

ANIMAL

The Football Special.

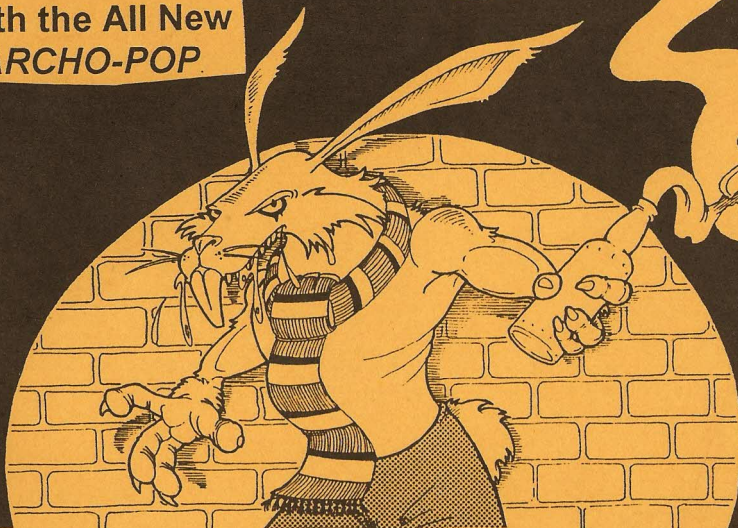
Issue 2

80p (£5 to Professors, coppers and liberals)

Are You A Fat Cat?

Want to Lose a few pounds?

Then Burn Them
Off With the All New
ANARCHO-POP



Fresh from the Molotov Brewery.

Fans fighting the changes at the clubs - Man. City, Birmingham, Newcastle United, Bournemouth, Brighton, Charlton, Hull, Spurs, and Sheffield United. Nationalism and football. Larry O'Hara on the role of nazis at a football riot. Goings on behind the scenes at Manchester United and the tribute to Eric Cantona (thats the way to deal with racists).

All this and more on the Anti bloodsports debate and the summer demonstration, with the Labour Party betrayal. Dianas dead and England are in France '98.

Who are we? Why are we?

This section hasn't changed much since the first issue. The priority for the movement is clear, we have to get our act together, and quickly. The time for being nice and liberal has long since passed. So, in this issue we hope we have been USEFUL, RELEVANT, READABLE and POPULAR.

The articles have been dedicated to clarifying theoretical questions in order to promote and encourage more effective and creative activity. We encourage readers to spread the ANIMAL word and get writing and active. If your articles aren't gonna get in ANIMAL, we will pass them to "provisional Class War" as there is a new paper now. You can get your copy from P.O. Box 467, London, E8 3QX, for 70p and an SAE.

DISTRIBUTION

We would like offers to distribute this magazine all around the world. Animal so far has been spotted in USA, Australia & Scandinavia! In Britain though, we will let you have 5 copies on a 'you sell them, or return any you've got left' basis. Don't worry if you are a slow payer, although you will not get any more until you're covered your commitment. As the cover price of ANIMAL is £1 you get them at 60p a copy so you can make a pint or two from the proceeds. If you're confident you can sell 10 or more, half the money up front would be good to cover our postage costs.

Send your stamps, payee blank cheques, postal orders, or concealed cash to:

ANIMAL, P.O. Box 467, London, E8 3QX.

All office material, envelopes, photocopy paper, tippex, tape, markers, goes down a treat as well. [A stolen photocopier would be a good as well!]

SUBSCRIPTIONS

We are now able to offer subscriptions at the bargain rate of £5 for 3 issues. This includes other mailouts and news, as and when necessary. Crucial stuff. Cash to our normal address.

NEXT ISSUE

We want our next issue to look at the law and crime from a working class point of view.

We are also interested in articles about organisational strategies. What forms of organisation work and encourage working class activity and which don't.

If you want to build on the Anti Bloodsport article in this issue it would be particularly welcome, as struggles which might not necessarily appear to be working class sometimes have a lot of class consciousness. Don't forget, it is in struggle that ideas can change in a revolutionary direction and we should be in the business of encouraging anti capitalist and anti police activity. It is struggle which opens peoples' minds as to the true nature of the beast.

Dianas Dead

In the aftermath of the death of Diana the monarchy has again come out of it badly. The stiff upper lip, and distant royals cannot help but look like they don't care.

People are saying that if the queen had not come out of the luxurious castle at Balmoral to come to London on the Friday before Dianas' funeral the monarchy would have toppled.

A lot of what people are saying in public can be open to misinterpretation, just cos a few people are agreeing with others in front of their boss about 'what a shame' it all is, doesn't mean that in private they are not jumping around and celebrating the death of another rich royal bastard.

The middle class whinge on about how much she really cared. What a load of bollocks. All she did was get free lunches at do's, dresses and other stuff, she did *none of the hard graft* that nurses do every day in hospitals. The middle class are also saying its like you've lost somebody you knew. Again, bollocks! You didn't know her at all!

That she was badly treated by the royal establishment is no surprise. But a fool gets whats coming to them. She should have known the aristocracy are a bunch of manipulative rich bastards who will do anything they like to whoever they please, to keep their hands on the 30 pieces of silver.

In the mean time the people have invented a lot of jokes. The following are a few that are travelling round the pubs and the canteens of this country.

1. What was Dianas last drink? Harvey Wallbanger!
2. Whats the difference between Tiger Woods and Princess Diana? Tiger had a good driver!
3. Paperazzi are chasing Diana shouting "Di Di Di, No! - we didn't mean like that!"
4. Dodi is talking to the chauffeur, "will you take me home, and Di".

A lot of people are using the Diana stick to beat the rest of the other Royals with. Lets help them turn it into a real stick....

The priority now is to build on the contempt and envy of the Royal wealth there is. We have to force Prince Charles off the crown, and we must make sure nobody else takes it up either.

Our day will come.

Anti Bloodsports Demonstration. Hyde Park to Trafalgar Square.

August 2nd. 1997.

The following was put together by gathering leaflets from different groups at the demonstration and by talking to different activists. Notably people from the Movement Against the Monarchy, Class War and hunt saboteurs.

Class Struggle towards the Millennium.

The political importance of this demonstration cannot be underestimated. After a summer of the *Labour government backsliding* on its commitments. (What a shock that was!?) Firstly, the Labour party and its malingers like Tony Banks M.P. and some of the Animal Rights Hierarchy had been saying "lets wait till the Labour party can get in and then they'll ban hunting." What a load of bollocks.

Then we have the Countryside Alliance who on **July 10th 1997** organised a rally.

It was a grotesque gathering of in-bred squires, farmers, debutants, lords and ladies, their servants, and other village idiots who gathered in Hyde Park to 'support the countryside' and demand the continuation of fox hunting. This was one demo that the editors at "Animal" weren't looking forward to. And we were right.

The landed gentry and other members of the ruling class mobilised about 50,000 of its workers by giving them free grub and transport to London, and a day off work. Labour peer Baroness Mallalieu said "Hunting is our music, our poetry, it is our art, it is our pleasure". Straight away the Labour government capitulated to them by saying "We'll not give it enough parliamentary time". No left wing demonstration has ever changed any governments mind as quick!!

The 'we can't break the law brigade' and the 'what about parliament lot' live in a dream world where the mother of parliaments is 'OK really'. Its plain that direct action is

England to France in 98

So there was yet more trouble at a game involving Englands away supporters. It was a crap game but a good result, spot the contradictions if you can! The Italian police went barmy smashing a lot of English supporters at random.

David Mellor is leading the moral crusade for the rich and middle class to take over football and price out footballs regular constituency. They want us at home or the pub so we don't bring 'shame' to England. Meanwhile we will carry on going to football and having a pint!

the only way to get things changed and that this battle is a political one.

Fox hunting has always and always will be a class issue. At its peak are the Royals who hunt and blast their way all over rural Britain. The aristocratic hunters, with all their pompous pageantry are very similar to the Orange Order marches through Catholic estates in the North of Ireland. Their aim is to remind everybody who is boss in a modern day cavalry charge across the countryside.

Its clear that the spineless official organisations of the Animal Rights Movement such as the League Against Cruel Sports who didn't even support the Anti Bloodsports demonstration on August the 2nd are part of the problem. It is our own self organisation, and linking up with other groups who do direct action and guide political struggles such as the **Movement Against the Monarchy** that show the way.

It is by creating a movement that can really link struggles in an effective way, whilst not relying on the soft and liberal organisations such as the RSPCA to front the campaign, that victory is to be won. The anti hunt movement has never been capable of getting the 'Townies' or city dwellers to support the anti hunting campaigns directly that has been part of the problem.

Now with the **Movement Against the Monarchy** challenging the status quo by preparing to march on Prince Charles Highgrove House. On October 25th 1997 the

animal rights movement really has a chance to link with the populations that will win the political battle. The monarchy and all it represents, the obscene wealth, the landowning and bloodsports, are the issues on which this battle can be won by motivating people who have interests directly opposed to the Royals. This is the first attempt to get a working alliance so we should be prepared for a long fight.

They came to us on July 10th, we marched in our own area, to Trafalgar Square on August the 2nd. Now lets go to them on October 25th.

The August 2nd demonstration was good for a number of reasons. Firstly, a mob formed after a man was spotted with a camera hiding behind a couple of coppers. A bloke with a traffic cone was chanting "Evil, Evil" as he pointed at the treacherous lackey. The lackey was either a paid cameraman from the Horse and Hound, the Aristocracy or from MI5/Special Branch. Either way, what happened next will make everybody with their heart in the right place have a giggle. The cameraman was petrified as people swarmed closer and gave him a bloody nose. The police had to send transit vans in to rescue their men. Ha Ha Ha.

There was a bit of a long hot march to Trafalgar Square and some sit down outside McDonalds but not much else happened. The feeling outside McDonalds was quite good and the Police were encouraging the march past the protest as fast as they can. Its clear in this situation that it is in everybodys interests to slow down and reverse the march, and make any protest as big as we can quickly. As usual the police were the lying scum that they are. One sergeant was spotted saying "keep on going, its only Burger king workers". Thus defusing an animal rights protest. The filth was quickly put right by a bloke who shouted "Liar, Liar, your pants are on fire" at him. Its obvious to anybody that the police are the enemy of any progressive movement.

Another piece of good news was that another protected cameraman, probably MI5/Special brach for sure this time, was taking photos of everybody on the march. The filth were protecting his face when one of our cameramen was trying to get his mugshot. After quite a bit of persistence our cameraman, by now a working class hero, had managed to get the bastards mugshot. And we let him know it. He didn't enjoy that one bit. The film is being developed in our own facilities and will be passed to groups such as Class War to be spread around.

Remember, people never fight battles if they do not directly concern them. We cannot subsume different struggles in a central organisation easily, if its possible to be done. As David Lamb outlined, the Leninist party imposed its own agenda on people so that they were

represented 'effectively'. This is a total negation of revolutionary activity which does not seek to control or represent, but to enable more effective struggles to continue and develop. Where the future does lie is in encouraging different groups to work together on their own struggles and other peoples where there is overlap.

CHARLES MUST NEVER BE KING!

He is not fit to rule. Join the march on Prince Charles Highgrove House on Saturday 25th October 1997. Assemble at the Town Hall in Tetbury, Gloucestershire at 12 noon.

Movement Against the Monarchy (MA'M),
P.O. Box 14672, London, E9 5UQ.

LISTINGS

Animal Liberation Front Supporters Group, BCM 1160, London, WC1N 3XX.

DS4A (Distributors), Box 8, 82 Colston street, Bristol.

Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dunblane or Dundee Class War, P.O. Box 1021, Edinburgh, EH8 9PW.

Ipswich-East Anglia Class War. P.O. Box 87, Ipswich, IP4 4JQ.

London or Kent Class War. P.O. Box 467, London, E8 3QX.

Manchester Class War, Department 81, 1 Newton Street, Manchester, M1 1HW.

Newcastle Anarchist Group, c/o P.O. Box 1TA, Newcastle, NE99 1TA.

Nottingham Class War, P.O. Box 192, Nottingham, NG1 1FT.

Reading ABC (prisoner support), Folder 19, Rising Sun Institute, 30 Silver street, Reading, RG1.

Sheffield Anarchist Group, P.O. Box 446, Sheffield, S1 1NY.

Solidarity Federation P.O. Box 1095, Sheffield, S2 4YR.

Welsh Socialists. P.O. Box 661, Wrecsam, Cymru, LL11 1QU.

We're not saying everything and everyone in these groups are great, but they are undoubtedly the best going. So why not get in touch?

CHARLES MUST NEVER BE KING!

He is not fit to rule. Join the march on Prince Charles Highgrove House on Saturday 25th October 1997. Assemble at the Town Hall in Tetbury, Gloucestershire at 12 noon.

Movement Against the Monarchy (MA'M),
P.O. Box 14672, London, E9 5UQ.

Old Trafford - From the Outside, Looking In

The following article was originally delivered at a meeting on football during the 1994 "Anarchy in the UK-10 Days That Shook the World" festival. As such some of the arguments may have dated slightly, some of the issues raised may have abated slightly. The nature of British football however has not changed in the slightest - it remains governed by an uneasy alliance of old school tie types and Thatcherite businessmen, with the working class on the outside looking in, occasionally asking for its ball back.

Back in 1993 we published an article in Class War (C.W. issue 59, page 16) about a strike by canteen staff at the Manchester United executive suite. I've never been in the executive suite but as far as I'm aware its a sort of upper class chippy, largely populated by businessmen in loud ties and pub landlords.

What interested me about the strike was how unusual it actually was. It wasn't unusual because the number of strikes decline each year in this country, or because there are so few strikes in the catering industry - what staggered me was that the canteen ladies actions seemed so out of keeping with the normal behaviour of United's employees, and it was off the Richter scale when compared to the deferential, almost sycophantic attitude of some of the clubs stewards.

It takes a special sport of person to be a steward. At United they don't take pride in the job, just an incredible amount of pride in actually having a job as a steward. At most clubs (particularly before standing was abolished) their jobs largely consist of wearing fluorescent jackets and saying "you can't stand there son" but their chests actually heaved with pride as they say it.

At the time of the canteen ladies dispute, the canteen staff were being paid £13.75 for a 6 hour shift (by the richest club in Britain) but I'm not actually sure if stewards get paid or not. Its certainly the case at United with some of them, that if they didn't get paid they would happily do it for free.

What the worst stewards remind me of are the "company men", that dying breed of employees who've been with a firm 30/40 years "man and boy", and who would walk over hot coals for the firm. Just as the owners of a factory or the managers of an office come to think that all the employees think the same as the "company men". I think up until the last few years club chairman and directors actually believed that all the fans had the same attitude and opinions towards the club as the club gateman, the tea ladies and the club stewards.

Most stewards, certainly at United, are long term supporters, and most directors come into contact not with the supporters on the terraces but with the employees of the club. And these employees are that grateful for

actually having a job at the club they have supported all their lives that they would never dream of publicly criticizing the club they work for. They would certainly never dream of making a criticism of the club in front of a senior employee of the club.

I can remember, years ago, queuing up to get tickets for a United game, and I was just about to go into the ticket office when who should appear out of a side door but United's Chairman, Martin Edwards. At times the hatred United fans had for Edwards has been hard to describe, but everyone seemed to be struck dumb by the site of who was in front of us. We simply stood and gaaped, nobody could believe it.

There had been a steward minding our queue and although he had been chatting to a couple of the fans he had began to look quite bored. When he realised who had walked through the door he stopped slouching, pulled himself up to his full height and actually stuck his shoulders back as if he were going to stand to attention.

Edwards paused to have a couple of words with the steward, which even though I leaned forward I couldn't quite catch. What I could hear however was that the steward called Martin Edwards "Mr Edwards" whilst "Mr Edwards" himself referred to the steward by his first name.

When football fanzines first started to get recognised by the mainstream media, several journalists commented that the importance of the fanzines was that they reflected the gloomier side of the fans' life. The shitty end of the stick that was never mentioned in the club programme. The reason club directors had the attitudes they had was that "everything looked rosy from the safety of the directors box". The reality though is not just that everything looks rosy from the directors box, but that everybody was telling the people in the directors box that things were rosy. Most of the employees and fans that they had ever met grovelled to them.

This is why I have reservations about the idea of supporters representatives on the boards of professional clubs. The danger is that "company men" or would be "company men" will simply take a seat on the board and then be used to sell unpopular ideas to fans. Certainly supporters representatives will not be feared by directors - I vote against 10 - who's going to be scared by that!

For Manchester United (unlike Glasgow Rangers!) The emphasis this season is on Europe. There are very much two sides to the history of Manchester United in Europe post Munich - the glory of European silverware in 1968 and 1991, and the underside. The sickening greed of both United and UEFA in attempting to ensure that every last

pig got its nose in the European trough.

United stopped organising trips to European games after rioting in September 1982 after Valencia knocked us out of the UEFA cup. This decision was irrelevant to many fans as they did not travel on club organised trips and had no real desire to do so. With United washing their hands of European travel, fans travelled independently for the next 2 seasons until Liverpool's fans (and the Heysel stadium) intervened and we were all banned from Europe.

One of the better written descriptions of the sort of foreign travel organised by major clubs in England can be found in "Steaming In - The Journal of a Football Fan" by Colin Ward. Where travelling with Arsenal to East Germany he encounters the mixture of incompetence and arrogance that can typify clubs approach towards their supporters.

When English clubs were re-admitted to Europe in 1990-91, United adopted a dual strategy. Official trips were organised, but fans were also free to travel on their own. Away matches in Hungary, Wales, France and Poland passed off without major dramas.

As soon as United won away in the first leg of the cup winners cup semi final, thousands of fans bought package holidays for the final. It was at this point that the club announced match tickets would only be sold to those on club sponsored trips. This when 25,000 people were planning to travel to Rotterdam, the vast majority independently of the club. This action was of course taken "for the good of the club" and dressed up in the sort of "this hurts me more than it hurt you" language - so beloved of the British public school boys. It was obviously nothing to do with the profits that could be made on 25,000 day returns to Rotterdam!

Unfortunately at this stage of my life I was yet to read Colin Ward's book so rather than argue the toss with the club (as many fans did) me and 2 mates reluctantly signed up for the club trip. For those that maybe tempted to think that the club only wanted people travelling who were members, and wanted them on official trips so as to avoid crowd trouble - consider this. The trips were officially members only. Yet the 2 guys I went with used friends membership cards - with totally different names to the names on their passports. The man in the ticket office never batted an eyelid. As long as the money was going to the club's coffers they could not care less.

Everyone knows that the easiest way to get to Rotterdam from Manchester is to travel on the Hull to Rotterdam ferry. However, Humberside and Greater Manchester Police forces pooled their joint intelligences and came out with a cunning long cut to preserve public order. Namely a 7 hour coach journey to Dover, followed by a 6 hour journey from Calais, through Belgium to Rotterdam. The

ozone layer must have been begging for mercy!

The only thing United got right about the whole journey was the coaches departure time. They were all scheduled to leave Old Trafford at midnight which meant a full nights boozing would be possible before we left. On paper at least the trip appeared well organised - the coaches left on time, and we were promised stopping off points in both France and Belgium to relieve the monotony.

Shortly into the journey however it became apparent that the coach steward was an archetypal football club steward, even though he lacked a fluorescent jacket he was clearly a company man down to his socks.

Everyone on the coach had purchased a package that included a joint coach and match ticket. However we had actually been given the coach ticket and were promised our match tickets when we bordered the coach. The coach was barely on the M6 before people started requesting their match tickets. The story was now changed - we would only be given our tickets when the coach cleared customs at Calais. Presumably they were terrified that if we were responsible for our own tickets we would lose them or try to stow away at Dover and make our own way to the match!

In fact it can be remarkable how similar the clubs attitude to the players and the fans actually is. There was an incident on a club tour in the 70's when the United captain, Matin Buchan was nearly fined for refusing to hand over his passport to the club secretary, Les Olive. Apparently all the players, when on tour, would surrender their passports to Olive for safe keeping. Buchan turned round and said that he was an adult and as such was perfectly capable of looking after his own passport. The club threatened to fine him for insubordination!

Anyway we got to France and were finally entrusted with the match tickets which we had all paid for weeks ago. Next problem - most people on the coach (myself included) had gone to considerable expense to change English money, not just into guilders to spend in Rotterdam, but also in currency to spend at the advertised stop offs in France and Belgium on the way.

Instead we were told that there was now "no time" to stop in France as "everybody" would want to get to Rotterdam as soon as possible. As one flat Belgium field followed another flat Belgium field it became obvious we would not be stopping in Belgium either.

As for the game itself United put in such a good performance on the field we all forgot how badly treated we had been off it. When I got back to England I swore that I would never travel to Europe by coach again, and that I would never travel to Europe with United's travel

club again. Judging by the numbers who now travel independently or on rival tours to Uniteds' I was not alone in my resolutions.

As illustrated elsewhere in this issue of Animal the squeeze is on to price the working class supporter out of the ground. To the directors such fans are far safer in front of the TV sets, where they cannot cause any trouble or be heard swearing by the sponsors.

At most premier league grounds now - from Barnsley to Manchester United - the vast majority of the grounds are packed with season ticket holders. If you are unable to find between £360 (Derby) and £170 (Leeds - is that only half the season?) In May or June you have little chance of success when it comes to getting a ticket. At Old Trafford those without season tickets compete for tickets in a ballot.

Given the above we have to be honest and say that with hindsight the victory against ID cards was the victory that never was. The then government suggested a voluntary membership scheme as neither fans nor clubs wanted a compulsory ID card scheme. It seems a traditional British fudge. But at how many of the bigger clubs is the scheme really voluntary?

Originally the clubs tried to sell this voluntary membership by pointing out members get priority for tickets. At Manchester United the capacity is 55,000 yet the number of members is at least twice that. Where's the priority? Membership at United costs £12 for adults, £6 for juniors. For that you get a badge and a yearbook, as well as the same right to apply for tickets that you had before the membership scheme came in. Not much for £12 is it?

I would estimate that after costs for administration United's membership scheme will have brought in about £1,750,000 per season. The membership scheme has basically become a share issue without there being any shares for sale. And all the football fanzines congratulated themselves for defeating ID cards!

Recent seasons have seen supporters at big clubs such as Celtic and Manchester City, and smaller clubs such as Brighton and Hull City oppose unpopular chairmen and boards. All too frequently however we are just swapping one boss for another - at City the unpopular millionaire TV salesman Swales was replaced by the popular millionaire toilet paper salesman Franny Lee. As big capitalism strengthens its grip at the big clubs Caspian owning Leeds, Manchester United developing links in the far East, the whole bloody lot of them dominated by SKY, the situation gets bleaker.

Is the best supporters can hope for to join together in he independent supporters associations, build their arguments and then hit the money men hard when the opportunities

present themselves? Players and directors come and go, as do shareholders, but we are the only permanent thing about football. That is our Strength.

Paul Marsh. October 1994, and updated August 16th 1997. Paul is a season ticket holder at Old Trafford.



Review

Match of the Eighties

There are many reasons to dislike this programme, its not so much that it's a cheap collection of *Match of the Day* and *Sportsnight* highlights edited together in a vain attempt to cover up for the fact that the BBC has lost out to BSkyB in the franchise for sport, or that Danny Baker's presentation is full of predictable comments said in his uniquely irritating manner. How do Millwall fans put up with him?

The most galling aspect of the programme is its historical revisionism, the way it looks at 80s teams through the lens of the late 1990s. Baker's script constantly evokes surprise at who was in the top six in the early-mid 80s, but it was not considered bizarre then to see Luton and Watford near the top in the early 80s. They were good teams, full of great players; a young John Barnes, Luther Blissett. The concentration on teams like Manchester United may pander to the interests of the 90s, but in the 80s they were just another, not especially successful (albeit well-supported) team.

True a dose of old fashioned nostalgia never goes amiss. The early episodes conjure up an era when there was no team strip sponsorship, goalkeepers didn't wear gloves, huge packed terraces and clubs had players born and/or brought up in the area playing for them. It also served as a reminder of the bad side; casual, brutal racism, irresponsible hooliganism, decaying grounds and psychotic police. Things in football have changed, not all for the better, but neither entirely for the worse.

Marks out of 10: 6 ½ (-2 more for smug Danny)
= 4 ½. KW

