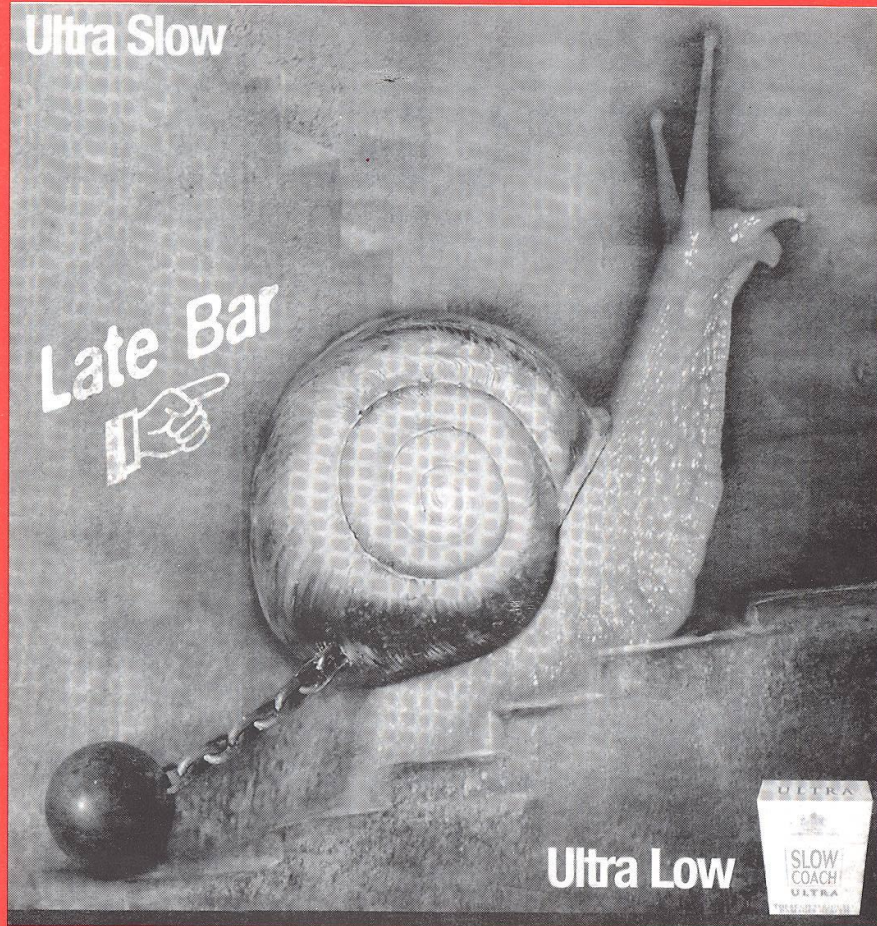


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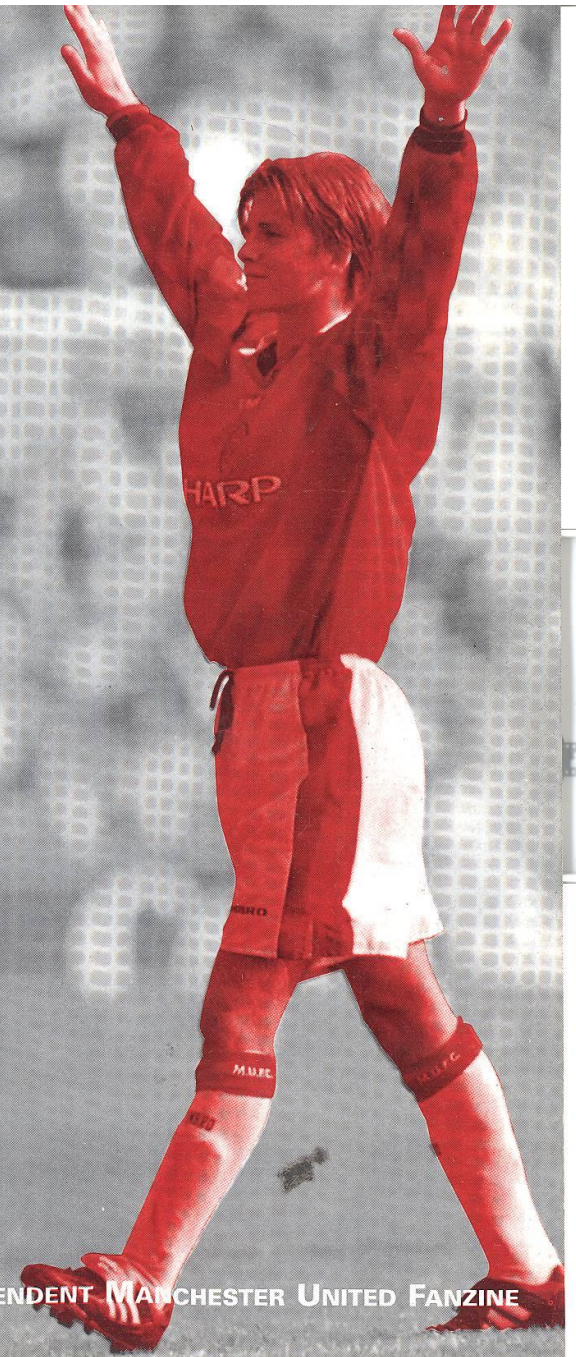
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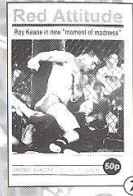
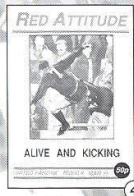


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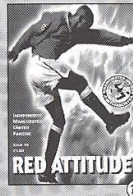
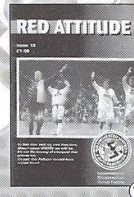
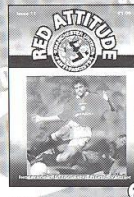
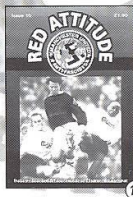
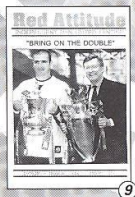


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CONTRIBUTIONS

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

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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.

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ANTI-FASCIST ACTION



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Who says every cloud doesn't have a silver lining. Losing the title to Arsenal may prove to be a blessing in disguise as United undergo the kind of structural investment which was due twelve months ago. So much for the foresight of those in the PLC who have lectured Fergie on the need for financial prudence.

With Stam and Blomqvist already in the bag, Foe's move on hold, plus the attempts to sign Kluivert and /or Yorke, one has to wonder whether the PLC have been tipped off about a possible windfall tax on football club profits.

Clearly the shortcomings in the second half of last season has left Fergie holding all the right cards in his perennial battle with the PLC for proper transfer funding.

The realisation that success in the Premier and Europe cannot be sustained on bargain buys, and youth policy alone, has brought the economic chickens home to roost. We had to spend just to sustain our domestic position, and keep pace with the likes of Arsenal and Chelsea

The merchandising, TV money and other peripheral income streams, are spin-offs from success on the pitch. Their added value to the business side of United is all built upon Fergie's astute management of resources on the pitch and the success it has brought. Was it losing the league or loss of margin on the merchandising that has prompted such a radical change in spending policy?

The team are the diamond tip of the operation, and when you consider that United's net spend on players between '91 and '97 was just over a million whilst at the same time the value of the company increased seven-fold, investment in the playing side was not only long overdue, but entirely affordable.

Last season has to be regarded as a missed opportunity. Reaching the European semi-finals the year before, indicated we were a

couple of class players short of going the whole way. Eric's departure, prompted in part by the realisation that the club would not go the extra mile for European success, should have provided the catalyst. Instead our 'big squad' proved to be a myth come February. Sheringham proved to be a panic buy and Berg no better than the players already at the club. Following the World Cup, Sheringham's value has dropped faster than the Japanese stock market, and Stam's arrival

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

must put a question mark over Berg's future.

As we go to press, transfer speculation is firmly fixed on the outcome of the Kluivert, Yorke and Cole scenario. Only Fergie knows what's going on, as the chase for Yorke blows hot and cold in tandem with the pursuit of Kluivert, who has yet to agree anything with United. No disrespect to John Gregory for not wanting to part with him, but I'm very comfortable with a Cole - Kluivert partnership, and no requirement to part-ex Cole or Solskjaer to make it happen. Unless Villa are prepared to take Sheri, Berg and Cruyff in a straight swap, or settle for cash, I fail to see the merit in securing Yorke at the expense of Cole.

Enough has already been written on David Beckham to warrant an extra chapter in his recently released autobiography. Most of it has been one way traffic, but that will change once the season starts. The anti-Beckham lobby are already a busted flush. Are we to believe they can improve on what they've done this last twelve months? I think not. They have about them as much substance as an England World Cup campaign. Beckham, for his part, will have benefited from having watched the great one walk the same path two years ago, and must respond in similar fashion.

Last season, the 'enfant terrible' retired, the 'lout' Keano was laid up for most of the year, which left Becks as the prime target for abuse. His sending off merely gifted the bigots some perverse justification for all that had gone before. Likewise Beckham's

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 reigned 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 devalued 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 to 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



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 (i.e. TV) audience - though I'm sure banning a Nicky 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 fucking 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. Fuck 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 fuck about 'our' national side, and not just because of the rampant ABUism 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

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. Fuck you all."



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 losership. 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 fucking Dago'. Anyone who said that, anywhere, anytime, I'm glad England lost, I'm as glad as you were gutted you narrow minded scum.

In fact I'm trebly glad he did it, for the psychological trauma it's caused to the racist/ABU/complete sad bastard lobby. Now excuse me for getting all intellectual, I just can't help coming out with all this shite, 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 he 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 kebabs. As such he was easy to revile, difficult to understand. Hated by those who didn't love him.

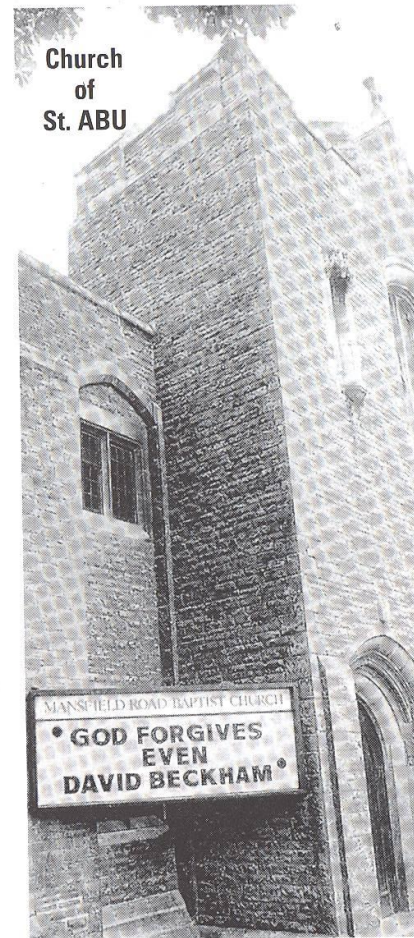
Then began the New Testament. The club known as United signed, for a huge amount of money, the best player from one of their nearest (so they thought) rivals. This was a portent, which declared to the ungodly that verily, we could buy whoever the fuck we wanted. And the Son of God, too, was different.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

He went through his forty days in the desert, as the followers of ABUism rejoiced. He had his difficulties, though the followers of the true 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 figurehead - 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 popstar 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 exponents 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

Church of St. ABU



Unitedness even then. If only the scabby 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 continue 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

PAY PER VIEW

The people's choice or profiteering?

Various proposals and projections on the shape of 'pay per view' are appearing with increased regularity as the vested interests jockey 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 impact 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 has all but disappeared; 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 PLC status among football clubs will see them looking to increase turnover and maximise profit from TV exposure which means that long term deals on a collective basis with Sky could soon become a thing of the past. Pressure is also growing from trading standards groups who believe the Sky and Premier deal is effectively a business cartel, and that clubs negotiating their own deals would be in the best interest of the consumer.

Sky have most to lose from the threat of the big

clubs going it alone and have looked to cover this eventuality with commercial alliances such as the MUTV project. Even more worrying perhaps is the prospect of media moguls like Murdoch moving in to buy clubs in order to maintain their influence in the market. At the moment Sky are operating in a niche market of their own creating, namely satellite PAY-TV. Their cartel with the Premier league means they have exclusive rights to show live games. This isn't pay per view, and Sky's attempts to set a premium charge for high profile games, (which means United) as they do with boxing, is, in effect, pay twice per view TV.

So what do we as supporters and ultimately consumers want from pay per view. In its purest form, pay per view must mean that we only pay for the games that we want to watch. From a Red perspective this would have a number of distinct advantages given the shortage of tickets both home and away.

However for the foreseeable future, this is exactly what we won't get until the vested interests have squared the economic circle and managed to sustain an artificially high price for both live football and live TV coverage.

In simple economic jargon, in a free market, price is determined by the relationship between supply and demand. In general the demand for football appears to be high, whilst due allowance must be made for variations on a club by club basis, affected no doubt by performance on the pitch.

The supply side is fairly constant, limited by the size of grounds and current TV exposure.

Potentially, pay per view in an open market, where TV companies compete to deliver the pictures rather than buy up the rights to the league programme, would vastly increase the supply of football, and if demand remained constant, would lead to a fall in prices. However what 'pay per view' would also do, which the Premier and Sky are very worried about, is to separate out demand on a club by club basis. This would have a consequential effect not only on the price of pay per view but also on the price of match tickets that each club would have to address separately.

United are one of the few clubs who could hold

the target price for pay per view, without any notable impact on the attendances at Old Trafford because demand to see United live is not only great numbers-wise but is also inelastic in economic terms. Such inelasticity of demand explains why United could get gates in excess of 50,000 when relegated to the (old) second division. At other clubs the demand is somewhat more variable. Very few clubs can demonstrate such consistency in attendance level irrespective of team performance. So whilst United may well be able to sustain current price levels as demand would remain high, many other clubs would suffer the effect on prices from both an increase in supply and a decrease in demand.

Will Chelsea's loyal support pay the current asking price to enter the Bridge when they can watch it at home for a tenner or less? I don't think so.

In years to come 'pay per view' for the clubs will just be another form of gate money. For the fans watching on TV, it will be the next best thing to going to the match, and cheaper too. Just as clubs don't share the gate money now, they won't share TV money in the future. In the past the argument for clubs negotiating collectively with TV companies was to extract the best financial deal for football. Now that was okay in the good old days of BBC and ITV. There was no expectation of TV to deliver live football; the only place to find live football was on the terraces. The Premier league was formed to keep TV money in the hands of the top-flight clubs, and nowadays the more that football extracts from Sky, the more the consumer has to pay to watch it. The argument isn't about the big clubs

squeezing the little clubs, but what the football business can extract from the paying public. Football's difficulty with pay per view is that it could leave football open to the vagaries of the free market, adjusting the balance of power in favour of the consumer, and leaving the business of football to live in fear of the consequences. This is why the Premier and Sky have such a protectionist attitude towards clubs operating independently to the existing cartel. The Premier league recently demanding an undertaking from United, Arsenal and Liverpool over their alleged involvement in discussions about a European Super League highlights their fears.

So whilst pay per view has potential, football supporters must make their voices heard as consumers in order to influence how the format develops. After all if we don't buy into it, then it has no future.

Andy Gray, United away to Southampton on a Monday night, ABU TV, action replay close-ups of Keane's off the ball incidents as spotted by Trevor Francis. Could they all be a thing of the past? Saturday 3pm kick-offs, live coverage of all away games, return of safe terracing to promote atmosphere for the TV audience; wishful thinking perhaps, but the pursuit of global revenue from pay per view will lead to the collapse of the current Sky/Premier niche market in live football. However pay per view from a fans perspective will only arrive after they have exhausted all other forms of profiteering and exploitation. Here's to market forces.

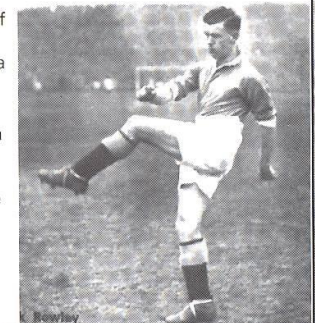
Memories of Jack Rowley 1920-1998

In the post war years Jack "Gunner" Rowley was in irresistible form. He hit some of the most glorious goals I've ever seen. His shooting on the run was devastating, the ball seemed to scream from his left foot as if jet 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, won 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 other 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 1955 before moving to Plymouth as Plymouth Manager.

Lofty



RED MOLE

Bitten!

Three companies specialising in corporate hospitality packages were forced into liquidation after experiencing difficulties in obtaining tickets for the World Cup. Having already taken orders, they were obliged to buy on the 'second' market. Welcome to the real world. Or the biter bitten as Mellor might say!

Dodgy Duo

The return of Hall and Fletcher to the Newcastle board is proving a bitter pill for the Geordies to swallow. In order to sweeten the pill, they've made money available and told Dalglish to go out and buy. Apparently they are very interested in Viagra and Charlie, both of whom are available at French club Bordello.

Stand by your man... yeh, right

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

Public Relations...?

PR guru Johnny Coyle has taken on the role of special advisor to shamed toonies Hall and Fletcher. Obviously full of his own bull and a big fat retainer, Coyle went on to say 'I don't see a problem advising them. I'd even take on David Beckham! 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?'



Hall and Fletcher go walkabout in Newcastle



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's cheque to the tune of £2 million bounced on United PLC. However all the jokes about dud Czechs had long been used up well before United's embarrassment over Poborsky took on any financial implications.

Time to get real

Objective reporting on the Beckham situation has been sparse to say the least but it would appear that the Scots have a better handle on the issues as these two snippets from Neil Drysdale, writing in 'Scotland on Sunday' suggests.

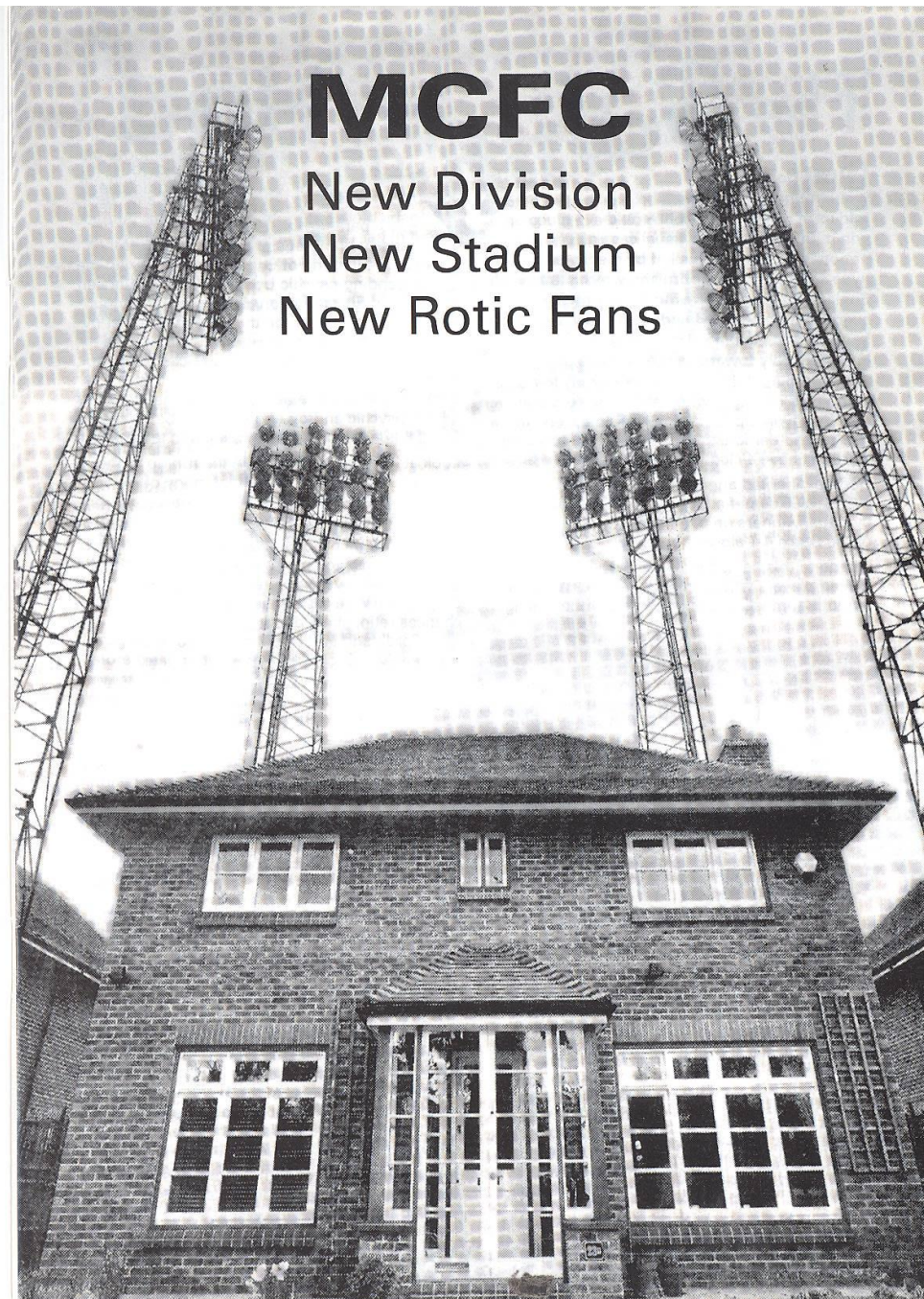
'After all, the Bible Society, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Tony Blair, David Mellor, the Salvation Army and a stash of po-faced leader-writers, pundits and football fans across the country have already reacted to Beckham's dismissal...as if the player had broken every unit of the ten commandments in one fell swoop'

'Yet in the same week that three little boys were the victims of a truly ghastly act of sectarian violence in Northern Ireland, the hounding of Beckham continues on its inglorious spiral of warped perspective and puritanical wrath.'

'In sporting terms of course, his misdemeanour ranks barely above the mundane, and merits little more than a slap on the wrist.'

MCFC

New Division New Stadium New Rotic Fans



The Sanity of Hōd

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 dabbled 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 96 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 had at his disposal a crop of United players whose abilities we are well aware of, both domestically and on the European stage.



Glen and Eileen put the England Squad through its paces

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

Twelve months on, at le 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.

After this it would appear that Hoddle's head fell victim to the powers of the paranormal. Eileen Drewery and her sporty brand of spiritualism were firmly rooted in the mind of England's coach. Even the spoon bending psychic Uri Geller couldn't loosen the grip old Eileen had on Hod's head. Attempts by Geller to muscle in on the action were met by threats of legal action by Hoddle. All it needed was David Icke and the Church of Scientology to show up and you wouldn't be able to find a basket big enough! Needless to say the effects of all this psychic energy and Hoddle's 'beam me up Scottie' approach to football began to take its toll.

Look at Hoddle's selections in the run up to the World Cup. It would appear that many of his selections were based not on last season's performances but on the season before that.

Andy Cole was dropped because he needs four or five chances to score a goal, in the year that he is the highest overall scorer, and statistically outperforms the rest of the Premier on goals to chances ratio, shots on target etc. In his place, Ferdinand and Sheringham. Hoddle's analysis is clearly a year out of date. Ferdinand didn't play last year, and are we to believe Sheringham has been supplying Cole with five great chances to squander every game.

Last season Batty and Lee were at the heart of the Newcastle team that escaped relegation on the strength of a referee's conspiracy against Bolton and Barnsley. The season before, they were part of the Newcastle team that qualified for the European Cup as runners up to the mighty Reds. Get the drift. Batty and Lee in the squad, Butt out and Parlour not considered. The only time Batty played a forward ball throughout the Tournament was in the penalty shoot out! The French picked up on the form of Petit and Vieri, but Parlour's form went un-noticed.

And in what must rank as one of the biggest come-backs since Lazarus, Darren Anderton, injured for most of the season and who barely reached match fitness before the plane left for France, walked straight into the first eleven, whilst Darren Huckerby, is still believed to be playing for Newcastle reserves!

Hoddle's treatment of some of his chosen few was no less bizarre. He persevered with Gascoigne after his wife-beating saga when

rational minds would have cut him asunder, because he saw in Gascoigne 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 chastisement. Ignoring 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 then again Sheringham's act of contrition in reading out a carefully worded FA apology was enough to restore that repentant sinner to the first team line-up.

Hoddle began the World Cup with three world class players at his disposal in Beckham, Owen and Campbell. Such was Hoddle's grasp on the situation that Beckham and Owen were omitted from his starting line-up for the first two games.

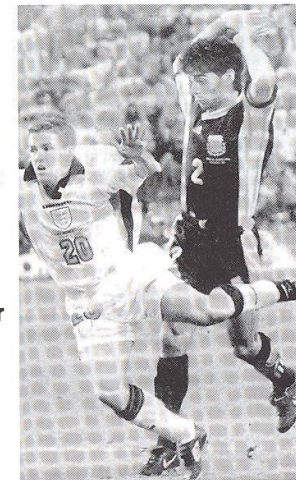
A tame victory over Tunisia and defeat by Rumania, saw Hoddle's tactics and selections openly questioned and led to public opinion picking the team against Columbia. Beckham's virtuoso performance against the Columbians put paid to all the twaddle about not being focused. Even in victory though, it was too little too late. England had conceded control of the group and now faced a classy Argentina rather than a Croatian team littered with middle of the road Premiership players. Hoddle's claims after the game that this was the team he planned to play against Columbia all along, cast further doubt on his credibility. At international level, Hoddle had been found out. He needed a scapegoat and Beckham, the man who proved him wrong in the group stage, was to give him the perfect out.

Against Argentina, England were beaten after extra time on penalties, which is hardly

surprising, seeing as the coach saw no benefit in practising them. However, straight after the game, when interviewed by ITV's Gary Newbon, the quick thinking Hoddle stuck Beckham in. Beckham was duly crucified by the press.

So effective was Hoddle's masterstroke, that he could even afford to tell the media to go easy on Beckham a few days later.

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.



Beckham's crime was a minor act of retaliation. It wasn't planned or premeditated, nor done to cheat an opponent or seek some unfair advantage. His punishment was to be sent off and miss the next two games. If the punishment was a yellow card, there would be no case to answer. Beckham couldn't be blamed for England's

failure. Beckham is being blamed for being punished. Nonsensical? Absolutely. Did the French blame Zidane, Blanc and Desailly for getting sent off and nearly costing them the World Cup? Of course, for obvious reasons.

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.

In Hoddle's mind the difference being that Beckham's retaliation amounted to 'acting without authority' whereas Owen was acting under orders when he went down. Hoddle had to blame Beckham because he could not condemn Simeone for tactics that he himself has endorsed.

Hoddle has been found out as a cheat and a fraud. His hopes and aspirations turned out to be no more than quasi-spiritualist quackery. Beckham, for his sins, is being treated like a deserter from some lunatic fringe religious cult. A cult which many in England have eagerly bought into.

MERCHANDISE FOCUS - WITH SARAH

Contrary to popular belief, United are not the only club that sell a pile of shite, 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 S'ton ice scraper (a snip at £2.25), the S'ton shoe shine kit (£9.00), S'ton nail file (£2.00) and S'ton luggage tag (a real bargain at £1.25). the Southampton F.C. sewing 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' Middlesborough go unnoticed. Everything from clocks, limited edition corgi buses 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 geordies can't get enough of it. There's NUFC shops "al ower" 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 sherbet', sounds delicious doesn't it?! Surely 'Temuri tissues' 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 reds of the blues' existence).

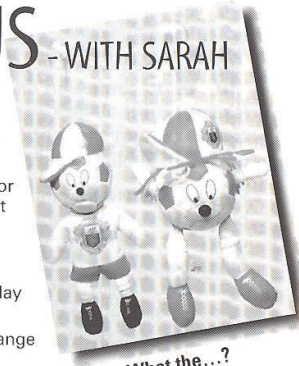
Our Scouse mates also have a couple of exciting products that will have football supporters everywhere reaching for their dosh. For a mere £3.25 you can buy a 'hallowed turf keyring' complete with real Anfield grass. Lovely. What is even better is the scum's own make of aftershave, named Anfield spirit (a snip 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 Incey baby, the greatest player ever to wear the red shirt (his words? probably) well, it's simple really, they're both full of shit.

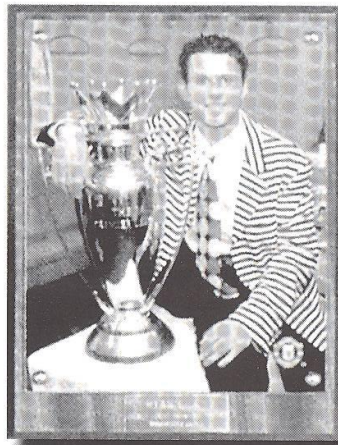
I hope that from this article you've realised that United are not the only club selling a load of shite.

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?



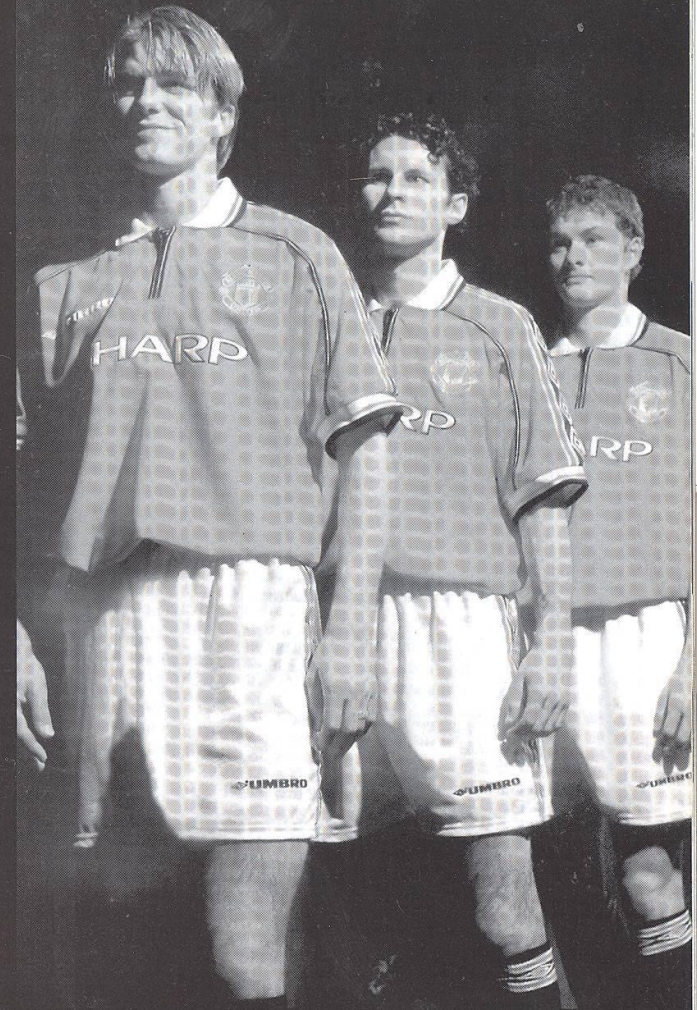
What the...?



Framed print anyone...? who said footballers have bad taste in clothes

United's new kit launch

was not without it's 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 Simeone slayer. The normally camera-shy centre leg had risen to such prominence, it was picked up on Argentinian 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...

Following the Daily Mirror's expose on the man behind the West Ham red card protest, Red Attitude got in touch to see if he was up for answering a few questions on the matter. After an exchange of e-mails midway through July and the questions duly lodged, we awaited the response from Shane Barber, editor of West Ham fanzine, On a mission from God

WEST HAM SICKO SNUBS RED ATTITUDE

Shane agreed, adding, "The whole thing says more about The Mirror than me. If a bloke who writes a fanzine 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 England 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 gullible 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 any references to Munich 1958.
11. Have you woken up 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 was the re-assuring message he received back from RA. Please send answers as soon as possible to meet deadlines.

After that 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 red 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 Maxwell, 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 fanzine, and yes the questions were loaded, but a cockney loudmouth missing up on the chance to sound off about Beckham and United? Alf Garnett will not be impressed. Fakkini 'ell mai san!

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

THE MEANING OF FOOT- BALL

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

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

Widower of Else,
Gassed 1943,
Father to Barney,
Gassed too.
Leon travels
To the Jewish Museum at 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 80'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

The following two articles are written by Ian from Bury. Ian has followed the Reds since 1962, and his first European trip was Real Madrid away in 1968.

Ian goes on to say, "I am concerned about developments at Old Trafford over the last few years and appreciate the work of the fanzines in addressing this."

"Football was distinctly unhip when I followed the Reds home and away initially, and any politician expressing football connections would be risking his career which is so unlike today with its rampant opportunism. I think we saw a reflection of this in France '98 where even the French players complained of too many 'suits' in the crowd."

World Cup '98 The English Arrive

The first week of the World Cup '98 tournament in France took place in a carnival atmosphere. Highlighted by the samba beat of the Brazilians, the reggae rhythms of Jamaica, and the politeness of the Japanese. After their defeat by Argentina the Japanese fans cleaned up the stands where they had been sitting - placing all confetti used for the pre-match entertainment, and any rubbish, in plastic bags - before bowing to the match stewards in traditional style as they exited the ground. And then along came the English...

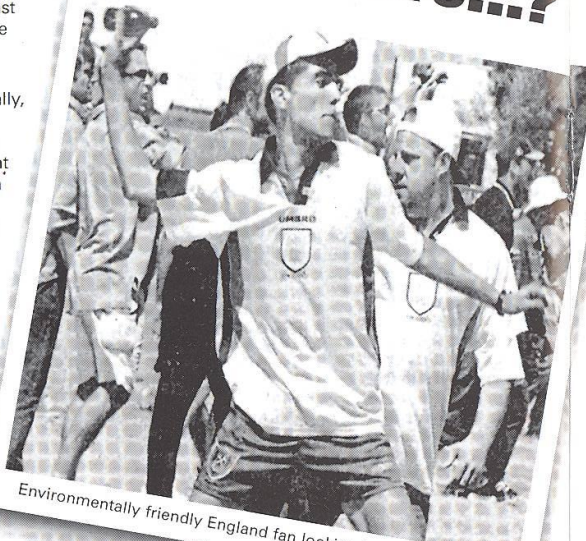
The troubles in Marseilles have been well documented and there is no doubt that the instigators were a core of five hundred, predominantly right wing English youth, emanating from clubs with known NF or BNP connections, Leeds, West Ham and Millwall amongst others. Yet many more supporters only too eagerly followed their lead, prompting the conclusion that the country's national team is getting the type of followers it deserves.

Several weeks prior to the World Cup commencing the national 'Daily Star' tabloid ran a banner front page headline that read "Frogs need a good kicking" which was an echo of the chauvinistic headlines that dominated Euro '96, being more akin to war than a football tournament. Indeed it was reminiscent of the infamous 'Sun' headline during the Malvinas war when the paper celebrated the deaths of hundreds of young Argentine conscripts with the half-page enlarged word GOTCHA.

**"Frogs
need a
good
kicking"**

Nor is the England team manager, Glenn - thou shalt not commit adultery - Hoddle, blameless. Not content with making the English team a laughing stock with his use of faith healing quacks and subtly imposing his own backward ideas on young and impressionable players, he goes further by emphasising his teams readiness for the competition by citing their ability to sing God Save The Queen unaccompanied. All of which seemed to reflect little on actual footballing abilities.

**Wish you
were here...?**



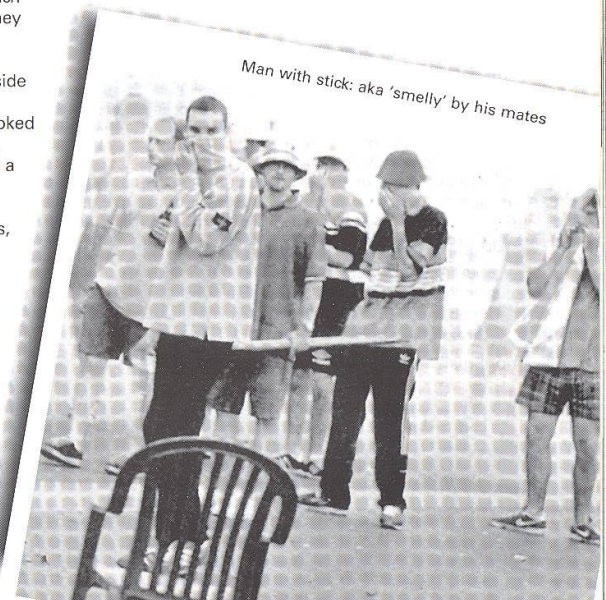
Environmentally friendly England fan looking for the bottle bank

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 apologia was echoed by the political pygmy 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 dregs 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 cosmopolitan by nature and support and therefore at odds with the little Englander mentality prevalent among the national teams followers and perfectly encapsulated in their continuous renditions of that quaint imperialist 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.

...had
Beckham
stayed on
the field his
side would
have gone
on to win
the match
comfortably

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

Twelve English supporters left a French shopkeeper scarred 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



Man with stick: aka 'smelly' by his mates

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 Drewery 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 nominates 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.

Ignoring all this our Glen finds it easier to cast the blame onto an individual player, throwing him to the mob, and ensuring him a nightmare season of taunts and abuse from the very same philistine supporters who rampaged through France this summer. Such a Christian thing to do. And though he is backtracking on this subject now, the damage has been done. However two wins and two defeats is not down to an individual player, the ultimate responsibility rests on the devious shoulders of Glen Hoddle.

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



Well known Chelsea face who used to run with the Fulham firm in the eighties

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. There 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 'infamous 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 if 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 an 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 horrified 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 Lescurer Stadium had discovered the world of Italian "ultra" football fans (especially after the 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 C. 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 within 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 ULTRAMARINE 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 all 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 Occitan organisation in Bordeaux, active in reviving the Occitan 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.ULTRAMARINES; since its origins, the Girondin management repudiated us. As a general rule this principal has been maintained during our first 10 seasons' existence.

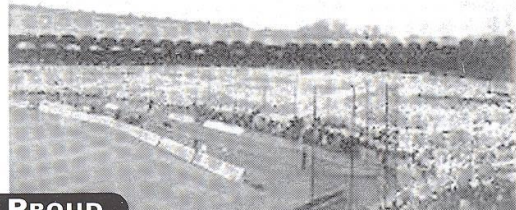
Our concern for independence reflects our desire to remain morally autonomous. Our activities are completely self-financed through profits from the sale of merchandise bearing the C.C.ULTRAMARINES logo. On a personnel level, the C.C.U. is an official association (in accordance with law 1901) run by a committee of 4 or 5 people whose purpose is to keep the group on a sound financial (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 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 a regional identity covering the Occitan area, the region where historically Provençal French was spoken. We have decided to foster this forgotten identity. «Bordèu: Occitan Gascon 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 Gascon language, and we promote the (sadly forgotten!) history of our region (independent from France until 1154). We have also taken the step of setting up courses in Gascon on our premises to preserve our linguistic heritage. MusicLinks between football and rock have always loomed large in Collectif Club

Ultramarines affairs

We have been regular participants in smoky concert halls around the Bordeaux region (especially the old Barbey!) 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 Ska, Reggae, Ragga, Alternative, Hard-core...

This coming together became a concrete reality in April '95 when we organised a concert («The Ultra-Bruyant 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.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.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 (luncheon 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.



RED HERRING

United

fans must rank amongst the most perverse going. Barring the Holy Grail of the European Champions Cup (so far), Ferguson is well on the way to eclipsing even the achievements of Busby. Instead of basking in the red heat of hatred aimed at us by the ABU's we seem content to spend our time fighting enemies that largely don't exist.

Ever since the demise of the evil empire of domination during the 70's and 80's by the scouse and the scum, we have displayed a tendency to turn on ourselves while we should be gloating at the expense of the dustbin delvers, wool worriers and 'big club' rivals.

Since '93 our rivals have attempted to decry our success with attacks on our fan base, you know the stuff 'the only mancs in Old Trafford are the stewards...where were all these united fans when they were winning fuck all...' etc. The team have undoubtedly benefited from the siege mentality that embattles O.T. against a hostile press, it hasn't had the same effect for our fans. Imagine the satisfaction for our detractors when fuckwitted Reds start believing the bile they are putting out. You just have to wonder, I suppose after years of griping over our shortcomings on the pitch they have to moan about something to make their lives complete.

As ticket availability plummeted during the major rebuilding work at the very start of our current renaissance so too did the tolerance to certain quarters of our support. As the reduced capacity ate into the tickets available to ordinary fans some began to seek out scapegoats. Some of the disaffected fans must have blanked out 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 on. Hey, lets 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

support. Most of us know that prior to each home game, plane loads of Scandinavians touch down en route to O.T. with the team bursting with the talents of Solskjaer, Johnsen, Berg, and now young Nevland this is perhaps hardly surprising, I wonder how long, it will take for someone to take a swipe at these relative newcomers although of course some have been making the trip for years.

Since '58 and all the subsequent media coverage United have enjoyed the support of

...the crowd prior to '93 was 100% Manchester born and bred the way they go on. Hey, lets have Old Trafford ethnically cleansed.

fans the length and breadth of the country, as Bill Foulkes said, "it all changed after the crash, suddenly everybody wanted to watch Manchester United...for the club it all took off on a world wide basis." Still in the following years, attendances fluctuated, until the new crop of youngsters came to fruition in '63, the squad featured a wealth of talented Irish players, and later during the seventies, many Scottish players were brought in by Docherty. The '77 Cup winning team included six Scottish and Irish internationals. Hardly surprising then that so many of our celtic cousins have invested their loyalty and support in the red cause.

The fact that a number of anti-Irish letters found their way into United fanzines shortly after our first Premier title, is then quite staggering. Thankfully with an argument about as convincing as Jesper Olsen going in for a 50/50 ball, the silly season of 'mick-bashing' was short-lived, but still the need for a scapegoat

continued unabated.

The one thing that sets United apart from its rivals, is the size and loyalty of its fan base regardless of where they come. Thus thousands of Reds, every other week, make the pilgrimage to our own Mecca in the north, and many for over thirty years now. Apparently not so; according to our detractors, any Red not from a 20 mile radius of OT has never been to the ground before 93, stays sat down and tight-lipped for ninety minutes and spends half their disposable income in the mega store. Dream on. This is a slur on many fans who have been travelling reds since the dark days of the early '70's. One minute they're a loyal supporter, now they're a glory hunting day tripper.

One of the features of watching United away (before the pitiful allocations we now get) especially in the capital, was the huge non-Mancunian following the club enjoys. A few seasons ago I went to Stamford Bridge to see us get mugged by Peacock and co, two things remain in the mind; Eric hitting the bar on the turn from the halfway line and the game being held up as thousands of Reds were led along the touchline past two stands of hate filled Chelsea, to a rapturous reception from a huge open terrace already filled to overflowing.

The gulf between our stadia may now be closing fast with the almost complete rebuilding of Stamford Bridge, still thankfully the difference between our team performances on and off the pitch look no nearer to being bridged, and neither Chelsea or anyone else will ever be able to muster that kind of away support.

Throughout the nineties we have seen the popularity of football rise especially as it has become sanitised in the wake of the Taylor Report. Corporate money now accounts for the

You know the bloke who stays sat down and silent while you are going mental, and you wish he'd sit somewhere else, well just hope next year he will, in front of his pay per view

huge success of the many bars and restaurants around O.T. and more importantly the reason that many who have never shown an interest in the game before now come to marvel in all that being a new lad involves, balls, birds, booze, but significantly not brawling. Possibly the only thing that would seriously put off these Johnny-come-latelys would sadly be a return to the serious violence of the past.

For all the hype surrounding the Football Taskforce, they really don't want a debate on the standing issue especially before a decision has been made on whether England are still in the running for staging a future World Cup. The authorities seem set to ensure football never returns to its roots of working class dominated terraces; easier to manipulate a smaller middle class crowd paying increasingly more to get in. The current problem though is obvious; the ground is simply not big enough. While City are planning to move to the new Commonwealth Games stadium, we are having to wait on the Plc to decide whether the new United TV project will have sufficient impact on attendances to bring down the demand for tickets. You know the bloke who stays sat down and silent while you are going mental, and you wish he'd sit somewhere else, well just hope next year he will, in front of his pay per view. The other reasons for not expanding O.T. are that there isn't room, apparently we can't build on the forecourt behind the East Stand because we need an expanse of tarmac for some reason. Neither can we add a tier to the West Stand because there are buildings behind it, for Christ's sake, that's only the MegaStore, a bloody glorified warehouse.

The practicalities are not the issue, it's the motivation of the Plc that's holding us back. The way forward must be limited safe terracing behind the goals, and an increase in capacity to put us in the same league of our European rivals.

In the meantime I read somewhere recently that Arsenal distribute tickets to their members on the basis of a computer working out how many times a member has applied, and then fairly giving priority to those that have previously been unsuccessful. This sounds like a vast improvement on our present oversubscription/lottery fiasco.

Man of Kent

e-mail: boycott@oasia.prestel.co.uk

Stop the ROT

OLDHAM ATHLETIC SUPPORTERS BOYCOTTING J W LEES BREWERY

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 product 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) 872032 OR CARL MARSDEN (0113) 217 1960. e-mail carl@oasia.prestel.co.uk

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

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 latter 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 Hoddle 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 again! 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 Suiker? I don't know why he can't get a game for Real Madrid.

The good news is that Newcastle bought Gui'varch. 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 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 minder big Joke Brown who gets paid to do his 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 Laudrup (shame on you Andrei) and Rod Wallace has moved north to be cheered on by racist and sectarian thugs (hypocrites). The new coach Dick Head Advocaat is tough on discipline so we will see a sober sons of Satan this season.

Best wishes to Choccy 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 Batty and Ince
Oh dear its time to wince Beckhams' leg was not to blame.
But missing penalties is just insane
Next time Glen, take me...
Mystic Meg

RED ATTITUDE

29



a word in your ear...

the noonan column

What is it with everyone? Beckham takes a free kick against Columbia and he's the dog's bollocks. He takes a free kick against Simeone and the whole of England jumps out of its pram. 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 Becks. 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 bubbled, their mates covered up for them, to save the all round embarrassment. You can tell it's got my goat up can'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 'Spekitash conspiracy'. Run it by me and I'll interrupt you if I have, I 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. ABU 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 Spekitash agents is by their appearance, as they all bear a striking resemblance to their father; who was a kind of cross between a

test tube and a rug rat.

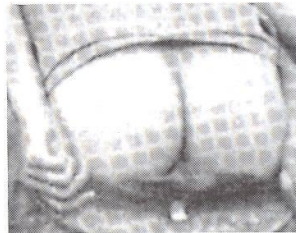
David handed me a top-secret file, so I shouldn't really be telling you this, so keep it to yourself for now. Inside were details on the three most active Spekitash agents.

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 to 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 bringing the game into disrepute. Most formidable of the Spekitash 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 cocaine were needed to sustain his great endeavours 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 light after the World Cup. The media tirade against Beckham was beginning to flag, so Spekitash 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 balaclavas.

Later... Dessy



Spekitash agent 1
Graham 'Arsehole' Kelly



Spekitash agent 2
Douglas 'Sleazeball' Hall



Spekitash agent 3
Shane 'Insane' Barber

Eric extols virtues of European travel



Geordie maggot peddles dodgy burgers



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

RASH PREDICTIONS

1. City's exciting new away kit (didn't they have one last year? Yes they did) is released. No one gives a fuck. Actually this has already happened, no prizes here.
2. The world's best ever player, ever, in the world, no question, Michael Owen, inexplicably loses his pace. He complains that he finds it difficult to run with the nation's media that far up his arse. He still wins Sportswriters Player of the Year.
3. Arsenal of Wembley, the best double winners ever, in the world, no question, sign 12 year old Sonny Whatsisface from Ajax as part of their 'youth policy'.
4. Newcastle United pioneer a new tattoo strip. The drawback is that it requires expensive laser surgery once a season. The advantage is that it satisfies Geordie sartorial demands on two grounds - barcode and topless.
5. Leeds come to Old Trafford. The first Leeds fan to get in makes kick-off for the second half. K stand fills ten minutes before full time. Empty nine minutes before full time. Leeds decide to stay where they are till next season; the UN organise an emergency sheep drop.
6. Despite David Beckham being sent off every time he farts, United win every single game six nil, winning the Cup, League, European Cup, European Super Cup, World Club Championship, Interplanetary Friendship Challenge, and the US Masters. Fergie appears in the green jacket at BBC's Sports Review of the Year expecting to pick up the coveted 'team of the Year' award. Instead it is given to the British Athletics team for nearly winning a medal between them.
7. Andy Cole breaks Dixie Dean's goal-scoring record for a season, missing one chance in the Interplanetary Friendship Challenge, shooting just wide from ninety-six yards out. He also brokers peace deals in Northern Ireland, the Balkans and the Middle East. He is not selected for Hod's England, the manager muttering something about missed chances, faith healers and never having played for Spurs. And they call City fans bitter.

Top 7 at 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 Euro away. On the video of the game, I've noticed myself do 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; - flags, flares, ticker tape, 100% bouncing and Oye-oy. Class.
3. Juventus home. The whole thing; Del Piero scoring before I'd sat down (yeah right), coming back, Giggs as if he's going to score from the...you remember.
4. Barnsley home. The renaissance of Andy Cole begins.
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. Pele'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, very big club, blah, blah." Then he actually said this, honestly, "We'll be playing some football and hopefully scoring some goals."

The Bad and the Ugly

1. David Trezeguet. 96 mph. Bastards.
2. Chelsea home. Wasn't Solskjaer's equaliser brilliant? Only I didn't see it. I'd jibbed in for the last 20, and 30 seconds before he scored, had been told to do one as I represented a 'fire hazard'. Only if I'd set fire to your greasy ginger perm you miserable bitch. 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. -7. Leicester home, Bolton home, Arsenal home, Southampton away, Sheffield Wednesday away. Not just poor results but pretty desperate 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 Stattos Arsene

Any fears that the Championship won't be coming back to Old Trafford this season can be safely set aside after 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 '92, we lost to Leeds and went on to win the league in the following two seasons. In '95 we lost the league again, this time to Blackburn, and went on to win it in the following two seasons. In '98 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 running.

Within each of the previous two year winning cycles 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 encouraging is the statistical analysis of how our main rivals have performed during this period.

In '92 Leeds won and promptly fell apart the following year. They struggled to pick up any points away from home and were bounced out of the European Cup at an early stage by Rangers.

In '95 Blackburn won and proceeded to emulate the achievements of Leeds the following season. In Europe, their only memorable moment was a rather unsavoury touchline incident between Batty and Le Saux.

Further proof emerges when we examine the Newcastle case. In '97 they slipped into the Champions league after a subtle change to the qualifying criteria was introduced by UEFA. Actually playing in the Champions league was sufficient evidence for many in the north east that Newcastle had in fact won the league. Their abysmal performance in Europe and their brush with relegation are consistent with the Blackburn and Leeds experience.

In '98 Arsenal will have the dubious honour of keeping this fine tradition alive. Bergkamp'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.

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

RED ATTITUDE NEWS

PO Box 83 SWDO OLD TRAFFORD MANCHESTER M15 5NJ

E-MAIL US NOW ON: RedAtt0083@aol.com

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 one or two teething problems, some e-mails that were sent in towards the end of last season were deleted before they were replied to. So if you were one of the unfortunates 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 with writing, producing or distributing Red Attitude, 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 would be willing to stock 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 United fans, and don't damage the rain forests, deplete the ozone layer, encourage fox hunting and all the other politically correct add-ons we're so concerned about we can't even remember. We offer reasonable rates and help with any artwork requirements. Hurry while 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 lads running round with the Cup. The likes of that lousy Le Pen, and the racist scum who support him would have been choking 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.

Hold up, I thought, what's all this about? What have the French done to us? They were on our side in the last two wars; there's geezers making fortunes out of all the cheap booze and snort that's coming over, and they must have millions of satisfied customers. And they gave us Eric, for fuck's sake. What more can you ask of a nation? I voiced these thoughts, but the rabble would not be restrained: I was assailed, from every corner, by 'Sunspeak' about 'lorry blockades' and bollocks about 'Europe being held to ransom'. This about the heroic workers who have the stomach to fight for their rights; voiced by those from the English working class, who've had their intellectual balls cut off by that bastard Murdoch!

When the bold Zidane netted the second, and your correspondent, rather forcefully I admit (because I do like a row) began counting his francs and humming the 'Marseillaise', I thought for a moment that I would need to get tooled up! 'What have they done to you?' I asked one guy, who was practically calling me a wrong'un for waving the tricolour. 'Agincourt' he says. I swear that's what he said.

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

"Agincourt" says I, "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. C'est la vie, 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 Filbert Street.

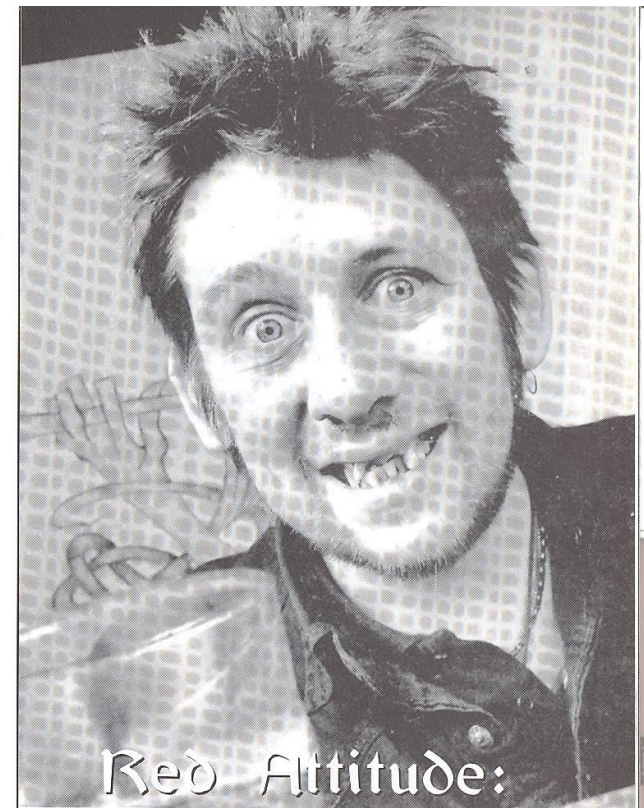
One of the disadvantages I mention is that, the lower down the security classification ladder one goes, so the weaker the criminal ethics code becomes. The place is full of grasses and a chap has to choose his company very carefully indeed. To give you a flavour, I quote an example of quite disgraceful, delinquent conduct: we get late TV here - mostly poxy films and juvenile American offerings. Managed to get a majority to vote for Crimewatch last week (only after sustained lobbying, I might add); but come 10 o'clock, just as they were about to show a particularly tasty

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 will bet accordingly. 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 low quarters, 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; fuck that cricket for a lark!

Nowt down for the Gorton One, at the Court of Appeal, I'm afraid. I even mentioned both Nicky Butt and the saintly Roger Byrne's name to their lordships; said I was from the same manor, so surely that had 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?

Mind how you go.



Red Attitude:

"I read it on quiet nights in"

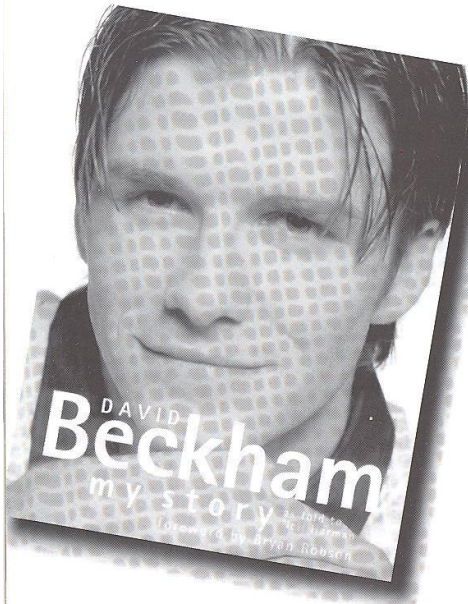
THINGS THEY NEVER SAID

Joe Royle, "Three and a half million for Bradbury? We could have had Sheringham for that!"

David Coleman, "And for a bonus point, Glen, can you tell me who knocked down the walls of Jericho?"

Glen Hoddle, "It was Beckham"

REVIEWS



David Beckham, My Story

Priced £12.99

After the torrid time Becks has had, there's no way I can give this review any degree of objectivity or even a good panning. There's no way I can set my head to finding fault when for the past six weeks I have been in a state of complete denial on behalf of the lad.

Actually it's a very pleasant Beckhammy book, and you'd be hard pressed to find any reason to dislike him. Envy yes. Hate no. Becks comes across as the likeable boy next door who wants to play for Manchester United. Nothing wrong with that; that's how we all stared out isn't it? Glen Hoddle should have read this book rather than rely on the gutter press for his

information on Beck's 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 legions of Red shopaholics 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 £47.50 hardback
£14.99 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), Back, Crabbe and Solemos (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 that somewhere before; the stuff about Scandinavian fan culture and the 'Fast Painters' is okay; the first article about the battle between Joao Havelange and Lennart Johanssen is tedious shite, but that's only 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

REVIEWS

people who study us. I'll take two in hardback please, is not a phrase that springs to mind.

Overall, worth lending 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 syn-cretin.

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.

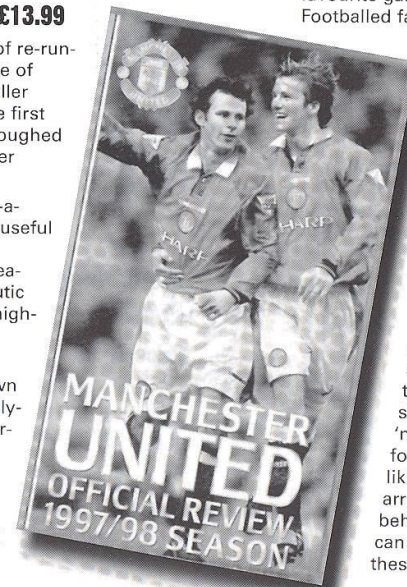
Manchester United Official Review 1997-98 Season

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 low-lights.

The season is broken down into month by month analysis with all the goals, interspersed with short interviews with players and manager. 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 slo-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), Barnsley and Sheffield Wednesday (target practice) and Chelsea in the Cup (wet, 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. Overmars and that bloody nutter Arsenal fan jumping all over the screen was just about all I could bear.

England Away

by John King

'Cashing in' Publishers

£too much even if it's free. Quite rightly a lot of people get funky off with the gentrification of our favourite game, with the Fantasy Footballled fashion cattle that were so evident out 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 braying 'Footballs Coming Home'. Again.

Almost as disturbing are the literary parasites who feed off these muppets - book-shops are flooded with 'men behaving sadly' 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 wannabes, eager to learn the lingo, authenticate their slang, and spot the anyone?

The third book in John King's loose 'England' 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 nonsense before then you'll know exactly what to expect from this. Formulaic football violence and casual racism with in-between padding - you can feel people skipping through to the fighting bits.

Again, the book is inhabited by wholly unlikeable cockernee caricatures rather than characters, 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 members of the England Firm as they travel through Holland to Germany for a row. King tries to draw the crassest of crass parallels between these chaps and previous generations of working class English lads who have fought their way across Europe.

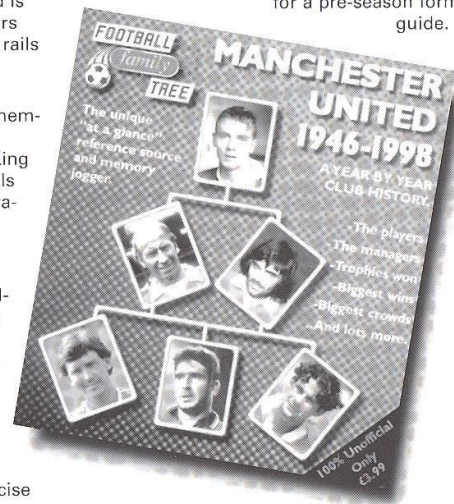
The main theme is how the upper class have hijacked working class history, stealing the glory and the fame. So now King is trying to steal it back for Chelsea/England caahnts and bigots. All the previous criticisms levelled at John King are appropriate here - cliches, beery nonsense, casual racism, 'we're 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

£9.99 Jonathan Cape Publishers.

'Away Days' is a kind of Scouse Quadrophonia, 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 scratier or something. Anyway, 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

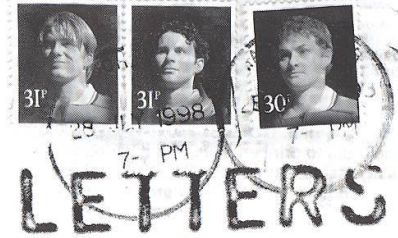
new era by dressing like Scousers (Odgies), listening to low quality music and shagging low quality birds. Sound familiar to anyone? The story is quite nostalgic, in a 'Bloody Hell, I'd completely forgotten about Forest Hills/Lois Jeans/Patrick kagouls' kind of way, but never dewy-eyed. Sampson is a professional writer and a journalist, and you can tell. The book's nicely written, genuinely funny, with a real eye for telling details, but sometimes 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 form guide.



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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 wing (who you'll hear from pretty sharpish) passed said 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'all that.

Got to admit it was news to hear of your existence, (giz a break, I quit Blighty 6 years ago) which can only be a positive force in football, so fuck the fascists and keep the faith. Somebody has to as it would seem that the 'New' Labour government is intent on fielding a side dedicated to keeping the ball firmly in the middle of the park - not a left winger in sight and bugger 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 cellmate? 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 championship (fuck off Arsenal) and another crack at Europe next season.

Respect

Keef

Punx 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

Dare Sir

First, I would like to express my deepest appreciation 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 1968, 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 1960.

My grandfather, Irving I. Price, had an estate on the island of Bermuda, 'Fernwall-by-Saint-Anne'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 Oleander Drive. I later finished schooling, military ROTC training and graduated from college to become a design engineer. My father, Denis A'Court Bergne, 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 crush and riot at the quarterfinal 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, memories of the matches at 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 superhooligans 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 while 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 Scottish Classic. Anyone 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 5th 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 co-operation from this end of the spectrum.

Respectfully Submitted
Peter M. Bergne E-57901.
Housing Unit Fac.2-10-139,
CSP-Solano 3, Post Office Box 4000
Vacaville, California, 95696-4000, U.S.A.

Who says we make the letters page up? (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 for 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 Clock End' to the police). The 'Bring Back Terracing' campaign needs to broaden it's horizons and work in unison 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 Wembley 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 it's arguments.

My next article for 'the Gooner' will be about this Campaign for 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 Higginbottom?

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 Kosice
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.

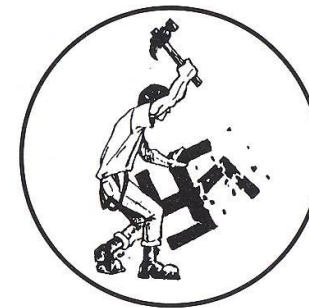
Jurgen Custers
Acacialaan 41
B- 3583 Beringen
Belgium

ANTI-FASCIST ACTION

WANTED

Information on Fascist Activity in your area

BNP - C18 - NF



write to

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

AFA National Phone Number

0976 406 870

RED ATTITUDE

WIGAN AFA

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 aptly 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.'

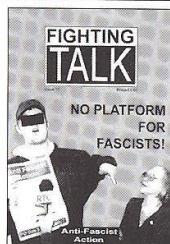
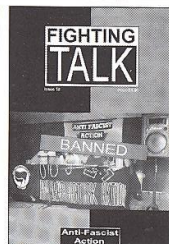
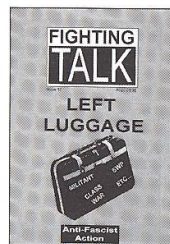
Messages started reaching Wigan AFA through third parties that other members of the NF were looking to retire from politics and wanted to be left alone.

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 bottle 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 the targeted by the Goons. Word is that last time out, they were seen off by the Reds as well.

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The quarterly magazine for militant anti-fascists



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ANTI-FASCIST ACTION

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AFA NATIONAL PHONE NUMBER 0976 406 870

42 RED, ANTI-FASCIST & PROUD

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 C18. Manchester United Anti-Fascists are determined to ensure that Old Trafford remains a fascist free zone.

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

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

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

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

Join Red Attitude

Membership of MUAF's is now free and is open to all United fans who want to have an input into the work of Red Attitude and MUAF's. Red Attitude now meet regularly in Manchester, to co-ordinate the work of Red Attitude and Man United Anti-Fascists. Anyone interested in getting involved can do so by writing to Red Attitude at PO Box 83, SWDO, Old Trafford, Manchester M15 5NJ.

Anti Fascist Action

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

Manchester AFA
PO Box 83, South West PDO, Manchester M15 5NJ

London AFA
BM1734, London WC1N 3XX

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Design 1



Design 2

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Badges

'Red Attitude' and 'Man Utd Anti-Fascist' button badges available at 50p each plus SAE.

Or... Order one of each design and pay 75p total plus SAE. Please make cheques and postal orders payable to Red Attitude.

Design 1. MUAF available in three colour design (red, yellow and black)

Design 2. Red Attitude available in two colour design (red and black)