking the fan's money, because in a few years time these fans may have moved on to another club. A recent survey showed that United fans spend, on average, £126 a year on merchandise. This means that the day trippers must be spending a bloomin' fortune to make up for those like myself, who spend hardly anything. I feel sorry for these people. Do they really think MUFC 'leisure wear' is stylish?

United's new kit launch

was not without its hiccups, as some last minute touching up to the promotional material was carried out.

Seems that after the photo shoot, one sharp-eyed individual, noticed why Beckham was grinning from ear to ear. It appears that one of Beckham's legs was sticking out, but on this occasion it wasn't the notorious Simonee slayer.

The normally camera-shy centre leg had risen to such prominence, it was picked up on: "We're doing an Argentinean radar!"

Close inspection of the groin area shows a distinct change in fabric texture where the offending bulge was airbrushed out by the rather prudish types in the merchandising department.

The Beckham bulge...

Red Attitude

17
WEST HAM SICKO SNUBS RED ATTITUDE

Shane agreed, adding, “The whole thing says more about The Mirror than me. It’s a bloke who writes a farce in his back room can make the back page headline of a national tabloid, someone in Fleet Street’s being very lazy.” In the meantime Shane was left to mull over his responses to the following questions.

1. What was the red card protest designed to achieve?
2. Why was it subsequently abandoned?
3. Do you feel that you have been duped by the media and subsequently branded a rabble-rouser?
4. What bearing do you think your protest would have had on relations between West Ham and Man United fans?
5. Do you really buy into the myth that England’s departure from the World Cup begins and ends with Beckham’s sending off?
6. Are you aware that Beckham were drawing 2-2 when Beckham got sent off and that this was also the score at the end of extra-time?
7. Did Beckham sneak back on and miss a penalty, or were there others better equipped for that?
8. Isn’t the campaign against Beckham just part of the wider media-led anti-United hysteria to which many gallant types such as yourselves have been drawn into?
9. How can you support England with so many Red shirts in their team?
10. Is the Beckham protest a sign that West Ham fans have adopted a more positive approach to hating United, and will in future drop key references to Munich 1958?
11. Have you reacted to the realisation that Arsenal winning the league ahead of Man United, is in fact nothing for West Ham fans to celebrate?
12. Can you explain West Ham fans fixation with anal sex? Does this constitute normal sexual relations in the East End?

Two days later, Shane replies, telling us that he’s doing the questions right now and asks:

a. Will it get printed in full? b. Is it a stitch up? c. What are the deadlines?

Yes it will get printed in full and no it’s not a stitch up it was the re-assuring message he received back from RA. Please send answers as soon as possible to meet deadlines.

A letter to the voice of the East End became strangely and unusually silent. E-mails went unanswered, as Shane proved to be beyond the reach of Red Attitude’s most advanced communications technology. Surely he must be there, preparing his first issue of the season, or doing something with his cards, we asked ourselves in vain. All attempts to smoke out England’s self-styled protest leader, drew a blank. The man who gave the Mirror more quotes than anyone in his fifteen minutes of fame, had nothing to say. Well not to us, at any rate.

You give them a platform to impress us with their rationale, and what do they do? Walk away from it. Well we are a United fan, and yet the questions were loaded, or cockney laundrette missing up the chance to sound off about Beckham and United? Alf Garnett will not be impressed. Fakir’ ill mut sam!

Probable excuses. The dog chewed my e-mail so I never got the questions. I’m not a proper farce editor; the Mirror rang up when I was shaving his wife, I was misquoted just like Ian Wright. I was on a mission from God. Yes Manc bastards my head’s in bits.

In June,
Last year,
The fans celebrated
In the streets
Of Katowice;
Poland;
Wear beaten
By England,
And England;
Back on course
For Paris ‘98,
But some crew away
To put football into perspective.
And went;
Instead,
To Auschwitz.
They went there to be chilled by the silent railway track.
At Auschwitz.
As they think of Leon Greenman,
Auschwitz survivor,
98288;
(Still tattooed on his left arm);
New resident in London.

This poem is dedicated to all those who’ve lost their sense of perspective after one man tripped another during a game of football.

Widow of Else,
Gassed 1943.
Father to Barney,
Gassed too.
Leon travels
To the Jewish Museum in Finchley,
Every Sunday.
And when the football’s on Sky
And the pubs are full,
He tells a new generation
About The Holocaust.
And acts as a guide on tours
To the death-camps.
Heroic Anti-Fascist,
Still threatened by the racist right.
Even in his 90’s.
He’s safe on Winter Sundays,
They’re all watching football
On the telly.
And forget
Leon Greenman,
Auschwitz survivor
98288;
Stroud Football Poet

Red Attitude
Wish you were here...?

Furthermore this born again Christian, after the violence in the French port, announced that his fans were provoked by the Tunisian opponents, conveniently forgetting that the English outnumbered them by four to one. Not surprisingly this apologie was echoed by the political pygmies Allan Clark on the Today programme and taken up by every racist who could string a coherent sentence together. Hoddle, at best aggravates the situation, or at worst condones it, with such ignorant pronouncements. With such an atmosphere generating from the Establishment is it any wonder that the drags of society see this as a green light for their activities? The disillusioned and frustrated middle-class have always been the backbone of the right-wing, and the backward working-class elements are merely their foot soldiers. Consequently the abuse suffered by the young Manchester United players in an England shirt can be explained by the fact that their club has always been a cosmopolitan by nature and support and therefore at odds with the little Englander mentality prevalent among the national team followers and perfectly encapsulated in their continuous renditions of that quaint imperial anthem 'Rule Britannia'. This xenophobia, expressed through the media, politicians and fans, is a reflection of the ingrained sickness within our society which even Tony Blair's charade of 'Cool Britannia' cannot hide.

They're going home...they're going home.

Twelve English supporters left a French shopkeeper scared and beaten as they ransacked her shop in Toulouse, her thirteen year old daughter was also attacked as she went to her aid. Outside Lyon another English fan stabbed to death a French citizen because he looked like an Argentinian. He later pleaded 'diminished responsibility', which, as a member of the English Supporters Travel Club, I would have thought went without saying. These instances, among countless others, were the legacy of England's participation in what should have been, the finest football event in the world. Not a word of condemnation has been forthcoming from the English politicians, media or FA. In contrast, when German neo-nazis attacked a policeman, the German FA immediately offered to withdraw from the competition. An action that our own FA were too gutless and selfish to even contemplate. Thus it was with a huge sigh of relief that England's exit, after their...
defeat by Argentina, was greeted by the overwhelming majority of people who had gathered to enjoy this premier sporting event.

True to form, Hoddle, unwilling to shoulder any responsibility for his side’s departure, was quick to look around for scapegoats. He found one in 23-year-old David Beckham. Immediately after the match he pinpointed Beckham’s actions as the reason for defeat, stating that had Beckham stayed on the field his side would have gone on to win the match comfortably. Such optimistic foresight, even with the help of the crackpot Eileen Drowery beggars belief. Argentina, having just scored a minute before half-time, clearly were in the ascendancy. Indeed, the Beckham dismissal affected them just as much as it did the English. They were then faced with a virtual ten man defence for the remainder of the game, with space and chances at a minimum.

Furthermore, having got to the penalty shoot out stage, a stage which Hoddle admits they have never practised for, he nominated Batty as one of his penalty takers; a player who has never taken a penalty before in his entire career.

Even before this match it was apparent that Hoddle stumbled across his best team formation more by accident than design, even after years of planning. Their match and defeat at the hands of an average Romanian side was embarrassing. The difference between that English side and Cinderella was that at least Cinderella did eventually get to the ball.

The difference between that English side and Cinderella was that at least Cinderella did eventually get to the ball.

Rough Justice

“The swaggering of these poisonous individuals and the way they revel in their notoriety shows an aspect of society we would be unwise to minimise or ignore. It is enough to watch them entering or leaving the [Lawrence] enquiry to understand what they symbolise: they have crawled from under a stone yet in their own estimation (and in that of thousands like them) they are standing tall.” (London Evening Standard, July 2 1998).

It was this demeanour, even more than the failure to secure a conviction that has shocked liberal Britain. Theirs was not body language of outcasts, but of individuals secure in their own identity, and even aware of a certain celebrity status within their own community.

However for militant anti-fascists the same strutting stride and accompanying smirk is all too familiar, having been wiped from countless faces in the last decade and a half. But while doing so Anti-Fascist Action continually warned that the politically organised far-right were more a symptom than cause. This ‘inflamous five’ were not for instance card carrying members of fascist parties. It would be more comfortable for liberalism to digest if they were. Easier to pigeon hole, demonise, and dismiss as an isolated aberration in an otherwise functioning multi-cultural, mutually tolerant society.

As an article in the Observer commented, “it is almost easier to comprehend the grotesque killing of a promising black student purely because he was black, if the violence was thus systemic, part of some grander perverse plan” (Observer, July 19).

Random though the nature of the killing “perverse plan” it is. In straightforward terms the thinking is to make or keep on area white. It is a form of ‘political terrorism’ that is widespread and growing. Such observations sit uneasily with the increasingly smug self congratulations by middle class commentators on the failure of the far-right to make an electoral breakthrough in Britain as in other European countries. While true for now it has nothing to do with liberalism. Indeed quite the opposite.

It is the tightly focused approach of militant anti-fascism that has caused the temporary eclipse of the politicised far-right. So effective has the militants strategy been that it has distorted the bigger picture. And as a result of this relentless pounding which has left the far-right for the most part politically invisible, the middle classes assume with typical conceit that liberal opinion is dominant amongst all classes, and extreme racist views are restricted to the membership of the fascist organisations.

In reality the inherent alienation in many working class communities manifests itself in other ways. Britain enjoys a race attack level on par with Germany where the far-right have just entered government. According to another accredited survey Britain also has ‘the most reactionary youth in Europe’. The Lawrence inquiry did not achieve what it set out to do; which was to secure the convictions of Steven’s killers. Instead it flipped a rock and allowed the hoodlums middle classes a glimpse of the sordid reality lurking within ‘Cool Britannia’.

The Correspondent
European Spotlight

Background
The Collectif Club Ultramarines (C.C.U.) officially came into existence in June 1987, a year after a number of young Bordeaux supporters from the South Curve of the Stade de France made a trip to watch a European Cup semi-final against Juventus and transplanted the idea here.
Right from the start the C.C.U. had to fight for itself: the management of the Girondins de Bordeaux, led by club Chairman Claude Bez, refused to acknowledge our existence and resorted to whatever means they could to silence us.
Their efforts were wasted, and after Bez left the club the C.C.U. could at last enjoy the rapid development we had always hoped for.
Improvements in relations with club management meant we could sell our merchandise and organise choreographies which we then took to the South Curve enclosure. Little by little we have made a name for ourselves, both inside and outside the Stadium.

Away matches
Though this is the mainstay of all ultra group activities, our away match experience began quietly.
Over the last five seasons this has completely changed, and our ambition is now to attend every single Bordeaux match played away from home.
In numbers terms ULTRAMARINES presence at away games is the largest Bordeaux group. Going to away matches is of prime importance for the ULTRAMARINES; it gives us a chance to express our passion, despite long distances and inhospitable environments.
Since 1987 we have flown the flag at 136 away matches.

Ultramarines Bordeaux
are a supporters group established in 1987. Originally non-political they have shifted position because of the growth of the Far Right. They have members who are from the Left, anarchists or environmentalists but many are still not interested in political things. They also take part in community schemes and have links with the Ocellian organisation in Bordeaux, active in reviving the Ocellian language and culture in South West France and opposing the dominance of the French state.

Operations
Since the very start we have striven to be financially independent. This has been a godsend for the C.C.U.ULTRAMARINES; since its origins, the Girondins management repudiated us. As a general rule this principal has been maintained during our first 10 seasons existence.
Our concern for independence reflects our desire to remain morally autonomous. Our activities are completely self-financed through profits from the sale of merchandise featuring the C.C.U.ULTRAMARINES logo.
On a personal level, the C.C.U. is an official association in accordance with law 1901 run by a committee of 4 or 5 people whose purpose is to keep the group on a sound financial level (i.e. our activities and ideological footing.

Choreographies
The Collectif Club Ultramarines has always sought to bring colour to the South Curve; for us the business of choreographed displays is an essential part of what we do.
In the early days it was hard going to organise anything we had in mind, as the club was strongly opposed to our presence in the stadium. That didn’t stop us from making our first forays (mainly smoke bombs and balloons).
Subsequently it became much easier to prepare our shows. The Curve was made available to us beforehand for setting up. And we have tried to do the best we can. So far we have 47 choreographies to our name.

On the atmosphere front, though the “big matches” generally have an atmosphere to match the occasion, less important games can verge on the soporific. Our purpose is to encourage the people who go to the South Curve to chant and actively support their favourite team, whatever is happening on the field, and whatever the standard of the opposing team.

Activities
Regionalism Our attachment to the Aquitaine administrative region is strong, but over the years we have become increasingly aware that there is a distinct lack of regional identity covering the Ocellian area, the region where historically Provençal French was spoken. We have decided to foster this forgotten identity.
«Bordeaux: Ocellian Gaecowan City"-This is how we think of ourselves!
We have no political affiliations, which means no interest in French nationalism. We prefer to champion our roots. As part of this campaign we regularly meet up with member of the UNITAT OC association, we produce merchandise in the Ocellian language, and we promote the history of our region (independent from France until 1154). We have also taken the step of setting up courses in Ocellian on our premises to preserve our linguistic heritage. Music links between football and rock have always been strong in Collectif Club

Ultramarines affairs
We have been regular participants in smoky concert halls around the Bordeaux region (especially the old Bordeaux valleys). This close association has much to do with the emergence of the alternative rock movement in France during the nineteen eighties. Many of us see ourselves as having a foot in both of these camps, we are Ultra football fans followers and alternative rock. Our « musical philosophy » is an expression of this dual identity, and when you take into account the Nineties and the emergence of new genres, we can truly say that our musical interests span a broad spectrum, as long as the music is not of the hyped commercial variety. Still, at the top of our own hit parade you’ll find Ski, Flagge, Ragga, Alternative, Hard-core…
This coming together became a concrete reality in April ’98 when we organised a concert (« The Ultra-Bryant Festival ») to showcase a number of local Bordeaux groups and to bring together at one concert two groups of people who, though they don’t usually spend time together, have so much in common.

Social interaction
Ever keen on being where the action is, C.C.U.ULTRAMARINES members have always been where good times are to be had. Though over the years members have come and gone, the tradition lives on! It’s all part of our « South-Western » heritage; for us, partying is a way of life. To keep this way of life going, we have our own premises, the « KASA ULTRAS », where members can meet up every day.
This common meeting place is the glue that holds our group together. On a related matter, our penchant for social interaction means that we prefer to meet the supporters of opposing teams on a friendly basis but if they don’t see things the same way, then we change our approach; if we are subjected to aggression, we react. As far as is possible we avoid being the « aggressor ».

Social issues
A few years after our foundation, having looked at the local issues, the C.C.U.ULTRAMARINES became aware it has a role to play in the social fabric of our city.
It struck us as vital that we played our part in this landscape.
Christmas 1994 marked our first collection of toys for deprived children, so that they too could participate in the festive season. Since then we have run other Christmas campaigns, as well as launching other ventures too (lunchtime vouchers, holiday vouchers). We run these initiatives in collaboration with Secours Populaire Français. Another issue which affects us, and where we have taken what action we can, is to help members who are seeking work; this has been extremely complex, seeing the lack of employment opportunities in the current jobs market.
Herring United fans must rank amongst the most perversely going. Barring the Holy Grail of the European Champions Cup (so far), Ferguson is well on the way to eclipsing the achievements of Busby. Instead of basking in the red heat of hatred aimed at us by the ABUs we seem content to spend our time fighting enemies that largely don’t exist.

Ever since the dawn of the evil empire of domination during the 70s and 80s by the scousers and the scum, we have displayed a tendency to turn on ourselves while we should be gloating at the expense of the duller dwellers, duller workers and ‘big club’ rivals.

Since ’93 our rivals have attempted to decry our success with attacks on our fanbase, you know the stuff, ‘the only music in Old Trafford are the stewards...where were all those united fans when they were winning f*** all...’ etc.

The team have undoubtedly benefited from the retort, and it hasn’t done them any harm at all. This is only to say that we must not get carried away with the idea of Old Trafford being a collections of war zones where the only sound heard is the clashing of hammer and sledge. This is not the case.

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Some of the headlines have been so absurd that it is almost impossible to believe them. The idea that fans who have been travelling reds since the dark days of the early 70s are now ‘loyal supporters’ is laughable.

The fans have a sense of pride in their club, and they are not going to let anyone say otherwise. The old Trafford ethic is alive and well.

The last thirty years at Old Trafford, anybody would think that the crowd prior to ’93 was 100% Manchester born and bred the way they go. Hey, let’s have Old Trafford ethnically cleansed.

United have always prided themselves on the fact that we have the most cosmopolitan fan base in the country, the international make up of our team has simply been reflected by our fans. The team is now a melting pot of cultures, and this is something to be proud of.

The success of United has been built on the hard work of the fans, and we will not be停止任何 attempts to cleanse Old Trafford of its diversity.

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United
JOIN OLDHAM ATHLETIC SUPPORTERS BOYCOTT OF JOHN WILLIE LeES BREWERY

The fortunes of Oldham Athletic have nosedived since their relegation from the Premier League in 1994 mainly due to a lack of investment in the team. Many supporters believe that our current major shareholders have shown scant regard for the future of the club and the feelings of the supporters. Recently a consortium of local businessmen attempted to try and purchase JW Lees 48% shareholding in Athletic. Their approach was dismissed by the Brewery without any formal discussion.

A group of Oldham supporters have now formed "Stop the Rot" whose main aim is to put pressure on the brewery to either invest in the club or sell their controlling interest to someone who will. Commencing on March 21st "Stop the Rot" leafleted Oldham supporters to urge them to boycott all JW Lees pubs and products for an indefinite period. To further benefit our cause we are asking supporters of all the North West clubs to join us in this campaign.

By boycotting JW Lees products we can hit the brewery where they will feel it most - in the pocket.

PRODUCED BY STOP THE ROT. CONTACTS: PETE MASON (01522) 872022 OR CARL MARSDEN (0113) 217 1960. e-mail carl@oasia.prestel.co.uk

HARRY'S VIEW

Hail Hail!

Thank God the season is with us again. The World Cup failed to excite me and in all honesty I thought the later stages were pretty poor. Football wise France carried a lot of luck against some mediocre teams. To be fair they do have a decent defence.

I can't believe all the criticism levelled against David Beckham. The guy got Xelled out of jail with a great performance against Columbia, and he set up Owen's goal against Argentina brilliantly. Okay, he stupidly got red carded, but at the end of the day it all came down to missed penalties against Batty and Ince will no doubt make a few quid from Pizza Hut adverts next year. Personally, I blame Hoddle for his negative tactics and poor team selection against Romania. A result in that would have won the section and resulted in England moving into the easier half of the draw. Who knows what might have happened if that was the case. As for Scotland? Thank God I've got Irish grandparents!

Well, Jaap Stam looks class and I think he'll do very well in the premier this season, but I still think we need someone up front alongside Andy Cole. What about Suke? I don't know why he can't get a game for Real Madrid. The good news is that Newcastle bought Guivarch. That guy couldn't hit a cows arse with a banjo!

On the home front, the new Scottish Champions, Celtic managed to secure the services of a 62 year old doctor as their new coach. Doctor who? I hear you ask. Dr Josef Venglos who spent a year with Villa eight years ago. Apparently he was the 26th choice, but hey, so was Wim Jansen last year and he did alright, but unfortunately, like so many of our ex-players he couldn't work with the cross-eyed chairman, 'wee Fergus' and his aide big Joke Brown who gets paid to do the dirty work. We have a good young coach called Eric Black and I think that ultimately he's being groomed for the job.

I am quietly confident for the new season, as the Huns have spent another £20 million on duds. Kanchelskis replaces Laiding (Sham on you Andrei) and Red Wallace has moved north to be cheered on by racist and sectarian thugs (hypercities). The new coach Dick Head Advocaat is tough on discipline we will see a sober sons of Satan this season.

Best wishes to Choocly McClair who moved to Motherwell, as he will need them.

Glory Glory

Harry Conaghan

I see a witch called Eileen Drewery
I see fat Gazza stuck in the brewery
I see no Butt, young Nev or Cole
And wonder how we'll score a goal
Shit there's Betty and Ince
Oh dear its time to wince
Bedknobs' leg was not to blame.
But missing penalties is just insane
Next time Glen, take me...
Mystic Meg
a word in your ear...
the noonan column

What is it with everyone? Beckham takes a
tree kick against Columbia and he's the
dog's bollocks. He takes a tree kick
against Simone and the whole of England jumps
out of its prem. Ferguson reckons they're treating
him like he was Lord Haw Haw. But Lord Haw Haw
got away lightly; they only hanged him the once.
Traitor they call Bocks. Listen the only traitors this
country's ever produced all went to Oxford and
Cambridge and had well-paid jobs in the secret
service. Even when they were bobbled, their
males covered up for them, to save the all round
embarrassment. You can tell it's get my goat up
ran't you.

Speaking of spies, I was talking to David Shayler,
the MI5 whistle blower, last week, who asked me
if I knew about the 'Spektash conspiracy'. Run it
by me and I'll interrupt you if I have, said. I sat
there speechless, which I don't often do outside of
police stations, as he explained an international
conspiracy against United, that was hatched over
forty years ago. A.I.U. agents, who had been
programmed at birth, were planted with
unsuspecting parents around the UK. These
agents would grow up to lead normal lives and
pursue football related careers, which would
leave them well placed in later years to carry out
their mission against United. The only way to
recognise the Spektash agents is by their appear-
ance, as they all bear a striking resemblance to
their father, who was a kind of cross between a
test tube and a rug rat.

David handed me a top-secret file, so I
shouldn't really be telling you this, so
keep it to yourself for now. Inside were
details on the three most active
Spektash agents:

Agent number one had worked his way
up through the Football Association, as
the ultimate jobsworth until he became top dog.
whereupon he set about damaging United. His
missions to date include implementing a
worldwide ban on Eric Cantona after he kicked a
racist. Refusing United's request for an extension
for the season whilst they were heavily committed
in Europe. Using every trick in the book including
slow motion action replays and tabloid
journalism to get United players charged with
brining the game into disrepute. Most
formidable of the Spektash agents currently
active.

Agent number two was placed in the north-east
where he would grow up to inherit Newcastle
United with the groundwork already done, his
task was to build a dynasty capable of toppling
the mighty Reds. Such was the magnitude of the
task facing this agent that many whores and kilos
of coke were needed to sustain his great
efforts through the long dark nights. To date
this agent has proved ineffective, and unlikely to
succeed while there's dogs in the street.

Agent number three has only just come to
fight after the World Cup. The media triade against
Beckham was beginning to flag, so Spektash
launched another agent to keep things going.
Agent three organised the red card protest at
West Ham, but unused to being in the spotlight
has had to beat a hasty retreat. Believed to be
having nightmares about men in baldarves.

Later... Dessy

Eric extols virtues of European travel

Geordie maggot peddles dodgy burgers

Spektash agent 1
Graham 'arseholes' Kelly

Spektash agent 2
Douglas 'stoolball' Hall

Spektash agent 3
Shane 'imame' Berber

Coming Soon
the Red Attitude Web Site
Watch this space for further details

30 RED, ANTI-FASCIST & PROUD

RED ATTITUDE 31
RASH PREDICTIONS

Top 7

The good, bad and ugly moments from last season

Good. In no particular order

1. Feyenoord away. A few days in Amsterdam, an Andy Cole hat-trick, goals in a huffy away. On the video of the game, I’ve noticed myself on the worst impression ever of a Feyenoord fan in their end. Every time we went forward I leapt out of my seat; when they scored and every bugger went mental, I stood there clapping politely. And I thought I was blending in at the time. I also remember getting round to our end after the game and being accused of being one of their boys because I had a Feyenoord sticker on my arse.

2. Juventus away. I didn’t appreciate it quite as much at the time, but how mental did they go after they scored and then went through - 100% bunging and发出的. Crazy.

3. Juventus home. The whole thing. Del Piero scoring before I sat down (yeah right), coming back, Giggs as if he’s going to score from this... you remember.


5. Chelsea away in the Cup. One of the most enjoyable hours of my life. One, two, three, four, five, fuck off.

6. Liverpool home. Pete’s speech. I think it went along the lines of, “I’ve done this, I’ve done that, every other footballer that ever lived can kiss my ass, but today is something special.” Well it moved me anyway.

7. Joe Royle’s first interview at City. “Big club, blah, blah, big club, blah, blah.” Then he actually said this, “honestly, ‘He’ll be playing some football and hopefully scoring some goals’.

The Bad and the Ugly

1. David Trezeguet. 96 mph. Bastards.

2. Chelsea home. Wasted Solskjaer’s equaliser brilliant? Only if you didn’t see it. Idiot job in the last 20, and 30 seconds before he scored, had been told to do one as I represented a fire hazard. Only if I set fire to your gawdy or ammy rental would that even count. I ran down one flight of stairs in K, up another, reaching the top as he stood there arms aloft. Great goal, bad timing.

3. Bolton away. Home, Bolton away, Arsenal home, Southampton away, Sheffield Wednesday away. Not just poor results but potty desparate uninspired football. Despite all the press bollocks about not missing Eric during the first half of the season, didn’t you just wish he was there?

Never mind the Statto's Arsenal

Any fears that the Championship won’t be coming back to Old Trafford this season can safely be put aside after the stark new statistical evidence came to light.

Taking 91-92 season as the base line, a clear statistical pattern emerges which scientifically proves beyond all reasonable doubt that we are going to win the league.

In 91-92 season, we lost to Leeds, went on to win teh league in the following two seasons. In 90-91 season, we lost to Barnsley, went on to win the league in the following two seasons. In 89-90 season, we lost to Arsenal, so according to bunkum’s law of reading whatever you want into statistics, we will win the league for the next two years. Mind you, with the previous two years winning every season a double has occurred, which according to the laws governing the balance of probabilities, means a double will occur in one of the next two championship winning years.

Even more mind-boggling is the statistical analysis of how our main rivals have performed during this period.

In 91-92 Leeds won and promptly fell apart the following year. They attempted to plug in a new boy away from home and were bounces out of the European Cup at an early stage by Germans.

In 90-91 Barnsley were too proud to emulate the achievements of Leeds the following season. In Europe, their only memorable moment was rather unconvincingly reaching the season semi-finals with Fairley and Le Sau.

Further proof emerges when we examine the European Cup. In 97-98 season, the Champions League after a sudden change to the qualifying criteria introduced by UEFA. Actuallly playing in the Champions League was sufficient evidence for so much in the north east that Newcastle had in fact won the league. Their amazing performance in Europe and their brush with (relatively) new opponents with Blackburn and Leeds experience.

In 98-99 Arsenal will have the dubious honour of keeping this fine tradition alive. Blackburn’s fear of flying alongside last season’s early exit from the UEFA Cup at the hands of the Greeks, shows preparations are at an advanced stage by our men.

Arsene Wenger needs only to look at Wilkinson, Daligashi and Keegan to know it’s time to start polishing up his gibberish. Statistics prove that Ferguson will have him off his hinges before the end of this season.

Red Attitude News

This season sees Red Attitude enter its fifth year of publication. We plan to bring out five issues during the season, with the possibility of a sixth if one or two cup finals come our way next May.

At present we are putting together a website which we hope to launch in October. Further details and website address should be available in the next issue.

Last season we set up our e-mail address, and unfortunately due to two or three plumbing errors, some e-mails that were sent in towards the end of last season were deleted before we were able to reply. So if you were one of the unfortunate who did not receive a reply, please put it down to incompetence; rather than bad manners and get in touch with us again.

Red Attitude operates an open door policy for United fans to get involved and promote the work of Red Attitude. So if you are interested in writing, producing or distributing your own material, please get in touch, we need all the help we can get. Red Attitude hold regular meetings for anyone who wants to get involved.

If you know of any retail outlets that carry some of your retail outlets that carry the Red Attitude just let us know and we’ll do the rest.

Red Attitude are happy to carry advertisements for products and services which are of interest and benefit to blacked fans; and don’t damage the mine forests, despite the no-smoke layer, encourage fox hunting and all the other politically correct organisations we’re so concerned about that we can’t even remember. We offer reasonable rates and help with any artwork requirements. Hurray white stocks last!
A Letter From Eric...

Hello, it's me again. How was your World Cup? No complaints from this side of the fence, least not from your correspondent, who had La Belle France as his second team. Took 7-1 with the Tote before kick-off. Italy was my first choice, but I was very impressed by the strength of the boys in blue and increased my saving bet after the first game.

Financial considerations entirely apart, it was sweet to see the multi-racial French fans running round with the Cup. The likes of that Louis Le Pen, and the racist scum who support him would have been chomping on their Chablis at the sight.

Bastards.

“What’s fucking Agincourt got to do with it? That was 500 fucking years ago!”

Turned out the guy had been nicked down on the Cote d'Azur ten years back. Fuck me if I had it in for the population of every place I've had my collar felt, I'd never speak to no one ever again. This is a bugger that's what I say. I made them all have it mind; it was 'bonjour' this and 'pardon' that, for about a week after the event.

As I mentioned earlier, I've been moved to a category D open nick at Sudbury. About right, I suppose, for a middle aged, alleged fraudster who's no danger to anyone. Certainly not the bookmakers, following my ultra-confident assertion that the Reds would walk away with the title last season. The place takes a bit of getting used to, after a bang-up gaol, but I'm settling in.

Of the advantages (and there are plenty - though with a few drawbacks to keep 'em company, mind), by far the best are the 'community visits' where I actually get out of the nick for a few hours every now and then. Very, very good for family and friendly contacts and, not at all bad for cementing my sporting bonds, given that my 'community area' covers the likes of Pride park, the City Ground and Frithwell Street.

One of the disadvantages I mention is that, the lower you place in the league classification ladder you go, the weaker the criminal ethics code becomes. The place is full of grasses and a chap has to choose his company very carefully indeed. To give you a flavour, I quote an example of quite disgraceful, defiant conduct: we got late TV here - mostly sexy films and juvenile American offerings. Managed to get a majority to vote for Crime Watch last week only after sustained lobbying. I might add; but come 10 o'clock, just as they were about to show a particularly tarty burglary, a forest of hands go up for the film! After a recount, I get 3 lousy votes out of 30 for the monthly trade programme: I'd have got more than that in a convent! Villains indeed. I despair sometimes, I really do.

To get back to sanity; am I as confident again, about the title this time around? You bet I am - and I will be disappointingly. Fair play to Arsenal, they came good at the right time and took it off us in good style. There was some scurrilous talk, from some law officers, that the maestro dropped his baton towards the end, causing the orchestra to lose their way. Regular readers will know of my undying devotion to the Blessed St. Alex and will not be surprised to learn that I have no truck whatsoever with such blasphemy. The simple truth is that nobody wins 'em all. This time with General Keane back in the middle and Stam (who looked worth every penny in the semi-final, in my humble opinion) at the back, the Red ensemble will triumph once more - including in Europe providing we can stay injury-free and on song. It's good to be back, that's cricket for a lark!

Not down for the Gorton One, at the Court of Appeal. I'm afraid. I've mentioned both Nicky Butt and the saintly Roger Byrne's name to their kindship, and I was from the same manor, so surely that has some bearing on the integrity of my case. Still nowt down. So I'm consigned to the slammer until 2001, with the possibility of a squeeze from the parole board at the end of next year. It's as I said before though: C'est la vie! And I have after all, been in worse dungeons. Anyone know the way to Pride Park?

Mand how you go.
information on Becks lack of focus. Becks is self-effacing and honest about his rise to fame, and unselfishly gives great credit to those like Eric Harrison, Brian Kidd, Alex Ferguson and his team mates for their positive input into his development. This book needs another chapter to bring it up to date, but I suggest Becks takes time to make sense of events before he commits his thoughts to print.

So much is known about the Beckham story that there's very little for him to tell us that we don't already know. But the book is well written in a conversational style with plenty of pics that should appeal to the teenage Beckham fan club. I hope that the regents of Red shops/pubs push this book to the top of the best sellers lists, if for no other reason than to upset those who will take great offence at Beckham seemingly profiting from his notoriety.

**Fanatics - Power, Identity and Fandom in Football**

*edited by Adam Brown*

*Priced £14.99 hardback*  
*£11.99 paperback*

United fan, IMUSA and FSA representative Adam Brown edits this book, so it's got a good start, although it does seem to have pictures of Oakwell on the front.

Articles of particular interest to Red Attitude readers will be those by Brown (Fan democracy), Beck, Crabbe and Solernes (Racism in Football), Carrington (Racism in Football) and Gardiner (stuff about Eric). The other bits are more of general interest as opposed to genuine interest. The part about Ultras in Italy, I'm sure I've seen somewhere before; the stuff about Scandinavian fan culture and the 'Fast Painters is okay; the first article about the battle between Jaoo Havelange and Lennart Johanssen is tedious shite, but that's my opinion. Also some inane musings on what it means to be second generation Irish and into football, apparently based on the outpourings of some pissed up Brummies that the author met in a pub.

Not sure if this book is aimed at us or at the people who study us. I'll take two in hardback please, is not a phrase that springs to mind.

Overall, worth lidding off a mate, make sure you've got a lot of spare time and a dictionary - or that you've got a clue what syncretism or autochthonous mean, because I certainly haven't.

Matt.

Editors note. Syncretism is the attempted reconciliation of diverse or opposite tenets or practices, especially in philosophy or religion. So someone who suggests that United and City should join forces would be known as a syncretist.

Autochthonous is the adjective derived from the noun autochthon, which means original inhabitant. So if you attended Old Trafford regularly prior to 1991 then you can rightfully claim to be one.

**Manchester United Official Review 1997-98 Season**

*Released by VCI Price £13.99*

The publicity blurb talks of re-running the roller coaster ride of United's 97-98 season. Roller coaster? We peaked in the first half of the season, and troughed in the second. Hardly roller coaster material.

However these season-at-a-glance videos do serve a useful purpose apart from a 90 minute overview of the season; they have a therapeutic value, bringing back the highlights as well as the lowlights.

The season is broken down into month by month analysis, with all of the goals, interspersed with short interviews with players and managers. You know the one's I mean, no more than 30 seconds long, cut short before you start cringing. A few annoying graphics and not quite enough slow-mo replays, but maybe I'm just greedy. There's plenty of football, loads of brilliant goals bringing back the happy memories of Juve (euphoria), Birmingham and Sheffield Wednesday (target practice) and Chelsea in the Cup (warm, cold, but ecstatic). But dragging slowly onwards to more injuries and disappointment. By the time I reached March the stop button on the remote seemed the best way out. Pally, Butt, Scholes, Schmeichel all out. Overmans and that bloody nut

**England Away**

*by John King*

'Cashing in' Publishers

Eto much even if it's free. Quite rightly a lot of people get f**ked off with the gentrification of our favourite game, with the Fantasy Footballed fashion cattle that were so evident and about during the World Cup. It seemed that you couldn't go into a pub without being verbally assaulted by various losers and divvies, swearing at random and brazenly 'Football's Coming Home'.

Almost as disturbing are the literary parasites who feed off these muppets - bookshops are flooded with 'men behaving badly' football books. Seems like anyone with an arrest for threatening behaviour on their script can get a publishing deal these days. Real or fake,
these books get snapped up by the wannabees, eager to learn the lingo, authentic-
cate their slang, and spot the trains.

The third book in John King's "England's football trilogy falls slap bang in the middle of this
category.

If you've been unlucky enough to have read any of King's boring, little Englander nonsens-
se before then you'll know exactly what to expect from this. Formulaic football violence and
casual racism with in-between padding - you can tell people skipping through to the
fighting bits.

Again, the book is inhabited by wholly unlike-
able Cockney caricatures rather than charac-
ters, devoid of all humour. The third word is 'cunt': you get the picture. These characters
are as much a false stereotype as any he rails against, X-rated versions of the Mitchell
brothers.

The story follows two slightly different mem-
bers of the England team as they travel
through Holland to Germany for a row. King
tries to draw the crassest of class parallels
between these chaps and previous genera-
tions of working class English lads who
have fought their way across Europe.
The main theme is how the upper class have
hijacked working class history, stealing
the glory and the fame. So now King is
trying to steal it back for
Chesterfield/England caahhists and bigots. All
the previous criticisms levelled at John King
are appropriate here - cliches, beeny nonsense, casual racism, 'we're
not into politics but sieg heil
while singing No Surrender'. Apparently that's
not political - but it is political if you criticise it. Do us all a favour and fuck off, eh John.

Away Days by Kevin Sampson
£5.99 Jonathan Cape Publishers

'Away Days' is a kind of Scouse Quadrophenia, a scally coming-of-age story-
sorry, whatever you do, don't say Scousers, this lot are from Birkenhead. And that
makes them completely different apparently, even scroffers or something. Anyways, the story
follows a bunch of late seventies Tranmere rogues through a season. Punk is dead, New
Wave is worrying the nation, and the birth of casual has arrived. Tranmere celebrate this
new era by dressing like Scousers (Ogidiis), listening to low quality music and shagging
low quality birds. Sound familiar to anyone?
The story is quite nostalgic, in a 'Bloody Hell, I'd completely forgotten about Forest
Hills/Lois Jeans/Patrick kagouls' kind of way, but never deny-eyed. Sampson is a profes-
sional writer and a journalist, and you can tell. The book's nicely written, genuinely funny,
with a real eye for telling details, but some-
times it's a bit too knowing, a bit too self-
aware: more 'Portrait of the Artist as a Young Scally' than the candid recollections of a
wrong 'un. As a Rough Guide to Rough Northern Hill Towns, it's worth a read, and the
ideal gift for any Blue mates looking for a pre-season
formula.

Greetings from Africa

First up I'd like to say that 13 has for once proved
lucky for me, issue 13 of Red Attitude that is. The
other Red on the road (who you'll hear from
pretty sharpish) passed avid masterpiece on to
me the other day after receiving it from a mate
back home. Okay so it's a season out of date, but
what the fuck? Better late than never, n't it?

Got to admit it was news to hear of your
existence, izg a break, I quit (Blightly 6 years ago)
which can only be a positive force in football, so
fuck the fascist and keep the faith. Somebody
has to as it would seem that the 'Now' Labour
government is intent on dealing a side dedicated
to keeping the firm fully in the middle of the
park - not a left winger in sight and buggin all
in the way of a strike force.

But enough of those wankers. Any chance of
a photo of Andy Cole to wind up my Feyenoord
supporting colleague? Or any other United
related gear? Best keep it to football as politics is dodgy
ground over here.

Cheers for listening, here's to another champi-
nship (fuck off Arsenal) and another crack at
Europe next season.

Respect

Rher

Punk in prison. Morocco.

Thanks for your letter Keith; there are a whole
season's back issues on their way over to you.

Oh and yes it's true we did buy Teddy
Sheringham last season, but if there's an empty
cell in a Moroccan jail...

To the Managing Director

Dave Sir

First, I would like to express my deepest appreci-
ation for having an opportunity to see your
publication again. I am a loyal supporter of Man
United as well as the spirit behind AFA and look
forward to the day that man United will win the
European Cup again like you did in 1998, 4 to 1.
What a great game. With profound sadness I
remember the Munich Disaster of 1958 and the
splendid team players Duncan Edwards, Tommy
Taylor and Roger Byrne, and I once cried when I
thought how wonderful a Man United victory
would have been that year when I was a young man
living with my parents in the Finchley Road -
Swiss Cottage sector of London. I also remember
the Dave Clark Five, the Beatles in Liverpool and
Jimi Hendrix in London. Ian Fleming wrote his
last novel 'On Her Majesty's secret Service', which
was published in 1968.

My grandfather, Irving I. Price, had an estate on
the island of Bermuda, 'Fernwell-by-Saint-Ann's'
in Southampton parish, not far from the Gibbs
Hill lighthouse and Horseshoe beach: where I
once frequented. Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth
even visited the island of Bermuda from her
royal yacht, Britannia, circa 1956, and waved and
spoke briefly to my grandfather and I as she sat
in her horse-drawn carriage by the Olandier
Drive. I later finished schooling, military ROTC
training and graduated from college to become a
design engineer. My father, Denis A'Court
Berger, was a Lieutenant Commander in Her
Majesty's Royal Navy and served aboard HMS
Malaya, renown, Repulse, Vindictive, Bee and
Duke of York.

Now, regarding football, I will say that the police
rush and riot at the championship game in Porto
near Lisbon was the kind of thing to be avoided
through better management and prevention. Old
Trafford shall always remain a fascist-free zone,
but of course modern memorials of the kind of
Genoa-Milan, Brescia-Roma, Bologna and Foggia
where General Twining's 15th Air Force was
parked during WW2, bring a chill to the rational,
civilised minds of a maturing modern-day
society. The Portuguese police and ultra extreme
right-wing groups that favour the rowdy
superboulogicas should be better controlled and
not given access to match areas, stadiums or
grounds or even terraces. Anti-Semitic banners
should not be allowed in public places near a
scheduled match.

Please keep me informed as I am finishing up
my prison sentence for an accidental death that
occurred in 1989. Games against Liverpool,
Feyenoord, Porto, Bristol, Milan and Munich etc.,
are always of interest.

Also, I want very much to keep abreast of a few
of the major thoroughbred racing fixtures in the
UK and Longchamp. If you would be kind
enough, please have someone send the list of
starters for the Ever Ready Epsom derby, the Irish
derby, the Ascot Gold Cup, Coral Eclipse Stakes
and Scotch Classic Anytime at Ladbrokes or
William Hill would know about these fixtures. At
Longchamp each year is the running of the Prix
de l'Arc de Triomphe, about 5 October. Most
recently was the running of the Grand National at
Aintree, who was the winner and what was the
Tote dividend on the win?
Again, thank you for your help. I will always be a devoted supporter of Manchester United, European football and AFA co-operation throughout all of Europe. I look forward to receiving more of your publication and some information about the major racing fixtures as I have indicated above. Sporting Life and the London Daily Telegraph both have excellent sports pages and data.

Someday, finally, I would like to be able to participate in the convention on the transfer of sentenced persons done at Strasbourg. I will need eventually to obtain an order or decree from Lord Justice Woolf or Lord Justice Taylor to make it possible, because I am getting no cooperation from this end of the spectrum.

Respectfully Submitted
Peter M. Bergyn E-57901
Housing Unit 21-2-123, 2
CSP/Solano 3, Post Office Box 4000
Vacaville, California, 95666-4000, U.S.A.
Who says we make the letters page? (Ed)

Dear Editor
I want to establish now that I am not a Manchester United supporter and in fact follow the Arsenal, but please give me a fair hearing.
I purchased a copy of your fanzine from outside Old Trafford on the day of United v Arsenal. I was very interested in the views of true United fans and not of those whom I am forced to put up with where I live.

Congratulations! You are the first I have come across who actually want to do something about the proposed return of terracing, I write for "the Gooner" fanzine at Arsenal and many people talk about returning to the terraces, but that is all they do... talk!

I am one am prepared to take action to get what we want. And what we want is partial terracing in our grounds.
I believe that football fans need to temporarily put aside their rivalries and work together on this one. It would seem to me that Manchester United fans are the only ones who are actually doing anything about it. I am becoming increasingly frustrated at the way the Arsenal fans talk about this issue and then do nothing (aside from singing "We're gonna stand in the Cicle End" to the police). The "Bring Back Terracing" campaign needs to broaden its horizons and work in union with supporters of other clubs. I read about the IMUSA and RedPrint in your publication and my cheque is in the post. It would appear to be the only way of keeping up with developments as no-one from Arsenal is interested. How about trying to organise a protest in which everybody stands through out their team's match on a particular day. Surely if a move like this was publicised well enough it would gather great momentum. Why not write to the editors of fanzines throughout the country asking them to print an advert for it. Or hand out leaflets outside Wembly on FA Cup Final day or at International matches. The more people involved from as many different clubs as possible can only add weight to the campaign and its arguments.

My next article for the "Gooner" will be about this campaign the IMUSA, RedPrint and possible demonstrations. Only time will tell as feedback from the readers is printed on the letters pages. If my work is printed I will send you a copy and hopefully we can get things moving. Keep up the good work and thanks for listening to an Arsenal fan.

Yours Faithfully
Wesley Hall

Hello RA
The trouble with Jordi Cruyff is that he has inherited his father's looks and his mother's footballing ability. Does anyone believe he would still be at the club if his surname was Higginsbottom?
Paul, London
Don't knock the lad. He's my tip to come good and be a revelation this year.

Tickets Please
I'm Jurgen Custers, 25 years old and I'm living in Belgium. I'm a collector of match tickets from European Cup matches. I saw your name in a fanzine from Roda JC Kerkrade in the Netherlands.
So I write to ask if it is possible to help me find tickets from the following games. I need all tickets but especially these from last season's Champions League.
United v Juventus
United v Feyenoord
United v FC Klosie
United v AS Monaco
And of course all older and away games are very welcome. I am willing to exchange photos, magazines, scarves etc. I'm a fan of FC Bruges.
Best Wishes from Belgium.
Jurgen Custers
Acaciastraat 41
B- 3883 Beringen
Belgium
During the world cup, a keen-eyed observer spotted an England flag on TV with the words Wigan Loyalists emblazoned across the front of it. Thus giving the impression that there is some resonance for the fascist/loyalist ensemble in Wigan. However this seems more likely another example of the weakness of the fascists in Wigan.

Traditionally the NF have tried to recruit at Wigan and had attached themselves to a local firm known as the Goon squad. After a good kicking from Wigan AFA a number of months ago they were shown up for what they are. On this memorable occasion the leader of the local NF, who also doubled up as the north west organiser was out drinking with the Goon squad, when he was confronted by AFA in a club.

Unfortunately for them, the apoly named Goon squad, took a beating, whilst the brave NF leader ran off and sought refuge behind the doormen.

After this incident the NF's credibility was somewhat tarnished. Indeed talk in some football circles in Wigan was that 'if you run with the NF you'll get your head kicked in and the NF will run off and leave you to it.'

Messages started reaching Wigan AFA through third parties that other members of the NF were looking to retire from politics and wanted to be left alone.

It seems that bad smells have a habit of returning, and the few die-hards have raised the flag at the World Cup to let us know they are still around. Lacking the bawdy to run under their Wigan NF colours, they hide behind the Loyalist cause.

Last time round these guys were held in high esteem until AFA made a mess of their reputation. It looks like they're still trying to build on the football ticket. Let's see how long they last. No doubt they will be trying to link up with the Goon squad again now that anti-United stuff is all the rage with England fans.

In previous years, when Wigan Reds have been celebrating Championship success, they have been targeted by the Goons. Word is that last time out, they were seen off by the Reds as well.

Manchester United Anti-Fascists

Red Attitude is written, produced and distributed by Manchester United supporters who are opposed to the spread of racism and fascism in football and elsewhere: Red Attitude is endorsed by Anti Fascist Action, a national organisation who promote the ideological and physical confrontation of fascist groups like the BNP and CID.

Manchester United Anti-Fascists are determined to ensure that Old Trafford remains a fascist free zone.

Traditionally the fascists have been able to use football to advance their cause. They have accompanied football fans on the road to games against groups like the BNP and their fascist friendly CND, the Working Man's Club, the British Movement and other groups.

Unfortunately for the fascists, the BNP have a policy of no affiliation and no support for fascist groups. They have also banned the fascists from their meetings.

Manchester United Anti-Fascists are determined to ensure that Old Trafford remains a fascist free zone.

Join Red Attitude

Membership of MUAF is now free and is open to all United fans who want to have an input into the work of Red Attitude and MUAF. To join MUAF write to: Red Attitude at PO Box 83, SW6 5JY, Old Trafford, Manchester M16 9JY

Red Attitude Merchandise

T-Shirts

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42 Red, Anti-Fascist & Proud