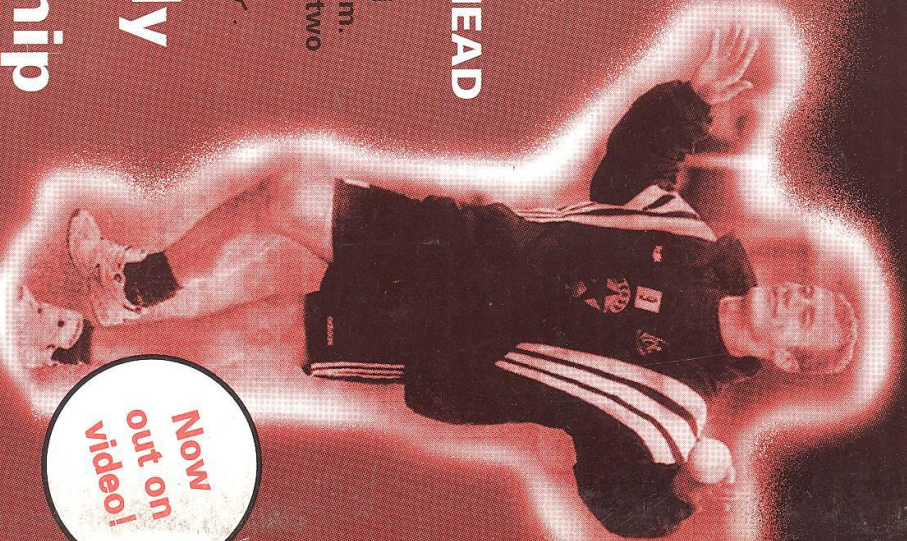




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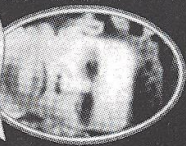
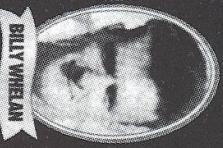
RED ATTITUDE

ISSUE 18
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INDEPENDENT MANCHESTER UNITED FANZINE



6th February 1958



Always
in our
hearts

Rest
In
Peace

RED ATTITUDE

PO BOX 83 SWDO OLD TRAFFORD MANCHESTER M15 5NJ

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- REDS IN PRISON**
We send free copies of Red Attitude to Reds in prison. If you know anyone who would like to receive Red Attitude, then send us their address and expected release date, and we'll do the rest.
- MEETINGS**
Red Attitude now hold regular monthly meetings in Manchester for anyone interested or daft enough to want to get involved with writing, producing and selling Red Attitude.
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INDEPENDENT
MANCHESTER
UNITED FANZINE

They think it's all over... well it is now according to Manchester bookie Fred Done, who is already paying out on bets laid on United to win the league. It's not hard to see his logic. Whilst this in itself is unique (a bookie prepared to part with money with no visible sign of a gun to his head), what is truly remarkable is that it should occur only three games after our worst spell of the season, which saw us taking four points from a possible fifteen.

I wouldn't tempt fate by agreeing with Mr Done, but I have to concede it leaves us best placed to finish the job, and at the same time give us a welcome breathing space to focus on our ambitions in Europe.

It does beg the question though, what have the others have been doing if we can come out of such a run to extend our lead to nine points (at the time of writing) almost effortlessly. Not one of the chasing pack has lived up to their pre-season hype, nor produced any meaningful challenge between them, even after being given such a window of opportunity.

As far as United are concerned, it can be argued that the recent 'blip' has been a blessing in disguise for us. It has allowed us to examine our own shortcomings without cost (to date) in the Premiership, given opportunities to some of the youngsters to stake a claim, and not allowed us to be fooled, going into Europe, by a false invincibility borne of a runaway twenty point lead in the Premier.

That said, in our league defeats this season we have created enough chances to have won handsomely, despite having to wait for the second

half urgency to kick in on occasions. We have scored the most goals and conceded the least. There's almost no need to mention the complete domination of the midfield through injuries, suspensions and squad rotations. The only casualty has been our early departure from the FA Cup. Dreams of the treble are over, so lets focus on the Double. My only regret in not beating Barnsley, is that we have missed the opportunity to go to St James Park, bring the curtain down on their season, and possibly the demise of the Dalglish era.

And what of our performance in Monaco. The burning question, as Fergie admits, is whether it was right to settle for 0-0 or to have looked for the away goal. There are plenty of 'what ifs' in the equation, and with the second leg still to play, we know what we have to do.

Monaco are no fools, as their qualification to the latter stages bears out. There are no weak teams amongst the last eight. Indeed it is now quite difficult for the chances to make it to the knock-out stages, flushed out by the rigours of the Champions League stage at Newcastle, Rangers and Blackburn have found out.

So what of the press reaction to our performance in Monaco. It's not so long ago that a 0-0 for England in Italy was hailed as an achievement almost on a par to winning the thing in 66!

The press pack had armed themselves with only two positions in relation to the outcome of our match against Monaco. Firstly to revel in our glory as English champions when we stick it up Johnny Foreigner, or secondly to gloat and gaud with unabated ABU delirium when we slip up and deny them their first position. United presented a third position, which quite selfishly was only of comfort to us. Lack of entertainment they cried, Wimbledon of old, blah, blah, blah, as Fergie responded by reminding us of past naive costings us dearly.

It's not so long ago that a 0-0 for England in Italy was hailed as an achievement almost on a par to winning the thing in 66!

Pressure continues to mount for the return of safe terracing. It has been one of the main topics of debate at the Task Force meetings held to date, and the Premier League's own survey indicates strong support for a return. Apparently Mr Mellow has failed to show for three out of the first four Task Force forums, but that does not deter him from putting across the message that terracing does not fall within the remit of the Task Force, and likewise that of Minister Banks and company who state that safe terracing is not an option, even for discussion. Call me cynical, but this differs sharply from the noises coming out of Labour before the election.

EDITORIAL

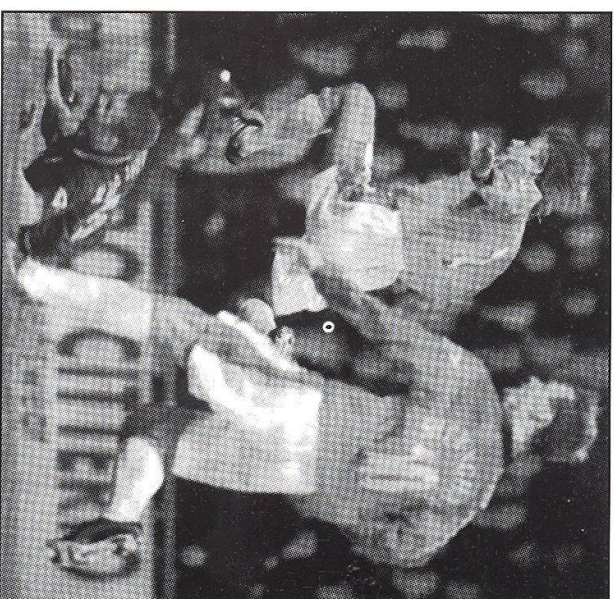
Perhaps what the Labour government need is some shock therapy to cure their 'deaf ear' syndrome. I couldn't help but notice how tough talking Labour suddenly produced the 'listening ear' when the 'Countyside lobby' took to the streets of London. The Range Rover and Tweed jacket set, complete with hirelings, underlings, serfs and feudal attachments, marched through London demanding compensation for producing and distributing BSE, the lifting of export bans on beef, the right to rip foxes to bits, restraints on public access to the countryside and the continuation of massive farming subsidies. Clearly, demands for a return to safe terracing are immoral, selfish and outrageous by comparison.

The Munich Commemoration prior to the Bolton game was a moving and emotional occasion for all. Credit is due to Bolton supporters for the dignity they displayed on the day. Perhaps if certain tabloids had behaved with a bit more dignity as well, we wouldn't have been subjected to the sick stories of planned disruption.

The planned Testimonial for the survivors and relatives of the Munich disaster has been put back due to the FA Cup replay. The occasion will be doubly special as it sees the return of Eric Cantona to Old Trafford. The game will not only be for the families, but will also be a celebration of what United's history means to us. The triumph of 68, the Cantona years, the Busby Babe tradition flourishing under Kidd and Ferguson, and the fans themselves, who will pack Old Trafford to the rafters to support the dependents and survivors of the Munich Air disaster. Just why it has taken forty years for the club to sort out is a question best answered by others.

Danny

FA promise full investigation into allegations of frenzied attack on injured Wimbledon player by 'cockney reds'



a celebration of what United's history means to us... why it has taken forty years for the club to sort out is a question best answered by others

Our voyage to Monte Carlo began on Sunday afternoon, by getting the Virgin train to London, that's obviously Virgin as in never paid that much to sit on the floor of the buffet car because there were no seats before, without even a guest appearance from the conductor. When we got to London my mate Ash sorted us out somewhere to stay and some entertainment, then took us on a trawl through the piss-lined alleys of Soho, to Waxy O'Connors, which if you're ever in London is a shit hot pub and well worth the visit.

An abhingly early rise the following morning was followed by a trip in Eurostar, which as our hero Eric tells us, "gives you room to breathe". I used it to fall asleep through the 'exciting' tunnel bit. We arrived in Paris to find the whole place gone Coup De Monde mad, which is justifiable if you ever see the new stadium; short trip on the dilapidated underground to Gare du Lyon then the train to Nice, on which the bar and restaurant facilities were unavailable due to (surprise) a strike - fortunately we'd bought our own, Kwik Save's finest. We eventually settled next to a student from Nice, Emille, who wasn't all intimidated and instead practised her English on us. And used it suitably to chastise us for not making the effort to learn more French bits and bobs from GCSE probably

THE FULL

MONTE

doesn't count as bilingual). She also asked us if it's true that all the English hate the French as is rumoured (they are the frogs and we are the beef??). I was going to explain my own Francophilia in terms of Eric, but that shouldn't be why I/we don't hate the French, should it? Within a couple of hours of meeting us, she was able to produce the following summary, "You are very interested in alcohol, yes?"

Fair enough, I think she got the impression from the growing stack of Walters Pilsner (24 for £8.99). On arrival in Nice we were charged about £7 for the equivalent of a 5 minute walk by a sharp taxi driver, to the Hotel Rivoli. As we'd finished our Kwik Save beer, we headed out, found a nice little backstreet bar with a couple of pool tables and a had a couple there. Next on to the Piano Bar, a cheesey karaoke den, keeping itself in business by charging over a fiver for a pint. First up to the karaoke was a large lass, 'oh dear', I thought, slappers anthem coming up (Gloria Gaynor, for example). No, a cracking version of some obscure love song, later followed by a brilliant 'Like a Prayer', as if to say, you're a superficial pillock, what are you? All the karaoke was top standard, so me and Tony dismissed the idea of ruining a Stone Roses number, and left. By this time (and indeed now) we had still failed to figure out how to use foreign level crossings.

We rose at a respectable time the next day, sauntered around the market in the midmorning sun, then for a walk by the beach, on an aptly named 'Promenade du Anglais'. Sighseeing done for now, we wondered in to find something to eat (read, drink), past a building with a statue of a huge half

naked woman on it, with one breast exposed, proving that Jamie Redknapp isn't the world's biggest tit. Luckily, we discovered a little grocery where they sold wine for one pound a bottle, very reasonable I thought. I'm not that keen on wine, to me red tastes like vinegar and white like cat's piss, so I went for the Rose, which tasted like vinegary cat's piss. It got a bit better as it went on though, sat down on the beach. I would've preferred a sandy beach (did anyone else used to listen to Atlantic 252?), or at least a stony beach without signs asking you to ignore your bodily functions and not to chuck stones in the sea.

As we'd made an early start, we were on the beach from twelvish to fourish, yes the hottest part of the day - tee-shirts off of course, while the locals wandered round still in winter wear - apart from one old bloke down by the sea who wore a pair of garish bermudas and a tweed jacket, relaxing in the 'sod all to do' ambience of the Cote D'Azur. You can see why so many people retire there, the most difficult decision I had to make all week was lacoste shirt or Sergio tee-shirt for Monte Carlo. I'd been a sensible lad and remembered to pack the sun cream, but as I'm a lazy bastard in the mornings I'd forgot to bring it, hence the cycle of wine, doze, wine, doze, sunburn.

At this point we had our first football chat, the consensus being that Monaco were a threat, a 'typical foreign side' if there is such a thing; solid back four, solid midfield, couple of dangermen up front. United are a better side we reckoned, still maybe a couple of players short of being a great side - perhaps a hard defender with pace and ability on the ball (anything else, sir?) and

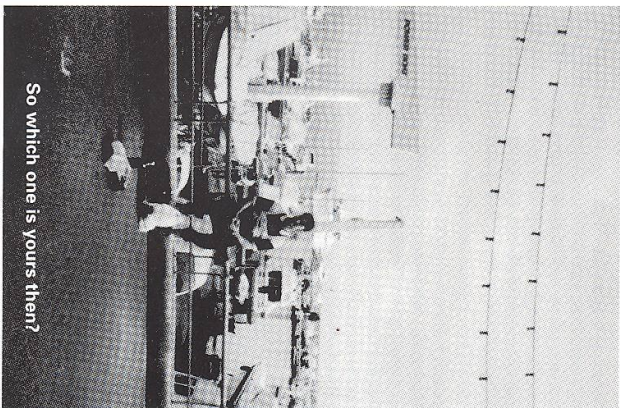
CARRPARK

another) world class striker to share some of the responsibility with Oh Andy. To me it seemed against Bolton, Leicester, Barnsley, we relied too much on him. The name I'm getting is Batistuta, I reckon merchandising the angel Gabriel alone could pay his wages.

Back to the hotel via Nice centre, plenty of Reds (and bemused locals) in evidence, especially outside La Lorraine bar. We discovered that our hotel had a pool, gym and sauna: this was threatening to become a dirty great beast of a Euro away. I had my first ever shot in a sauna, I recommend them. However, I don't recommend a bottle of wine, half hour in a sauna, jump straight into a cold pool - your head goes AWOL then your legs follow it.

More sandwiches; more wine, fell asleep again, thanks partly to the fact that the only English channel we could get on our telly was Sky News. Woke up, jumped in

Within a couple of hours of meeting us, she was able to produce the following summary, "You are very interested in alcohol, yes?"



So which one is yours then?

a taxi to the much vaunted Wayne's Bar, only to find it closed - courtesy of some Red shemangans? We ended up in the nearby Bar Globe instead, where I was served by Bluto out of Popeye. When that closed we crossed to the pizza place, doing a month's business in one night. The local economy (at least the booze supply division) does pretty well out of a Red invasion. Even if they do have marvellous special offers like 'get your mate to buy a bottle of beer at one end of the bar, get a bottle of whiskey free at the other' - nice one lads. Progress was halted at the subtly titled 'Mister Kebab', still open, still selling nice chips, still selling shit kebabs, still selling Kronenburg - how dat is that? On Wednesday morning we sorted our heads out with the pool and breakfast that included apple baby food, before deciding to get the train to Monaco, not a helicopter. The hector appeared friendly, told us it was about a tanner (that's how much we'd been told it cost) - when it was actually £1.30, the tanner was a fine, didn't tell us that did he the cheeky twat?

As you sidle into Monte Carlo, you get a glimpse of yachts, huge sumptuous apartment blocks, and the surreal Stade Louis II, I was impressed enough by the advance publicity to leave my silver jacket back in the hotel, as we walked down to Port 1, I was amazed even the pigeons looked classier. The beer wasn't that expensive, not that it would've presented a problem as we'd got a big bottle of vodka and coke already sorted, and wandered through Monte Carlo in search of somewhere to sit and drink it. Subways with no graffiti, no used needles, no puddles of piss, just marble and mirrors. Flats with elegant, green gardens on the roofs, what's all that about? According to the news, it's a place for the haves and the have-yachts; I reckon it's a place for the have-yachts and the have effin big boats. The Casino was equally impressive as were some of the women - that accent!

We found ourselves out of the way a bit near the residential area by what appears to be a private beach under construction - a perfect place to knock back our alcohol. As tents to happen, a lot of talking ensued, about football, families, and even the local kids dressing about near us with the best skateboards and BMX's; money can buy, kitted out in designerly scruffy clothes acting like scallies. Drop them in the middle of Salford and they'd shit themselves. Mind you, drop them in the middle of Wilmislow and they'd still shit themselves.

But I don't begrudge them their money or their lifestyles, best of luck to them. In fact I so wasn't bitter I went for a kickabout with them, and tried to show them the benefits of the Cruyff (senior, definitely) turn and Rivelino step-over. However the only time I'd moved during the previous 2 hours was to skip to the loo or to raise my bottle; I therefore only demonstrated the 'Matt on his arse' routine.

Having suitably humiliated myself, we set off in search of food, more alcohol and some souvenirs, most of which I paid for. The food was shit considering, £4.10 for a pizza margherita - a crispy pancake thing with some tomato, cheese and herbs. Got some Monaco / Lens posters, you can't have missed these, they were plastered all over the place. In fact it looked a bit tacky, I was just helping preserve Monte Carlo's good image. Also got a badge with the legend AS

According to the news, it's a place for the haves and the have-yachts; I reckon it's a place for the have-yachts and the have effin big boats.

Monaco vs Manchester D on it; not sure what the D stood for - defensive, determined, drunk? More beer, and a whole lot more Reds were located at the supermarket; I can't imagine seeing theirs clustered outside the Shambles Sateway for the return, can you?

It was finally time to get to the ground, and what a ground. I don't give a monkey's if it only holds 16,000 or whatever, it's still shit hot. Not sure why they decided to build it on top of a car park though. The police, well as Bruce Forsyth would say, 'didn't they do well?' What a clever tactic shepherding people on to the next turnstile regardless and continuing the process ad infinitum until one of your colleagues thinks 'sod this' and lets a group of Reds in whether or not they've got tickets. World Cup mayhem (copyright every British tabloid) awaits. Apparently there were a lot of Reds left outside, so fuck knows how many were there in all, there was a shipload inside too. We were towards the back arches, sat (okay stood) next to the French and Irish youth teams, I'm still not sure why they were there.

The game was a success, Fergie told the boys to go out and get a nil-nil. And they did, very professionally. At least I hope that's what happened because we were boring. Either in an effort to spur the team on, or to provide some much needed entertainment, United en masse were excellent, especially in the second half. As the Nice Match said the next day, (loose translation), 'how many were there, 2000, 4000, 6000, 8000?' Or more? In any case, they were everywhere...from 18 to 58. And all united by the same passion for football. The same love for Manchester United.

Wouldn't that be a nice place to leave it? Sadly not possible though. We went to get the train back to Nice, with about 3 million other Reds. At the time I didn't know how many were in the station, otherwise I wouldn't have got a ticket. I started fannying about with the ticket machines, found out it was only £1.90 not a tanner, and decided against my better instincts to get a ticket. Instincts that were proved right

as we got to the platform, chocea with United, chances of getting hectorated worse than Frank Clark's chances of winning the manager of the year award. Bearing in mind that I was one of the only Reds in the south of France with a train ticket, what was about to happen was very ironic.

I got off the second train at Nice, followed everyone over the tracks and onto the platform. Suddenly, (how's that for drama!) I was attacked by what the I-Spy book of dogs would describe as a big nasty police Alsatian; 20 points and skidmarks (urged on by his sadist handler). Now this might sound a bit queer, but I'm scared of dogs so you can imagine the effect this had. Two other CRS had got one of my arms each, holding me back against a pillar with the dog going ape shit behind me, digging me in the ribs with their batons, thinking I'm struggling to get away from them.

when all I was trying to do was get away from the dog. In fact, I had words to that effect, 'le chien, get the fucker away from me' (I didn't know it was muzzled did I?)

Progress was halted at the subtly titled 'Mister Kebab', still open, still selling nice chips, still selling shit kebabs, still selling Kronenburg - how dat is that?

A further 2 CRS shepherded a bemused and antagonised few Reds, including my mate and his dad, away, then also prodded me with their batons (doesn't it feel nice in your kidneys) and dragged me over the tracks (so that wasn't what I'd done wrong) towards the more deserted, darker, perfect for playing shit out of this Engleesh sonofabitch end of the station. There were now 4 CRS, the dog and handler, and the



station security manager. And me. God knows why it needed six of them, maybe I'd've had a go at one of the cowardly twats on his own, batonless and more importantly gunless, but it's not as if I was thinking, 'oh I could take five of you but I don't know about the sixth.' They then searched my bag and got me to empty my pockets, asking me alternatively 'what is that?' (Given answer: a scarf, one fighting to get out of my mouth, 'it's a dirty great samurai sword isn't it, you dickhead?') and 'where is your passport?' (given answer: 'hotel, 'hotel, 'alternatively 'it's in the hotel for the 53rd time you clueless sec de mender?), by this stage clearly enjoying themselves, is that a gun in your pocket or are you just pleased to be intimidating me? After taking my name and address - I was going to give them a false one but I'm crap at poker as it is, let alone with no cards - they informed me that if I was involved in another incident like this (er, a random grab a United fan?) I'd be in serious trouble - which somewhat pissed on the bonfire of the idea I'd had of celebratory dancing in the fountains, but it was a pretty soggy bonfire by now as I was less shitfaced, the fountains were off and we'd battled to a 0-0 draw as opposed to a Cole inspired romp - and also told me that my mate could keep his mouth shut as he didn't know what I'd been done for (hello, join the club). They then told me to leave, get my stuff, get out, encouraging me by grabbing my jumper, and pushing me in the back with their batons (again). Cos of course I'd been planning to stay with them for a cuppa, some digestives and a chat, wasn't I?

When me and Tony were chilling out later, reflecting on the incident, we came to the conclusion that they felt pretty impotent at the way so many United had come, swaggered, took the piss, whatever, without actually doing a lot wrong - and so there was nothing the police could do apart from having a go at a straggler. In a way I'm grateful, a) that they didn't go on to lock me up or beat shit out of me, not that there was a lot left after the dog, and b) it's given me something else to write about apart from alcohol consumption.



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

Suddenly, (how's that for drama) I was attacked by what the I-Spy book of dogs would describe as a big nasty police Alsatian:

The journey back, which is when I am writing this was comparatively uneventful, marked only by the antics of the sizeable proportion of jibbers and also by the galle game of musical chairs. When you've got a TVG ticket but not a reservation you just sit wherever. No matter where you choose, a madame or monsieur will get on having reserved that seat. No matter how many empty adjacent empty seats there are, they will insist on you shifting your arse. No matter where to, the same will happen on at least six more occasions. Which is one of the things that makes this article unique: it's the first time I've written in more than one seat, it's the first I've written at over 100mph - but not the first I've written with a slight hangover; maybe one day I'll learn, maybe one day City will win a trophy. But before I go, let's leave two reflections.

Firstly, what goes around comes around. One of the women who kicked me off her seat went to the loo before me, when I entered I was confronted by an unflushable dump the shape and size of a tennis ball, no wonder she'd walked back to her seat a bit gingerly, or maybe that was because there was no bogroll left - I'd foreseen this eventuality and earlier reserved myself a few sheets. So maybe the Alsatian will rip his handlers' arm off?

Secondly for me, and a few others I reckon, this trip was a vocal (and spiritual) tribute to Eric, it had everything he had (apart from Lee Chapman's wife) - a sense of class, of flamboyance, of joie de vivre, and a clash with authority. So, as the great man himself would say - collar up, eyes narrowing - "au revoir!"
Matt



Football Task Force

The Task Force rolled into town on a cold winter's night in Manchester. David Mellor had cried off sick, however there was a star studded top table including comedian Graham Kelly, PLC chairman Roland Smith, Task Force chairman Peter Lee, Gordon Taylor of the PFA, Adam Brown of the FSA, Uliah Rennie, Premier League referee, and Elnor Oldroyd of Radio 5 fame, who acted as school teacher.

After a brief cheering session when the name of your team was called out, I was surprised to see that there was more United fans there than the rest put together. Not bad considering we all live in London, Norway and the Irish republic.

First on the agenda was ticketing and pricing policies. There were concerns expressed that at some grounds (notably ours) were almost a closed shop, which is adversely affecting the next generation of fans.

When I started going to OT, aged 12, in the Strerford End and then paddock, it was 60 or 80 pence, which was within the reach even of my limited means. However, there aren't many 12 year olds who can lay out £15 to £20, sometimes four or five weeks in advance, after having gone through the ball-ache of membership, application and postal ballots. As for getting a season ticket, you need only look around the ground to see the average age of the MU fan creeping up. (I'm nearly 22 myself - I wish!). One of the reasons it was easier to get in (apart from the absence of glory hunters) was the availability of cheap terracing on all sides of the ground. MUSA mobilised in goodly numbers to ensure that the arguments in support of the return to safe terracing didn't go unheard. In fact this was the main talking point for most of the two hour meeting.

Roland Smith claimed prices were 'reason-

Taken To Task

able' (compared to Chelsea?) at Old Trafford, blaming ground capacities, adding also that he would like a return to some sort of terracing. He went on to hint heavily that further development of OT is not far away, however I feel pay per view is still clouding further expansion. He was challenged on his and United's lack of support for Martin Edwards' progressive comments on terracing. He replied that the law of the land and pressure from others prevented them.

Pressure from the government, no doubt, who have stated that terracing is not on the agenda. However, the Task force re-iterated that they were there to listen to fans and report back to the government, and following a similar ear-bashing on terracing at Leicester, they were told to report back now and get this added to the agenda.

Terry Lewis (MP for Worsley) spoke from the floor in favour of terracing, promising he would take up the battle at the highest level. Elnor Oldroyd moved the meeting onto 'supporter involvement in clubs', whereupon MUSA's Andy Walsh spoke of a lack of dialogue between MUSA and the club. Roland Smith replied that he and others at MU were too busy to take up issues with one group who don't represent a large enough section of supporters. This implies that they do not want to talk to supporters at all, but

IMUSA's Andy Walsh spoke of a lack of dialogue between IMUSA and the club, Roland Smith replied that he and others at MU were too busy to take up issues with one group who don't represent a large enough section of supporters. This implies that they do not want to talk to supporters at all...

also if enough supporters subscribed to the independent supporters organisation, his reasons for lack of dialogue would dissipate. Graham Kelly insisted that the FA did listen to fans, but also said that the FA has no power (and some would say very little influence) with the Premier league and its members. However, he did go on to say that the FA 'would do whatever we can to influence the clubs, regarding terracing' on behalf of the fans. Standing in the scoreboard next season (ads!) Next on the agenda was the big red herring called merchandising. This is a real vote winner because everyone will say that clubs change shirts too often etc etc - we know the script because we hear the press and other fans calling United for this all the time. The first speaker clarified the matter for most of us by stating we didn't care how many shirts came out, they are optional, not essential, buy one if you like, or not. Imagine the impact on season ticket prices were it not for

merchandising revenue. Surprisingly (not) the debate got back onto terracing. An even redder herring leapt forward in the guise of 'racism'. A serious issue indeed, being as it is endemic in British society, so the chances of putting it to bed through the narrow confines of the Task Force are somewhat remote. An IMUSA member spoke, receiving loud applause by first defining racism and then relating the issue to the discrimination of the 'terrorists'. The perfect antidote to those who would willingly pontificate their 'concerns' over racism to the denial and exclusion of terracing. Anyone challenging this juxtaposition being left open to the charge of de facto racism. Nailed on the first shout by IMUSA. Nice one.

If the government sees fit to set up a Task Force to tackle the problem of racism, may we politely suggest they visit their own police stations, and check out the 'deaths in custody' figures. Appalling as these statistics are, the high percentage of black deaths in custody are indicative of a problem in far greater need of the politicians time than football. That said if they are going to look into racism in football, perhaps they can explain why or even investigate why places like Leeds and Chelsea almost have a monopoly on the problem within the Premiership

The meeting drew to a close with Roland Smith squirming when challenged over the £100 transfer fee to Manchester schools FA, who subsequently went bust, for Nicky Butt. Likewise the price of tickets in relation to the £27 million profits announced by the PLC. Roland Smith wouldn't be where he is today if he couldn't defend the indefensible!

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

Steve Gibson, Middlesbrough chairman, "Some people have made absolute fortunes out of the game. In some cases the amounts involved are obscene. The fans are paying to make these individuals rich.

We are able to compete with Manchester United and Newcastle for transfers because the big clubs are plcs and have dividends to shareholders and directors salaries to pay. That doesn't happen at Boro. We have a board of two and we don't take a penny out.

I see no benefit in being run by institutions from London - it is in the best interests of the club and the fans that we do not become a plc." Such honesty is rare in football these days, and following their disposal of the scousers in the Coke Cup, I hope they go on to do the same to Chelsea and become the first English club to qualify for Europe next season.

Sir Matt Busby

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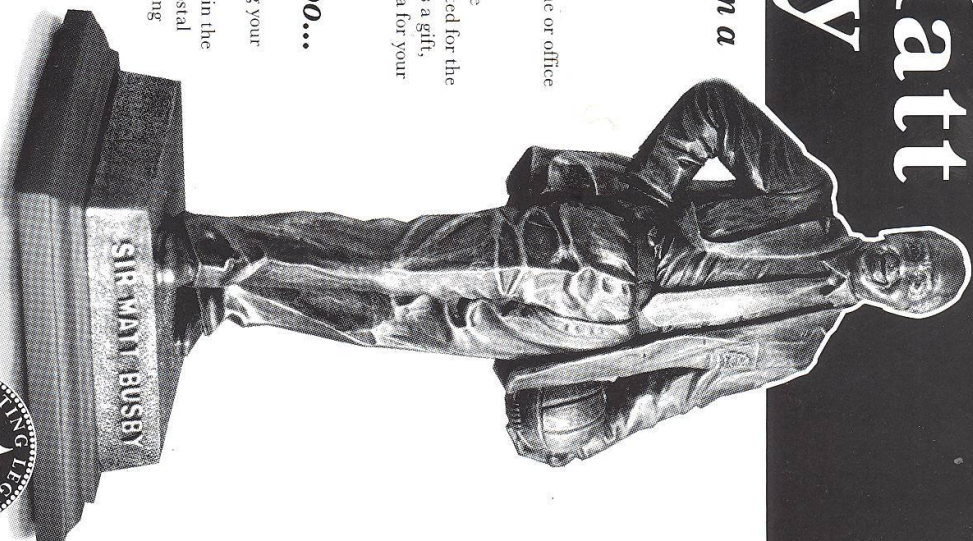
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RA-3/98/001



We all hate Leeds and Leeds, Leeds, Leeds, Leeds and... and...

Bolton fans behaved with dignity at the Munich memorial ceremony prior to the game, and did nothing to validate the sensationalist hype coming out of papers like the Daily Mirror prior to the game. Stories about wooden planes being thrown etc, all apparently based on information received from anonymous phone calls. Hardly investigative journalism eh! The same Daily Mirror that hypes up C18 threats to celebrities like Anna Ford, who then play the 'victim' role for the benefit of the media. The very reason C18 and others of similar mind, like the Bolton cranks, who pull these stunts, is because there are papers prepared to print this shite, hoping the thing becomes a self fulfilling prophesy, to be followed up with smug 'I told you so' write-ups.

No, we have to look elsewhere to find the sickening depraved behaviour that the press had earmarked for the Bolton fans: Filbert Street, where Leicester were at home to Leeds on the same day as United played Bolton, was the scene. The culprits, none other than the scum, who not only gave vent to their feelings on Munich, but also let loose with enough racist chanting to sink a Task Force.

Leicester fans raised the matter with Mellor on radio five, who promptly played the numbers game, putting it down to a small minority, until one decent Leeds fan rang to explain that he and those who weren't involved constituted the small minority. Mellor then uses this to reinforce the need for his Task Force to address the issue (at the expense of all other fan issues: it would seem).

Perhaps one of the biggest follies of the Mellors and Banks is to promote the notion that getting more black and Asian people to football will help solve the problem. Now this would go down a storm at Elland Road wouldn't it. Put the race attack figures up a bit as well. The fact that they don't go indicates they have a better understanding of the problem than the politicians.



Leeds United fans model latest away kit

14 RED, ANTI-FASCIST & PROUD

Let's be brutally honest and speak the obvious. The very large 'small minority' at Leeds are beyond redemption. Basket cases. They thrive on their reactionary/racist values, their rabid anti-Man U rhetoric, their Munich songs, their Leicester's full of Pakis songs, in fact they are the real-life pigs in shit. Leave them there. Their antics at Leicester, although designed to shock, did not come as any big surprise. Over the years Leeds has been a hotbed for far-right political activity, where groups like the NF, BNP etc have been recruiting at Elland

Road. They've openly sold papers and distributed racist leaflets. Politically they had the upper hand with the so called left-wing groups in Leeds (SWP/ANL) happy to turn a blind eye to National Front paper sales in the town centre rather than be attacked themselves. They got attacked anyway, along with countless other innocents, but in the eyes of the fascists, 'legitimate' targets. But they can't all be bad can they? In the early nineties a Leeds 'anti-racist' fanzine, *Marching Altogether*, hit the streets. After a few years they claimed to have eradicated the problem and promptly folded. A closer inspection of the circumstances would show that they came to life off the back of the Cantona inspired renaissance at Leeds. With a number of black players in the team, alongside Eric they won (or rather we handed them) the League Championship. In this halcyon period, overt terrace racism appeared to abate sharply, and the 'anti-racist' fanzine was not slow to claim the credit. In reality this new found tolerance was borne of the team's success on the field and disappeared again just as quickly. The firmus test for the Leeds anti-racists came with the departure of Eric to Old Trafford. Instead of abusing Eric for leaving (even though Wilkinson sold him) regardless of his French nationality, they sought to justify the actions of those who abused him because of it. "When we hear that supposedly anti-French comments were shouted at Eric does this make him the victim of racist abuse? Anyone who was at Elland Road in the mid-1980's knows what real horrible racist abuse black players had to suffer at the time." The article ends with, "Piss off and good riddance." After five glorious Cantona years, it has to be the best riddance I've ever seen. Rather than confront the problem, they pretended it wasn't a problem, or worse, fully justified by Eric's decision to leave. Oh and don't call it racist because they know all about that from the bad old days. The bad old days are back so what are you going to do now suckers. Applying the same logic used in Eric's case, they would have to concur with their fellow supporters that Leicester is indeed full of Pakis, and that far from being racist, Leeds fans should be applauded for their relative moderation compared to the bad old days of the 80's! As I said before, Leeds fans, basket cases. Give them all a wooden aeroplane each, and close the dustbin lid firmly.

The Kerry Recruit

They thrive on their reactionary racist values, their rabid anti-Man U rhetoric, their Munich songs, their Leicester's full of Pakis songs, in fact they are the real-life pigs in shit.

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RED ATTITUDE

15

LET'S KICK OUT OF FOOTBALL

HYPOCRISY

Recently the United Nations, no less, expressed disquiet "at the disproportionate number of deaths suffered by ethnic minorities in police custody".

If proved only half accurate, this data clearly demonstrates that by any criteria, Britain is an extremely racist society. And far from football being the racist exception, it may in fact be the reverse.

Most Premiership teams have black players. By and large, they like the rest of team are judged on merit. Of course there is racism and racist chanting at football, but these days it tends to be restricted to isolated cases rather than mass outbursts. This is because even total cretins have come to see the lack of logic in shouting racist abuse at black players from the opposition, when cheering the efforts of their own. Most of the time this random abuse is nothing a slap, or the threat of one, wouldn't sort out.

But then competitive sport, has always been a great leveller. Success demands that individuals are judged objectively. At the Munich Olympics in 1936 Jesse Owens won four gold medals demolishing the Nazi master race theory, and

"the British were by far the most racist and reactionary in Europe"

humiliating the Third Reich, single-handedly. When Graeme Souness went to Glasgow Rangers, he instantly realised that the sectarianism that barred Catholics from the club was inimical to success on the field. His response was to sign rival Celtic's star Catholic striker. The bigots had coronaries but the nettle had been grasped. Of course the team apart, on all other levels from the board room to the fans, Rangers are still as rigidly sectarian as ever. But that is another story, and one that definitely cannot be sorted within football.

Jumped against society at large, where people are burned out of their homes, where de facto apartheid system is operating in some parts of South-East London, where the savagery of police in dealing with

black people is a matter for the United Nations, football, far from being a bastion of racism appears by contrast an oasis of sanity.

So what is Mellor and company up to? On their tours around the country talking to fans on the issues that concern them, the demand for a "return to terracing" was prominent. It was Mellor and his Task Force not the fans, who constantly raised the issue of racism. Consequently in many of the discussions the issue of racism was counterposed to the issue of "terracing". This is no accident. It is no accident either that it is specifically on the "terraces" that the Daily Express believes racism "must be stamped out". Terraces is now a political code word for working class fans in the same way "inner cities" was used in the eighties by politicians like Mellor, as a coded reference for black working class communities.

If Mellor is determined to put racism on the agenda, the obvious outcome will be to racialise the debate. This will mean playing off the views of Alistair Abraham, manager of singer Alexander O'Neal who insists, "racism in football is a radical problem which needs a radical solution" and the increasingly vocal, predominantly white working class demands for the return of terracing - against each other. Minority versus majority, black against white and suddenly a perfect mimic within football of wider society. Even Ben Tegg assistant of coordinator of the "Kick it Out" campaign can see the dangers. "Docking points is completely unrealistic, while allegate table of clubs is a very difficult one" said Tegg. "It could draw in racist supporters to a club."

Racism, in its virulent pro-active form is all about keeping areas exclusive, and 'keeping them out'. 'Keeping them out' can apply to a country, to a community, a block of flats and of course to a football club. The gentrification of football is proving increasingly effective at keeping "them" out. But the "them" in this case are not assessed along racial lines. But on income. Exclusion and discrimination at football in 1998 is not based on race, but on class. Social rather than ethnic cleansing is the real issue. Working class people are being forced out of football. That is the result and intention of the Taylor report. Remove terracing and you remove the scum. Both Mellor and Banks are pretending that all white fans have equal access to the grounds, a privilege they insist is denied to all black fans. This is not true. What is undeniable, is that there are less and less working class teenagers of either colour. It is this trend that needs to be reversed.

A black man, like Alistair Abraham who isn't short

"to directly to counter the anti-White Patriotic football fan by the 'Kick it Out' campaign". Irrespective of the grammar you get the drift.

of a few bob can buy an executive box at Tottenham, in the same way as a middle class white man. These days money, and only money talks. Mellor and Banks want football to be more welcoming to the middle class blacks as a compliment to the influx of middle class whites. The move is designed to reinforce the gentrification of football. Meanwhile to disguise their snobbery and contempt for the lower orders they are flagging up the issue of racism. This is their fig-leaf. It's camouflage. Then in time honoured fashion any objection to their priorities can be labelled racist: the more vocal the opposition the stronger their case, that this is indeed an issue that cannot be ignored. At the moment for them strategically - it is a win win situation.

Back in the real world the possible consequences of racialising the situation are also beginning to materialise.

On February 23 the long dormant NF announced the launching of a campaign to directly to counter the anti-White Patriotic football fan by the "Kick it Out" campaign".

Irrespective of the grammar you get the drift. The NF campaign will centre on Crystal Palace, Charlton and Millwall in recognition that this opportunity to put a racist NF spin on genuine working class grievance comes gift wrapped from the government.

For the purposes of his own campaign Mellor has cast himself in the role of a later day champion of black rights. His previous interests in minority issues began and ended with the concerns of tax exiles.

Perhaps the integrity of Mellor and so on can best be judged against the back ground of one of their most vocal media supporters. In August 1995, the Daily Express initiated a survey conducted by ICM which revealed the "short fuse" behind the British attitude to race in general. The basis of the poll was "to test public support for the type of policies championed by Jean Marie Le Pen", the leader of the Front National in France. And indeed the results, like some of the other surveys previously mentioned were indeed shockingly emphatic. In response to

Under a headline "Racism still rules the terraces" the Daily Express (27 Feb) ran a page three feature on "How the cancer at the heart of football keeps black fans away". Meanwhile David Mellor as the head of the Task Force, appears to be on a personal crusade to prove that racism is distorting football. A separate nation wide survey conducted by Leicester University, found that of 28,122 football fans questioned, almost one third had seen or heard racist abuse during games last season. Should we be surprised?

According to much of the media we should be "shickened". To judge by the Daily Express presentation, the survey that should shock the FA, "racism is no longer a problem in society, but football is the exception. Reality tells a different and far more complex story.

A couple of years ago, the Daily Express published an ICM poll they themselves had commissioned. Among the conclusions it found that "the creation of a party supporting repatriation, and a 'whites-first' policy would be on course to becoming Britain's top political force ahead of the Liberals."

In February last year, a European Youth Survey which involved face to face interviews with 1,600 16 to 24 year olds in eight countries, found that the British were "by far the most racist and reactionary in Europe", even including those countries such as France Germany and Austria where fascist parties have high political profiles.

In May last year yet another report from the New York based Human Rights Watch, revealed that Britain has one of the highest rates of racially motivated crime in Western Europe. (170,000 racial incidents a year and rising) - a situation as desperate as that experienced by minorities in Germany where fascism is rife.

A spokesperson commented "These kinds of attacks have a political element to them. Families have been forced out of their homes: these attacks have a quality of ethnic cleansing. It is political terrorism."



...when the likes of the Express play the 'anti'-race card you begin to smell a large whiskered rodent...

questions on repatriation and so on, an overwhelmingly majority, 70% acknowledged that "their solutions were racist".

Infamously on the conclusions of their own survey the Daily Express had this to say: "The fact that two thirds of the individuals that we surveyed were prepared to admit to so called 'racist' feelings shows that British people have a healthy resistance to the bullying of political correctness."

So, at one level, the Daily Express having gone out of its way to identify the level of racism in society, decides that its a damn good thing too and politically endorses its findings as - "healthy".

In regard to the football debate they headline the feature, with a well used photo of one of those arrested at Landsdowne Rd riot, with a Kick out the Scum! logo underneath. This time in contrast, the subliminal message strongly suggests their campaign target is exclusively aimed at hooligans/fascist/racists.

But when the likes of the Express play the 'anti'-race card you begin to smell a large whiskered rodent and instantly realise that they are knowingly working to an agenda/solution already prepared.

The Daily Express don't want the racists kicked out of football, when they would, as they acknowledge, be happy to see their political representatives running the country. No, when right wing papers like the Express refer to scum they are not talking about racists, instead they are referring to the likes of me, and probably you. For the far-right, placing an emphasis on the difference within, as well as between races, is regarded with equal importance. That is to say; support for the good given right of the rich to rule over the poor, the scum; by force if necessary is a core ideological belief and the

reason for their existence.

Quite often, the highlighting of racial or religious difference is simply opportunism; part and parcel of the well honed strategy of divide and rule. In bygone days, if a Tory politician with a pedigree like Mellor, whose Prime Minister got elected in 1979 by playing the race card, got involved in a race controversy he would be expected to play to the gallery.

Instead, we now see Mellor don the mantle of anti-racist zealot. For instance, when Chris Kamara was sacked recently, Mellor, without a smidgen of evidence speculated on a racist motive. What he and the political establishment have learnt over the last twenty or thirty years, is that, in the world of divide and conquer, its pays to be equally proficient with either the race or the anti-race card.

Now, you may have noticed that on any given issue the middle classes are always first in the public arena. Just as often the middle classes will seek to represent both sides of the case by voicing contrary views. All major parties, for instance have the same middle class orientation and agenda. Even when sincerely held, the common denominator between left and right, is that neither argument carries any challenge to the social order political status quo. More often than not, the objective is to monopolise the debate, in order to identify their true class interests, rather than hurry toward a solution.

It is this innate slyness, and the ability and willingness to adapt, which is, when you think about it, the main reason why it is them rather than us running the country. As long as we remember that as a class they will always push their own interests to the fore, and that their interests always run counter to our own, that their advantage is to our disadvantage, then already we have a basis for a counter strategy. Appealing to good reason, a sense of fair play, or simply whinging is no way forward. If they can organise in their interests then so must we in ours. Unless we are prepared to see our game dominated by the middle classes and the middle aged, now is the time to act.

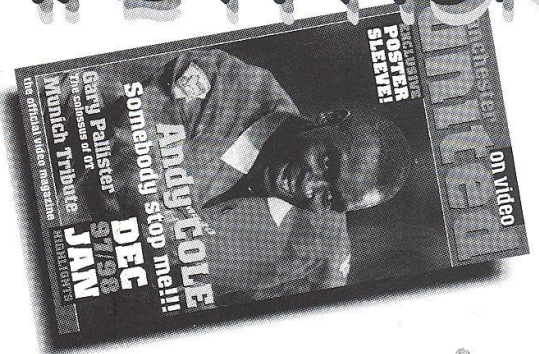


Pissing on the steps of Downing Street

Danbert Nobacon (Chubawumba) explained yesterday why he had tipped a bucket of water over the Deputy Prime Minister (right, moments after his soaking). "It's a metaphor," he said, "for the underdog pissing on the steps of Downing Street. It is an allusion about new Labour being wonderful. They just say the same things, wear bigger smiles and sharper suits." Told that John Prescott had been upset by the soaking, he simply shrugged. He denied the attack had been a publicity stunt. "It was no more of a stunt than John Prescott being at the Brits. They are just trying to make Labour trendy."

Taken from The Guardian

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a word in your ear... the noonan column

Any Reds lucky enough to have got an extended trip to Monaco courtesy of an unscheduled overnight stop in Munich has my sympathies. The forty odd Reds who were stood down in Munich amid claims they'd overindulged on the drink, were I'm told victims of over-bookings by the tour operators. Certainly saved them the cost of having to put us in a hotel for the night.

The hospitality shown to us by the Munich police was reciprocated as we took them on a guided tour of their escalators.

That apart it was a top Euro away. Got on the train at Nice to find it packed with Reds. Longest train I've seen in my life. You walk through to the end of the train and you're in Monte Carlo.

Bumped into one or two lads who work for SPS while out and about in Monaco. One of them assured me he doesn't do any of that 'pushing' people around anymore. What pushing is that I wondered? And what's encouraged you to stop. Orders from above? Pressure from IMUSA? People ringing the club because Andy Walsh is never off the telly and the radio? I reminded him that we can all do a bit of pushing if we put our minds to it. Let's hope they've seen the light.

Keith Gillespie looks like escaping any disciplinary measures after he admitted headbutting Alan Shearer's highly valued clenched fist. Plans to saddle Gillespie with the blame went wrong when the following night, one of the players, allegedly Stuart Pearce fired a traffic cone through some woman's windscreen. In his defence, Pearce said, "I was going to head it, clear, but Shaka shouted 'my cone', so left it, he came out missed the thing completely and it ended up in the back of a passing car." A referee who happened to be passing by and witnessed the incident, booked the motorist for dangerous play, and awarded Newcastle a free kick.

Apparently a few years ago, City wrote to the league managers association asking for an up to date list of managers currently seeking employment. Five managers later, after the departures of Kendall, Ball and the appointment of Royle, they have now checked the list and found out some wise guy had sent them an old Everton team-sheet from the seventies.

Later, Dessy

Match Reports

Southampton 1 United 0

19th January... We need to stop reading the papers and look at the facts; only ever really five points clear of our nearest rivals (be they Blackburn, Liverpool, whoever) at any stage this season, developing the habit of losing away games could be fatal. Arsenal? Fair enough. Coventry? Shouldn't happen. Southampton? Awful result. It's of no consequence that it's the third consecutive year this result has gone against us. Southampton are a tip-top outfit with one of the worst grounds in the world and who permanently defy God's law by staying up!

Footballers are human and to complain every time we don't win 2 or 3 nil is childish; but by the same token, there are only so many shit performances that can be excused. This is one of them, next time won't be. Fergie sort it out.

So the match. Andy Cole gives away a free kick after two minutes. Le Tissier knocks it in, Butt falls on his arse, Jones scores a good goal. No problem, 87 odd minutes left. What a crap game. Southampton wanted it a bit more, and we weren't on top form. Cole should have scored with a header and Ole had his worst game so far, looking unfit and out of sorts. It's unfair to single him out, however, and the only man smiling that night would have been Sheringham.

We really missed Teddy in a way that we don't, Keane for Keane we have Butt who has grown to fill his boots. Johnsen, Scholtes, Giggs to cover. For Teddy, no-one. If Teddy had been playing, we would have at least drawn. All hail Teddy. (What about Bolton? Ed.)

The only highlight of the game was Erik Nevland's appearance. Looking like a gnome on speed, he set off running about the pitch like a nutter; to absolutely no effect, of course, but fair play to the boy. He ran and ran and ran and ran and... it finished 1-0. As the final whistle went, Southampton players were fazed as if they'd just won the world cup. Such are the standards we set that a 1-0 defeat sends 15,000 bunnypkin wretches into a state of delirium as if they'd been force-fed prozac.

Outside the ground, Reds were being nicked by Hamshires finest as they had on the way in... for nothing. Several were locked up until four in the morning, none charged with anything. I can't wait till next year.

Looking like a gnome on speed, he set off running about the pitch like a nutter; to absolutely no effect...

Spiderman

United 5 Walsall 1

25th January... Well screw you Walsall. However good a game your eleven heroic Saddlers had, the fact is that you are in the bottom half of the second division and hence shit, and certainly shittier than us.

So when you came to Old Trafford for the end of your season, I sort of wished you the best of British. You were stood in our pubs giving it the large one and I thought, "Ah fuck it... let them enjoy it. It's what football's about."

But it seems, you Midlands wankers, that football is actually about booing David Beckham and singing 'stand up if you hate Man U.' If you want to hate United then fine, but don't expect me to give a shit. David Beckham is different. Of 60 million people in the country, he is one of about 5 or 6 who can make enough of a difference to win us the World Cup. If cuntis like you carry on like you are then imagine this scenario: Last minute of the World Cup final, 1-0

down against Germany and Becks gets the ball wide on the right. "Oh," says John Motson, "these England fans shouldn't be booing him, he needs support." Becks rounds one German with consummate ease, now 18 yards out. He stops, jumps the lunge of his marker, and nutmegs the German captain filling in at centre-back, ignoring the call of Shearer, he chinks right, accelerates past the goalkeeper and finds himself some 6 yards out, before gracefully lobbing the ball over the bar into the heeklers behind the goal. As he does this he starts to celebrate as if he had scored, ripping off his England shirt to reveal a United kit. Followed off the pitch by his colleagues from United... two Nevilles, Pallister, Scholtes, Butt, Sheringham, and Cole, England were left with 3 players. England defaulted the match and Beckham, as captain of United, returns home to lead MUFc to a decade of European and domestic supremacy.

OK, back to the match. For Walsall, Keates and Porter were outstanding in the middle of the park and to be honest, ran the show. Boli, up front, was excellent and pushed Johnson to his limits for 60 minutes. Indeed until the Walsall defence gave Cole a yard too many after quarter of an hour, they were on top. The second from Soltskjaer and Walsall began to wane. One more from Cole ('fuck off nuts' Nevland, I'm a goal scoring machine!) and a great Scholtes-Ole combo for the fourth and we were cruising. Boli replied with a well taken goal, but man of the season, Johnsen, banged in a great fifth with his head. 5-1, superb.

Again Eric 'nuts' Nevland came on and shot up and down the wing looking like he'd had too many glasses of orange juice at half-time. It's refreshing to see a player running his arse off for a Red shirt. - good fuck son.

A couple of other things to note: Poborsky scored Benfica's winner on Sunday, the team gets younger as Thornley, Clegg and Mulryne all played, and not everybody clapped Walsall off the pitch, because their fans were tossers.

Late news. The 1996 Miss World, from Venezuela, has been arrested for driving the getaway car as her brother-in-law was murdered. She is 21 and is an absolute babe - and I can prove her innocence. She was in the back of a limo with me, Naomi Campbell and Howard Marks. I'll tell you about it if the Leicester game is crap.

'fuck off nuts' Nevland, I'm a goal scoring machine'

Spiderman

United 0 Leicester 1

31st January... Let's get one thing clear, the reason that Mike Tyson split with Don King is not because he's skirt (he's not - he's more minted than you can ever believe), it's because big Don King misheard me placing my bet with Billy Hill after this shock result last week. We were in the limo just cruising around when Jo Guest just wouldn't bloody shut up, 1-0 to Leicester? They're shit. I'm glad you red bastards are losing - makes it more interesting. My response to this was unequivocal, 'fuck off you Chesterfield slut, it's none of your business.'

So as to prove my point and put my money where my (not inconsiderable) mouth is, I ring up William and I say to the operator 'a grand love, a grand says Man U for the treble.' Now with translation problems, class As and the fact that Don King is one stupid bastard, he thinks that I'm saying the American for 'I'll give you a grand, and 'cos you're a whore, I know that you'll let me use each of your three offices in any order I choose. So datf Don's like 'Mike, tell your buddy to shut up ('cos Jo's with Don)', and Mike's like 'Don you twat, shut up. Your lack of knowledge of English vernacular is frankly embarrassing.' Now one thing about Mike is that he has an expression that you can't read, however well you know him. It was therefore a shock when he hit Don in the stomach with a shove! and threw him out of the rolling limo screaming, 'manage that you robbing bastard.'

Jesus. Naomi, Jo, me and my missus were just like 'cool'.

In other words we wasn't robbed. We are the greatest team in the land, even when compared to the mighty Stevenage Borough. We have the ability to do anything, but we need to concentrate. Leicester came to our home, and despite the shambolic nature of their appearance, were deceptively good and clever. We deserved to lose. Do United players deserve to get pilloried, as all 14 used fall below what they are capable of. It is a team game, and they will stand or fall as a team.

Spiderman

United 1 Bolton 1

7th February... This result begs the question, 'At what stage do I start moaning?' It's churlish to criticise Fergie after the best 7 years of my footballing life, or is he a twat for repeatedly holding a 4-3-3 formation that is patently impotent?

So then, let's get it sorted. We are at our best with 4-4-2. At present we simply aren't creating the width and therefore aren't getting the crosses into the box for an out and out striker or in front of the defence for a deep lying playmaker. Scholes is too deep to be effective, and Giggs is simply too one-footed to be able to convincingly float around central midfield for 90 minutes, and Beckham isn't getting any decent balls. Up front, playing Ole on the left turns him from being the most naturally gifted forward I've ever seen into a completely ineffectual, random Scandinavian looking less like a Viking and more like a rent boy after every game. Teddy too, is suffering from 4-3-3 and was complete bollocks on Saturday, quite rightly being taken off since he only touched the ball on about 3 occasions. What the last few games has exposed is that we need an out and out right winger, (no not that sort, someone in the mould of Gillespie or Kanchevski), Beckham needs to come inside and be partnered by Keane or Butt, with Giggs on the left.

United only got into gear after Bolton took the lead. We were unlucky not to win, hitting the bar three times but they don't count do they? In all honesty, Schmeichel made two great saves at 0-0, but moaning about deserving to beat Bolton isn't exactly championship winning stuff.

Spiderman

United 1 Barnsley 1

15th February... It was never going to be another 7-0 massacre, probably not even 4 or 5 nil. Indeed, as Schmeichel somehow managed to give Hendrie the goal he will remember for the rest of his life, it really looked like United's shite form had spiralled out of control. As omnipotent as we may feel our trophy winning power is, we're not big enough to dismiss the FA Cup as an irritant. It is the world's leading Cup competition and confers prestige (and cash) onto the winning club and players; it is arrogance to suggest we should give anything less than 100% in our efforts to win.

Fortunately, the players saw it that way too. Teddy's equaliser was classy.

That said, Barnsley can count themselves unlucky not to have won - they were our equal and if they someone other than 'hospital' Ward up front, they might have left O.T. victorious.

Spiderman

Villa 0 United 2

18th February... After a crash course in bar billiards and burning the roof of my mouth in that Firkin pub near the college, we staggered down to Villa Park for what was usually a good game until Brian Little turned them into absolute bores. This had nil-nil written all over it before kick-off but with a stronger team out than in recent games, we fancied Giggs and 1-0 at 40 to 1.

The first half was a midfield mess. I don't recall a shot on goal of any consequence from either side. Yet there were signs of better to come. The second started brighter for Villa, with Ian Taylor catching the eye, forcing Schmeichel into action, pushing the ball over the bar.

The game came to life for United, following the arrival of P. Neville for the substituted Crooky. Teaming up with the brilliant Nicky Butt to get a grip on the middle. Cole should have scored when put clean through with a lucky deflection. Beckham, finding room on the right, switched to the left for a one two with Teddy to blast us ahead. Giggs added a second to put the draw beyond the reach of Villa.

Michael Palin

United 2 Derby 0

21st February... Such is the footballing renaissance in this country at the moment that as 3 o'clock approached, there was a definitely a palpable tension, what with it being the visit of the mighty Derby County, their attack spearheaded by a farical Costa Rican who, when on the ball looks like Benny Hill but actually scores like George Best.

It was, it has to be said a great result. Giggs and Beckham had sorted us out at Villa 3 days before, but this lot were fundamentally better than Villa, had Jim Smith at the helm and the unpleasant knack of turning us over. Having said that the match wasn't a cracker - a bit like going to your local and discovering they've become tied to a MacEwans brewery. The only shining bottle of Jack Daniels amongst the Advocate and Bols, was Giggs and he had another blinder.

He and Tia Maria and Coke linked up for the first, T and C slamming in a fantastic cross to which Jack supplied a suitably class half-volley finish.

Halfway through the second half, Jack wriggled his way through the Derby defence and was lucky to get a penno. At this level you make your own luck, so fair play. Ashamedly Peach Schnapps has lost his penno-bottle, so up came Pint of Stout, and handed out a 'calm under pressure' lesson to his better paid colleagues.

Spiderman

He and Tia Maria and Coke linked up for the first, T and C slamming in a fantastic cross to which Jack supplied a suitably class half-volley finish. (??)

Barnsley 3 United 2

25th February... This was the story of United since Coventry away summed up in one match.

Lots of gilt-edged chances missed, coupled with some sloppy work at the back to give away the lead. I haven't been 100% about our defence since Steve Bruce left. They play well enough individually, but collectively they seem to lack the presence of a strong personality, despite the Great Dane, which Brucey certainly was. Maybe it's not having the likes of Bruce, Moran or Buchan who knew when to dive in and take the ball. Or maybe I'm being over critical seeing as the back four is logging up more changes than City's management team. Still Joe Royle is it?

Any way the FA Cup is gone for another year and the little town of Barnsley go marching on. I've nothing against them and no complaints after losing what was a brilliant cup-tie. I'm not overly disappointed at the number of chances that went begging, but take comfort from the way we battled and never gave up until the final whistle at Oakwell. The bigger the game, the better we get, so here's to Monaco and the 'big eared Cup'. All the best to the Tykes as they look to put an end to Newcastle's season in the next round.

Michael Palin

...more changes than City's management team. Still Joe Royle is it?

Chelsea 0 United 1

28th February... The return of a recognisable

able midfield and Johnsen back in defence,

saw a recognisable United performance, lovely passing football from the Reds.

United contained the game for the first half hour, with Butt again outstanding in spite of the unwarranted attentions of Denis-un-Wise, which strangely earned Butty a booking.

Hughes, Vialli and Zola, the Chelsea pensioners produced nothing between them, with Johnsen coming out on top against all three. The closest Hughesy got to a ball all afternoon, was when he grabbed Johnsen's bollocks!

Second half, Chelsea huffed and puffed, but United were able to contain them whilst still playing within themselves, no doubt with one eye on important business in Monaco four days hence. They ran out easy winners to give the other contenders a 12 point lead to choke on over lunch.

The closest Hughesy got to a ball all afternoon, was when he grabbed Johnsen's bollocks!

Special mention for Wise's antics which were worthy of a disrepute charge on their own. His attempted two footed stamp on Butt, which led to Beckham's booking for raising the matter with the referee, was a disgrace. If a red shirt had done that, the police would have been on the pitch to make an arrest.

Chelsea in the post Guillit era are going nowhere. Potentially good players, having helped in the disposal of their own manager, are now at liberty to display their collective bad habits unchecked. Vialli has even taken to diving in his own penalty area when dispossessed by Andy Cole. LeBluff was caught trying to win balls in the air by kicking Sheeringham in the back. Duddery must have the best pair of defensive arms this side of American football, and judging by the way Chelsea players dropped when tackled in or around United's box, they must have been playing with retractable studs. Chelsea village? More like village idiots. As for being our bogey team, well that's twice in two months we've snotted them 'live' at the Bridge. Some bogey!

The Kerry Recruit



Argh!
Shit it's
the ball...
Quick,
get it
away
from me



Kickin' in

Speaking of ones that got away and especially to Lazio, brings to mind one **Michael Fish**. Too good for United, he turned us down as only Serie A would do for this highly ambitious footballer. Where is he now? Rome? Milan? Turin? Nah. Bolton, where all players who surpass Serie A expectations end up.

Apparently United are tying up all the best young Norwegian talent on sign now-play later deals much to the chagrin of the **Norwegian FA**. With four Norwegians in the squad and more on the way, why don't the PLC just go out and buy Norway lock, stock and barrel.

Darren Huckerby continues to impress, and his performance against United prompted enquiries from Fergie, with United rumoured to be offering around £4 million. Anyone who does damage to United, it seems is of interest to the wizard.

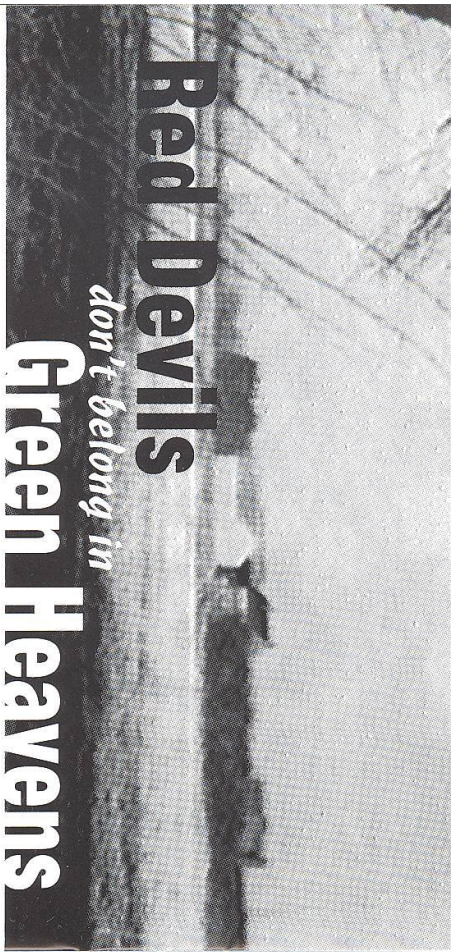
Sol Campbell for United? It's no secret that Fergie is an admirer of both Campbell and **Rio Ferdinand**. However, if Spurs go down this year, the odds are that Campbell will become available long before Ferdinand does.

Speaking of availability, the word from Italy is that all is not well with **Battistuta** and Fiorentina. Battistuta's interest in playing in the Premiership would remain with United, so once again any move in this direction will be influenced by the accountants rather than Fergie.

Gillespie's return to Old Trafford is on the cards if Fergie wants him. Emphasis in the press on Gillespie's bad habits rather than Shearer's violence, indicates a damage limitation exercise by Newcastle, which should help Gillespie realise he has no future on Tyneside. Could Delglish stomach selling to United though? In spite of his problems, Gillespie's form for Newcastle has been one of their few enduring successes this year. Oh and he's a Red.

Perhaps he should have a word with **Dion Dublin**. Following his move from Cambridge United, Dion credits his time at United as being the making of him, although his first team appearances were restricted by injury and the arrival of Cantona, it has borne him in good stead and led to a belated England call-up.

Now that we've all seen what the man **Salas** can do (to English defenders), is this another case of the 'one that got away' for United fans. Lazio being prepared to stump up the asking price, at which United had previously balked. Only time will tell.



Red Devils *don't belong in* Green Heavens

That's the message from Trafford Friends of the Earth and The Council for the Protection of Rural England who have vowed to continue with their opposition to Manchester United's proposed Training development on over a 100 acres of green belt land in Carrington, Cheshire.

The whole scheme has been the subject of fierce local opposition, with sustained public attacks on the project from Friends of the Earth, The Council for the Protection of Rural England and Cheshire Wildlife Trust, to name but a few.

Given that the proposed training centre will gobble up over a 100 acres of productive farmland, destroy a wildlife rich habitat and files in the face of Trafford Council's stated policy to preserve agricultural and greenbelt land in the borough, it is not hard to see why local people are so overwhelmingly opposed to the proposed training ground. There is a very real ground-swell of anger about the apparent ease with which United's scheme was approved by Trafford Council's planning committee - an anger which has recently been further fuelled by John Prescott's incredible decision NOT to call in United's planning application for Public Inquiry! Manchester United's ambition to take over a 110 acres of greenbelt land from Shell, who are the current land owners, is not only against the wishes of the existing farmers, is not Litherlands, whose family have farmed the land for over a 100 years, but will also destroy the open aspect of the Carrington site and rob local wildlife of its existing habitat by surrounding the whole area with

a massive security fence. This has led to some locals dubbing the scheme "Alcatraz with Astro turf". The threatened land is currently well used by numerous mammals, including badgers, and also by endangered birds which hunt and feed in the area, barn owls, sparrowhawks, hen harriers, for example. In addition to its obvious wildlife value the site also represents an oasis of green, open space in the midst of industrial sprawl and massive housing estates and as such is well used by local people for family walks, bird-watching, etc. For fans it would also spell the end of an era for the existing training ground at the Cliff in Salford. Given that the Carrington site is not easily accessible by public transport and United's property agent's declaration that they no longer wish to train in a "goldfish bowl", it is doubtful that fans will find it quite so easy to see their heroes in training as they currently do at the Cliff.

Perhaps of even more concern for United fans is media speculation that United may also be preparing to shift their Stadium away from Old Trafford to Carrington. Shell own vast tracks of land in Carrington and has earmarked land next to the proposed training ground for future development. Interestingly, one local farmer, Ian Crawford, says he has consistently tried to buy this land from Shell but has got nowhere with his attempts. "I have tried to buy the land but Shell would not even entertain the idea," he said. "They just want to sell the whole lot to developers. I have heard they want to move the United ground here next - and it makes sense because we are just off Carrington Spur and the M63, there is plenty of space for huge car parks and the training centre would be nearby."

Whilst adamant that United had no immediate plans to move stadium, when asked if the club would never move from its current venue a United spokesman added, "Never is a long time."
Trafford Friends of the Earth

RED MOLE *uncovers...*

GREEN ATTITUDE

When United sold Paul Ince to Inter Milan, we were told that a replacement wouldn't be bought, the money being earmarked for development of a top flight flight training facility. This was greeted with incredulity by many fans until of course Burt, Beckham and Double got into their stride and delivered the Double. Fergie has always wanted better facilities than currently on offer at the Cliff. In order to generate the investment needed, he has had to produce the goods first. The value of United's home grown talent at today's prices makes the investment in training facilities look small beer. Indeed very few fans would disagree in principle with what United are now doing.

What is perhaps of concern is the way they conduct their business. Secrecy is understandable in areas like the transfer market, when Fergie announces the arrival of players like Cantona and Cole without a morsel of speculation in the press, and lands complete unknowns like Johnsen and Solisjaer for relative peanuts.

But just what is going on in Carrington. Local press reports have speculated that crowd capacity limits at Old Trafford are forcing the club to look at out of town stadium development, however the massive capital outlay may prove prohibitive to a United board not given to foresight in this department.

Many United fans perhaps unconcerned about where the team train, after all they have to train somewhere, may think differently about a move from Old Trafford for what would be for purely commercial reasons. The sweeter for the fans would be increased capacity. But situated close to the airport and motorway network, it's not the working class kids of Manchester that would be the target of this expansion. Furthermore increased capacity on an all seater basis would merely exacerbate the current problems of lack of atmosphere, and the standing up issue. Likewise what would happen to Old Trafford if such a move occurred. Museum? Transhed? Highest bidder?

The sensible option would be the re-introduction of safe terracing. This would increase the capacity possibly up to nearer 70,000 depending on extent, without the need to carry out major building work without massive capital outlay, and without the need to relocate, gobbling up thousands of acres of green belt land for stadium, car parks and megastores. Only time will tell what United's long term plans are

for the Carrington site, and the PLC are not known for their consultation with the fanbase on such matters. But one thing's for sure, we can quite rightly claim that a return to safe terracing is indeed environmentally friendly.

BENCHWARMERS

Ruud Gullit's sacking came as a big shock to everyone bar Ken Bates, Graham Rix, Gianluca Vialli, Peter Osgood, and Brian Laudrup. However, the logic of refusing Gullit a playing contract on the basis that he spent too much time on the subs bench must have sent a shiver down the spine of one Brian McClair.

BOXING CLEVER

Terry Dunstan, speaking following his sensational return from injury to lift the European cruiserweight championship with a 20 second knockout of Ukrainian Gurov, said 'What I feel like is Andy Cole and this (pointing to manager Frank Maloney) is my Alex Ferguson.' From what I saw of the 20 second knockout, he looked more like Roy Keane. Nice one Terry.

ENG-ER-LAND, ENG-ER-LAND, ENG-ER-LAND

Word reaches the Mole of some City wannabe hoodies hassling Asian students in Rubnaki's in Fallowfield during the England versus Chile match. With plenty of England friends before the World Cup proper, lets hope the management get their act together and put a stop to this behaviour.

KICK RACISM OUT OF FOOTBALL... ER POLICE?

The Asian law student who lost an eye when "restrained" by Manchester police has been awarded a sum believed to be around £130,000 in damages. Calls for an inquiry and for the police officers involved to be prosecuted fall on deaf ears, with no action being taken against any officers. A spokesman for GMP said, "The Chief Constable has decided that the greater good would be served by settling Mr Rafiq's claim for compensation... and without admission as to liability."

SOMETHING TO DECLARE?

The House of Commons Home Affairs Select committee has demanded that the head honcho from the Freemasons hand over the names of Freemasons who were high ranking police officers involved in the Birmingham 6, West Midlands Serious Crime Squad, and the Stalker inquiries. Not that I think there's any masonic conspiracy at work, but just by way of reassurance can we have the names of the Masons who were serving police officers involved with the Hillsborough tragedy and the Arthur Roberts case as well?

Perhaps it might be quicker if they just gave us the names of those high ranking officers who aren't masons.

MAKING MUTTERINGS

The Walsall game got me thinking about class. Not just class as in Cole's run from inside our half, nor in the fairly effortless shifting of a potentially awkward obstacle - United getting past Walsall, nor Cole knocking Newlan out of the way as if to say, "John Harrison for the Golden boot my arse." Not even class as in their goal celebration.

So what sort of class am I babbling on about? Class of Wimbledon fan to be precise. At the moment this is making less sense than Checco's performance at home to Barnsley, so perhaps I'd better explain. My mate was having his 21st do, inconveniently for me in London. So when I got the 6.30 from Piccadilly in an effort to make last orders, the train was full of Wimbledon returning from Huddersfield. As I was wearing my 57 Cup Final shirt, it took them a while to work out who I was, and by that time I'd sorted out the scathing sound of Tony De Vit to mask their mindless shite. Virgint's track record proved to be no better than their predecessor British Rail, and at MK, we were diverted onto buses bound for Bedford to get another train.

Last orders was now a possibility rather than a certainty, unfortunately there was a bike - as in fat sweaty piece of shit - standing outside the first bus shouting 'Wombles only.' I got on after 'negotiations'; he obviously had a good head for odds, 55 Wimbledon to 1 United.

For some of them it was like having their birthday. Christmas first snag and a lottery win all on the same day. There followed about half an hour of regurgitated/fantasy football ABU cliché bollocks - in fact it was fairly easy to laugh off, especially the bit where the aforementioned fat boy told me 'I fakin hate Man U so much I wanna be reincarnated as a City fan' - a fate he will richly deserve, the pillock. The 'piranhas at feeding time' scene continued apace, until one of them kindly told me about 'this ABU website he'd found, where they say stuff like Munich was a tart.'

Before relations could deteriorate, two lads told him to shut the fuck up, and apologised for his and others behaviour towards me, asking him if he'd be so bold if there was a fifty-fifty mix.

They then chatted to me in a non-bittered way for the rest of the journey, saving me from the conclusion I had been reaching that everyone else's fans were a bunch of classless tossers.

News from the media, following City's brilliantly scripted and aching funny cup exit. Kinklatze wonder show, Rosler penalty miss, knocked out by an old boy - and subsequent floundering, living up to their motto, 'Superbia in Proelium' (pride in battle' according to my little sister, and not 'we're shit and we're sick of it'), the BBC are to commission a new comedy about City. Not How Man United ruined my life, as has been rumoured, but...

'Only fools and Georgians.'

The them tune is as follows:-

**22 years without a trophy
But it's OK, we've got the best fans
Cos if you want some bogroll
And you don't ask questions
Then Brother, Franny's yer man
Why we're shit is just a mystery
It's like changing from the Endsleigh
To the Nationwide league
But here's the one that drove Frank
Clarke berserk
Why do only fools and Georgians
work?**

With Lee Bradbury making an occasional guest appearance as Trigger. Mange tout, mange tout.

MAKING MUTTERINGS

Strength in depth my arse...

The squad's strong enough to take a couple of injuries, sure. If you got a scratch when you were a kid, your mum and her spitty nanky could sort it out, but wouldn't be much use if your leg fell off. Same here. Mind you, I don't reckon many sides, even Juve, would be able to handle adequately our current injury (and suspension) crisis. But don't blame injuries or even bad luck for our cup exit - blame me!

Apparently when I was in Rotherham once (don't ask me what I was doing there, probably being sick if my past record is anything to go by) we were in this pub called the Belvedere. It was a sixth-form's last day at school type affair; my mate introduced me to a couple of United fans, one thing led to another, bit of a sing-song between United and non-United ensued. Nothing nasty, just a laugh, got too rowdy for the barstaff's liking who closed the bar. Part 2, playing cricket in a special guest context for Wiston (where?) I dropped a piss-easy catch.

The relevance? According to my mate, Scott Jones not only used to play for Wiston, he was also in the Belvedere at the time. It's his personal revenge on me: sorry lads!

I don't think anyone reading this needs to be told about the historical or competitive significance of the Bolton game. However, it turns out some people weren't so aware. Having finally sorted out a ticket, back row North Stand tier 2, already disgusted at the number of Bolton in the executive area down in front (okay, so it was only one), tense as buggery while we went for the draw, I turned to have a look at the replay when Cole's header hit the post, on the TV in the executive box behind me.

Only I couldn't. Not because my view was obscured as they got to their feet 'in a moment of great excitement'. In fact, I had a great view. But the replay wasn't on the telly, these twats were watching the rugby (France v England) instead.

Then I got some sort of flashback: I remembered my mum bollocking me as a kid for pretending to be Norman Whiteside. Not so much for pretending to be Norm, actually, she's not scouse or anything, I think she objected on the grounds that I'd got my new 80's special stonewash jeans covered in those stains you got off a soggy brown, hexagonal patches pulled off, bit of orange bladder sticking out, at least half it's weight made up from playground puddles, leathery casey, and that I'd scuffed my new grey 'no I'll not ruin these by playing football in them' Dunlop. And I thought that means jack shit to you (in fact, it'll mean jack shit to most people, those Dunlop were pretty exclusive).

Or to put it another way, what would they have felt watching the interviews with Harry Gregg that week? I'm not a betting man (honest), but I'd have a wager, they'd probably have been watching some tripe about Saracens instead. Perhaps before they're allowed to move into those boxes they should be told about our history, or perhaps about those who can't afford to get in or get tickets. I don't argue with anyone's right to watch United, it's a broad church and so it should be, better that than end up like some inbred twats we know. But as George Orwell's pigs put it, 'some are more equal than others.' Or as they might have said, 'if you want to watch rugby, sod off to Twickers and give your seats to someone who'll appreciate them, you bastards.'

REVIEWS

If the Reds should Play in Rome or Mandalay

Edited by Barney Gilton, Martin Day, Phil Holt & Phil Williams.

£7.99 from Red News Press.

If the Reds Should Play' is a collection of over 30 accounts of Euro-Aways. Written by a mixture of fans, coming from different angles, it covers trips from Ajax '76 to Dortmund '97.

The formula for the book is strictly 'unofficial' - by the fans, for the fans, without any glossy, mega-store guff.

Basically, it's an expanded fanzine given over to following United abroad - nothing more or less. Plenty of well known names from the United zine scene are represented - Andy Mitten, Phil Williams, various cockney Feds (most notably Steve's good Turnin yarn), amongst others.

It's a good enough read. You know exactly what you're gonna get with this sort of thing - a mixture of stories about drunkenness, jibbing, singing and fighting. If you've been on a Euro-away, it'll bring back blurred memories of 6am sing-songs in European brotrels, if you've not then read this and pretend you have.

The editors have done a decent job in compiling these tales - there's a good balance of contributors and the team-sheets that accompany the stories are a nice touch. Apart from their introduction, they make no attempt to interfere with the stories, either to moralise, condemn or over-lionise. As they say:

"This is our culture, not one that Nick Hornby and his ilk would appreciate or relate to, one that allows you to spend quality time abroad, with your mates, getting to know new faces, usually getting drunk and watching Manchester United play. Who could ask for anything more?"

High Points must include Arthur Alibiston's card school stories - funny how the only footballer here has absolutely nothing to say about the game. Also worth a mention (and a read) are Adam Brown's Oporto account and the Galatasaray stories - the truth about just how badly out of hand these trips can get when the host police get warmed up with 'invading Red Hordes' press scare stories.

Low points? Most of the accounts should be

taken with a large pinch of salt, but what else would you expect. These are beery yams about beery trips, and I suppose this is as true as it ever gets.

Some of them are a bit cliquey and self-reverential, but again, that's par for the course. If all the self-declared jibbers were as good as they say, you'd have to wonder why anyone bothers running travel companies. Can't just be for my benefit, can it? Just a thought.

Oh yeah, Haz, Nige snogged Zoe Ball did he? Righto. **DTM**

Manchester United on video

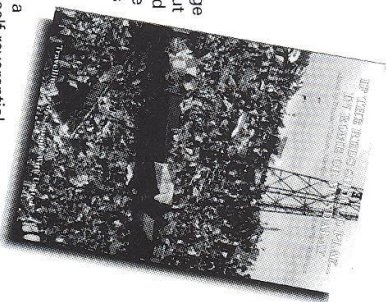
Dec 97 to Jan 98

This is the latest in the bi-monthly 'diary of the season' collection, which one imagines is largely gobbled up by those fans who can't get to the games or don't know where the ground is. It's an excellent production, well put together. The production team appear to have an 'access all areas' mandate from the club, popping up in Andy Cole's home, then the team hotel in Turin, followed by interviews with Chochoy, Fergie, Keano and Terry Cooke (not that they've got much else to do).

In this celluloid slice of the season we get Wirbleton, Kosice, Blackburn, a two legged youth cup tie with Blackburn, Liverpool, Juve, Villa, Everton, Newcastle, Coventry, Chelsea and Spurs. Not a bad collection of video footage to splice together some tasty football action. Credit where it's due, with some good editing to keep out those countless minutes of goal kicks and non-events. Just the goals and the near misses, (quite a lot of faddy, obviously!).

Sandwiched between the action we get the interviews, and some of the more interesting ones which betrays a club authorised product. Not challenged by any controversial or piercing questions, Cole, Chochoy and Pally all come across well in their interviews. It can't help but sell a few more shirts and other peripherals.

If the money generated goes into the purchase of calibre like Salas, then all well and good, however past performance indicates that it doesn't, and from



REVIEWS

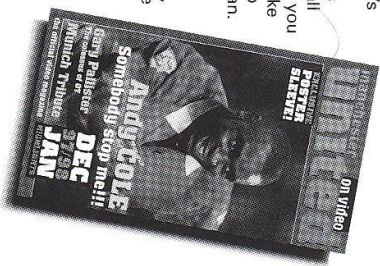
the fans perspective that has got to represent serious financial mismanagement.

The one fly in the ointment for me with this vid, was the intrusion of arch tosser Rob McCaffrey, commentator extraordinaire, who apart from clearly aggravating the players, demonstrates an acute lack of balance.

Hughes' offside evading 30 yard run and cool finish past Schmeics is a 'touch of fortune' attributable to a 'lucky hobble'. Yet when Beckham shoots from 50 yards, deflecting the ball off a defender's knee into the opposite corner of the net to the one intended, it's classed as a 'trademark Beckham special'.

It's hardly any wonder United's merchandising machine draws loathing from all quarters, when you get utter crap like that on the club sponsored organ.

If it's your bag, then buy it, it's good. If you do, turn the volume down to avoid the tacky McCaffrey bits.



Colmans Football Food Guide

A fantastic thing happened on the drive home to read this, so it was always going to get a great review. There were two pigeons set in the road pecking away on some scrap thrown onto Oxford Road. (Frank Clark? Ed) They gave me that look that the cheeky twats always do, just flying away at the last moment. But not this time, no way I dropped a gear, veered left and got the bastards! All there was to be seen was two mangled corpses - what a feeling! Now for the food guide. There are definitely two levels going on - one the awkward entry of middle class values into the game, the other a good chance get one over your rivals. And this leads to a little confusion for the reader.

Reading each of the 91 (work it out) reviews, I was left with the impression that the reviewers were

given too wide a remit; reviewing not only club food franchises inside and outside the ground, but also chippies and pubs en route to the ground. The jockey-blokey snippets about each club sit uncomfortably with the straight-faced attempts at reviews, and sometimes the editing is poor. Some pubs, which didn't even serve food are dwelt upon, whilst on other occasions sweeping generalisations are made of whole areas and food outlets.

We laud the virtues of local food: Walsall's bait pie is feted as some sort of gastronomic masterpiece, yet American football, the epitome of uniform, characterless food is the yardstick we aim for. Most disturbing is the fact that where I am familiar with what they are talking about, they are wrong. Rusholme is nicknamed 'Curry Nation Street' by the locals. No it's not. It's called the 'Curry mile' by the media, and Rusholme by everybody else in the city. Apparently all the curry houses are good and cheap. They aren't - some are distinctly expensive, and some are distinctly shit. Similarly my experiences of Burnley and Preston are very different from what is written here.

Finally on the moan front, the league table of all 91 grounds is at odds with the stated aim of attempting an Egon Foney style standard for food - tables being, of course relative.

The guide is exhaustive and quite funny, nothing better than a puny, 'we've got better food than City or Liverpool' check, but annoyingly they only list the top 20 and the bottom 20, rather than the whole lot.

My Dad has already used the book to good effect before the Villa game, making use of the safe pubs to drink in suggestions. I can't see clubs redesigning whole food serving areas, off the back of this book, but certainly a bit more quality would be a good thing. I'm sick of shit pie and chips that repeat for two days after consumption.

You can get a copy of the guide free with Goal magazine, if you don't want to shell out a fiver for one.

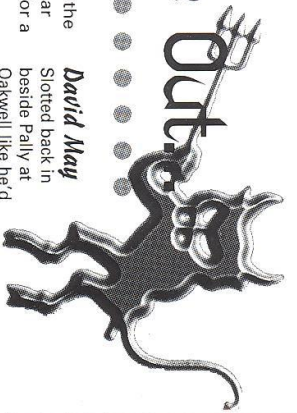
Dirk Diggle (pigeon killer)

Red Army Years

Paperback edition £6.99

Matt took this one to read on the way to Monaco, and, in what must be our shortest review to date, commented, "It's a sound read but I wasn't born until after Scousebusting 1977, so who am I to offer an opinion."

The Devils Ride Out



Peter Schmeichel Seems to have been affected by the Barnsley boo-boo, but his kicking has never been on a par with Pele's, usually confining himself to putting it wide for a throw-in rather than slicing it into the path of oncoming strikers. Just to make matters worse, he produces an uncharacteristic slip-cum-stumble to gift Barnsley a free winning header in the replay. Made up for it at the Bridge and Monaco though, when it mattered.

Gary Neville As dependable as ever, and filling in at centre-half and left back as injuries dictate. Has been getting forward enough to try out his shooting boots of late, but to no avail. Stick to what you do best Gary, and stick to the right back slot, before Hoddle starts looking at the chances again.

Phil Neville Phil has come into the midfield of late and played with distinction, breaking his scoring duck into the bargain at Chelsea. Second half performance with Burly at Villa was just the ticket, and his work rate at Barnsley was encouraging. Has to be given the nod in this role ahead of McClair in the continued absence of the regulars. And besides, sitting on the bench, waiting for Irwin to hit a bad patch, will only give you piles.

Denis Irwin Mr consistency week in week out, barring injuries. An unsung hero who you might just credit as being irreplaceable. Unless of course you didn't have a Phil Neville on the bench! Would be nice to see some free kicks from the edge of the box out of Denis, especially as we appear to be a goal down on a semi permanent basis of late.

Gary Pallister I wasn't going to mention his injury free run for fear of tempting fate, given the collective injury problems of the other centre halves, but Monaco's car park put paid to that. Old 'blowhard's' facial expressions of fatigue bring a measure of realism to the game, that every overweight, hung over, 40-a-day, Sunday league footballer would be happy to identify with.

Ronnie Johnson Great at centre-half, and performing well in midfield, as against Barnsley until injury intervened yet again. Still vastly under-rated by the pundits, but my top tip to show out good style in the World Cup. Performances at Chelsea (again), and in Monaco must make him an automatic choice somewhere in the team.



David May Sorted back in beside Paily at Oakwell like he'd never been away, and this after only one A team game. Welcome back.

Henning Berg Another injury plagued Norwegian struggling to get a good run under his belt. Has looked a tad shaky at times and my concerns about him letting the ball bounce rather than heading clear proved to be well founded as Tony Cottee will testify.

Brian McClair Choccy is past his Premier sell by date, and has been for a while. I thought the benefit of having five on the bench was that you could pick him without ever having to put him on, except for fan inspired cameo appearances once the result was in the bag.

Nicky Butt We've struggled without him recently. Barnsley twice, Leicester and Bolton all needed the Butt bite and non-stop tenacious tackling in the middle. Back with a bang against Villa where he was quite rightly man of the match. Needs to take Denis Wise for a Chinese!

Paul Scholes Suffering from injury and suspension, although his form had dipped prior to this. Scholes's creative side has taken a back seat to the more workmanlike endeavours required during the Keane/Butt crisis. Scholes has always been more productive playing off the control of the game in midfield afforded by the Keane/Butt axis, rather than standing in for either or both of them. Will improve as the weather gets warmer and the days grow longer!

David Beckham About the only positive happening in United's midfield of late, has been Beckham's central midfield role against Barnsley at Oakwell, where he all but ran the show. Becks display dispelled recent talk of him being jaded and out of sorts. Whilst his ability to deliver from the right wing is undoubted, what we need right now is Beckham in the middle alongside Butty to get a grip of games from the off.

For those clowns who advocate fat wife beater Gazza ahead of Becks as England's creative midfield influence for France 98, should be pleased that FFAs paltzy ticket allocations will, at least, spare some of them a wasted journey.

Teddy Sheringham Teddy has opened the door for Andy Cole this season (whilst not detracting from Andy's own efforts), and his link play with midfield and the wings has helped fill the gap left by you know who. However, some of his passing and all round contribution have been somewhat erratic and a factor in our recent run of indifferent form. He is still chipping in with his quota of goals, so we'll stand down the firing squad! (For now...)

Andy Cole Coley stands before us as the country's top scorer in all competition. Am I alone in thinking that he doesn't seem to be working the backline the way he was before Christmas. Don't get me wrong, he's still getting into goal-scoring positions and creating chances from tight situations, and was unlucky not to pick up a hatrick at Barnsley and one at Villa. He may have to produce something extra, though, in the second half of the season if he is to get into the England team ahead of the little scouse scoring machine.

Ryan Giggs Prior to injury Giggs form was impressive, with some important goals thrown in



as well. His backheel for Sheringham's equaliser against the Tykes was class. The type of move that would unlock the tightest of European defences. Trouble is, how do we compensate for Giggs speed and penetration when he's out for such a crucial stage of the season.

Ole Gunnar Solskjaer Ole's year has been hampered by nagging injuries, and he has looked uncomfortable when he has been drafted

in as a left winger. Perhaps playing as a wide striker is the only way past Cole and Sheri when fully fit. With an acute shortage of orthodox wingers at O.T. and Giggs injury, the door is open for Ole to take the Beckham route to regular first team action out on the wing. But is he effective there?

Michael Clegg His similarity in style and performance to G. Neville is uncanny. His unassuming self confidence, firm tackling, and useful distribution had all the hallmarks of our regular right back. Is he the undiscovered third Neville brother?

Ben Thornley Has had one or two opportunities of late, but I'm not sure he has done himself justice. One or two balls played down the wing for him against Barnsley, highlighted a lack of anticipation and acceleration when needed to get into useful positions. Ben's been round long enough to know you have to make the most of your chances at O.T.

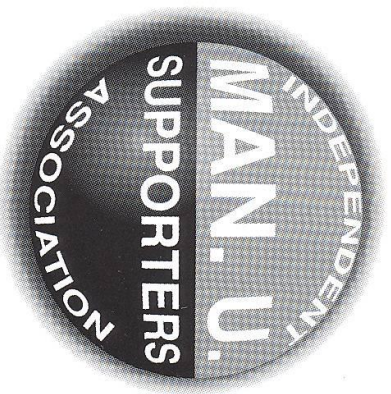
Erik Neuland Unlucky not to score with an excellent job over the goalie at Barnsley. Needs to bag his first goal to settle him down as he appears to be trying too hard. Perhaps bringing him on for the last half hour instead of taking him off after the first half hour at Barnsley, would have done more for his confidence.

Michael Twiss Salford lad Twiss, looked a tasty talent when making his debut in the last ten at Oakwell. Reminiscent of a young (as in very young!) Nicky Butt.

Roy Keane On the mend. Thank f—k!



IMUSA Gets Set For Talk and Action



The latest twist in the stand-up saga finally sees the club prepared to talk to the supporters on a face to face basis. This month representatives of the club, Police, local council and IMUSA will, er... sit down and discuss the issue where, hopefully, the views of the supporters will be aired and given a full hearing. As was made plain at the recent Task Force hearing in Manchester Town Hall, United supporters have not, until now, been given an opportunity to fully and openly discuss the issues which matter to United fans - hopefully this meeting will continue the change in attitudes at the club towards IMUSA.

At the Task Force hearing Roland Smith was put on the spot about the absence of discussions between club and fans, and he was forced to concede errors in United's approach. Joining IMUSA remains the best and perhaps only way to make sure your voice is heard in the corridors of Old Trafford. We need your support and membership to tell the club that we are truly representative of the United faithful. It is becoming more, not less, important (especially as we re-enter Europe) to give IMUSA your support by joining the organisation.

To keep the momentum gained at the Task Force hearing, IMUSA have organised a national show of support for the return of terracing, which will take place during our game with Arsenal on the 14 March and

throughout all other Premier league stadia that day. We will be handing out posters before the game with the simple message:

BRING BACK TERRACING!

Supporter groups up and down the country will be repeating the same message; that there now exists an overwhelming level of support for the return of the terracing option in English football clubs. For those keen to find out the latest developments, watch out for the next issue of RedPrint to be produced shortly and is free to IMUSA members. We also intend to report on the latest from the Bring Back Terracing campaign - and Michael Knighton too!

Should you wish to join IMUSA

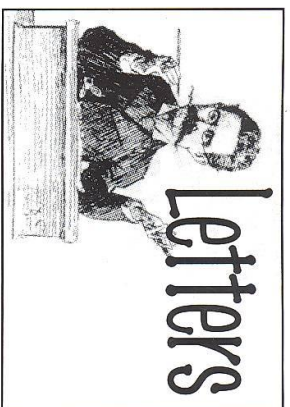
simply send a cheque (payable to IMUSA) for £5 (£2.50 OAPs/ U-18s) to

**PO Box 69 Stretford
Manchester M32 0UZ**

Please remember to enclose an SAE with any correspondence.

Next meeting

Committee - Tuesday 10th March 8 o'clock
All members welcome
Venue: O'Briens, Stretford Arndale



SALAS

Dear Red Attitude,

I've just watched the England match and am mightily pissed off that United didn't buy Salas. We know United have the money to get him but the PLC are greedy sods who want to keep all the money for themselves. They think we don't need him, after all we have got that old cart horse Sheringham. United won't win the European Cup, with Salas they may have had a chance to. Do they want to win it? I don't think they have the ambition!

Sarah
Via e mail

SIT DOWN - STAND UP?

On the sit down/stand up debate, I would like to have my penny's worth. I think that the people who stand up throughout the match are 'out of order' on the fans who do not wish to stand. I would like to stand during the game and get the atmosphere going but have some consideration for the people behind me. The time has come for the club to introduce a 'singing section' where the fans in that section sign an agreement to say that they are aware that the people in front of them may be stood for slightly longer than 'brief moments of excitement'. Then if they complain you can say 'tough shit mate / luv'. My suggestion might be utter bollocks but there is a solution out there somewhere, and the atmosphere is so crap I don't even look forward to going to the match anymore.

Yours moaningly
DJ Danny MC (Wilmslow Red Army)
P.S. West Lower Block 104/105 Sing up you boring moaning miserable cunts!

Dear Red Attitude

I have written to Keith Fane on many occasions asking him to play my favourite record in the pre-match entertainment. Can anyone please tell me why

he refuses to play Get up, Stand up by Bob Marley? Do you think he just doesn't like reggae music or is he racist? Should I ring Mellor or raise it with the Task Force?

'Get up stand up, stand up for your team'
Jammir' Luke
Longsight

IRATE BLUENOSE?

I'm writing regarding the mention I got in issue 17. It was on Harry's view. It was regarding Andy Cole. Well all I've got to say about any Man United players and the beggars from the East of Glasgow is ten in a row to the famous Glasgow Rangers. Regarding you winning the European this year ha ha no chance. Regarding Celtic winning the league no chance. The only good thing at Old Trafford just now is Posh Spice and the only good thing at Parkhead is the forge pictures. So you can print this in Harry's fuckin view. Simply the best

A true blue.
(No name or address supplied. Oddly enough!)

RA Reply, Dear True Blue,

Thank you for spending your 'blue' pound on a copy of Red Attitude. Rest assured that your money will be well spent. We have donated it to Celtic fans against racism, where it will be put to good use combating racist sectarian violence.

As for your football predictions, I suggest a reality check would be of great benefit to you, once the hallucinogenic effects of whatever you've been taking, have worn off!

P.S. Choke on this. United for the League and Euro Cup double, Celtic for Scottish league and Cup double. The only good to ever come out of Ibrox was Alex Ferguson, and he's not exactly missing you lot is he? One Brian Laudrup, there's only one Brian...!

FEYENOORD

Hi folks

Things are going almost perfect for you. Something that's quite unbelievable after King Eric left. But that's nice and the same time the shitty thing about the game. Always when one seems to think 'now nothing can go wrong', everything goes wrong.

That's the nice thing about Feyenoord, you can always be sure they make a mess of all our positive expectations. But we don't care, it separates the real fans from the glory fans, (which are naturally 'almost' all in Amsterdam).

But enough boring Feyenoord talk - if it's not enough, we can drink some pints and I'll never stop. The reason I am writing to you is that I'm one of

the guys who got your crew into our beautiful stadium. Yes indeed, the one that's apparently on the picture in your magazine. Could you please send me a few copies of the issue with the Feyenoord game report in.

Our very first anti-racist (and anti Ajax) Feyenoord zine will be ready in February.

When you get to the E.C. Final, (don't underestimate Monaco though, brilliant team) it's a real pity because you would have to play it in such an ugly stadium. Well you can't have it all can you.

By the way, while we were drinking together, elsewhere in the city everybody was fighting. Glad we met you to drink with instead of the fighting lot.

Take care
All the best
Feyenoord fans.

PRISONERS ABROAD

Dear Editor

Thank you so much for the parcel of fanzines which you sent recently to our offices.

It is really a great help to me to know that you are donating your spare copies on a regular basis and as you can imagine the issues are already allocated and sent off to your fans out there in isolation. I'm sure they are delighted to have such recent information on their favourite team.

Once again many thanks for supporting our organisation and looking forward to hearing from you again in the future.

Best Wishes

Yours Sincerely

Jennifer Owens
Coordinator

WOMEN ON THE PITCH

Dear Sir,

I would be grateful if you could print the following letter. I am currently researching and compiling a women's magazine in football. The magazine will feature anecdotes and reminiscences of current female officials and fans, there will be a problem page and a great input in women playing the game.

However, men should not feel they will be excluded from contributing, it will be good to have their views on women in the game of football. Maybe they can talk about their partners involvement in the game etc. I look forward to receiving letters that will contribute to the first editions of the magazine.

Yours Faithfully
Kristina Howells
70 First Avenue
Dunstable, Beds. LU6 3AL

CHOCCY

Dear Red Attitude

For quite a while now Brian McClair has been a regular quick fix substitution choice for the wise one, and for the first time I am wondering if the time has not come to allow Choccy to enjoy his playing retirement for the good of the team.

His record certainly stands by itself especially as the first Red to score over twenty goals a season since Best. The period that he really was at his scoring peak also gave Ferguson a bit of breathing space, as his behind the scenes work in rebuilding the youth and reserves took time to evolve. In the past I have had a long running argument with my Dad, extolling his worth to the team, but like all good things sooner or later they must come to an end. The last truly convincing performances our Brian gave were the games against Juventus especially away last season when his appearances as sub were really effective. This season Choccy would almost certainly not have expected to have featured in half the games that he has. That he has is possibly as a direct result of Keane's absence, and the suspensions that were always going to come to Butt and Scholes as they attempted to fill Keane's boots. Still you have to wonder if Johnsen isn't a more solid stand-in to either of the ginger twosomes.

One of the more readable features of the official magazine is Choccy's Diary and it is refreshing to hear his angle on life at United, so perhaps he would be better employed doing media based work, I mean nobody wants to see him go right out the door, but judging by the fact that he is possibly the least committed to the training ritual his credibility on the coaching staff down at the Cliff would be less than convincing.

I have just seen on Sky the Barnsley Cup game at OT and perhaps the choice of McClair in the starting line up was a clear confirmation that Ferguson is going for broke in his quest for European glory that he is not too bothered to see the FA Cup fall by the wayside in the process. Certainly it was a novelty to see Pallister prowling on the edge of their area to receive long balls towards the end and I was almost looking forward to seeing Schmeichel joining him as Fergie had threatened at Stamford Bridge two rounds earlier.

If we really are to treat these games as low key wouldn't it be wiser to get more of our youth blooded in the process rather than wheeling out players well past their prime.

Mark
Kent

Dear Red Attitude,

Thanks for sending me the fanzine, I find it a brilliant and enlightening read. Keep it going. Regards to all the Red Attitude lads, and to Eric, Harry and all the Reds inside at the moment. I know how you feel. How did that fellow called Noonan get a job writing for you? At the moment I'm in HMIP Belmarsh and am preparing my grounds for appeal against a wrongful conviction. I would like to put an appeal in your magazine for witnesses in connection with my case.

The police have claimed that I staged my own abduction in order to take part in an armed robbery.

I am asking for help from your readers on the following points:

1. Were you a witness to the abduction of Dornenycck Noonan on 11th of January 1993 at about 2.30 pm, or did you see the abductors change cars in Sedan Close, Salford. The police said they went door to door but no-one saw anything. I have already heard from two witnesses, but they are reluctant to come forward because of fears about gangs. Even if you have already spoken to the police on this matter, please get in touch. You may have important information.

2. The police claimed that I bought two security uniforms for use in a robbery. These were in fact bought by myself when I began work as a security guard in May 1992, six months before the police claimed I bought them. I am trying to locate two security guards who worked with me on a site which later became Cheerleaders Wine bar, near the Hacienda.

3. I am also trying to trace another witness from when I was working in uniform in May of 1992. He had his car stolen near G-Mex, and approached me as I was in uniform using a radio. I directed him to the nearest police station, where the theft was subsequently reported, and the man's details held on computer. I believe he came from either Macclesfield or Mansfield. The police have confirmed the theft was reported, but will not co-operate in my efforts to trace him.

If anyone can help with any of the above matters, please write to my brother Dessy Noonan, care of Red Attitude, PO Box 83, SWDO, Old Trafford, Manchester M15 5NJ. Thanks again for your help on this.
Regards
Dornenycck Noonan

THERE FOLLOWS A PARTY POLITICAL BROADCAST ON BEHALF OF THE BRITISH NATIONAL PARTY

It's of these fackin' niggers, nite
Wots nicked 'ahr fackin' jobs,
So stuff the fackin' wankers orl
Wot call as fackin' jobs;
If yew is poan an' ant of woek,
Git ant an' kick the shit roight ant
O' sam fackin' danky cunt.

CHORUS

Yew orl 'aci be'er fackin' know
Ahr Pahy's woed is spreadin',
If yew dahnt' vowte fer as, ya cunt,
We'll kick yer fackin' lead in.

We orl weah black an' gow abant
Wiv bowver boots an' bldes;
We're fackin' Chelsea fans, we ahe,
We carve Up fackin' spiders,
We orl got Swastika ta' oos
An' shives ahr 'air besoid,
Sa weve nafirn' on ahr fackin' eads
An' fackin' less insoid.

CHORUS

We represent the common man,
Yew fink we're stoopid, ven?
See, Ah'm a fackin' genius, me,
Ah can fackin' cahnt to ten -
Well, neahly. We 'ave plans, we 'ave,
Fram Geordieland to Stafford,
To rahnud up orl the tanel eads
An' buhn 'em in Ahld Trafford.

CHORUS

Sa cam an' join the Pahy' nah,
Or else yew'll be tew life,
'Cos yew eiver win wiv as, or else
Yer a fackin' loser, mite.

Celtic Fans Against Fascism



In December, a group of Celtic fans launched the Campaign Against Sectarian Attacks in response to the increasing number of physical attacks on Celtic fans travelling to Parkhead.

The attacks are the work of loyalist bigots operating out of certain pubs in the Bridgeton X area of Glasgow. Fans are attacked when passing through to reach the ground.

Two years ago 16 year old Celtic fan, Mark Scott, was stabbed to death by loyalist bigot Jason Campbell, who is now serving life for murder. Since then another young Celtic fan, Sean O'Connor, has been stabbed in the neck in what appears to be a copy-cat attack. Reports of other attacks and continued harassment are a matter of record.

The Campaign aims to monitor these attacks and co-ordinate a response to

them. So far there has been no noticeable response from either Celtic FC or the Police to the attacks, apart from harassing Celtic fans who have been giving out Campaign leaflets. So far over 20,000 leaflets have been distributed.

In order to co-ordinate a response to the attacks, the Campaign have held two public meetings to which were invited the representatives of Celtic fanzines, Celtic FC, Celtic Supporters Association, Boys Against Bigotry and Anti-Fascist Action. The demands of the Campaign are quite simple. To the loyalist bigots we say stop the attacks today and we end the Campaign tomorrow. From Celtic we are asking that stewards be positioned to direct supporters away from the danger areas. We are also asking the club, along with ScotRail to give consideration to opening closer rail links to Celtic park.

**PO Box 266
Glasgow G42 8EA**

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

Hands up if you've
shagged a granny...

HARRY'S VIEW

Hail Hail!

Well I thought I would be celebrating Celtic's return to the overall top spot in the League, as the 'Boys' have been playing some good stuff. I have no doubt we will win the League this year as the Huns have crumbled, which is evident in their recent play.

It was a sad day on the 40th anniversary of the Munich air crash and I think it was reflected in the performance against Bolton. The disgust I felt at the Huns fans singing songs detrimental to the players who died made me feel sick, but I have come to expect that from the Sons of Satani!

Nothing surprises me about that mob. I don't suppose I'll ever understand a support who show their allegiance to England and the crown just because a wife beater who plays for them is English! Some of them in this 'nick' even smile at the screws who lock them up at night because they wear a crown on

their hat.

Anyway what about Mr Gullit's departure? This affected the Huns team selection when Laudrup wasn't considered mentally attuned to play because he went behind Rangers and Gullit's back to speak to the new Chelsea management, Mr Walli. All this time he has been pretending he may stay with Rangers or probably go to Ajax to be with his brother. Loyal' Hun fans are screaming for his head and some are even suggesting that Man United should be contacted and offered the player for £5 million. (Ha Ha) Last season they would rather have seen him dead than sign for the Reds. Let me tell you here and now, he's temperamental and he couldn't lace Giggys' boots!

Recent results for the Reds have left me a little concerned, especially considering all the chances and domination we've had. However, the challengers don't seem to have the bottle this year, and as we still have to play most of them in the League, I have not been too worried. The Huns have been trying to convince themselves that someone else will go on a run and win the Premiership, I think that is to take their minds off the seriousness of their own problems. Following the appointment of Dick Advocate as successor to Walter Smith, one newspaper headline ran, "Dick Heads For Rangers".

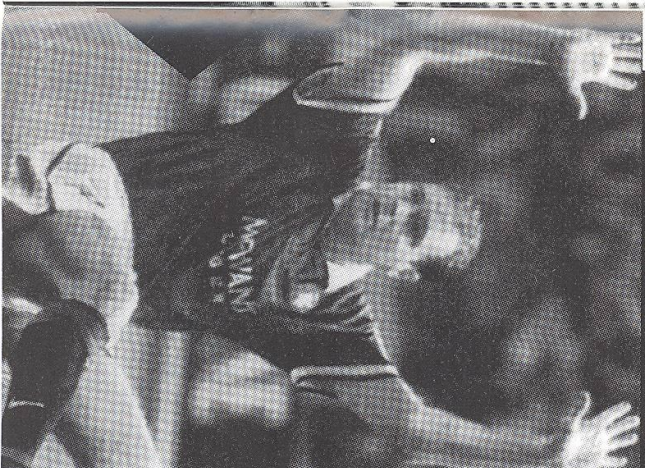
I'm not too excited about the Cup competitions this year as both of our great teams have bigger fish to fry. The league is the most important domestic competition and of course we have Europe to look forward to.

However if England make it to the World Cup Final, I'm afraid the Huns won't be watching it as it falls on the 12th of July!

Hail Hail!

Glory Glory
Yours in Green and Red
Harry Conaghan

RED ATTITUDE



Charlie Sargent, self styled leader of C18, along with henchman Martin Cross were both sentenced to life for the murder of fellow C18 looney 'Catford Chris' Castle. Apparently they all fell out and settled their 'domestic' with Caty Chris copping a kitchen knife in the back.

Talk about back-stabbers!

The following snippets were taken from a recent article -cum-interview in the Independent with the hard men of C18, coupled with some explanation from AFA.

"Initially numbering just a few dozen members, the group grew rapidly as it went on the offensive, attacking left-wing bookshops, gay pubs and anti-apartheid activists."

For some strange reason C18 avoided any contact with Anti Fascist Action during their formative years and in the next paragraph Charlie Sargent explains why.

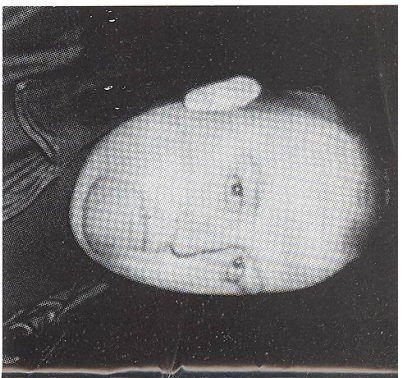
"The Reds were going around and they were beating the living daylights out of the right wing. They were kicking in doors, petrol bombing people and beating old men black and blue with hammers." Not standing for this Charlie then claims, "We fuckin' battered 'em wherever we met, until there was no fucker left standing"

Really Charlie, like at the Little Driver pub in Bow, East London 1994, or at Abbey Wood, South London, October 1993.

"Charlie Sargent (wrongly) claimed that C18 had initiated the riots at the England v Ireland match in Dublin in 1995. The press keen for an exclusive, went wild for the story."

It later transpired that Charlie was at home in Harlow doing his knitting by the fire.

29 JANUARY 1998, Holloway Road, north London: the march to mark the 25th anniversary of the Bloody Sunday Killings. It is bitterly cold, and the Union Jack hangs limply from the railings. Forty or so ragged looking skinheads from the National Front are outnumbered at least 50 to one by the marchers. The National Socialist Movement "protection force", lurking out of sight in a couple of nearby pubs, is small and easily noticed by the police. Although



Charlie 'the pig' Sargent

they have a few faces from Chelsea and Romford, the right-wingers soon leave the area, which is already swarming with street fighters from Anti-Fascist Action.

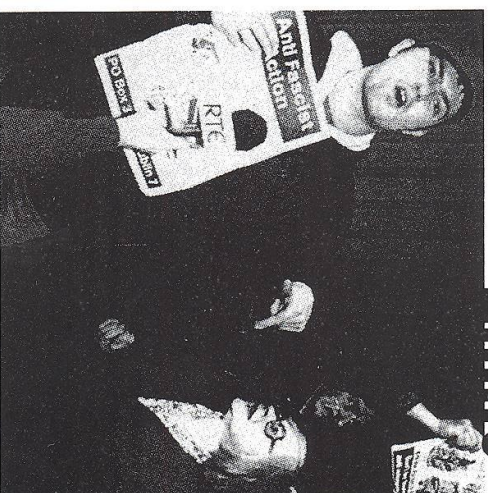
But things have changed dramatically for the Nazi streetfighters and the brothers who led them. In the dock at Chelmsford Crown Court a fortnight ago, Charlie Sargent cut a lonely, almost sad figure, stripped of his reputation and coerie. When I first met him some 15 months ago, he seemed an intimidating figure, with his short, cropped hair, surrounded by followers and talking of a paramilitary struggle. Now wearing glasses, with his hair long and very much on his own, the myth was dispelled. I noticed for the first time just how physically small he really is. It seemed to highlight the difference between reality and the fantasy so often espoused in the far right's literature and lifestyle. Is this - finally - the reality of "Anyan man"? ...or just a bad case of shrivelled penis?
Independent on Sunday

An attempt to launch a racist organisation in Ireland was prevented by Irish Anti Fascist Action in January. Ennis in County Clare, a town which includes refugees among it's population, was to be the launching pad for the 'Immigration Control Platform' led by school teacher Aine Ni Chonail. Realising the danger of this group becoming the focus for the so far disorganised racists and fascists in Ireland, AFA decided to spoil Ni Chonail's party.

On arrival in the West County hotel, which the ICP had booked for it's launch, AFA activists took up position. Our gameplan was simple. Stop the meeting by whatever means necessary, and stop the launch of another racist grouping.

As Ni Chonail mounted the platform, AFA arrived stage left, so to speak; an AFA member seized the microphone, and the stage was occupied. A sizeable proportion of AFA's impromptu speech from the stage was broadcast on national radio the following morning. The meeting dissolved in chaos.

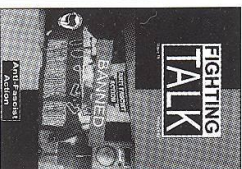
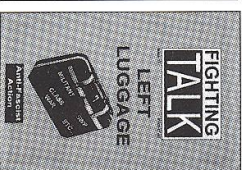
The planned launch in Dublin some days later by the ICP was also cancelled amid tears of violence. So far the score remains AFA two - ICP nil.



Siege of Ennis

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The quarterly magazine for militant anti-fascists



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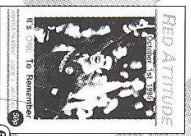
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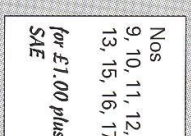
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Manchester United Anti-Fascists

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, 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 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 and are in the process of setting up an active support group in London, 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
BM1724, London WC1N 3XX

Red Attitude Merchandise

T-Shirts

Design 1. In Black and Red - X-Large, 2 colour design as shown - £6.00 inc Postage



Design 2

Stickers

Design 1. In black and red - 20 for £1.00 + SAE

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)

