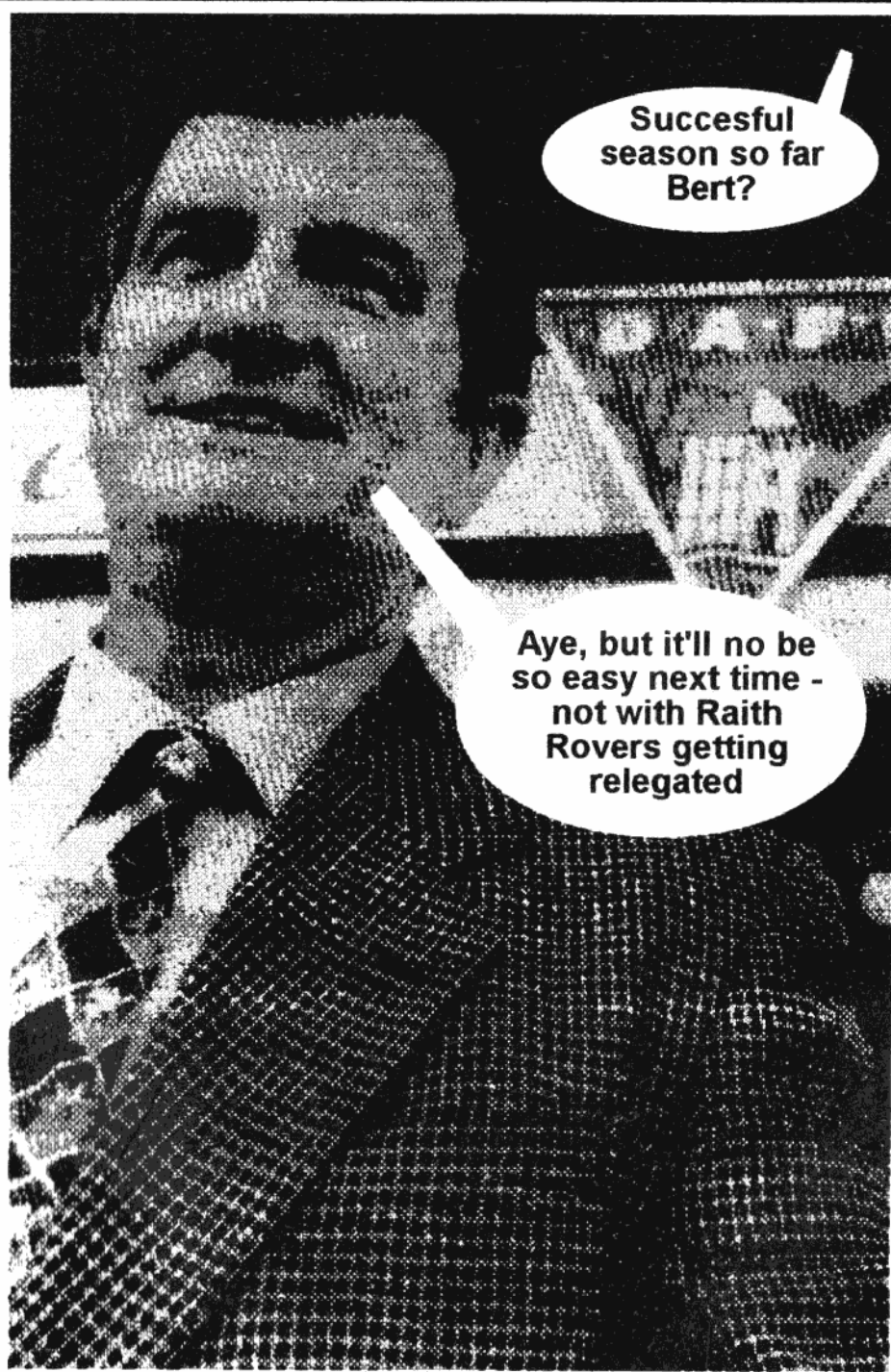


# The East End BOUNCE

APR 1997

50p



Successful  
season so far  
Bert?

Aye, but it'll no be  
so easy next time -  
not with Raith  
Rovers getting  
relegated

## Issue 10 April 1997

As usual later than intended, but then again we never really imagined this would go on for three years. Yes good friends, it's more or less 3 years to the day since we started and Greg Shaw was scoring that equaliser for the babies.

As we're a month or so late there will not be another at the end of the season, so we've have bunged in a bunch more pages than normal to make up for it. Hopefully next season we can get back to 4 or 5 issues so, as always, we're on the look out for new material, articles and contributors - but they have to be better than the ones we already have.

Please note the change of address, with the Lothian '68 Supporters' Club starting up again the editorial offices have once more moved back across the water.

This Bounce is brought to you by Paul Bundy, Gordon Robertson, Rohan Lightfoot, John Burt, Brandon Marlow, Alec Hitt and Parson. Not forgetting *Sammy Lives'* cartoonist who's picture of

John Martin we pinched.

If you didn't buy this from one of these places, you could have done.

-Our Price in The Kingsgate

-RS McColl, St James Centre, Edinburgh

-Sportspages, Charing Cross Road, London

-'Zine Scene, 71 Deanburn Park, Linlithgow, EH49 6HA

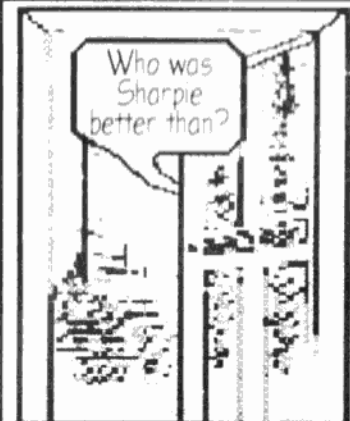
Back issues available from the address opposite - 50p each, 3 for a pound or the lot for £2.50 + big SAE.

### INTO THE VALLEY

It's good to see we're not completely ignored and some of our ideas get picked up by the club, even when more than a year after we have them. Thanks East End DJ person, you're a star.

Don't go getting carried away with yourself though, we know that you're playing Tina Turner when you think we're still in the Paragon - stop it immediately. And when you've done that you could have second thoughts on Queen as well.

DICK & BERT'S  
EXCELLENT  
ADVENTURE



# The East End Bounce

# The East End Bounce

260 Bonnington Road, Edinburgh, EH6 5BE

Who'd have thought it eh? Only a handful of games of the season left and ... and I'm not going to mention it. We've more-or-less achieved what we set out to do this season and are in a good position to do so much more. If the players are feeling complacent enough to lose games against Hibs, a possible fourth place should be being used as a carrot - without getting too carried away of course.

A good place to start is today, in the previous games they've shown the belief they can beat Celtic, something all too apparent by its absence in our games against the Rangers. Celtic will have their own reasons for being pissed-off about last Sunday's game - me I was wanting them to win just to put all this 9-in-a-row, 10-in-a-row bollocks off for at least another decade. As it is next season will be 10 times worse than this for single-minded weegie-obsessed media coverage.

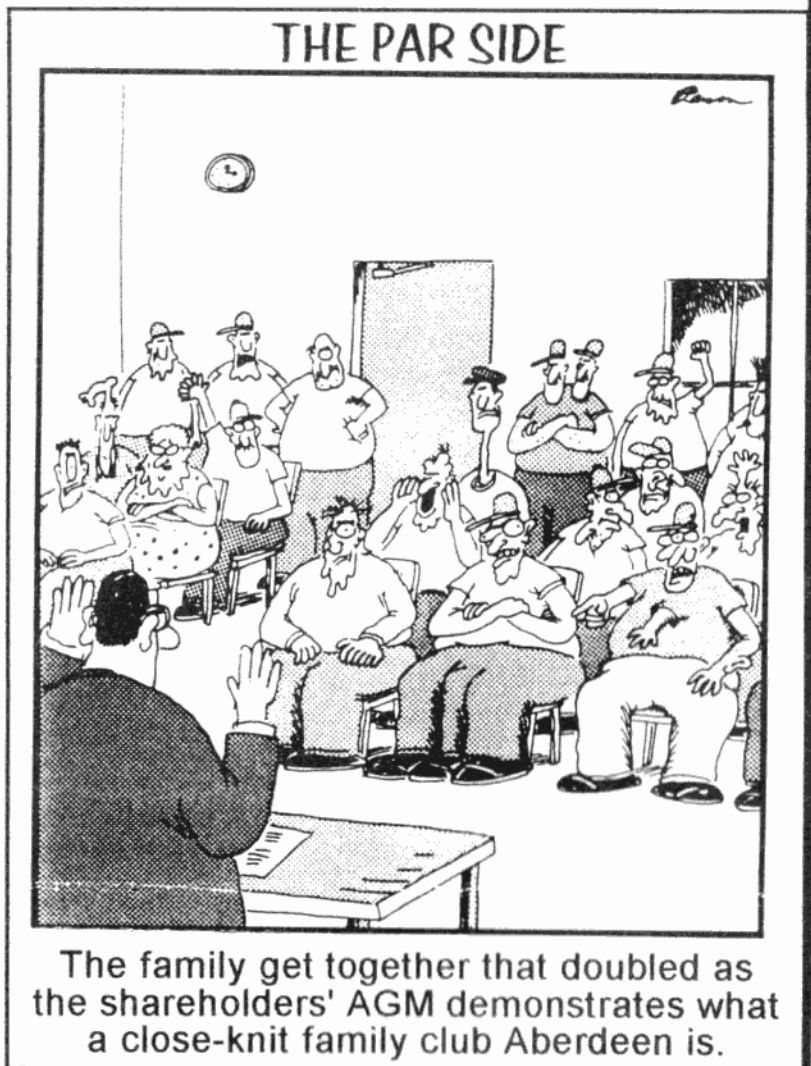
Talk once more awhile ago about league reconstruction, McCann is against it as it won't fix everything that's wrong with Scottish football. Hmmm. He's in charge of half of what's wrong with Scottish football. We won't ever fix that but not being able to do everything has never been an excuse for doing nothing.

Buying a season ticket is giving the club an interest-free loan. This is something they seem to have forgotten. If value for money goes down yet again this will be my last and with it will go my 100% attendance and all the other things I spend money on at East End. The £30 or so that the ticket is overpriced will be more than lost in missed games, draw tickets, programmes etc. If they get-off on this becoming more like normal businesses they have to stop taking their "customers" for granted.

Thanks to Bert and the players for a more enjoyable season than expected. Next year, however, how about start building a younger, more skilful team?

Let's all do...

*Paul Bundy*



The family get together that doubled as the shareholders' AGM demonstrates what a close-knit family club Aberdeen is.

# The East End Bounce

Two articles about the proposed redevelopment of East End, acres and acres of text of it, and all because *The Press* wasn't allowed to (Standing Room Only).

## **The End Of The World As We Know It**

*"As ridiculous and mismatched as Motherwell's ground looks, it's a hopeless optimist who thinks anyone will make a better job of East End."*

When I wrote that in the last issue it was before the plans for the re-vamped East End were made public and before the Pars had played at their new look ground. Little was I to realise that Fir Park was to be the blue print for our new home.

Before anyone accuses me of hypocrisy there's no one who'd be happier than me if all that was going to happen to the ground was some cover over the Cowden End and the proposed recladding of the rest of the ground. Even with the Labour Party proposals it isn't likely to happen. The recommendations of the Taylor Report were a complete overreaction and while there were a great many grounds throughout the country in need of modernisation, the stipulation that nobody would be allowed to stand to watch a football match was ludicrous. That said, we have to live with it and under the assumption that Labour will win the election and renege on any promises they do make, here's some thoughts on the plans.

With the club's financial state and the apparent unwillingness of our much touted Australian benefactor to throw more than a couple of bawbees at it, the prospect of major redevelopment at East End seemed unlikely. The simple solution of sticking seats down on the terrace appeared to be all the club was going to be able to afford when we did finally have to seated.

Motherwell had put seats down one side of the pitch, build a huge stand at one end and a wee one at the other with their half-built main stand staying half-built. I never thought it was up to much, but from within the big ugly bit you don't see how disproportionate it is and you can see how the much vaunted recladding does improve the appearance of the place as a whole.

The East End plans are exactly the same except we're not going to have a huge stand at the away end. It'll have that boxy look to it and will be totally devoid of atmosphere in most games, but it's a lot better than it could be.

That's if it turns out like that at all. How many years in a row did we hear the story about the roof-mounted floodlights being installed in the close season? Or the grand opening game against PSV Eindhoven? The picture frequently printed in *The Press* is a bit vague, if they have already applied for planning permission they must surely have something a bit more convincing than that.

Given the pessimism beforehand, the plans are pleasantly surprising. There's people complaining about the proposed capacity but it's just being realistic. The crowds this season have been really poor and with another hike in gate prices similar to last season's £3 (the annual £1 increase plus an extra one or two for the privilege of being able to sit) likely it won't be surprising if attendances drop still further. To build bigger would cost so much more, reduce any money available to spend on the team, performances and gates would suffer

## **The East End Bounce**

and all of a sudden we're doing a Raith Rovers.

Something to bear in mind is that with only the bare minimum being done with the north terracing in the current plans it should be hoped that a proper stand will be built in the future on a less mickey-mouse scale. That would be dependant on success, need and money.

Ultimately, apart from not looking good in *The Wee Red Book* paper and losing those "we've got a bigger ground than you" arguments, the main upshot of the reduced capacity is that there'll be that many fewer Huns and Tims parading their bigotry in front of us. That leads to an even more of the dodgers coming through without tickets and increasing the opportunity to tease the bastards. Just stand outside the old Taggarts garage with you ticket in the air and tell all your wannabe customers that you're only selling to a Pars fan.

One of the main things I dislike about all-seated grounds is this idea that's banded about that you have a ticket for a specific seat and you have to sit on it. I think it's fair enough that there be sections in the ground where those who want to be guaranteed of getting the same seat every week and sit beside the same people every week can do so but there should also be areas where there are no reservations, even for season ticket holders. This shouldn't be at all difficult to organise given the way seats are always blocked. If need be, for certain so-called "high-risk" games, it could resort to season holders for the unreserved areas having to sit on their "own" seat, but that would be only a couple of times a season.

My other main worry about how the new East End will be run is that the club may be considering bringing in Rock Steady or some other *security* firm to do the stewarding. We do not want this. These people know nothing about football crowd control and cause nothing but trouble wherever they operate.

I wait to see what happens, all I know is that at the moment East End looks terrible but is a great place to watch football, my fears are the proposed changes will turn that around.

*Paul Bundy*



**Not only did The Pars gub Aberdeen in February, Stewart Petrie also comfortably won the game of Twister with Colin Woodthorpe.**

# The East End Bounce

# STANDING ROOM ONLY

Just before Christmas, the Dunfermline Press carried an article on the redevelopment of East End. It was such an awful thought - our beloved terracing being bulldozed to make way for another crappy all-seater "stadium" that I was moved to write to the Press voicing my disapproval. The letter was printed and provoked a response the following week from club secretary Paul D'Mello. The letter went something like this:

As a long term supporter of DAFC I read with interest the article by Graeme Esson on the proposed revamp of East End. I am sure I won't be alone amongst Pars fans at feeling slightly concerned about the "quite superb stadium" which will apparently result from this redevelopment.

The current trend amongst Scottish clubs to build "off the shelf" stadia is one which needs careful examination. There used to be a time when you could stand on the terracing at any ground in Scotland and know exactly where you were simply by the unique idiosyncrasies of each ground. This will soon be a thing of the past, as each club, through a combination of the effects of the Taylor Report, the Scottish League & SFA's insistence on Premier grounds being all seated and in many cases much needed ground improvements, pave the way for a new era of all-seated mini-stadia - dull, characterless grounds with built-in atmosphere killing qualities and capacities too low to match demand for big matches.

I fear that the East End of the next millennium will follow suit and Pars fans will join their counterparts from Airdrie, Kirkcaldy, Perth and the likes and be forced to watch their team from cheap plastic seats in a cheap 'n' nasty ground with a box like stand on each side and each end of the pitch. Is this what the fans want?

The main thrust of the Taylor Report, if my memory serves me, was that grounds would be much safer if they were all seated. Indeed, although only directly applicable south of the border, the SFA have taken this point to heart with their well thought out edict that all Premier grounds should comply with this. However, in the interim, those grounds with good, old fashioned terracing have simply had their capacity reduced and other safety features put in place to ensure they are indeed safe for the fans. If it's safe to stand at East End today, tomorrow and next week then surely it's safe next year and the year after?

Comfort is another matter of course. Apparently fans want to sit down to watch football. This is much more comfortable and much more civilised. However, has anyone actually bothered to ask the fans what they want? How many Pars fans were polled on their opinion as to

**The East End Bounce**

how the new look East End should be fashioned? I suspect the answer is roughly similar to the number of clean sheets we've kept this season! After all, what does it matter what we think? We should just think ourselves lucky that we're getting a fab new ground. I can't help thinking the board are once again displaying myopic symptoms in disregarding the feelings of the fans.

Personally, I feel much more comfortable and safe standing to watch the match, a feeling I know is shared by many fellow footie fans throughout the country. I don't particularly like having to prise myself from my comfortable, well proportioned, adequately spaced seating every time the Pars score or when there is simply no alternative but to stand to see the action in a distant corner of the pitch. Nor do I like having to squeeze past fellow fans when going to the toilet or to the shop. Standing on the terrace will do for me every time.

However, I do understand that many fans do want to sit at the match. That's fine. I have absolutely no problem with the paying customer being given the choice to stand or to sit. However, that choice is being taken from us by the powers that run football - people who have never savoured the atmosphere of a game from deep within the terracing. Surely, it isn't beyond some architect to design a ground which allows for seating and standing and which complies with any safety regulations the SFA or the police can dream up? I'm not necessarily blaming the board at East End for trying to comply with these regulations, but I do feel that they are displaying a remarkable lack of insight, foresight and imagination in not trying to find out what the fans want. How many millions do companies and businesses spend on market research, trying to find out what the customer wants and then giving it to them? How much of an effort do football clubs make? In this capitalist society the customer is king - unless of course you're a football fan, and particularly if you're a Pars fan.

Having said all this, the "artists impression" of the new East End in the 20th December Press doesn't look as bad as it might have. Then again, its drawn from above with a hazy, misty finish. Unfortunately, we won't have the benefit of fog to disguise the new ground when it's finished! As for the capacity of less than 12,000 - I just don't understand the logic here. Admittedly our crowds average well under 10,000 at present but we are capable of pulling more than 12,000 for big games, particularly when Rangers and Celtic come to East End when 16,000+ crowds are standard. Basically the club is throwing away revenue of around £160k each season (4 matches of an extra 4,000 fans at £10 a head). Does this make good business sense?

In conclusion, Mr Esson's article confirmed the shortcomings of the DAFC board and those who control the game in Scotland. Once again, the views of the fans are not being represented, yet we are expected

## The East End Bounce

to quite happily agree to these decisions and turn up each week with our cash. The day East End becomes another cardboard cut-out football ground will be a sad day for the thousands of fans who know and love the ground. But no doubt we'll all still turn up on Saturday afternoon (if we can get a ticket for the Rangers and Celtic games!) and Mr Woodrow and colleagues can pat each other on the back and congratulate themselves on how they "transformed" East End.

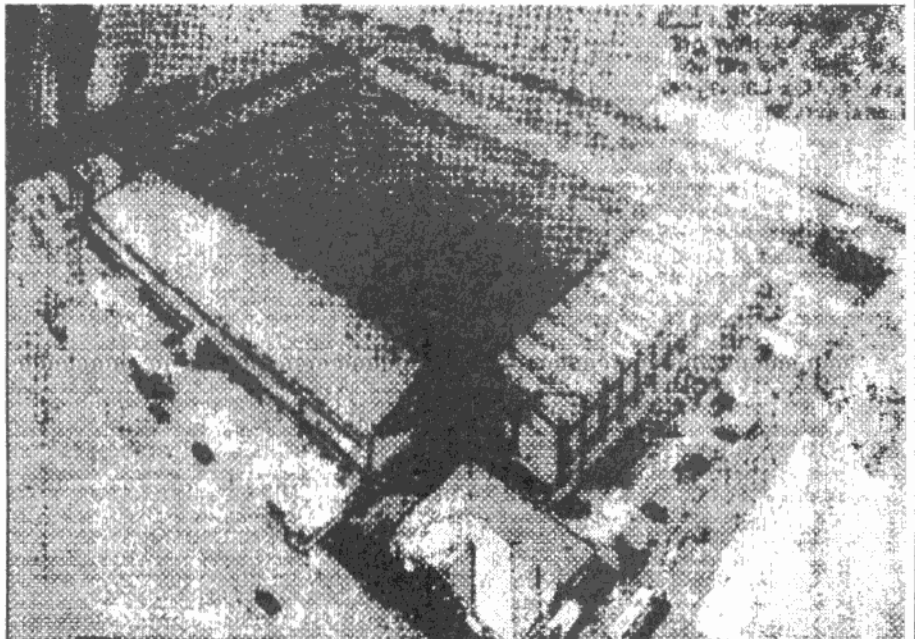
Paul D'Mello's reply to this letter was printed in the January 17th edition of the Press. His basic theme was how the club had to comply with the Taylor Report or else. He mentioned a body calling themselves the Scottish Stadia Committee who apparently oversee the application of the report and concluded by mentioning the "vast number of supporters" who have apparently welcomed the news that East End is to be all-seated in the very near future.

By the time I had got hold of the Press that week it was too late to send in a reply for publication. However, I rang up the press offices and ended up speaking to the editor. He was quick to point out the flack he had received from East End for printing my letter. Apparently Mr D'Mello and co. were not at all happy that the bastion of the local media should print something that dared to criticise the Pars Board. The Press's editor, however, agreed with me that there were a large number of fans who were not at all happy with the proposed re-development, and that in fact he preferred to stand on the terraces himself when he went to East End.

I was fairly hopeful then, when I sent in my reply to Paul D'Mello's letter (below), that it would be printed and the debate could continue. This was not to be. For reasons best known to himself, the editor of the Press refused to print the letter. Pressure from East End perhaps? What other explanation is there? Anyway, the letter is reproduced in full now:

After reading Mr D'Mello's reply to my letter I have come to the conclusion that he has

taken the wrong career choice sometime in the past. His ability to ignore most of what I was saying in my letter, concentrate on a point he obviously has a sound knowledge of **Just in case you haven't seen it yet (and the pic comes out): The new-look East End Park.**



## The East End Bounce



and then take credit for something in which he played but a minor part suggests a career in politics might have been more appropriate!

In response to the one point he does address, I am fully prepared to concede that he does know more about the Taylor Report than myself (who knows, he may even have read it) and undoubtedly has a tremendous knowledge and understanding of the way football is structured and governed in Scotland. Maybe if Mr D'Mello and his colleagues were actually to share some of this information with the fans, to explain to us exactly what the situation is, to let us know what the club's standpoint is on issues such as these, and dare I say it again, to actually ask the fans what they thought about a given situation, people like myself wouldn't feel the need to write letters to the local press and would be less likely to criticise club boards.

I would hazard a guess that many of the confrontational situations which arise between fans and football club directors do so not because of the actual decisions the directors make, but because of the way they make them and the poor regard which they seem to have for the fans. We are not credited with enough intelligence to understand complicated issues or worse, we are thought to have no interest in football matters other than what happens on a Saturday afternoon.

I fully appreciate that the club has little choice in the matter of ground safety. However, it does have a voice within the SFA and SFL and is undoubtedly represented on the Stadia Committee. The club obviously doesn't want to "rock the boat" and has decided to comply with the decisions of these bodies, but the point I was trying to make was that it would have been nice had the club asked the fans if *they* were happy to comply with these decisions. At the end of the day it may have made little or no difference to those governing the game had the fans voiced their disapproval, but at least we would have been offered the opportunity to have our say. This is what is being denied us. Mr D'Mello completely ignored this point. I will however concede that my criticism of the board in this respect may have been misplaced. I will now concentrate my efforts in the direction of the relevant bodies.

As to my "distasteful" remarks about the board of directors, I only suggested they were short-sighted and lacked imagination. A description which would fit quite snugly with a certain decision in 1990 which marked the end of the Leishman era. Hardly distasteful though. I guess what Mr D'Mello is trying to say here is that the DAFC board are above criticism, and how dare I suggest that they are less than perfect. In fact, according to Mr D'Mello, it is the board, via the financial stability they have brought to the club, who are responsible for the Pars gaining promotion last season. No mention of Bert and Dick, the players, the backroom staff or, dare I mention it, the fans, who obviously played no part in the Pars victories last season.

**The East End Bounce**

He concludes by speculating on the "vast number of supporters" who have apparently welcomed the chance to sit down at the match. Once again I say to him, how many have you actually asked?

In recent weeks the Labour Party have indicated that they would instigate a review of the findings of the Taylor Report when they gain office after the general election. Football fans everywhere should be rejoicing at this news. The flawed recommendation of the report that grounds should be all-seated looks like being over-turned in time to save East End from being needlessly ravaged by inappropriate redevelopment. I therefore look forward to Mr D'Mello and colleagues redeeming themselves in the eyes of the fans by conducting a widespread consultation exercise on how the fans would like to see East End restructured. This is a major opportunity for the board to build up a solid relationship with the fans and perhaps, with all interested parties having a say, design the East End Park that we will all be happy with and proud of.

I do agree with one point made by Mr D'Mello. The re-cladding of the North Terracing and South Stand is long overdue. Shabby is a major understatement. I had actually thought of popping down to East End one Sunday afternoon with a couple of pots of paint and my step ladders to give the stand a quick once over. Unfortunately, on checking with the Health & Safety Executive, I found the ladders didn't comply with their safety regulations. At least I can now stop saving for new ladders with a clear conscience, safe in the knowledge that Mr D'Mello has everything under control.

A bit of healthy debate never hurt anyone. I hate to use the word "conspiracy", but what else can you call it when the club and the local paper apparently "get together" to stifle freedom of speech and (mis)lead opinion. The fans deserve a voice, this is all I'm saying. Time will tell whether Mr D'Mello and the Pars Board, in the wake of Labour's announcement, take the initiative and do something about it!

Another point has come to light since all this began. If Mr D'Mello is so keen to comply with legislation passed by the SFA and the SFL I'd like to know exactly where he stands on the issue of segregation. I don't know the exact nature of the regulations clubs are supposed to comply with on this issue, but I do know that the basic idea is that opposing fans are kept apart at matches.

At the recent games against the old firm at East End, a blind man could have seen the extent to which the home end had been "infiltrated" by those of a Timmish or Hunnish nature. If Mr D'Mello is so keen for DAFC to comply with the Taylor Report, then presumably he will be equally as keen to sort out the segregation debacle at East End.

*Gordon Robertson*

**The East End Bounce**

# The Happy Wanderer

The bus journey to Motherwell in December brought to light a wee gem of a song from the club's history. The Lothian '68 have been singing it at subsequent games but so far we're the only ones. We were watching the "*Black And White Magic*" video and when the cup was brought back to Dunfermline in '61, there was a brass band playing "*The Happy Wanderer*". Before we knew it a couple of guys who were at the game started singing along to it and by the time we got there the whole bus was mad for it.

Watch the video, hear the tune and learn the words (written by Jimmy McConville's wife by all accounts), we'd like to hear you next time.

While we're on the subject, *The Bounce* is currently investigating the possibility of getting replicas of the '61 final strip made. They'd be 100% cotton, top quality, made in Britain by a reputable company (used by the SFA, FA and many of the top English clubs). There's a long way to go yet but we should have more news for you in the next issue.

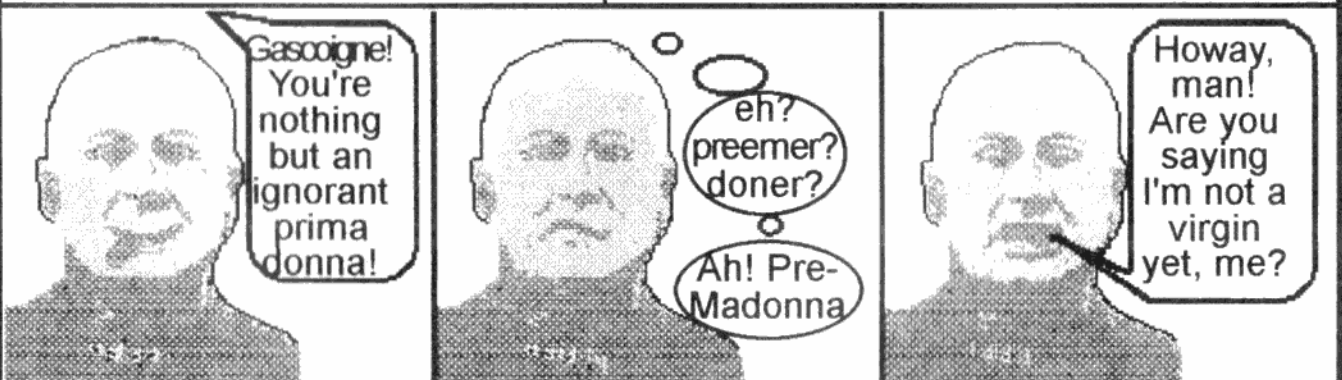
## The Happy Wanderer

I like to go a-wandering  
To see the Pars at play  
We travel near  
We travel far  
And this is what we say  
Up The Pars  
Up The Pars  
See them score  
Wave your colours black and white  
And yell for more  
Goals galore  
And on to victory

## WEANS' WORLD

Conveniently taking the Scottish media view that whenever Rangers' fans do something they're the first and only ones to do it, here's the words that should go with the Laudrup (Wayne's World) bow.

We're not worthy  
We're not worthy  
We're scum  
We suck



# The East End Bounce

# Shaggy

Over the years some players become legends, Mike Leonard, Paul Donnelly, Jim Bowie and Stevie Morrison all spring to mind from the 70s and 80s, while others like ..... em? ... just get forgotten. Others still, like Doug Considine, Craig McFarlane and Roddy Georgeson are remembered for the wrong reasons. Mostly for being shite or, in Georgeson's case, for being a complete nancy boy always preening himself and avoiding any rough and tumble in case his hair got messed up. In the legend category is a man who visited East End last season for the Dumbarton game, Grant Jenkins. *The Bounce* was back stage doing player-sponsor type stuff and decided we should have an interview with the great one...and then not publish it for nearly a year.

**Bounce:** Thanks for speaking to us Shaggy, can you remember the first goal you scored for the Pars?

**Shaggy:** Oh yes, against Motherwell at East End, we still got gubbed though. It was towards the end of Pat Stanton's first season and things weren't going very well for the club. I got another one a few games later and we lost that one as well.

**Bounce:** My God, you mean Stanton signed more than one decent player in his time?

**Shaggy:** Eh! Who's the other one...oh right Norrie, he came a couple of months after me, during the close season. Pat Stanton gets a lot of stick from Pars fans, possibly because he didn't have much success there and his heart wasn't with the club. They forget he was a Hibbee through and through and he didn't do much when he left and became their manager either.

**Bounce:** John Watson often said he was lost without you, you weren't lovers were you?

**Shaggy:** What me and John? nah never. We'd usually have a cuddle when one of us scored, but that was about it.

**Bounce:** You left the Pars in the middle of the 87-88 season in Premier, what do remember of that time and where did you go from there?

**Shaggy:** Oh it was great, at the start we drew the first few games and then beat



## The East End Bounce

Celtic 2-1. That was the peak, things went badly after that and I moved on a couple of months later. Like a lot of Pars players on the way down I went to St Johnstone. I had a good time there, Scottish Cup semifinals and so on but it wasn't the same. I'm glad Bert Paton's doing so well at East End, they were made for each other.

Bounce: Ok, emm...moving on. Supposing John Martin had a sex change. Do you think he should still be allowed to play professional football, or be banished to the women's game?

Shaggy: Well I don't think Airdrie would have a problem playing him, provided he was still delivering the goods. But I think the old fuddy-duddies who run the game would probably put a stop to it. After the Marc Bosman thing though, I can see it bringing about the full integration of women into the game. I don't think that many of them would get a game on merit, in some ways I think it would be good, it's a family game and all that but I think some teams might play women because they feel obliged to, at the expense of men who are much better. It would cost them and I think they would learn their lesson quickly. But if that's what John Martin wants to do then all power to him.

Bounce: What were your thoughts on the EastEnders single?

Shaggy: Oh God, every time I remember that I hope everyone else will have forgotten. It was a good laugh at the time, we got on TV and I thought for a while that another childhood ambition, appearing on Top of the Pops, would come true. I was mortified when it was on that 'They Think It's All Over' Christmas special, I thought I'd put that embarrassing nightmare behind me. I'll kill the bastards who told them about it, how do they find out about these things?

Bounce: Emmm, no idea. But I'm sure they don't write to fanzines asking them for embarrassing moments from their club's history. So you and John aren't going to get together in the studio and try to fill the void left by Take That! then are you?

Shaggy: We've talked about it but I'd have to get a new nickname as there's already some talentless muso called Shaggy, we'll let you know.

Bounce: Supposing there was an accident at some top-secret government research laboratory and a biological warfare agent was released wiping-out everyone on the planet except for you and John Martin. Would you shag her?

Shaggy: No.

*Good man Shaggy, and if he was in the same sponsors' lounge as us, ie the one with the cans of Guinness that say "only £1" on them but cost more than a whole pint in the Paragon, that's how the conversation probably would have gone.*



## The East End Bounce

# WAITING FOR THE SUN

Much has been written and said over the last couple of months about winter breaks and summer football. The arguments for change are compelling. By playing games when the weather is most likely to be at its best instead of when it's at its worst you can at least be fairly certain of the match taking place.

The quality of the football, and consequently the spectacle, is increased in two ways. Most players prefer to play on a still warm day than in driving rain and subzero temperatures. Ball control on grassy pitch is easier than in a mud bath with cross-directional winds whipping the ball anywhere other than expected. A comfortable player in a predictable footballing environment is a more confident player - and players confident of their ability in good conditions provide better football.

I don't know anyone who prefers to watch bad football to good or in a storm to on a sunny afternoon. Bad weather doesn't put everyone off every game but it does have an affect on attendances just like it does on everything else. If clubs are serious about doing all they can to attract the crowds back they must surely think about all possibilities in making the game more attractive. They can't change the weather but they can increase the chances of it being more conducive for the game when they do play.

## WINTERTIME LOVE

There's plenty of arguments against. The most difficult to argue with is that the season would clash with the World Cup and European Championships. There are countries who manage this, and a way round it can be found. If, as seems likely, there's going to be some form of European leagues in operation this will probably follow the season as it is at present and most of the internationalists will be take part in that with weaker teams competing at domestic level.

Other arguments for the status quo are a bit weaker. Most common are "we've always played in winter" and "what would happen to the Boxing and Ne'er day fixtures?". For the former - we always used to stand and often in the rain - not changing something just because it would change it is not a valid reason for not doing it.

The games around Christmas can be discounted as well. Beating the Rovers this year was only the third time we've played on the First at East End in over 20 years. The size of the Pars support at Rugby Park a few years ago testifies that Boxing day isn't necessarily the most suitable of times. Are we really going to continue playing in the worst three months of the year on the off chance that on two particular days the weather will be good enough?

## SUMMER'S ALMOST GONE

The change can be brought about in a fairly simple way. One season starts in the normal way but at the half way point the it stops for the winter. At, say, the beginning of March a new season starts and plays through to November. Ideally this could coincide with, or at least before, a switch to more sensible league structure so there could still be a full round of home-and-aways in the short season. The cup competitions can either stay as they are or swap depending on whether the Scottish Cup is to be in summer or at the end of the season.

I honestly don't think this will happen, major changes are only allowed in Scottish football if they make things worse. On those empty summer afternoons when I'd like to be at a game I'll be thinking of all the times six months on when I'll be wishing I wasn't. Oh, and remember - when you walk through a storm, you get wet.

*Paul Bundy*

# *How To Collect Fanzines*

## **1. Getting Started**

*Regular readers of the programme can't have failed to notice an exciting series they've been running for the last couple of seasons. Lest it be said we only mock when we can learn from our big brother, we at The Bounce thought much benefit and understanding could be gained by running a parallel series on fanzine collecting.*

*To start we've taken our cue from the programme series but, please, feel free to write in with any queries you may have on this fascinating hobby. If we don't know the answer ourselves we'll use our vast network of expert contacts to get you the most up to date answer possible.*

***You've dreamt of starting your own fanzine collection for years but don't know where to start.***

*Well, you may not realise this but you probably already have and are just too stupid to realise it. Unless you're presently browsing in a newsagent or reading a friend's, you've already got this one. If you are browsing, have a*

*nonchalant look around you and, if nobody's looking, quickly slip it in your pocket, up your jumper or inside a larger publication - there's no point wasting your money and if you get caught we'll get some free publicity.*

***You can't afford to buy as many fanzines as you want***

*Simple solution - start your own. All you need is a couple of copies, send one to The Absolute Game and one to When Saturday Comes (they'll publish your address) and before long you'll be inundated with editions from all over the country from fellow editors asking for "swapsies" and expecting good, chummy reviews in your next issue. Alternatively, when you write to TAG/WSC apologise for not giving them a freebie and say you've already sold out of your first issue. This way you'll save a lot of time and effort, avoid having to read the patronising "good-first-try" review and gain a kind of mythical status all in one easy move.*

***Your collection has grown so large you want to catalogue them.***

*Sorry, can't help you here - speak to the programme guy on that one and adapt.*

**The East End Bounce**

# WHEN FITBA CAME HOME

Typically-topical as ever, *The Bounce* ventures over the wall to Euro '96.

"Thirty years of hurt, never stopped me dreaming" - well dream on pal. After spending the entire 3 weeks of Euro 96 in England, attending more matches than my bank balance would care to mention. I witnessed at first hand the host nation supporters' xenophobic, "They don't like it up 'em" attitude. I feel justified in my absolute joy at poor old Gareth's misery.

Pre-tournament talk of high levels of security and a sophisticated ticket vetting system made me laugh. I had ordered my tickets (excluding Scotland games) in 1994 using an application form I was giving by a Sheffield Wednesday supporting workmate. I was expecting a knock back once my Scottish address was spotted, this did not happen and my tickets arrived a month before the tournament was due to begin. I don't know if the FA had some method of checking who I was and even if they did I was ordering four tickets, didn't it ever occur to them that the other three could have been for Airdrie fans. Ordering the Scotland tickets was easy, all we did was join the Scotland Travel Club a few weeks before the draw thus ensuring no post draw rush.

That was the tickets sorted - all Scotland's games, game at each ground, two Quarter-Finals, Semi and Final - sad football trainspotter or what! Accommodation was sorted by various B&B's and a pal of mine who had a student flat 10 miles outside Birmingham. Transport was to be my ancient car, fingers crossed that it would make it all the way.

On to the tournament itself. The first thing to strike me upon entering Elland Road for our first game (Bulgaria v Spain) was the number of empty seats. This was to be a feature of quite a few of the games we attended. If England is hoping to stage the World Cup soon they must address their tickets allocation and pricing policy. Some tickets for group games were as high as £60 - luckily we had ordered our tickets well in advance and paid about £15/£25 for group games. The Bulgaria v Spain game did have one very distressing and ugly scene which the TV probably missed, we had the misfortune to be sitting near John 'I didn't touch Mark Smith, honest' Brown; and yes it was me who started the 'Rangers to sign Stoichkov' story.

After this player-spotting became a bit of a feature of Euro 96 for us. Seeing Gordon Strachan, Jim McNally and Jackie McNamara Snr (in full highland dress - probably wondering why McKimmie was playing instead of his son) all at Villa Park, sitting beside John McGinley and Owen Coyle at Old Trafford (I considered asking Owen if scoring the winner in the Play-Off was actually better than being Champions, but decided not to bother), Spotting Uwe Rosler leaving a Strip Bar in Manchester. But the highlight had to be meeting and sharing a few beers with Pars legend Stuart Wardell in a Birmingham pub before and after the Switzerland game. Who's he I hear you ask? Do you not remember he came on as a sub once at Aberdeen in 87/88 and played once more as a sub in the same season. He took it in fine spirit - us being daft

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## The East End Bounce

# LAND OF THE GIANTS

Doesn't it make you mad when you read something in the paper or see an interview on TV with another Premier manager, who invariably makes some inane comment about the way the Pars have been playing this season.

In particular I'm thinking about Tommy McLean and Alex McLeish after our recent games against Dundee Utd and Motherwell. According to Tommy, "Dunfermline made it difficult for us, the way they played". *The way they played!* - What the hell does that mean? Aren't we supposed to make it difficult for the opposition? Of course, what he actually meant was that we spent the entire match playing a long ball game, pumping high balls into the middle for our huge strikers. That, after all, is the only way Dunfermline know how to play.

McLeish too, in the Sunday papers after we'd seen off his crappy team, moaned about our style of play. And since the start of the season we've been bombarded with crappy journalism about the Pars' "long ball game" or the Pars' "huge strikers" (despite the fact the tallest striker in the history of Scottish football plays for Celtic, and the Pars consistently field Allan Moore, David Bingham and Stewart Petrie) or the Pars "route one football". In particular, we've been called the Scottish Wimbledon, likening our aggressive, attacking football to Vinnie Jones and co from South London. And there you have it in a nutshell - the reason the opposition don't like us and don't like the way we play football - because we do it better than them, because we score more goals than them and because we've got more points than most of them.

We go forward in numbers, we pass the ball (quite often to one of our own players) and yes, sometimes we try a few long balls and sometimes we use Smith and Britton as target men. To suggest however that this is all we do is somewhat misleading. A good, balanced approach is how I'd describe it.

A self perpetuating myth seems to have developed though, between the media and opposing managers. The managers moan about the way we play after we've gubbed them, the media report this in our esteemed newspapers, other managers read this and suppose it to be true and in turn moan about us after we've taken the points off them etc. etc.

Graham Spiers in Scotland on Sunday became the latest journo to fall victim to the Pars long-ball syndrome (expect a future episode of the X-Files to cover this in detail). Writing after the Rangers game a couple of weeks ago he reported: "*It has become the fashion to hail as myth the impression that Dunfermline are a long-ball team, but they didn't half batter some big ones*



Moore - Harlem Globetrotter

*here*". Good journalism don't you think? Firstly, it only became the fashion to criticise our game as long-ball because Mr Spiers and colleagues chose to do so, completely over-looking the controlled passing game that comprises much of our play. I can only assume that Spiers wasn't at the Celtic midweek game recently where we controlled vast spells of the match in midfield, passed the ball *on the deck* and put the Tims under pressure as we played the game in their half of the field. That we eventually lost the match was a gross miscarriage of justice. Secondly, if he had bothered to count the number of times Rangers played long, hopeful balls to nowhere, then perhaps he might have been a bit less critical of the Pars.

But no, once again the nation's media have to find something to slag us off about. Last season it was our lack of bottle and how we were once again going to blow the chance of promotion. This year it's because we play attacking football, and haven't been the lame ducks everyone was expecting. I look forward to next season's onslaught with baited breath!

Alec Hitt

## The East End Bounce

## SCOTSMAN

It's funny how the most Scottish team in the Premier League is the one most disliked and ignored by the newspaper that bears our national identity for its title. Our involvement in previews is normally limited to being the team someone else is playing against. This season Stranraer, St Mirren, Partick Thistle, Ross County and the babies have all been introduced as being presented with a great opportunity of beating a team from a higher league. Before the 3-0 gubbing of the Aberdeen KeEVins wrote "Dunfermline are not mathematically clear of worry with a quarter of the season left to play and the possibility of a damaging run of results still exists".

Aye Hugh, dream on. We're not going anywhere but up and sooner or later you going to have to acknowledge we exist. Hopefully today and the overdue victory over your beloved team of foreigners will show you the way.

## SINKY

Radio interview with David Sinclair a few weeks ago on his move from Millwall to Tannadice - "I'm glad to come to a good club like United after so many years at Raith Rovers".

## BADGER

The highly unfashionable Pars beat the ex-big-thing has-beens Aberdeen on their own patch and the press are lost for words. Scotland on Sunday, who really should know better, can't bear the thought and Jonathon Northcroft can only think up the truly pathetic jibe that he thinks we've got a crap badge. I'm honestly half worried that some day we take one of the beloved weegie clubs to the cleaners and on the Sunday we have to read a report on the game where the lassies in pie stalls get accused of being about as sexually appealing as a bag of worms.

There's another Pars-Northcroft-Aberdeen connection however. In the week prior to the play-offs two years ago Mr Northcroft got my work number and phoned seeking the fans' eye of the whole play-off situation. On the Friday afternoon I got another brief call wondering "Has Norrie still got his moustache?". Being put on the spot and not thinking quickly enough I foolishly told the truth and said "yes".

On the Sunday, the day of the first leg, all became clear. The Pars-focused side of the match build-up consisted of little more than an article about Norrie having a moustache. Not as thorough a stitch-up job as they did on us on the day of the League Cup Final against Hibs but it demonstrated a similar contempt.

It's easy to imagine the last-minute thinking. "I've written this article about a team I know nothing about. It's based around their captain with whom there's a telephone interview (although I won't pretend I didn't actually travel all that way to Fife to do it in person). He had a moustache last time I saw him on TV so I based the article on that rather than anything to do with football. Oh, wait a minute! What if he shaved it off last year?"

This is also the only guy that has read Hugh KeEVins' many articles stating that Alex Smith is the only manager to have won the Scottish Cup with more than one side and believed him. It's hard to believe that devoted Tim Hugh isn't aware of Jock Stein and that he was once the Celtic manager. He must realise The Big Man won the cup with them at least once, in fact I bet he could name the teams, scores and scorers on all eight occasions. It can only be assumed, in that typical weegie blinkered way of his, he doesn't know of Jock's managerial debut at East End and the 1961 Scottish Cup final. Or maybe 36 years later the memory's still so painful he has to block it out, that would perhaps explain his antipathy.

*Paul Bundy*

# MURRAY INTERNATIONAL MENTAL

Not content with his attempts to destroy Scottish league football by the creation of a "Super League", David Murray, at the behest of the Scottish Rugby Union, now has the opportunity to bring his unique talent as a sporting visionary to the international arena. Make no mistake, his is a unique vision - but this is mainly because no-one else agrees with it.

There is absolutely no doubt that he is an exceptional businessman, the way he has turned round the finances at Ibrox is testament to that, but is he really qualified to shape the way football is organised and developed in Scotland? And now rugby too. After all, look what he did for basketball in Britain in the eighties. Short term achievement does not equate to long-term success! There are lessons to be learned here.

In the world of business and commerce money is power. The more money you accumulate, the bigger your business and financial interests, the more power you wield. Thankfully in Scottish football the same rules do not apply - yet! If Murray had his way though, Rangers & Celtic, by virtue of their current wealth, would have an unequal (ie. greater) voice in the future of Scottish football. This cannot be allowed to happen. In a recent interview in the Scotsman (21st February) Murray, once again on the old soap-box (although where on earth did he get a soap-box in Glasgow?) expounded, "Thank goodness Rangers & Celtic have done what they've done, because at the moment we're the ones keeping Scottish football on the map." The only reason Scottish football is on the map is because the rest of Europe are laughing at Rangers attempts in the Champions League.

It is quite evident that Murray has become a victim of his own success. To say he has become quite irrational would be an understatement. On the one hand he is postulating on the successful business concepts he has introduced into running a football club, on the other hand he is attempting to destroy the framework (ie. market place) in which the club operates. He seems to have completely lost sight of the fact that any "market", whether it be big business or a football league requires some sort of competition if it is going to survive and continuously deliver "the goods".

Murray, and now McCann at Celtic, seems intent on destroying the balance between success within Scotland and success in Europe. There is absolutely no doubt that Rangers and Celtic have historically been the most successful Scottish club sides. What Murray is overlooking though, is the fact that when the old firm were enjoying success in Europe there was a much stronger league in Scotland. Other teams regularly won the league. Rangers and Celtic were not automatically the top two teams. Basically, there was more competition. The gulf between the top 10 - 12 teams was fairly small compared to today. If anything, the blame for Rangers lack of success in Europe lies firmly with Rangers themselves. Perhaps if they didn't buy all the best young players and stick them in the reserves these players would have the chance to develop whilst playing first team football, thus raising the standard of the game throughout Scotland. The ludicrous prices in the current transfer market can also be blamed on Rangers. If they are prepared to spend ú4m on donkeys like Duncan Ferguson then that sets a

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David Murray - Doing the SRU's legwork

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Another seeming contradiction in Murray's Scotsman interview - "There are still many who would prefer to stand on a terracing and eat a pie and Bovril. That's fine, but it's not going to help anyone compete in the modern, aggressive, sporting world. The game has to move on, and that's why we've seen significant changes at both Rangers and Celtic."

If Murray is trying to attract more punters to Ibrox (and to Scottish football in general if we are to believe him), shouldn't he be attempting to meet the needs of those potential customers? Isn't that what business is all about? Murray's problem is that he has tunnel vision. He has a very clear idea of what he wants to happen and he is going all out to get it, regardless of the fact that no-one might actually agree with him. In any case, how does someone standing on the terrace eating a pie and bovril stop a club competing in the modern, aggressive, sporting world. I can only presume that the margins on pies and bovril are not as great as those on burgers and coke!

I'm all for change, but that change has to be carefully thought out, taking into account the views of everyone connected with the game - including the fans. (Murray's philosophy is obviously rubbing off at East End - see "Standing Room Only" in this issue). However, change for change's sake is not good enough. There may be aspects to the way football is governed and organised which require change, but the wholesale destruction of the Scottish game in the way Murray has in mind is not necessary nor wanted by the majority involved in the game.

So Scotland's rugby fans have a lot to look forward to. At least 3 or 4 new tops to choose from by Christmas, 7-a-side mini tournaments in Europe and the prospect of Europe's 5 best rugby-playing nations breaking away to form their own super-league! I also presume that Murray will insist that the Ibrox "faithful" will drop Swing Low in favour of Flower of Scotland, but then again it's not like him to preach to the fans!

*Alec Hitt*

## The East End Bounce

# WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WADE?

Spring. That time of winter we sub-title summer is just around the corner and, though it's the most conducive time of the year to play and watch football, it's the only time we don't. This being an odd numbered year there's not even the World Cup or European Championship to keep us going. Not that our televisions will lack sport, or that there wouldn't be other healthy outdoor activities for those of a participatory nature, there's plenty. The only problem is is that they're all shite.

## OUTBREAK OF VITAS GERULAITIS

Tennis. Tennis is a bit like rugby in at least one respect, ie nobody could give a toss about the game for the vast majority of the year, then all of a sudden they start acting like they live for the game. From January to March everybody is rugby mad and indignant that they can't get a ticket for Murrayfield. They've never seen a club game in their life; been punched in the puss in a maul; or taken-off all their clothes in a pub, stuck their knob in their pint and then drank it; but they deserve the Grand Slam tickets much more than all the folk who get them through the clubs.

Apart from Royal weddings, Wimbledon fortnight is the best reason for going back in time and forcing John Logie Baird's mum into a hot bath with a bottle of gin and a knitting-needle. The men's game is about as exciting as a welly-boot throwing contest and the women's not much better. So what if they've spent their entire boring life perfecting their game and can hit a service with unerring accuracy at 2,000 mph to one square inch of the court? It's reduced the game to the equivalent of a three hour penalty shoot-out between two top strikers with Stevie Wonder in goal. It can't be denied that what they do is difficult and requires a fair degree of agility, skill and co-ordination, but so does Naked-Twister and unlike tennis that lends itself to the mixed game.

The women's game is much more entertaining but the players are far too young. The temptation is always to want the best looking one to win and she usually loses. It gets embarrassing, wanting a school-girl, barely pubescent, to win because she's tasty. At least Navratilova's retired, even in *her* prime her dried-up, crackly, knicker-bacon wouldn't get anyone going.

## RUNNING ORDER SQUABBLE FEST

If no football we're at least spared the wonderfully idealistic Commonwealth or Olympic Games. Last year's centenary of the resurrection of the ancient games went to the USA, a country where the Modern Olympic Spirit of grabbing as much money as possible reigns supreme. In a variation on the traditional opening ceremony, they threatened war on a tribe of nomadic goat-herders in north Africa because a US warship shot down a civilian airliner killing everyone on board.

In some respects there is something to be admired in the dedication the athletes put in. But is to run 100M faster than anyone else in the world really that important? You can imagine Carl Lewis and Linford Christie having an argument at playtime over who was the fastest runner, them having an impromptu race and then the argument progressing with phrases like "you cheated", "you're a poof", "I'll get my brother on to you" and "my dad's bigger than your dad". At least in the Olympics there's less of a chance of the loser pulling a knife and stabbing the other to death.

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Some of the sports parallel the skills that primitive man needed to survive: running away from or after things; fighting; and weapons proficiency eg javelin, fencing and small bore rifle shooting. They're not very realistic though. Dipping your chest as you pass the 100M line, holding your arms triumphantly aloft and then slowing down or collapsing in a heap would do no good if there was a pack of wolves on your heels ready to tear you to shreds. A cheetah won't let the fact you could beat her over a marathon stop her from ripping your throat out before you've gone two yards then dragging your limp body back to feed her young.

The field sports aren't any better. Seeing your spear fly 10 feet over your enemy's head and into the distance would be little consolation as his went crashing through your rib-cage, puncturing your lung and pinning you to a tree, leaving you to drown slowly in your own blood, screaming helplessly in agony.

Of what purpose anytime in the history of man has it ever been just to be able to throw something farther than someone else? Two guys in ancient Greece arguing over a beautiful woman (or, more likely, young boy). They've just finished dinner and decide that whoever can throw a plate the farthest will gain the maiden's hand - she has no say in the matter, natch - while the other collects the crockery and does the washing-up. The burly Sounessakiasis goes first and chucks the plate with little grace and great force out the window. Mark Smithalopolus goes next, crouching low, spinning majestically, all technique and speed, he releases at exactly the right moment and the saucer sails off into the distant distance. He turns, smiles almost apologetically and expects, in true Olympian spirit, to be getting his hole in the next couple of hours. The hammer-thrower grabs the nearest blunt instrument and bludgeons our poor winner to death, "it's a man's game" he mutters as he throws the protesting damsel over his shoulder and walks out the door.

The Olympics would be better if they got rid of about 50% of the games, activities, pastimes and evening classes they have in it these days. They should be about sport. Being difficult and requiring 15 hours of practice every day does not make something a sport. Synchronised swimming is no more a sport than Miss World. Neither are most female gymnastics. Regardless of the morality of it, how can an activity that only 10 year-olds can take part in be considered a major world sport? Why leave the boys out? Why not have a gold medal for farting in class or, in the Winter Olympics, pissing your name in the snow?

Subjectivity should have no part to play in sport. Gymnastics, synchronised swimming, high diving and the Eurovision Song Contest are purely subjective, open to political and cultural misrepresentation and should be banned from all 'sporting' events.

## REASONS TO BE MISERABLE (PART 10)

Since it started broadcasting in 1982 with Countdown, Channel 4 has been a bastion of minority sports. In the summer, Channel 4 dust-off their Kraftwerk album and give us half an hour everyday of La Tour de France. Can you imagine the French giving the length of time a year to shinty or cricket? Half an hour might be time enough to fit in all the crashes from the entire race, that would be quite good. Like Formula 1, giant slalom and tobogganing, the only enjoyment to be had from watching these games is in the spectacular crashes. Cycling is especially good as they're less likely to kill themselves, which could make us feel guilty. One cyclist losing the place and scything through 10 or more on his outside and the lot of them going down in a twisted pile of metal, raw flesh and multi-lingual curses *is* highly amusing. An endurance test, certainly, but not just for the participants.

*Brandon Marlow*

# The East End Bounce

# 57 Channels And Nothing On

Following on from the announcement in the last issue of us donning the black and white for a TV quiz show, here's what happened.

On a soaking wet Thursday in November Gordon and I trudged into the Balmoral Hotel in Edinburgh to do battle for the honour of The Pars. A new satellite TV channel called Granada Talk was staging a football fanzine quiz and The East End Bounce had been drawn against the Leicester City fanzine, The Fox. It was going to be a very weird afternoon.

I had visions of TV cameras, a small but passionate audience of football fans, lights, buzzers, David Coleman, the whole nine yards. In reality no one in the hotel was expecting us, or knew anything about the quiz at all. We had been told to go to the 7th floor, but got to the lift to find there wasn't one. Not good karma.

We went back to the reception and were shown through a back corridor, into a separate part of the building. When we got out of the lift we met a man in a hotel uniform sitting behind a small desk. He didn't have a clue why we were there either. Worsen and worsen.

We waited for ten or fifteen minutes until the man came back. Without any explanation he showed us into a brightly lit room. There were two men and a woman waiting for us. I felt like I was in an episode of the X-Files. They asked us to sit down, then the woman shone a desk lamp in our faces. They walked out, closing the door behind them.

We found ourselves sitting behind a table facing a huge TV screen. There was a black box on the table and a small pot of cold tea. We waited, felt embarrassed, waited a bit more and then the telly switched itself on. We were on it.

It was like the video conferencing thing that the baddies in James Bond films always have. We could see ourselves in a corner of the screen with the programme on which we were about to appear making up the rest of the picture. A voice asked us if we were ok and our picture moved as they refocused on us.

The programme burst into life and some nobby git from the North of England started talking about Manchester Utd. Every ten minutes or so someone phoned in and made a spurious football related point. Having worked briefly in a newly launched radio station I reckon the people calling in were probably staff of Granada Talk TV.

After half an hour of the most boring, low-budget TV imaginable the nobby git announced that the 'Fanzine Challenge' (cue fanfares etc) was about to begin. We were introduced,

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nobby explained the rules and somebody set up some primary school computer graphics to make it look like a 3D Pars team were playing Leicester City.

The three blokes we were against were fat, ugly and managed to beat us by the narrowest of margins. This was largely because the (three) Scottish questions related to Celtic and Rangers (the only two Scottish teams any English fan ever hears about), while the English questions related to Carlisle Utd's owner, Des Walker and other stories never reported North of Hadrian's Defensive Wall. We battled bravely, except that Gordon never opened his gob, but lost the match with the 'last kick of the ball'. Even worse, Paul had recorded the whole thing on video.

There are two bits of good news. Firstly, Paul taped over our miserable humiliation by accident (or it may have been charity). Secondly, I did some research into the programme itself. I discovered that according to AGB, the company who measure TV audience figures, NOT ONE SINGLE PERSON had been watching the programme. I hadn't been expecting to be mobbed in the street, but it was a bit of a shock to find out that I had appeared on a programme with a total audience of zero. However, it does provide a timely illustration of the way in which mass (or not) media treats football fans.

Essentially Gordon and I had been cannon fodder in the battle to create a brand new TV channel. A couple of twats who turn up as instructed for free, in order for Rupert Murdoch to knock out a bit of ultra cheap telly. And the reason that they want a couple of twats like us to turn up in the first place is that twats like us will probably sit at home and watch this crap, because it's about football.

Everywhere we look there is football in the media. Talk Radio has a football phone -in (cheap radio) every day of the week. STV has a football phone in (dead cheap telly) almost every Sunday. The Daily Record has a phone-in section (thanks for filling that space for us you aimless punters) every day. We're doing their jobs for them and paying them for the privilege. Even Channel 5, a TV station that doesn't exist yet, has acquired the rights to screen England playing Poland. (Come on ye Polska!)

Every paper with falling circulation (Daily Express) boosts its sport coverage. Every local radio station tries to tie itself up with the local team. When SCOT FM needed a large, ready made audience it pinched the footie from Radio Clyde.

The irony is that it's all our fault. We tune into the radio shows and buy the papers, even though we know that there'll never be more than a passing mention of the Pars. (Unless they're playing Rangers of course) This allows the people who

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own the media to sell us, as an audience, to advertisers, so that they in turn can sell booze and trainers and mobile phones back to us. This wouldn't be a problem, but the by-product is that the media owners get very rich and they don't plough all the money back into the Pars, they pile it back at the richest clubs and simply make them richer.

As the rich get richer, they also get greedier. When the inevitable stock market floatation comes it may create a short term cash bonus, but it also puts pressure on clubs to make a profit for their shareholders EVERY YEAR. This is not good news for a football team. This season even AC Milan have proved that success is not perpetual. If I was a Hearts fan I'd be looking at Millwall and shitting my pants about the prospect of Hearts on the stock market.

The latest 'get richer even quicker' scheme is 'pay per view TV'. David Murray reckons he can make some more money. He reckons Rangers share price will go up if they can become even more profitable. But how many people will sit at home and pay to watch us play Motherwell? If Dunfermline Athletic Football Club go out of business as a result of his latest wheeze David Murray will not bat an eyelid or pause for breath in his pursuit of more wealth for Rangers PLC.

Every Sunday I watch all of Scotsport, waiting for 25 seconds coverage of a Pars match I watched the day before. I complain because they only ever show Rangers and Celtic, but I tune in week after week. The actions of TV companies are dictated by the audiences they attract. From now on I will not complain. I will switch off my television set and go and do something less boring instead. The smaller the audience, the less money for the TV companies. The less money they have to follow follow Rangers, the less cash old DM gets his grubby mits on. Hit them where it hurts, in the pockets.

Don't believe a word that's said about pay per view TV. It has fallen apart in Holland and it is struggling in Italy. Scottish sports journalists will only print what David Murray wants them to print, because they are too afraid to upset him in case they can't get in to lick his arse on a regular basis. A Scottish football journalist who can't get into Ibrox is no use to a newspaper.

Pay per view TV is not good for me and its not good for the Pars. It might just be good for Celtic, Rangers and some stockbrokers, but they won't be bailing us out when the City loses interest. Media companies only make money if we allow them to, by watching their programmes. Reach for your remote control, zap Gerry McNee and do the Pars a favour.

*Rohan Lightfoot*

**The East End Bounce**

# Bounce Back 0891 1961 2-0

**It's New!  
It's Fun!  
It's Free!\***

## **It's Bounce Back!**

In a new feature in The Bounce we're offering you, the reader, an unique opportunity to have your say. Just phone our FreeFone\* number, 0891 1961 2-0, and leave a message.

Is Dundee United's recent good run any surprise when they have a goalkeeper with diplomatic immunity?

How does he get away with jumping on strikers and hauling them to the ground?

*Jamie L Curtis*

I'm an ice-hockey referee in America and am as hard as fuck.

I've heard your soccer team wear our uniform so I'm coming over soon to teach you some respect.

*Hugh Bonkle, Dallas*

I should really be phoning Sammy Lives with this but they don't have a free 0891 number so

I'll just do it through you lot, even if you aren't as funny as them.

It doesn't matter who's in the Sammy suit, just like it makes no difference who's in the Vatican or on the throne - nobody should be there in the first place. The only difference is that Sammy will still be smiling when we put him up against the wall.

*Carol Marx, Kelty*

**Having already battered the entire Pars support myself I know how easy it is, if Hugh wants a real challenge I'll fight him after he's banged you lot.**

*John Martin, Airdrie*

Enough of this football pish, how about a picture of a gorgeous bird?

*Kenny, Kinross*

**Trying our best Kenny, how's Winona Ryder?**



\* Calls will be charged at 49p Cheap Rate or 39p Even Cheaper Rate

## The East End Bounce

