

ISSUE TWO

BATTLES

THE  
**SQUALL**  
— BLIZZARD'S BREEZY BROTHER —



# THE SQUALL

Matt Thacker

**It's worth repeating here the reasons why we have set up *The Squall*, the little brother to *The Blizzard*, a digital football magazine to give freelance writers a forum for their work. Not just so they can get paid to write, but so they have something to aim for, a sense of job satisfaction at a time when such satisfaction is in short supply.**

*The Blizzard* has never been about the here and now, it's much more taken with the there and then. And we see *The Squall* as serving the same function, showcasing great football writing on subjects you are unlikely to read about anywhere else. We like to think of every piece written for either publication as the one thing that writer simply *had* to write, that nobody else could do justice to.

We hope you enjoy this second issue of *The Squall*. As Jonathan mentions over there, despite the generous waiving of fees and donations to date, if *The Squall* is not to blow itself out, it will need further funding.

***If you are happy to buy this issue, please do so by paying into our bank account with sort code 40-05-17 and account number 71515942, or you can pay via PayPal to [paypal.me/thesquall](https://www.paypal.me/thesquall).*** Any money paid into either of these accounts will be used for the sole purpose of producing future issues.

*We are very grateful to all of the people who have waived fees and donated to The Squall since we announced the project.*

*Special thanks go to: Nick Ames, Philippe Auclair, John Brewin, Kieran Canning, James Corbett, John Cross, Martin da Cruz, Miguel Delaney, Andrew Downie, Peter Drury, Ken Early, Emmet Gates, Sasha Goryunov, John Harding, Simon Hart, Gary Hartley, Ian Hawkey, Frank Heinen, Tom Holland, Adam Hurrey, Elis James, Neil Jensen, Samindra Kunti, Jonathan Liew, Simon Mills, James Montague, David Owen, MM Owen, Simone Pierotti, Jack Pitt-Brooke, Gavin Ramjuan, Callum Rice-Coates, Philip Ross, Paul Simpson, Marcus Speller, Jon Spurling, Seb Stafford-Bloor, Ed Sugden, Jonathan Wilson, Suzy Wrack, and Shinobu Yamanaka. And huge thanks to Getty Images, for use of the photos.*

June 2020

# EDITOR'S NOTE

Jonathan Wilson

**As the daily death toll and infection rate begins to decline in the UK, it's possible to see some sort of future for football. Even in the third round of Bundesliga games since Germany's resumption, the surroundings no longer seem quite so odd. Discussion has moved on from whether this should be happening to the best ways of managing it: piped crowd noise or player grunts? Plastic seats or banners or cardboard cut-outs of fans? There is a basic acceptance that this is how football has to be for a while.**

The likelihood is that by the time *Squall* 3 comes out on July 1, football will be back in England, at least in the top two divisions. At the same time, though, the economic picture is beginning to become clearer – and it is bleak. After all, if the costs of putting on games without fans and associated matchday revenue, with all the associated additional costs of testing and creating a safe environment, are too great for lower-league clubs, they still will be in two or three months when a new season would putatively begin. The crisis for probably around half of English league clubs has become existential.

For freelance journalists, this is all grim news. Even with games being played, few members of the media – quite understandably and correctly – will be allowed to attend. Given the squeeze on the advertising market that has already led to numerous outlets cutting their sports

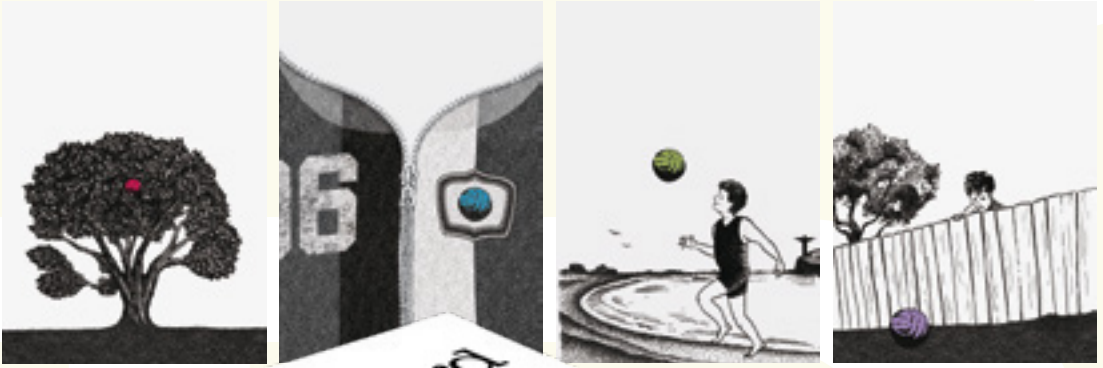
budget, there is no prospect of a return to what we understood to be normality for freelances for some time yet, if ever.

So the function of the *The Squall* in providing at least some work for at least some people, as a symbol that some opportunities do still exist, remains just as relevant now as it did when we launched a month ago. The magazine been funded largely by writers for *The Blizzard* waiving their fees for last year, but also by kind donations from the public. In addition, all editorial and design staff are working for free. Such sacrifices to help the community of readers and writers suggests the initial spirit that fired *The Blizzard's* launch a decade ago still burns.

But *The Squall* can't be a charity. It has to stand as a magazine in its own right. We needed the donations to launch, but now we need people to buy the product. Each issue will be available on a pay-what-you-want basis. We recommend £3, but if that's a stretch then pay what you can afford; conversely, if you can afford more, then every extra penny is welcome. And please do promote us however you can.

Hopefully we won't need to exist for too much longer. We're a temporary product to get us through the crisis and we urge you to support us on that basis.

June 2020



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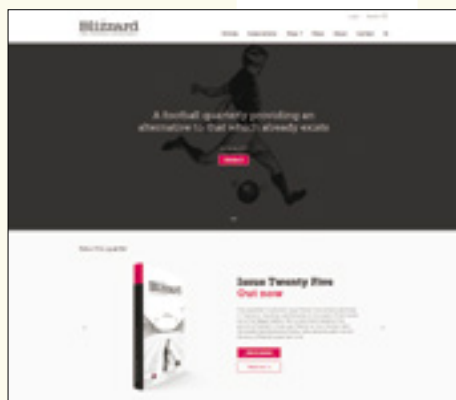
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# **ESTUDIANTES V MILAN**

Mexico 86 and the brief  
glory of an unheralded  
Botafago right-back

*BY DAVID SQUIRES*



# ESTUDIANTES VS THE WORLD

SPECIFICALLY, IN THIS CASE, AC MILAN

THE STORY OF THE 1964 INTERCONTINENTAL CUP FINAL

THE MILAN PLAYERS WERE GIVEN A TASTE OF WHAT WAS TO FOLLOW DURING THE WARM-UP. AS WELL AS BEING PECTED WITH MISSILES, FOOTBALLS WERE PINGED AT THEM BY THE ESTUDIANTES PLAYERS ALBERTO JOSÉ POLETTI AND RAMÓN AGUIRRE SUÁREZ.

Roberto, I don't think that was an accident!

Oh well, how you're being poked!

PRATTI WAS LATER CONCUSSED BY A HEADBUTT FROM SUÁREZ, WHO WOULD ALSO HAVE BENEFITTED FROM A PRE-MATCH SNACK. MOST OF THE VIOLENCE WAS DIRECTED TOWARDS COMBÁN, THOUGH. SHOWERED WITH SPIT AND INSULTS ALL NIGHT, HE EVENTUALLY HAD HIS NOSE SMASHED BY SUÁREZ WHEN THE BALL WAS AT THE OTHER END OF THE PITCH.

MILAN ARRIVED IN ARGENTINA CARRYING A COMFORTABLE 3-0 LEAD FROM THE FIRST LEG, BUT PROBABLY HAD AN IDEA OF THE KIND OF TREATMENT THEY COULD EXPECT AT LA BOBONIERA. THE PREVIOUS YEAR'S FINAL BETWEEN ESTUDIANTES AND MANCHESTER UNITED HAD ENDED IN A BRAWL. ALTHOUGH NO ANGELS THEMSELVES, IN BUENOS AIRES UNITED'S PLAYERS WERE SUBJECTED TO VIOLENCE, SPITTING, AND AN EXHIBITION POLO MATCH IN THEIR HONOUR. BRUTAL.

DESPITE ACHIEVING GREAT SUCCESS, THEIR REPUTATION FOR SHITTHOUSED EPISODES TO CARLOS BILARDO'S ALLEGED FONDNESS FOR TABBING OPPONENTS WITH NEEDLES...

... AND IN SPITE OF HIS PUBLIC DIPLOMACY, COACH OSVALDO ZUBELDÍA WAS SAID TO REGULARLY BRIEF HIS PLAYERS IN THEIR OPPONENTS' WEAKNESSES AND PRIVATE LIVES.

It's an interesting moral question: can a species really be capable of giving itself?

GOALKEEPER POLETTI, WHO WE CAN ONLY ASSUME WAS EXPERIENCING SOME SORT OF LOW BLOOD SUGAR EPISODE, HAD A BUSY EVENING.

HE PUNCHED GUANINI RIVERA WHO OPENED THE SCORING ON THE NIGHT TO FURTHER ENRAGE THE HOME SIDE...

BOOTED THE ARGENTINA-BORN FRENCH STRIKER NÉSTOR COMBÁN...

I can't imagine anything more unpleasant than this!

KICKED PIERINO PRATTI TO THE GROUND ON THE HALFWAY LINE WHILE ESTUDIANTES TOOK A CORNER...

... CLASHED WITH FANS AND RECEIVED A LIFE BAN (LATER REVERSED).

IN THE AFTERMATCH OF THE GAME, WHICH ESTUDIANTES CAME BACK TO WIN 2-1 THANKS TO A GOAL FROM SUÁREZ, A BEWILDERED AND BLOODY COMBÁN WAS ARRESTED FOR 'DRAFT DODGING' THIS DESPITE THE FACT HE'D COMPLETED HIS MILITARY SERVICE IN FRANCE AND HAD THE PAPERS TO PROVE IT. HE WAS BUNDLED INTO AN UNMARKED POLICE CAR BY SIX MEN AND VANISHED INTO THE NIGHT.

Well, at least this night can't get any worse.

I'm just gonna shut up.

HE WAS EVENTUALLY RELEASED THE NEXT DAY, DUE TO THE INTERVENTION OF PRESIDENT JUAN CARLOS OLGANÍA, WHO'D WATCHED THE MATCH ON TELEVISION AND BEEN APPALLED BY THE BRUTALITY OF THE ESTUDIANTES PLAYERS.

ARREST WARRANTS WERE SUBSEQUENTLY ISSUED FOR POLETTI, SUÁREZ AND EDUARDO MANERA. ALL THREE WERE JAILED FOR 30 DAYS AND RECEIVED LENGTHY PLAYING BANS.

SUITABLY CHASTENED, ESTUDIANTES WERE THE MODEL OF FAIR PLAY WHEN THEY RETURNED FOR THE FINAL THE FOLLOWING YEAR. IT'S UNCLEAR WHETHER ARGENTINA'S NEW PRESIDENT WAS WATCHING WHEN FERNANDO'S JOOP VAN DAGLE HAD HIS GLASSES RIPPED FROM HIS FACE AND STAMPED ON.

Boh! If there's one thing military dictatorships hate, it's bullying and intimidation.

Boy, that escalated quickly.

Manera bit a man.

I did say I was hungry...

Brutes!

Where is the heel twist to finish with a flourish? Where is the art?

# CHILE V ITALY

There is perhaps no game  
in history so notoriously  
violent as the 1962  
Battle of Santiago

*BY CECILIA LAGOS*

*English referee Ken Aston sends off  
Mario David, while an injured Chile player  
on the ground, Santiago, 7 June 1962.*



**The lines from David Coleman are famous: “The game you are about to see is the most stupid, appalling, disgusting and disgraceful exhibition of football in the history of the game. This is the first time these countries have met; we hope it will be the last.” It had taken two days for the tape to get from Chile to the UK, but the impact the footage made was profound. Almost six decades later, the Battle of Santiago, in which Chile beat Italy 2-0, remains perhaps the most notoriously violent game of football ever played.**

The 1960s were a decade of tragedy and redemption for Chile. It had been a time of striking underdevelopment: extensive poverty, a huge gap between the rich and poor (which remains today); a feeble healthcare system and precarious sanitary conditions; poor basic services, public transportation and communication networks; illiteracy and a low cultural level in general even before, on 22 May 1960, the country experienced the most powerful and devastating earthquake in recorded history: 9.5 on the Richter scale. It lasted for six minutes. Two tsunamis, one 8m high, the second 10m, wiped out whatever was left of the southern city of Valdivia, the epicentre. The final toll along the southern half of the country was estimated at 2,300 dead and 2,000,000 people left homeless.

Chile had been named as host of the 1962 World Cup in 1956. Carlos Dittborn, the former president of Conmebol and head of the Local Organising Committee, who died a month before the start of the tournament, felt a moral obligation to suggest to President Jorge Alessandri that the project should be halted and all the

money allocated for the World Cup given to help rebuild the country. Alessandri refused. They still had two years and the president said the people needed football to bring them joy. He even sent a letter to Sir Stanley Rous, then president of Fifa, to tell him that, despite the terrible events, Chile was still ready to stage the tournament. The plan, though, was modified: rather than nine host cities, there would only be four. The others had either been destroyed or suffered such damage as to make it impossible.

Five months before the start of the World Cup, the draw took place at the Hotel Carrera in Santiago. Chile were grouped with Italy, Germany and Switzerland.

And that’s how Antonio Ghirelli and Corrado Pizzinelli ended up setting foot in Santiago.

.....

Ghirelli and Pizzinelli were two veteran Italian journalists who travelled to Santiago to cover the World Cup. Ghirelli worked for the *Corriere della Sera*, based in Milan, and Pizzinelli for *La Nazione* in Florence. After a few days in the Chilean capital, the two were frustrated. Some say that all it took was one night out that went wrong for the journalists to unleash two terrible articles that attacked Santiago and the Chilean people. Even worse, they dared to question the decency of Chilean women, while Pizzinelli made racist remarks and comparisons.

“They tell us Santiago resembles Turin like Rome resembles Milan,” Pizzinelli wrote. “That means nothing... All that to maybe make us forget about the reality

of this capital, a sad symbol of one of the underdeveloped countries of the world, afflicted by all possible evils: malnutrition, prostitution, illiteracy, alcoholism, misery... Whole neighbourhoods practice prostitution in the open... Let it be understood, they're not Indians. 98 or 99% of the Chilean people are of European descent, which makes us think that Chile must be placed in its underdevelopment at the same level as Asia or Africa... The inhabitants of those continents are not progressive, but retrograde... Everything that Santiago shows is a pale effort that convinces no one".

Ghirelli wasn't so outspoken but he didn't exactly help. "A World Cup 13,000km away: just madness," he wrote. "Chile is a small, poor and proud country. It has agreed to organise this edition of the Jules Rimet Cup in the same way as Mussolini agreed to send our air force to bomb London. The capital city has 700 hotel beds. The phones don't work. Taxis are as rare as faithful husbands. A cable to Europe costs an arm and a leg. A letter takes at least five days by airmail."

It is said that Chilean citizens living in Italy saw the publications and sent them to the Chilean ambassador who subsequently forwarded them to *El Mercurio*, one of the most important national newspapers in Chile. Once *El Mercurio* and other media reported what the Italian journalists had said, the whole country took serious offence and saw the upcoming match between the *Azzurri* and *La Roja* as an opportunity to put the Italians in their place and retaliate against the affront.

Ghirelli and Pizzinelli weren't entirely wrong in their depiction of Chile but,

considering the earthquake and a painful reconstruction with limited resources, their articles were cruel and tone-deaf, unaware of the consequences they would bring. Such was the reaction they fled to Italy before the game, fearing for their safety.

---

The buildup to the game was tense. It wasn't only the Chilean media and public who took it all personally, so did the players. In the book *Ceachei – Palabra de Campeón* – [Word of A Champion], Leonel Sánchez, Chile's left winger recalls the whole episode mostly as an attack on Chilean women: "In Italy, they wrote that Chilean women were all prostitutes. We learned about it right before we had to play them. The Italian players were not to blame for what was published in their country, but we had this anger inside us."

It was the second match of the group stage for both teams. Italy had begun with a tough 0-0 draw against West Germany, while Chile had beaten Switzerland 3-1. "Italy were a very strong team, in part because of the *oriundi*," said the Italy defender Mario David. "Everyone had included us among the first four favourites. We were sure we could, if not win the title, at least make a good impression."

The *oriundi* were foreign talents of Italian descent who played for the *azzurri*. In 1962, Italy went to Chile with four *oriundi*: Omar Sivori and Humberto Maschio from Argentina, and José Altafini and Angelo Sormani from Brazil. Their origins fuelled the fire as many South Americans resented the practice. The naturalised footballers would pay the price on the pitch.



On top of everything else, David also believed there was a German conspiracy to put pressure on his side. "Upon returning to Italy, I read Ghirelli's article," he said. "He did not only list the bad things about Chile. He also highlighted the good things. But the articles were relaunched in Chile by German news agencies which, because the German community in Chile was bigger than the Italian one, included only the sentences against the Chileans that served their cause."

The Italians knew that things had escalated and were getting out of hand.

.....

At 3pm on Saturday 2 June 1962, the Chilean and Italian players walked onto the pitch, breathing the thick air of chauvinism and tension at the Estadio Nacional, packed with 66,057 people. Knowing they would face an extremely hostile atmosphere, the Italians carried bunches of white flowers as gifts to the public. But the gesture of reconciliation failed as some fans threw the bouquets back at them.

Injuries from the Germany game and, some say, overconfidence, led Italy's coach Paolo Mazza to make six changes to his line-up. Cesare Maldini, Omar Sivori and the goalkeeper Lorenzo Buffon, a cousin of Gianluigi's grandfather, were all omitted. Fernando Riera, meanwhile, picked the same side that had beaten Switzerland. After Italian objections about the Spanish referee initially assigned to the game, Juan Gardeazábal, the Englishman Ken Aston was appointed at the last minute.

Within the first five minutes, David had kicked Sánchez and the midfielder Jorge Toro, prompting a group of players to cluster around Aston for the first time. Behind the crowd of players and photographers who had encroached on the pitch, Humberto Maschio, one of the *oriundi*, walked up to Sánchez and punched him in the face. Sánchez fell and required medical assistance; he wouldn't forget. Only a couple of minutes after play resumed, Giorgio Ferrini kicked Honorino Landa from behind, and Aston, aware this was threatening to spill over, sent the Italian off. Ferrini refused to accept the decision. Players and dozens of reporters crowded around the referee and it took almost ten minutes for Ferrini to leave the pitch, escorted by police.

The Chilean sports journalist Gonzalo Fouilloux is the son of the late Alberto Fouilloux, Chile's number ten in 1962. "He told me there was lots of talk among the players," Gonzalo said. "They said everything they could say to each other on the pitch, besides the kicks and the tackles." He also remembers that his father used to say that Sánchez had thrown a terrible punch that no one saw. Not Aston, not the cameras.

Amid the pandemonium that followed Ferrini's sending off, Sánchez took revenge for Maschio's earlier blow and struck so hard that he broke his nose. He also called him "traitor" because he was one of the *oriundi* playing for a European team. Aston, surrounded by irate players, missed it all. "They broke my nose in the first 20 minutes and then they kicked my ankle," said Maschio. "I played the entire match totally wounded as there were no substitutions. The referee was

an Englishman that killed us. Chileans shouted at me, 'Betrayer, you should be at Rancagua.' Rancagua was where Argentina were based."

After Ferrini was dismissed, everything calmed down until the end of the half. Sánchez tried to go past David near the left corner and the defender tried to stop him by kicking his legs. After falling and receiving more kicks, Sánchez, who was the son of a South American boxing champion, got up and punched David in the face. Fouilloux recalls, "My father was very close to them and he said the punch sounded like a hit on a piece of wood. It was really strong." The US linesman Leo Goldstein was right there and had already flagged when David started kicking Sánchez but, after being surrounded for a third time, Aston allowed both to go on playing. However, just a couple of minutes later, as Sánchez was challenged for an aerial ball in his own half, David launched a brutal flying kick directly to his head. This time Aston sent him off. Italy ended the first half down to nine men.

The second half was tense, but nothing compared to the first. Italy couldn't afford to risk more damage and, considering the circumstances, another draw wasn't too bad a result provided they could beat Switzerland in the last game. But Chile won 2-0 with goals from Jaime Ramírez and Eladio Rojas in the last 15 minutes. They were through and Italy were almost certainly out. Aston blew the final whistle exactly on 90 minutes and ran quickly for

the dressing room, leaving behind him a trail of chaos and fights, with police on the field.

Aston was heavily criticised for his performance, especially for having let Sánchez play the whole game after the punch on David. "If the referee had sent me off, that would have been deserved," Sánchez himself admitted. Later, Aston would acknowledge, "I expected a difficult match, but not an impossible one. It did cross my mind to abandon the match, but I couldn't be responsible for the safety of the Italian players if I did. I tell you one thing: I didn't add on any stoppage time."

.....

This was a generally violent World Cup, with six expulsions and numerous serious injuries, the worst that suffered by the USSR's Eduard Dubinski, whose leg was broken by Muhamed Mujić in the game against Yugoslavia in Arica, a few days before the Battle of Santiago. He would never play football again.

Ken Aston went on to become a member of the Fifa Referees' Committee. Inspired by the Battle of Santiago and various controversies in 1966, most notably Antonio Rattin's dismissal in Argentina's quarter-final defeat to England, he devised yellow and red cards. 🇬🇧

# VIKTOR KANEVSKYI V THE USSR

The title-winning  
Dynamo Kyiv captain  
struggled constantly  
against ant-Semitism

*BY VADIM FURMANOV*

*Viktor Kanevskyi scored 80 goals in 195  
games for Dyanmo Kyiv from 1954-  
1964. He went onto manage six clubs.*





**17 October 1961. A sell-out crowd of 67,000 are packed into Kyiv's Republican Stadium for Dynamo's penultimate match of the season, against Avanhard Kharkiv. A win would secure an historic first-ever league title for the home side. The match ends scoreless, but shortly after the full-time whistle an announcement rings through the ground with news from Tashkent: Pakhtakor had beaten Torpedo Moscow, Dynamo's only challengers. The title was Dynamo's.**

The Dynamo supporters set light to thousands of newspapers to use as makeshift torches. The man at the heart of the celebrations, hoisted aloft by the supporters, carrying the bouquet of flowers, leading the squad on its lap of honour, is Viktor Kanevskyi. 'Kaneva', as he is affectionately called, is the side's captain, leading goalscorer and hometown hero.

Such a track record should have been enough to secure a permanent seat in Dynamo's extensive pantheon of greats. But by the 1980s Kanevskyi's presence in that legendary Dynamo team had been wiped from history. His name was purged from the official record books and banned from being mentioned in the press. In an act of Stalinesque totalitarian pettiness, he was even erased from the photograph of the 1961 title-winning side.

Kanevskyi had the misfortune of being Jewish in a nominally egalitarian society where the official stance was that anti-Semitism did not exist. In reality, Soviet society was rife with systemic anti-Semitism and Kanevskyi was one of its many victims. His journey took him from

footballing hero to *refusenik* to Brooklyn émigré. It was a trajectory familiar to many Soviet Jews.

---

Kanevskyi was born in Kyiv in 1936, the second of three brothers. He grew up playing football in Kyiv's courtyards and at 15 joined the local sports youth school. Despite showing promise, he could not afford to dedicate his life to football. With only one working parent – his mother had been left disabled after an accident – he took a job at the Arsenal Factory at 16 as an engraver of photographic equipment.

He kept playing football, but harboured no dreams of making his career. "When I began to work, football faded into the background," Kanevskyi said in a 1996 interview with the Russian journalist Igor Rabiner. Then, in 1953, the 17-year-old Kanevskyi received an unexpected invitation to join Dynamo. Someone, somewhere, had spotted his potential. He was struck with the realisation that he could make it as a footballer after all.

Kanevskyi made his first-team debut in 1955. By the following year he was a regular. Dynamo were a mid-table side in those years, finishing no higher than fourth in any of Kanevskyi's first four seasons as a starter. Despite their middling form, Kanevskyi earned plaudits for his performances. In 1958 he was included in the top division's team of the season.

He drew the attention of scouts from the Soviet capital and nearly moved to Moscow to play for CSKA, but realised he could not leave his home city. "I grew up in Kyiv, my whole life was tied to Kyiv,

and without this city my life would be very difficult," he said. Kanevskyi stayed at Dynamo and became captain in 1960. He was a popular choice, selected unanimously by his teammates. The next season Dynamo broke Moscow's hegemony – for the first time in history, the championship went to a club from outside the capital. Playing alongside a young Valeriy Lobanovskyi, Kanevskyi netted a career-high 18 goals in the title-winning campaign.

His performances for Dynamo earned Kanevskyi a call-up to the USSR national team and he was included in the squad that travelled to Chile for the 1962 World Cup. He started the Soviets' first two matches, but his enduring memory from the tournament was sitting next to an injured Pelé at the final and getting his autograph.

Kanevskyi also added a Soviet Cup in 1964, scoring the solitary goal in the final against Krylya Sovetov Kuibyshev. But he could sense that his time at Dynamo was coming to an end. He had been suffering from injury problems for several years and the signing of promising striker Anatoliy Puzach before the 1965 campaign as an obvious replacement convinced Kanevskyi to leave. After an uneventful two seasons at Chornomorets Odessa, where he was reunited with his former teammates Lobanovskyi and Oleh Bazylevych, Kanevskyi hung up the boots his 1966 at just 29.

Footage of Kanevskyi's playing days is hard to come, but there are plenty of glowing accounts from contemporaries of his qualities – both as a player and as a person. He was known for being technically accomplished, intelligent and

impressively two-footed. He acquired a reputation as a natural leader, as well as an all-round striker. "I still remember with pleasure how great it was to send him through on goal with a long ball, knowing that now there would definitely be a goal," his former teammate Anatoliy Suchkov recalled.

Valentin Troyanovskyi, another former teammate, was even more laudatory. "Vitya," he said, "was a player from God... an ordinary talented person who was destined to become a universal idol."

During his playing days Kanevskyi's ethnicity was rarely an issue. There was one incident in a match against Kairat, when Anatoliy Fedotov used an anti-Semitic slur. By Kanevskyi's own account he planted his head into Fedotov so hard that "he remembered it for a long time."

Even though this was an isolated incident, Kanevskyi knew there was a "particular attitude" toward him. The warning signs were there. In an interview with Dynamo Kyiv TV, he revealed that the club were pressured from above to strip him of the captaincy, but his loyal teammates refused to entertain the idea. Additionally, despite captaining Dynamo to their first league title, he was the only member of the side to never receive the honorary Soviet title Merited Master of Sport. "I had no illusions that what had happened was some kind of mix-up," he said. "I understood full well what was what."

After his retirement Kanevskyi embarked on a coaching career. The 'Jewish issue' came up immediately. In Russian, the

given and patronymic names are used together to address someone formally. Valeriy Lobanovskyi, for example, was “Valeriy Vasylyovych” to his players. As a coach, Kanevskyi’s players would also use this form of address. In his case, Viktor Izrailyovych – an obvious indicator of his Jewish ethnicity. As Kanevskyi described it, “Somehow it did not sit well with the policies of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union and the Soviet state.”

And so, Kanevskyi was heavily encouraged to change his patronymic to the more Slavic-sounding Illich. On the inside, he was furious. But he knew he had to keep his emotions in check to succeed as a manager.

The beginning of Kanevskyi’s coaching career coincided with a turning point in relations between the Soviet state and its significant Jewish population. In the midst of the Six-Day War the Soviet Union, which was backing the Arab countries in the conflict, severed its diplomatic relations with Israel. This coalesced into an anti-Zionist campaign in the Soviet Union which often tipped into overt anti-Semitism. Jews were excluded from many areas of public life. Universities implemented quotas to limit the number of Jewish students and avenues for employment in government sectors and abroad were virtually closed off.

In this environment Kanevskyi’s opportunities for advancement as a coach were limited, even following the name change. In 1966 he took over at Metalist Kharkiv, then in the third tier. He subsequently spent a year as an assistant at Pakhtakor Tashkent in Uzbekistan where he helped the

club win promotion to the second tier. Kanevskyi then received a phone call from his friend Lobanovskyi, who had just been named Dynamo Kyiv manager and wanted Kanevskyi to take charge at his former club Dnipro. He spent five seasons in Dnipropetrovsk. His side generally hovered around mid-table, but they did manage a run to the Soviet Cup semi-finals. Nevertheless, he felt his path to a more prestigious appointment was blocked. “I knew they would not let me advance to a higher level. I could achieve any successes at the local level, but I would never be given a big club,” he said.

Moreover, Kanevskyi felt he was repeatedly and intentionally passed over for the honorary title Merited Coach of the Ukrainian SSR, even though he received a comparable title in Uzbekistan after being an assistant coach there for just one season.

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Kanevskyi’s patience ran out in 1979. He had just accepted the head coaching job of the Algerian national team. One week before he was set to board a flight to Algiers, he was told without explanation that he would not be making the trip. The unofficial explanation was that even though he was now ‘Illich’, the KGB was well-aware that in reality he was ‘Izrailyovych’ so any appointment abroad was out of the question.

Instead, Kanevskyi became head coach of a youth side of the Ukrainian SSR at a minor friendly tournament in Sukhumi, where he led the team to first place. Again, he was supposed to become a

Merited Coach. Again, he was passed over. This was the tipping point. He went to the secretary of the local party organisation and declared his intent to emigrate to Israel.

It was a drastic step. The Soviet Union had heavy restrictions on emigration, which was a long and arduous process, often with little prospect of success. Applying for an exit visa was an act of conscious self-sabotage. It meant social ostracism, wrecking your employment prospects and subjecting yourself to surveillance. State officials were caught by surprise. "For them," Kanevskyi said, "it was like a thunderbolt from a blue sky." He was promptly expelled from the Communist Party. His application was rejected within two weeks. The official explanation was that he did not have close relatives in Israel, an explanation Kanevskyi did not buy.

Another theory has to do with the years that Kanevskyi spent in Dnipropetrovsk, a city closed to the outside world because of its defence industry. The club Dnipro was itself affiliated with Yuzhmash, a ballistic missile manufacturing plant. Perhaps he "knew too much" sensitive military information to be allowed to leave. Kanevskyi himself speculated that the authorities simply did not want to allow the emigration of such a high-profile former player.

The party secretary of Kyiv tried to get Kanevskyi to reconsider, promising him that if he retracted his application things could go back to how they used to be. But Kanevskyi stood his ground. Once he had made the decision, there was no going back.

Kanevskyi thus joined the ranks of the *refuseniks*, the individuals who were refused the right to emigrate by the authorities of the Soviet Union. His life was turned on its head. For two years he suspected that he was being followed and that his phone was being tapped. But he was never an open dissident – just a quiet *refusenik* – so the surveillance eventually died down.

It was during this period that any evidence of Kanevskyi's existence was wiped from the records. A book about the history of Dynamo released in 1980 did not mention his name. Any materials published during this time about the history of Dynamo or about the Soviet national team at the 1962 World Cup did not acknowledge his contributions. He was expertly airbrushed out of the team photograph of the 1961 Dynamo Kyiv side – without counting the players, you could not tell anyone was missing. Captain, leading goalscorer, hometown hero. None of it mattered. Just like that, erased from history.

Kanevskyi's footballing career was seemingly over. After several years of unemployment he spent time in Chernihiv and Moscow as a construction worker. He cut off contact with most of his friends and ex-teammates, for their own sakes: "I did not want to create unnecessary trouble for people," he said.

But one man kept in contact and even visited his Kyiv apartment: Valeriy Lobanovskiy. By this point Kanevskyi's erstwhile teammate was well on his way to establishing his legend. He had already led Dynamo to five league titles, three Soviet Cups, a Cup-Winners' Cup, and a European Super Cup.



Lobanovskyi's unassailable position meant he had little to fear from the KGB, but Kanevskyi still recognised the courage required to visit him. It is a testament to Lobanovskyi's immense stature and influence that he was able to achieve the unthinkable: getting Kanevskyi back into football. He made appeals directly to Volodymyr Scherbytsky, a member of the Politburo, the First Secretary of the Communist Party of Ukraine and, crucially, a massive Dynamo supporter.

Lobanovskyi's efforts were successful. He helped establish a new club, Dynamo Irpin, something of a 'daughter club' for Dynamo Kyiv in a small town on the outskirts of the city. Kanevskyi was named head coach. With great assistance from Lobanovskyi in terms of both material support and a steady stream of players, Kanevskyi achieved modest success, winning promotion to the second tier of the Ukrainian Zone.

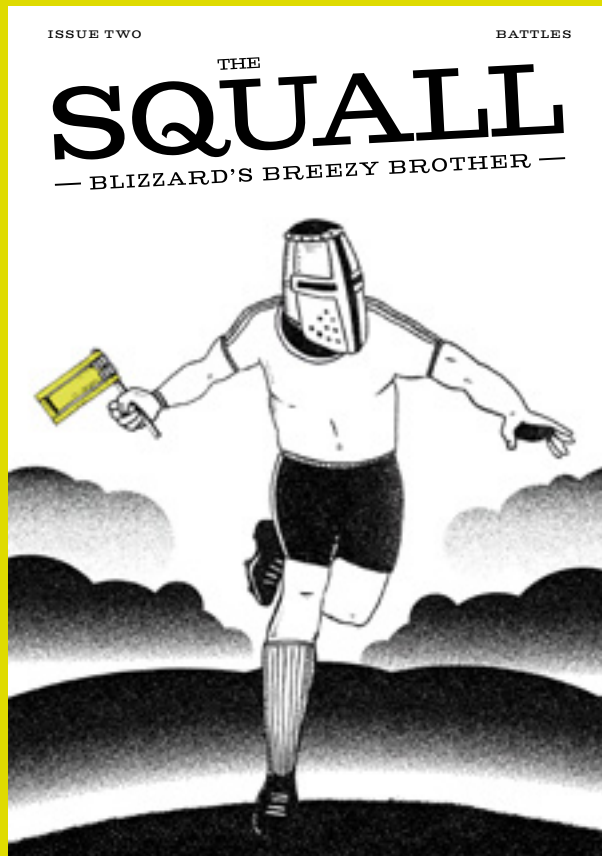
Kanevskyi took one last head coaching position at Tavriya Simferopol, whom he immediately guided to promotion from the third to the second tier. He still never received the coveted Merited Coach title.

By the mid-1980s, Mikhail Gorbachev had taken power in the Soviet Union and ushered in the liberalising reforms of *perestroika* and *glasnost*, opening Soviet society to an unprecedented degree. Emigration restrictions were greatly eased. Kanevskyi was finally granted permission to leave, along with tens of thousands of other Soviet Jews.

Kanevskyi and his wife emigrated to the United States in 1988 and settled in Brooklyn. He became a coach in a youth sports academy serving the area's large Russian-speaking community. Within a year he had opened his own successful academy.

Months before his departure, a photo album of Dynamo's history was published. Not only was Kanevskyi back in the 1961 team photo, there was entire page dedicated to him. After nearly a decade, he had been rehabilitated. He would return to Kyiv several times. In 1991 he was invited to the 30-year anniversary of that famous first title. He also came back for the unveiling of the Lobanovskyi memorial where he laid a wreath of flowers dedicated to a man that proved himself to be so much more than just a teammate.

Kanevskyi died in 2018 aged 82 in the small town of Bristol, Connecticut. His death led to an outpouring of tributes and mourning in his hometown. Kyiv never forgot him. 'Kaneva' had regained his rightful place in history. They could not erase him forever. 🇺🇸



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# SANTOS V SKOGLUND

The key battle of the  
1958 World Cup final  
pitted a mercurial winger  
against a solid full-back

*BY MATTHEW GREGORY*

*Zito and Pele at their hotel  
having recovered from  
injuries received in a road  
accident in Hamburg.*





**The pitch in the Råsunda Stadium, Solna, was sodden after a full day of continuous rain. The downpour had at least stopped in time for the World Cup final itself – but the surface was a churned mess.**

Brazil were the pre-tournament favourites, but found themselves facing Sweden on a dreadful pitch and with a partisan crowd of just under 50,000 cheering on the hosts. The Swedes of 1958 were a formidable side in their own right. They were famed for their fearsome outside forwards – on the right, Kurt Hamrin, and on the left, Lennart 'Nacka' Skoglund, already a legend at Inter. Lining up opposite Skoglund was Djalma Santos, perhaps the first great right-back, in what would prove to be his defining match – but Santos wasn't meant to be on the field at all. And had it not been for a Turkish man with a pole in the right place at the right time, he might not even have been alive.

Dejalma Pereira Dias dos Santos – the first 'e' seems to have slipped its marker somewhere along the road to Sweden – was born on 27 February 1929 in Bom Retiro, São Paulo, in poverty. His father abandoned the family for another woman when Santos was just three, shortly after taking up arms in the Constitutionalist Revolution. Both his mother and elder brother died while he was still a child.

The young Santos left school early and worked at a shoe factory, where he dreamed of joining the air force – an aspiration he was forced to abandon when he pressed his hand to a piece of machinery, costing him the use of one of his fingers. Fortunately for Santos – who grew up listening to Corinthians matches

on the radio as he couldn't afford tickets – he was able to turn to football. A successful trial with Portuguesa allowed him to sign professional terms at the age of 17, doubling his factory wage and letting him provide for his sister, Anésia.

Santos made the first of over a thousand professional appearances in 1948 as a centre-half, moving a year later to the right-hand side of what was then a typical three-man defence after Portuguesa signed Brandãozinho. The two defenders played alongside each other in the Battle of Berne at the 1954 World Cup, when Brazil had two men sent off on their way to a 4-2 defeat to Hungary. It was that black mark on his record, combined with his part in a 3-0 defeat to Argentina which cost the *Seleção* the 1957 Campeonato Sudamericano, which led to Santos being dropped in favour of São Paulo's Nilton de Sordi ahead of the World Cup in Sweden.

By this point, Brazil had abandoned the W-M formation which they'd used in Switzerland, switching to the 4-2-4 system which had begun to emerge in Brazil in the late 40s. This new formation effectively invented the modern full-back. Santos suited the role perfectly – he was immensely strong and fit, and while his defensive qualities had earned him the nickname *el Muralha* (the Wall) he was technically gifted and more than comfortable going forward to initiate counter-attacks. That wasn't enough to prevent him being punished for past sins and dropped.

Losing his place in the national side might have hurt, but Santos should perhaps have been grateful that he was alive at all by 1958. In a 2011 interview with the football

historians Bernardo Buarque and Daniela Alfonsin, he recalls nearly drowning on no fewer than three occasions during his time with Portuguesa – perhaps coming closest to an untimely demise on tour to Istanbul in April 1955. “[Our hotel] had a little wall where we went to fish and a little bar to eat fried foods. There, I got up on the wall – and I can’t swim – and fell into the Bosphorus, cold. The Portuguesa people crossed the avenue screaming, ‘He’s dying!’

“I was thrashing. I was lucky... a Turkish man was going by, saw me and gave me a pole, which I grabbed. When I got back up, a wave came and crashed into the wall. If I was still there, I’d have been swept in the middle of the sea – bye! I wouldn’t be here, it was horrible.”

On another occasion, Santos got himself into grief at a swimming pool in São Paulo. “[My team-mates asked] ‘Do you know how to swim?’ ‘Yes, I do.’ I even jumped off the diving board. I came up screaming, and the guys said, ‘He knows how to swim, he’s kidding.’ The other time was in Uruguay, in the sea there, also fishing, I fell... Now, water is only for drinking...”

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‘Nacka’ Skoglund<sup>1</sup> wasn’t just Djalma Santos’s opposite number for the day – they were opposites in almost every aspect of life. Whereas Santos was a hard-working team player, Skoglund was a virtuoso soloist, often accused of being selfish.

He was a powerful figure with a ferocious left foot and mazy dribbling skills that generally justified his desire to do it himself - he scored an impressive 55 goals in his 241 appearances for Inter Milan. His dancing feet and slightly sparse blond hair earned him his other, more improbable, nickname – ‘the Swaying Corn Cib’.

And while Santos was a consummate professional, working overtime at the shoe factory as a teenager to make up for time spent practicing football, Skoglund was a party animal who had been a regular in Stockholm’s dance halls as he rose through the ranks at Hammarby and AIK.

After joining Inter in 1950, Skoglund added substance abuse to a growing problem with alcohol. Francesco Morini, a team-mate at his next club, Sampdoria, claimed that Skoglund kept a bottle of whiskey by the corner flag during matches so he could take a sip while pretending to tie his laces before taking a corner. He was also in constant financial difficulty.

Whatever his troubles off the field, he remained a formidable player. Many years later, the Inter chairman Massimo Moratti would describe Skoglund as one of the three greatest players to have turned out for the *Nerazzurri*: “Skoglund was a player who possessed extraordinary qualities for his time – he was the one who did not follow the tactics, but instead offered the unexpected.”

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1 For more on Nacka Skoglund, see Gunnar Persson’s piece “You are not Nacka Skoglund!” in Issue Nineteen of *The Blizzard*.

Either player could easily have missed the final in 1958. Santos only made the starting line-up in Solna because De Sordi, his replacement at right-back, had picked up an injury after the semi-final win over France. Skoglund, meanwhile, had been exiled from international football for eight years after Sweden decided to ban professional players from the national side. That policy was relaxed just in time to host the World Cup and Skoglund was recalled.

Skoglund started the tournament in fine form, scoring his only international goal in the semi-final against West Germany - but despite impressing, he found ways to infuriate. The *Daily Express* described him as "the most arrogant, petulant performer ever spoilt by fan worship" following a 0-0 draw with Wales in the group stages, and he wrote a mid-tournament column in the newspaper *Dagens Nyheter* condemning head coach George Raynor's training methods. It's a mark of his talents that Raynor seemingly felt compelled to keep him in the team.

Brazil's team 'spy', Ernesto Santos, was clearly aware of those talents and bore dire warnings of the Swede's skills back to the Brazilian camp. "He's strong. A dribbler! Naughty!" Djalma Santos remembers being told. "Go and be brave. Be careful with him."

As they lined up for the first half on that soaking wet pitch in Solna, with 50,000 Swedes screaming in the stands, Santos remembered, "I looked at his face and said, 'Today, this dude will get it'. I said, 'Now, you don't have more skill, no. You will not pass here, no'."

Santos was true to his word.

Two hours after Djalma Santos had promised himself that Skoglund would find no way past him, the Brazil captain Hilderaldo Bellini was presented with the Jules Rimet trophy. Braces from Vavá and a 17-year-old Pelé, along with an opportunistic goal from Mário Zagallo, had earned Brazil a comfortable 5-2 win. After years of near misses – and the bitter recriminations that would invariably follow – Brazil were finally crowned champions of the world, and Santos had kept Skoglund virtually silent.

"Djalma put on a show... a game full of wonderful touches and passages that made many people amazed," reported the São Paulo daily *A Gazeta Esportiva* after the match.

"Djalma played with that same firmness and serenity of his best times, not allowing Nacka Skoglund, the dangerous Swedish forward, anything," they continued. "A great performance by the Portuguesa ace."

So dominant was his performance that, despite featuring only in the final, he was named in the Team of the Tournament, as he had been in 1954 and would be again in 1962. He remains one of only three players to have made the World Cup Team of the Tournament three times, along with Franz Beckenbauer and Philipp Lahm. Skoglund, superb in the earlier rounds but anonymous in the final, was relegated to the tournament's 'B' Team.

In truth, Santos's surprise inclusion in the Team of the Tournament has perhaps elevated a strong performance to a

mythical level it doesn't entirely live up to. That isn't to say he played poorly – after he let Skoglund past him to whip in a cross in the second minute, Santos barely put a foot wrong, and it was him stepping out of defence to supply Garrincha that led to Brazil's equaliser in the ninth minute.

The fact remains, however, that Skoglund was surprisingly becalmed throughout the match – and he wasn't helped by poor service from the Swedish midfield that routinely went either through the centre or down the right on the occasions that they were able to wrestle possession away from Brazil for any length of time.

Skoglund himself was full of praise for Santos after the match, while excoriating his own lacklustre display. "I practically couldn't develop any plays. I feel like I was a disgrace," he told reporters after the match. "I didn't have many points of contact with [Santos] during the match, but his marking, it is evident, was perfect. He is a prodigy of a player, safe and calm."

Santos certainly had some impressive moments. Skoglund may have got the better of him to get that early cross in, but when an angled pass fell to Skoglund on the byline a few minutes later, Santos was there with a perfectly timed sliding tackle. Later in the game, with Brazil 4-1 up, Garrincha flicked a pass back to Santos with his instep and Santos daintily chipped the ball back to the winger over Skoglund's head. Given the abysmal condition of the pitch, it was a remarkable piece of composure and technique. Brazil had won the World Cup, and Santos had won one of the key battles.

Upon their return to Brazil, the victorious *Seleção* were greeted as conquering heroes and showered with gifts, although not all of them were especially useful. "We won a thousand and one things. Land here, a house there... Until today, I saw nothing," Santos laughed in his 2011 interview. "They gave me land near Brasília, so one day I took my car and went there. I got to a road and this guy said to me – it was late afternoon – 'Look, friend, it's dangerous here, because they put a tree in the middle of the road, stop your car and kill you.' Up to today I still haven't been there. I never found my land."

What Santos did get was a permanent place in the national side. From March 1959 he was almost ever-present right through to 1964, winning his place back again in time for the 1966 World Cup. He played every match as Brazil became world champions once more in Chile in 1962, finishing his international career in 1968 with 98 official caps to his name and two unofficial caps in tour games.

Djalma Santos eventually retired, at the age of 41, in 1970, having played nearly 500 matches each for Portuguesa and Palmeiras. After his final season, when he won the regional championship with Atlético Paranaense, he gave an interview to *Placar* magazine, telling them simply: "I did everything a good player could do. Now I want to say goodbye."

Santos, who was named in Fifa's World Cup All-Time Team in 1994, retired quietly to the city of Uberaba, in Minas Gerais. The first great right-back passed away at the age of 84 on 24 July 2013, a little over 58 years after narrowly escaping death in the choppy waters of the Bosphorus.

Lennart Skoglund, Santos's adversary that evening in Solna, never had an easy life. He departed Inter in 1959 and had spells at Sampdoria and Palermo before returning home to his first club, Hammarby. He retired in 1968. With his playing days behind him, he continued to fight a losing battle against alcoholism. In 1970 he sought help from the sobriety organisation Länkarna, and in 1972 Skoglund, who had divorced his first wife, met and fell in love with a woman who tried her best to keep him on the straight and narrow and found him work in a bookstore. When she found out that he had been drinking again in secret,

she left him and Skoglund entered a downward spiral.

Skoglund was found dead on his kitchen floor on the 8 July 1975. He was just 45 years old. He is commemorated by a statue outside his childhood home in Stockholm, and every December 24 – his birthday and the day Sweden celebrates Christmas – hundreds of Hammarby supporters gather around it to remember one of Sweden's greatest ever players.

*Thank you to Bernardo Buarque for permission to use his work, and to João Choça for helping with several of the translations. 🇧🇷*

*Brazil's captain Hilderaldo Bellini  
shakes hands with his Swedish  
counterpart Nils Liedholm*





# WANDERERS V BLACKPOOL

The origins of the derby that  
dominated Zambian football  
in the sixties and seventies

*BY THATHE MSIMANGO*

*Former African Footballer of the  
Year Kalusha Bwalya following  
Zambia's victory in the 2012  
African Cup of Nations.*





**Mufulira lies in north-central Zambia, near the border with the Democratic Republic of Congo. By road, Lubumbashi is about a four-hour drive to the north-west. It was given its name – which comes from a Lamba word, *mulifulile*, meaning place of abundance – by a pair of prospectors, Moir and Grey, working for the Rhodesian Congo border concession, who discovered copper there in 1923.**

The population is now 120,000, making Mufulira the sixth-largest town in Zambia. Smelting and refining copper remain the major industries and there is also an explosives factory in the town, serving the mines. Mufulira also has a reputation as the home of champions, from Levy Mwanawasa, the county's third president, to Kalusha Bwalya, the great former PSV forward who was named African player of the year in 1988. And then there's Chris Katongo, who captained Zambia to the Cup of Nations in 2012.

Mufulira is also home to Mufulira Wanderers, nine times the national champion. They have fallen on hard times and haven't won the league since 1996, but for three decades their derby with Mufulira Blackpool, who have fallen on even harder times, was the most fiercely contested in the country. Wanderers were founded in 1962 when Mufulira Mine Football Club signed a number of leading players from Blackpool.

Blackpool were funded by the municipal council, the economic distinction from the mines made concrete by the Mufulira-Sabina Highway, which separated the mining area from the area run by the municipality. Those

employed by the municipality, whether they were teachers, council employees, or policemen would be dismissed as *bakaboyi* – house-servants; while miners were mocked as *fishimine*, suggesting they were illiterate and good only for hard labour. "Their rivalry stemmed from the fact that Wanderers claimed the bragging rights, not only as of the town's biggest club but because it was a giant in the country's history dating back to the early 60s," said Humphrey Lombe, the former sports editor of the *Times of Zambia*, the country's oldest and most prestigious newspaper.

The game that cemented the status of Mufulira Wanderers came in 1965 when they played Salisbury City Wanderers for the Inter-Rhodesia Castle Cup. The Castle Cup had been established in Northern Rhodesia (modern-day Zambia) in 1961 and Blackpool had twice reached the final, winning the competition in 1963. Wanderers beat City of Lusaka in the 1965 final, qualifying them for a game against the champions of South Rhodesia (modern-day Zimbabwe). In front of a racially segregated crowd of 18,000 in Salisbury (now Harare), Mufulira Wanderers, inspired by Samuel 'Zoom' Ndhlovu won a thrilling game 4-3. They left the pitch to discover Ian Smith, the leader of South Rhodesia, had made a Unilateral Declaration of Independence. The players rushed to the airport and boarded a plane back home. The Cup was never played for again and remains in the club's possession. Mufulira Wanderers would go on to dominate Zambian football for the rest of the decade.

Despite their successes in the early 60s, Mufulira Blackpool were a much

smaller concern. Their victory in the 1974 Champion of Champions trophy, though, made the rest of the country take note. "All roads used to lead to Mufulira, whenever Mufulira Wanderers drew daggers against rivals Mufulira Blackpool," said Lombe. "Blackpool was just an inconsequential side playing in the lower leagues but they burst on the scene with giant-killing acts and won a major trophy beating seasoned Ndola United on their home turf. A clash between these two clubs attracted soccer fans from as far afield as Lusaka and Kabwe.

Wesley Kapatanya Mutembo is a board member at Wanderers, but his grandfather 'Knife' Chalubingu Sepa was a life member at Blackpool. "Derby day brought a serious divide in town," he said. "The hype before and on match day was simply electric. The banter between the two rival teams and bragging rights post-match really made me fall in love with the derby. It was the talk of the town and the nation at large.

"My late uncle was treasurer for Mufulira Wanderers in the 90s and he and I were obviously Wanderers supporters. But my grandfather was a staunch Blackpool supporter. Grandpa would be so upbeat about the derby and we would engage in a lot of wars of words because he was such a stubborn but nice guy. Whenever Blackpool won, it was hell for me, my uncle and my cousins.

"The banter was in most cases exaggerated in my view to the extent of stopping diehards of rival supporters and officials from being seen near each others' stadium for superstitious

reasons. Apart from that, the miners who supported Wanderers would engage in serious banter with the Council workers who support Blackpool. On match day, fans trooped to the stadium as early as mid-morning. I witnessed cases where the Mufulira-Sabina Road was practically designated as a boundary and no rival supporter was to cross the line or they'd be beaten.

"This is a derby which rarely ended without drama on the pitch and growing up as a kid, that was good entertainment for me. Almost all the fixtures I watched had stoppages due to high tension, crowd trouble and so on."

Lombe's recollection is more of the games and the stars that graced them. "Pool made rapid progress due to their recruitment of talent from rural areas. They brought very exciting players with defenders of robust physicality like the centre-back Leo Kamona. But a stand-out player was the late Alex Chola. Chola was stylish, skilful, with fantastic dribbling skills, who mesmerised many soccer fans across Africa.

"He was a household name. The Wanderers defence was spearheaded by Dickson Makwaza, a skipper for club and country, a cool but solid centre-back, aided by the effervescent Patrick Nkole at right-back, with his young brother, Abraham, who later turned striker, as goalminder and another brother, Edward, as left-back. Such were the stars on the field who produced thrills and spills. But players belonging to that generation retired, and the team slid into the lower echelons never to return to the levels of the 70s and 80s."

Wanderers maintained their level for longer. "Wanderers kept evolving from one generation of players to another," said Lombe. "One such notable star was Efford Chabala who was rated as one of the best goalkeepers on the continent. He died in the aeroplane disaster off the coast of Gabon in 1993. Kalusha Bwalya and his teammate Charles Musonda carried on as flag bearers for both club and country from the mid-80s until early 90s when they joined European clubs." Significantly, though, Bwalya started his career at Blackpool.

But Wanderers have gone more than 20 years without a trophy and were

relegated from the top flight in 2019-20. Blackpool haven't been in the first division since 2015-16, a chastening experience as they failed to win a single one of their 34 games and set a record low points total. As the mines were privatised, Wanderers lost funding. Blackpool faded because the municipality could no longer afford to support them.

Memories of the derby, though, remain, of the days when Mufulira was the centre of the Zambian football universe, when Wanderers and Blackpool were kings. 🇿🇲

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# LAZIO V THEMSELVES

How a team split into two  
factions won Serie A

*BY MICHAEL YOKHIN*

*Giorgio Chinaglia's son  
Anthony and Claudio Lotito,  
the President of SS Lazio,  
with Giorgio Chinaglia jersey.*





**Lazio were relegated in 1971 at which they appointed Tommaso Maestrelli as manager. He led them to promotion in 1972. They nearly won the scudetto in 1973 and then they did win it for the first time in 1974, a feat all the more extraordinary because Lazio was a club at war with itself.**

Maestrelli arrived at Lazio from another relegated club, Foggia, which may not have seemed promising. Even worse, he had once been captain of Roma. But he proved the decisive presence. "We owe everything to him. It was all thanks to him," the captain Giuseppe Wilson said.

After promotion, many expected Lazio to go down. The squad had 20 Italy caps between them, 14 of those belonging to the enigmatic forward Giorgio Chinaglia. When such unheralded players overachieve, the whole is obviously greater than the sum of the parts. Discipline and unity are usually vital. Lazio had none of that.

On one side there was a group led by Chinaglia and Wilson. In many ways, they were opposites. The burly centre-forward, nicknamed Long John, was volatile, emotional, unpredictable, arrogant and charismatic. He grew up in poverty, and football was his way of expressing himself. He bragged, he fought, he quarrelled. He could only be loved or hated. Lazio fans idolised him.

The libero was quieter and more composed, a clear leader. Not for nothing was Wilson nicknamed *Il Padrino* – the Godfather. Raised in a stable family and well-educated, he saw football as a hobby before it became his profession –

but he was an extremely strong character with a great will to win.

They had one thing in common, though, and that made them inseparable. Chinaglia spent his childhood in Wales, while Wilson was born in Darlington to an English father and Italian mother. They met at Internapoli and moved to Lazio together in 1969. Before Maestrelli arrived, the pair were used to deciding everything in the dressing room.

Some of the players liked Chinaglia. Felice Pulici, the goalkeeper who joined Lazio from Novara in 1972, was amused by his temperament and admired his emotional style of play. A northerner from the outskirts of Milano, Pulici studied law and – unlike most of his teammates – wasn't fond of weapons. His bond with Chinaglia was unusual but proved extremely strong.

The same went for Mario Facco. Stefano Greco, the veteran journalist and historian who wrote eight books about Lazio, describes the defender as "a philosopher and a gentleman who was completely different from Chinaglia" – but they became close friends. Giancarlo Oddi, the tough centre-back who excelled at man-marking, grew up at the club and became one of Chinaglia's closest allies.

On the other side, there were players opposed to Long John, led by Luigi Martini, the energetic left-back who arrived at Lazio in 1971. "I caused the split," he said recently. "It was obvious that the team was run by Chinaglia and Wilson, and I didn't like that at all. Giorgio had the habit of laughing at teammates. He wasn't doing it out of malice, but I hated it nevertheless."



Martini's closest ally was the tireless midfielder Luciano Re Cecconi, whom Maestrelli bought from Foggia in 1972. They had been friends ever since doing military service together, and shared numerous hobbies, including parachute jumping. "It was a dangerous adventure," Martini said, "and we could have injured ourselves. But the club president Umberto Lenzini encouraged us instead of opposing us and issuing fines. He was amused by the madness."

But perhaps the craziest member of the squad was Sergio Petrelli, who flourished in the light blue shirt after being discarded by Roma, then under Helenio Herrera. The right-back was obsessed with guns and he was the one to introduce weapons into Lazio dressing-rooms. There are numerous legends about Petrelli, who liked to open fire from team hotels when bored and once allegedly even shot the light bulb from his bed because he was too lazy to get up and turn it off. His fiery character and coarse sense of humour were important to the Martini camp, which also included the forward Renzo Garlaschelli and the holding midfielder Franco Nanni.

Petrelli's best friend was the graceful midfielder Mario Frustalupi. One of the oldest members of the squad, he joined Lazio at the age of 30 from Inter and was crucial in terms of ball distribution – but also a vital member of Martini's camp. "Like Re Cecconi, Frustalupi was of humble origins, raised in a hard-working family," said Greco. "He hated everything Chinaglia represented with all his heart, and couldn't stand the striker's arrogance and star-like behaviour. Frustalupi became close to Petrelli, and the

teammates nicknamed them 'the cat and the fox'. They loved playing practical jokes on Chinaglia. On one occasion, when the forward was bragging about his new shoes too much, they stole those shoes and nailed them to the wall."

But it wasn't just jokes. The rivalry could become uncontrollably violent – as in the incident that occurred during a Uefa Cup tie at Sion in 1973. "I was a substitute that day," Vincenzo D'Amico, the youngest member of the squad, told Greco for his book *Maledetto nove*. "Chinaglia approached the bench and told Maestrelli something about Martini. As soon as the referee blew his whistle, Martini came to Maestrelli and shouted, 'I will kill him. This time I swear I will kill him.' He then ran towards the dressing room and his face did not promise anything good at all. He was hysterical. At a certain point, after exchanging insults with Chinaglia, Martini totally lost his head, broke a glass bottle and – with that bottleneck that looks like a dagger – threatened to slaughter Giorgio. Luckily, nothing serious happened, because Chinaglia lowered his head."

On match days, the rivals had to share a dressing room, but that wasn't the case at the training camp at Tor di Quinto, where the factions were given a room each. They were just a few yards apart, but players were forbidden to enter the 'wrong' room. According to Pulici, Martini once went to the wrong room to use a hairdryer and was brutally attacked for doing so. (The defender denied in his autobiography this ever happened.)

It's hardly surprising, then, that training sessions were at least as competitive as the actual Serie A fixtures. Players

didn't wear shin pads for league matches, but put them on when facing each other because the tackling could be vicious. "Those were real battles," said Greco, "especially on Thursdays when about 10,000 fans came to witness them. Maestrelli was the referee and the unwritten rule was that training matches didn't end until Chinaglia scored. Sometimes they started in the afternoon and went on until the evening. There were no floodlights, so players turned on the headlights of their cars in the parking lot to illuminate the pitch."

"Maestrelli was the only person capable of managing those training sessions," Martini said, "and at times they ended earlier than scheduled because tension became unbearable. The *mister* was a person of remarkable intelligence. He was the first to understand that Chinaglia had to be treated like a child. Giorgio needed to be guided and taken care of, because he was emotionally unstable. In order to solve internal problems, Maestrelli invented the method that always worked – he invited players to eat at his house. Whenever something was wrong, a dinner invitation followed."

Chinaglia visited Maestrelli's home a few times every week, but Martini and Re Cecconi were frequent guests as well. The coach's wife Angela and his two sons, Massimo and Maurizio, were essentially part of the team and the boys even spent a lot of time at the camp, taking part in training. "There were almost no borders between the team and the family," Massimo Maestrelli said. "My father trusted his players and they trusted him."

"Maestrelli was a great leader," recalled the Lazio journalist and historian Vincenzo Di Michele. "He appeared mild but was actually very strong. Psychologically, he was a very wise person, who pretended to allow players to do what they wanted, but in reality the team always did what Maestrelli told them to do. The coach was calm and let the players vent their frustrations. He seemed to agree with everything they said – but then made all the decisions himself. He was very communicative and had a word for everyone. He was the father of that team."

At times, unconventional steps were necessary to keep the peace. In a home fixture against Verona, Lazio were playing poorly and trailing 2-1 at half-time. Maestrelli smelled trouble and realised that letting his troops into the dressing room would be unwise. "We would have slaughtered each other," Martini said. So the coach ordered the entire team to stay on the pitch during the break. The fans loved it, the players remained united and Lazio eventually won 4-2.

They won more often than not, because they played for each other. "Maestrelli understood that the huge rivalry was actually our biggest strength," Martini said. Lazio were oddly empowered by their internal conflict.

His tactical innovations were important as well. Martini started his career as a centre-back, but Maestrelli convinced him to switch to the left. He was responsible for turning Re Cecconi into a dominant all-around player who seemingly covered the entire pitch. Lazio's 1-3-3-3 formation was extremely forwards did a lot of work

without the ball. Even Chinaglia was happy to participate in the team effort, because he was ready to do whatever his mentor told him.

Chinaglia was initially outraged by Juan Carlos Lorenzo's dismissal in 1971 and wanted to leave after Lazio were relegated. But the first meeting with Maestrelli changed his attitude completely. "You are the key to our success," his mentor told him. He managed to give that feeling to every player. They might have hated each other, but they loved their softly-spoken coach.

In Lazio's first season after promotion they went unbeaten at home and conceded only 16 goals in 30 Serie A fixtures. Eventually, they finished third with 43 points, the same total that was enough for them to win the league in 1974. Chinaglia scored 24 of the team's

45 goals that season and it was only fitting that he converted the penalty in the final home fixture against Foggia to secure a 1-0 win that sealed the title.

But that was as good as it got. Maestrelli was diagnosed with terminal liver cancer a few months later and as he was hospitalised Lazio's title defence faded. They finished fourth. Oddi, Frustalupi and Nanni were sold that summer and Chinaglia left for New York Cosmos soon after, writing an emotional farewell letter to Pulici and Wilson on his way to New York Cosmos: he simply could not bear life at Lazio without his mentor.

Maestrelli returned to save Lazio from relegation in 1976, but he died that December aged 54. A few weeks later, Re Cecconi was shot dead when pretending to rob a jewellery shop and the fairy story had reached its tragic end. 📺

# DECENCY V AN INTERNATIONAL FRIENDLY

When Nazi Germany played  
at White Hart Lane

*BY JOHN HARDING*

*The German team give the  
Nazi salute at White Hart  
Lane before playing England,  
who went on to win 3-0.*



**When it was announced in October 1935 that England football's next home match would be against Germany, there were misgivings; when the venue for the match was confirmed as White Hart Lane, home of Tottenham Hotspur, a club noted for its significant Jewish following, there was consternation.**

In September that year, Germany's Nuremberg race laws had prohibited intermarriage and criminalised sexual relations between "Jews" and "persons of German or related blood" effectively turning Jewish Germans into second-class citizens. What was the Football Association thinking? Not much, was the answer.

There was, it was explained, no underlying malicious intent. The choice of venue had been made on purely utilitarian grounds. Between the wars matches between England and foreign nations were played not at Wembley but at prominent League grounds, almost always in London. Arsenal had already hosted three such games and Tottenham one. It was simply Spurs's turn. As the FA considered politics to have no place in sport, the match had been arranged without involvement or discussion with the government while the club itself appeared to harbour no misgivings. In fact, it immediately hiked admission prices. As for Jewish sensibilities, the *Weekly Herald* for Tottenham reported, "The extent of the Spurs Jewish following has often been discussed. Someone within the inner councils of the Spurs told me this week that the size of this following was not nearly so large as was popularly imagined..."

There were protests, the *Herald* acknowledged. On October 18 it

admitted, "Apparently, 50-odd letters had been sent to Spurs from individual Jews and Jewish organisations, protesting against the match. A boycott is suggested and protests on the day threatened. Spurs simply sent them on to the FA and reminded the latter that it was their responsibility to keep order." As far as direct action was concerned, at the forthcoming Spurs versus Burnley match "a bugle would be sounded and 6,000 Jews would walk out of the ground as a protest against the England-Germany match." Elaborate police precautions were taken to prevent disturbances but nothing happened.

The controversy prompted an outpouring of letters to the *Weekly Herald* whose football correspondent concluded: "The Jews complain of the Nazi treatment of their compatriots in Germany and demand that the match be cancelled! The Jewish protest has received little sympathy amongst the general football public who resent the introduction into sport of such a controversy."

To prove the point the News published a score of letters from 'fans', the vast majority of which were against any sort of protest and a number quite openly racist. Under the heading "England For England", one read: "As one of the oldest season ticket holders of the Spurs it greatly amused me to read of the Jewish proposed boycott of next month's match. I am in every way with them that they should walk out at a given signal but with a one way ticket and not come back.... It is up to the English boys to turn up as many as they can; it will be very nice to watch an English match with only English supporters."

But it wouldn't only be English supporters standing on the terraces. Close on the heels of the fixture's announcement came the news that upwards of 10,000 – perhaps as many as 20,000 – German supporters would accompany the team, something quite unprecedented.

The *Jewish Chronicle* understood the implications: "It is idle to suppose that the great German descent on London has been organised and encouraged – even to the extent of providing cheap travel – out of pure love of the game... there can be little doubt that the ulterior purposes in the present instance is to present to the world the spectacle of mass Anglo-Nazi fraternisation, to blanket the protests against Nazi tyranny by English churchmen and others and to create the impression that this country is reconciled with Nazism and all that it implies."

In fact, it would be the invasion by thousands of German supporters that would arouse the most intense media interest. The football, by contrast, paled into insignificance. The preparations for the trip, the feeding, accommodation and travel arrangements for such a large number of people arriving all at once took up swathes of newspaper space. On the day of the match, December 4, the *Daily Express* revealed beneath a headline "Hans Across The Sea!" that a score of cross-Channel steamers had already disgorged up to 16,000 Germans and that air-liners, trains and coaches were now relaying them into London.

Crucially, the visitors were polite, they didn't wear Nazi badges and they praised everything they saw. The captain of Germany, Fritz Szepan, "wiry, flaxen-

haired" extolled "wonderful London... I am a footballer. I know nothing about politics... After all, the game is the thing, is it not?"

The only note of scepticism in the popular press came in the *Evening Standard*, where David Low's cartoon appeared beneath the caption "Germany Discovers Sportsmanship". It depicted a football team of Jewish East Enders striding out to play surrounded by Nazi Storm troopers hurling abuse. The accompanying text read, "Berlin press appeals to British sportsmanship to give the German footballers fair play. That's the way to talk. Berlin of course will respond when we send a team of Whitechapel boys over on a return visit."

As kick-off approached, it was clear that fair-play or not, the authorities were taking no chances. According to the *Daily Worker*, "The concentration of police and plain clothes detectives was one of the largest yet organised in London with scarcely a turning or side-street left uncovered." Police were stationed every ten yards along the road leading to the ground while inside they were positioned every eight yards around the pitch perimeter. In all, almost 1000 officers were on duty in and around the ground. A temporary police station with cells was provided in one of the out-buildings in the Spurs car park while reserves of police were secreted in the pavilion on a neighbouring school ground.

Two hours before the match, an anti-Nazi parade left Bruce Grove railway station and proceeded towards the ground handing out leaflets and carrying posters proclaiming "Fascist Sport is Jew-Baiting",



"Our Goal, Peace: Hitler's goal, War", "Hitler Hits Below The Belt" and "Keep Sport Clean, Fight Fascism".

Close to the ground, police moved in on the march, tore down the posters and arrested those shouting slogans. Leaflets were grabbed and torn up. Undaunted, protestors handed out leaflets at Manor House and Stamford Hill while others showered leaflets from the open windows of buses onto the crowds below. Men with sandwich boards proclaiming "Stop the Nazi Match" chanted at the visitors; there were regular scuffles with lone pro-Nazi sympathisers.

Inside, the vast German contingent was accommodated in the New Stand where they waved little flags bearing the swastika. When the band struck up the German national anthem, they gave the familiar Nazi salute. Above the ground, two flags were displayed side by side: the Union Jack and another bearing the swastika – although the latter would experience a brief moment's absence.

Of the match itself, little need be said. England ran out 3-0 winners, although it wasn't a vintage performance: the forwards Stanley Matthews and Raich Carter endured poor games, with Matthews uncharacteristically missing three good early chances. Szepan, interviewed afterwards exclusively for the *Daily Express* declared that it had been an "honourable defeat". He praised the English players' "clean play and fine sportsmanship" and said that his abiding memory would be the "enthusiastic cheering from the spectators".

While the two teams and officials gathered for a post-match banquet,

the thousands of German visitors were swiftly hustled back to their coaches and thence onto trains for the return journey. By 11 o'clock that same night, they had vanished from the capital, sent on their way by a flurry of protests at Victoria station where more leaflets were distributed and large banners proclaiming "Free Thaelmann" displayed. Ernst Thälmann, the leader of the German Communist Party leader had been imprisoned since 1933. He was murdered in Buchenwald on 18 August 1944.

The day after the game those who had been arrested were dealt with at magistrates courts in Tottenham and Westminster. They were, for the most part, veteran Communist demonstrators: Sid Elias, William Morris, Bernie Bercow and Herbert Ettlinger had all served prison sentences for various offences connected with anti-Nazi demonstrations in recent months. The Westminster contingent were charged with scattering "offensive and insulting" literature at Victoria station and hurling insults such as "Down With Hitler". All were working-class, including a labourer, a hairdresser and a carpenter.

At Tottenham the charges were mainly of obstruction and refusing to take down banners. The star, however, was Ernie Wooley, a 24-year-old Shoreditch turner. Wooley was charged with maliciously and wilfully doing damage (to the amount of 3/6) by cutting the lanyard which held up the Nazi flag over the East Stand.


In evidence, Detective Sergeant Wilkinson explained, "I was near the turnstiles at the main entrance. I saw prisoner walk to the end of the stand and after loitering about for a few minutes he clambered onto the

gutter at the end of the stand and edged his way along the gutter towards the lanyard supporting the German national flag. He produced an open knife from his pocket and cut the lanyard causing the flag to fall onto the roof of the grandstand. He was seized as he climbed down. Upon being arrested, Wooley remarked, 'You've got thousands of police about the ground but no-one to watch the flag...' Wooley claimed, 'I did not maliciously cut the rope. I was merely going to unfurl that flag by untying the knot of the lanyard. That Nazi flag is hated in this country.'

A Spurs official present said there was no evidence that the rope was worth 3/6 nor was the rope produced in evidence. There followed some confusion concerning the exact knife used (the police had lost the original) and the case was dismissed. Wooley apparently smiled broadly as he left the dock.

### Post Script:

*The only Jewish player on the Spurs' books in December 1935 was the centre-half David Levene who soon left the club for Crystal Palace. The Weekly News commented that his transfer just at the time of the threatened Jewish demonstration was a "pure coincidence": "He was one of half a dozen players selected a few weeks ago as likely to do better elsewhere."*

*Fritz Szepan went on to enjoy a celebrated career with Schalke 04 and the German national side. He joined the NSDAP on 1 May 1937 and in 1938 he bought an expropriated Jewish textile shop under the "Aryanisation" programme for a nominal sum. After the war he was paid compensation. *



# ESTUDIANTES V GRÊMIO

3-1 down, four men down; the  
most improbable comeback  
in football history

*BY JOSHUA LAW*

*Former Estudiantes player  
Miguel Angel Russo.*



**They were 3-1 down with 15 minutes to go. They had had four players sent off. It was seven against eleven. Even with the backing of 35,000 ferocious fans, this shouldn't be possible. But if they had lost, Estudiantes would have been out of the Copa Libertadores and that gave them the conviction of the damned.**

.....

Estudiantes had won the 1982 Metropolitano, earning their place in the 1983 Libertadores, under Carlos Bilardo. The coach was then whisked off to become the manager of his country, and was replaced by Eduardo Luján Manera, who had played under both under Bilardo and his mentor Zubeldia. The identity remained unchanged: organisation, discipline and an uncompromising will to win – *anti-fútbol*, as their critics called it.

Despite gaining just one point from their opening three Libertadores group games, Estudiantes won the next three to progress to the semi-final stage, a three-team group with Grêmio and América de Cali. América were the nouveau riche, funded by narcodollars of the Cali drug cartel. Grêmio, from Porto Alegre, capital of Brazil's Rio Grande do Sul state, had a reputation as the country's rough outsiders, flag-bearers for a specific *gaúcho* brand of football that mixes *rioplatense* robustness and Brazilian technique.

Grêmio had breezed through their group, winning five and drawing one, and, unusually for a Brazilian team at the time, were fully focused on continental glory. They had been dumped out at the first stage the previous year, so to help

them this time around the club president Fábio Koff brought in Tita, who had won the Libertadores with Flamengo in 1981, and Mazarópi, a reliable goalkeeper from Vasco da Gama.

"I had played in the Libertadores for Vasco," said Mazarópi, "but in Brazil, it was not taken so seriously. Brazilian clubs didn't plan with the Libertadores in mind. They planned for the state and national championships." But things were different at Grêmio: "I found a group that had technical quality and was highly focused. The Libertadores was the club's main aim, Grêmio understood its importance."

Grêmio beat Estudiantes in Brazil; América beat Grêmio in Cali; Estudiantes beat América in La Plata. All was equal. Then, in the last game before they travelled to Argentina, Grêmio overcame América in Porto Alegre. Every tie had gone to the home team, but if Grêmio could break that streak in La Plata their place in the final was guaranteed.

Both their opponents, Mazarópi emphasised, "had great quality. América had eight or nine players in the Colombia national team. Estudiantes had players from the Argentina national team. They had more experience of the competition, too. You need to know how to play the Libertadores. It is really difficult and throws up surprises."

Grêmio did manage to dodge one bullet. On their away day in Argentina, América had accepted Estudiantes' offer of a bus to transport them from their hotel in Buenos Aires to the Estadio Jorge Luis Hirschi, an hour's drive away. They accepted and left early

enough to get there for a thorough warm-up. But, after three hours driving in circles, they arrived with barely enough time to change. América's directors warned their Grêmio counterparts of the ploy and private transport was booked instead.

Still, there were two complicating factors. Grêmio's games with América at home and Estudiantes away had been scheduled for the Tuesday and Friday of the same week in July. Owing to heavy rain, the first of the two was postponed by 24 hours. Naturally, Grêmio's directors asked for the second to be pushed back a day, too. But Conmebol refused. They would play twice in 48 hours.

Secondly, and more worryingly, photos had emerged earlier in the week that stoked political tensions between the Brazilian and Argentinian regimes. "Before our trip," Mazarópi said, "three British air force planes landed here in Canoas on the outskirts of Porto Alegre to refuel." The Falklands War had ended 11 months earlier, so hard evidence that the Brazilians had been aiding the British – something Brazilian military rulers had always denied – was certain to send fury rippling across the nation.

Still, Grêmio were focused on the result. Before they took off, the forward Renato Portaluppi told journalists that, "I've always liked going out at night, but now it's time for the title. Women are not all that I think about. They may have chosen me as the most handsome lad in the city, but that will not influence me. What is important is following my teammates and coming back from Argentina having qualified."

At first, the journey was smooth. "We got the bus to the stadium, walked to the dressing rooms and it was all calm," the Grêmio manager Valdir Espinosa told SporTV. "We thought we were at home. The trap was perfect."

As soon as they ran out onto the pitch, they realised their naivety. "The fans were furious," said Mazarópi. "Not just with us but with Brazilians. Before the game, I received a death threat. When we came out of the tunnel there was one Estudiantes player next to each Grêmio player and they came out kicking, punching and intimidating us. Then I saw something that I'd never seen in football. The Estudiantes forward Trobbiani received a yellow card before kick-off."

The Uruguayan referee Luis da Rosa, an inexperienced official who was called in as a last-minute replacement, was clearly eager to assert his authority. It is not exactly clear why the card was brandished but, whatever the motive, the wisdom of such an act in a stadium that was already at boiling point must be questioned. "I have no doubt," Manera told *El Gráfico*, "that this *señor* came predisposed. He conducted the game with complete ill intention."

Both teams could play, of that there was no doubt. In the midfield, Estudiantes had a quartet of internationals, Miguel Ángel Russo, José Daniel Ponce, Marcelo Trobbiani and Alejandro Sabella. As well as Renato, Grêmio boasted the fleet-footed attacking talents of Caio, Osvaldo, Tita and Tarciso. In the opening exchanges there was quality to go alongside the cynical fouls. But the descent was inevitable.

After half an hour, the Grêmio midfielder China went in hard on Trobbiani, who reacted by kicking out. The referee was decisive: a yellow for China, a straight red for Trobbiani. In the ensuing fracas, Da Rosa was pushed in the back by another Estudiantes player. Even with the benefit of video, it is not entirely clear whose hand it was that shoved him and with so many players around him, it is difficult to imagine that da Rosa knew for certain. But he did not hesitate to wave the red again, this time in the direction of Ponce. Estudiantes' sense of injustice was heightened still further. *El Gráfico's* take again: "It was an ugly error. [A referee] cannot act for the sake of it if he has not identified the culprit."

The free-kick was in Estudiantes' favour and after five more minutes of protestation they lined up to take it. Sabella floated a pin-point ball to the far post, it was knocked down to Sergio Gurrieri and he poked it into the gaping net. "Estudiantes, with nine, one," wailed the Argentinian television commentator, "Grêmio of Porto Alegre, zero."

Two men up, Grêmio immediately wrested control of the ball and before half-time they were level through Osvaldo, who shot home from a tight angle after being put through by Caio. With the equaliser under their belts, the visitors were ready to escape to the safety of their changing room for some respite, and after the players and coaching staff had filed in, the door was slammed shut by the club's security guards. The noise from outside was ignored and Espinosa got on with his team talk.

After a few minutes, though, the manager noticed someone was missing. "When

we realised and opened the door, Caio was there on the floor, in tremendous pain," Mazarópi says. The Estudiantes right-back Julián Camino had attacked Caio, kicking him so ferociously that it fractured his fibula.

Undeterred, Grêmio came out on the front foot, constantly feeding Renato down the right. "Renato was unmarkable," said the Estudiantes left-back Claudio Gugnali. "He beat me constantly." And after seven minutes, his cross from the Seleção player was met by César, who had replaced the injured Caio. Grêmio were ahead.

11 minutes later, Tita again played it to Renato on the wing. This time, he cut in, leaving Gugnali scrabbling around on the floor, beat the centre-back Rubén Agüero and blasted it low into the corner. He ran away with one finger in the air and the other on his lips, shushing the home support. Bottles and stones rained down on Mazarópi at the other end and even journalists got involved. "I was on the edge of the 'D' and a photographer ran onto the pitch and kicked me and punched me in the back," he said.

All control had been lost. A coin launched from the stands hit the linesman Ramón Barreto and the game was stopped while doctors attended to him. A further bout of pushing and shoving followed, and Caio's assailant Camino became the third Estudiantes player to be dismissed.

Minutes after the restart, Hugo Tévez violently upended Renato and the referee reached for his pocket once more; eight became seven. At the start of the half, the Argentinian television commentator had



said, "The great teams become greater in adversity," implying that there was still a glimmer of hope: two goals and *four* men down, they needed a miracle.

By this time, *El Gráfico* reported, it was approaching midnight but, "the sun was rising on a great feat." Gugnali lifted a pass to Guillermo Trama, whose cross slipped through Mazarópi's hands. Gurrieri was lurking at the back post and scrambled the ball across the line.

Then, with 14 minutes to go, Estudiantes had one of those let offs that must have given them belief. Renato ran free down the wing once more. He found Osvaldo, who knocked it over the diving Carlos Bertero and in. Osvaldo was onside by perhaps two metres. But Barreto, bandage round his head, stuck his flag in the air. The pressure from players and fans was proving too much.

Grêmio kept pushing for a fourth, only to be thwarted again and again by Barreto's flag. Estudiantes rallied. The Argentinians surged forward and won another free-kick. Sabella found Trama, who headed narrowly over the bar.

Then, three minutes from the end, Sabella worked space down the right for Agüero to cross. The ball was headed away, but fell to Gurrieri, who wriggled his way back into the box. His shot was blocked, but bobbled invitingly towards the penalty spot. Russo came in, beat Osvaldo to the ball and poked it home with his left toe.

The remaining six minutes, including injury time, dragged by, Bertero doing his best to waste time by lying prone. Eventually de Rosa put the whistle to his

lips; the seemingly impossible was done. "It was the match I remember best from my career," Russo told *Clarín* in 2003. "I won various championships, but that night was incomparable."

"It's impossible to explain," said Gugnali. "I always talked to Sabella. How did we do it? How were we positioned? It was a 2-2-2 and the goalkeeper. Sometimes people ask why there wasn't five more minutes of extra time. I think if there had been, Grêmio would have won 7-3."

In the immediate aftermath, *El Gráfico* blamed the referee while *Tiempo Argentino* declared that "seven heroes, only seven," had overcome "eleven spineless Brazilians". *Clarín* was similarly scathing in its assessment of the Grêmio players but balanced praise for the courage Estudiantes had shown end with the admission that the first 70 minutes had been "shameful".

The Grêmio captain Hugo De León told *Placar*, "It's incomprehensible. We were too naïve, we were stupid." Espinosa agreed: "Violence, tough play, punches, kicks: it is all expected in a key Libertadores game. What should not have happened was our withdrawal."

Yet Mazarópi, looking back, does not believe his teammates were cowardly. "We battled until the final whistle," he said, "but subconsciously we were taken in by the pressure. Your subconscious works to defend you. It's as if there are lots of caged beasts trying to get to you and you start to notice that the bars of the cage could break at any moment. You'd be devoured. If we'd won, I don't know if we'd have got out in one piece. The

little old fella up there pointed his finger and said, 'It's not your time yet.' After the game we stayed in the changing rooms for an hour and on the way out of the stadium we all had to squat in the aisle on the bus as fans demolished it."

Estudiantes, without their four suspended players, travelled to Colombia the following week. But after the treatment they had received in La Plata, América had vowed to do everything they could to stop them and held the weakened Argentinian champions to a 0-0 draw that put Grêmio through to the final in which they beat Peñarol after two more brutal legs.

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Grêmio would be involved on the other side of a similar story in 2005 – a game known as the *Batalha dos Aflitos* (*Battle of the Afflicted*). After being reduced to seven men, an 18-year-old Anderson scored a vital late goal in Série B promotion play-off against Náutico to seal Grêmio's return to the top flight. As the goal went in, the Rádio Gaúcha commentator Pedro Ernesto Denardin screamed, "Grêmio are performing an extraordinary feat, a feat that has no precedent in the history of football." And yet it had happened before, and to Grêmio, 22 years earlier. 📺

*Former Estudiantes player Marcelo Trobbiani, who went on to manage Argentina under 20s.*



# GIANNI BRERA V GINO PALUMBO

The two giants of Italian  
football journalism who  
couldn't stand each other

*BY JOHN IRVING*

*Gianni Rivera, nicknamed  
"Abatino" by Brera*



**The term *Scuola napoletana*, Neapolitan School, means different things to different people. For art lovers it conjures up the paintings of Caravaggio, say, or Jusepe de Ribera, 'Lo Spagnoletto', for music lovers the cantatas of Pergolesi or the sonatas of Alessandro Scarlatti. For Gianni Brera, the doyen of Milanese football journalism, it was the term he used to mock a group of southern colleagues headed by Luigi 'Gino' Palumbo, who moved north in the 1950s and 1960s to promote a vision of the game that was diametrically opposed to his own. When Brera wrote, "Loving football doesn't always mean understanding it," he had the Neapolitan School firmly in his sights. The antipathy was mutual.**

During the post-war economic boom, Milan established itself as Italy's capital of industry, business and publishing. Just as hundreds of thousands of southern workers flocked to its factories, so southern journalists were drawn to its newspapers. Football also flourished and the city's teams dominated the world game for the best part of the 1960s, with Nereo Rocco's AC Milan winning two *scudetti*, a Coppa Italia, two European Cups, a Uefa Cup and an Intercontinental Cup, Helenio Herrera's Inter three *scudetti*, two European Cups and two Intercontinental Cups. There was plenty to argue about on the Milanese football front and, as Nicola Cecere of *La Gazzetta dello Sport* recalls, "Verbal duels were of a level that isn't remotely comparable to the bar room brawls we witness nowadays."

No journalistic rivalry was fiercer than the one between Brera, from San Zenone al Po, in the province of Pavia, and Palumbo,

a native of the province of Salerno but a Neapolitan by adoption. It was like a microcosm of the North-South division that has existed in Italy since unification. Only it turned stereotypes on their heads: Brera was loud and larger-than-life, while Palumbo was noted for his understatement – '*il napoletano freddo*', the cold Neapolitan, they called him. The only thing the two had in common was their build: neither was particularly tall and both were distinctly portly.

As a young man in Naples, Palumbo worked at *Il Mattino* and founded the football weekly *Sport Sud* before moving to *Corriere della Sera* in Milan in 1962. *Corriere* was then Italy's leading daily, but locally it was embroiled in a circulation derby with the new kid on the block, *Il Giorno*, founded in 1956.

Palumbo's job was to edit the sports section, which he transformed into a paper within the paper. In those days all Italian league fixtures were played on Sunday afternoons and on Monday mornings Palumbo bombarded readers with striking headlines, photos and reports written in simple unrhetorical language. In Turin, Palumbo's fellow Neapolitan and ally, Antonio Ghirelli, was editing the football daily *Tuttosport* according to similar criteria.

The sports editor attempting to popularise *Il Giorno* was Brera, who clearly felt the Neapolitans were invading his patch. "Out of pure Mediterranean instinct, he threw himself into the fray against *Il Giorno*," he wrote snottily of Palumbo, sarcastically referring to *Il Corriere della Sera* (Evening Courier) as *Partenope Sera* (Evening Parthenope, after the siren of Greek legend who gave her name to Naples).



Ghirelli complained of Brera's "domineering hegemony over the profession of sports journalism", while Palumbo insinuated that Brera was the leader of a football writers' mafia. Brera warned Palumbo not to bring his Neapolitan "con-tricks" to Milan.

Brera was a brilliant writer who peppered his articles with classical citations, neologisms, Lombard dialect and foreign idioms. He referred to Palumbo himself as *Aluisinus Avis Columba* (the surname 'Palumbo' derives from the Latin *palumbus*, 'wood pigeon', so Brera simply tagged a mock-scientific name for the bird onto his own cod Latin rendering of 'Luigi'). The literary critic Beniamino Placido called Brera's style "rustic baroque" and Umberto Eco famously described him as "Gadda made easy for the people", a reference to the novelist Carlo Emilio Gadda, whose convoluted writing is also interpolated with dialect and inventive wordplay. When I studied Italian at university, revising *The Divine Comedy* for exams was easier than reading Brera's football reports for pleasure. Brera wrote many books, including four novels, but none of them have been translated into English, nor could they be: the translators' notes would take up more space than the texts themselves.

Lacking his rival's culture and literary bent, Palumbo wrote no books and few memorable articles. Brera himself joked that, "Palumbo wasn't a writer. He contented himself with being clear, but the things he said were so simple he couldn't help being anything else." Before every Milan derby, Palumbo would offer *Corriere della Sera* readers instructions on how to get to San Siro.

"He'll be printing out the alphabet next," quipped Brera. "Palumbo is a reporter, Brera a writer," wrote the radical novelist Luciano Bianciardi. "Palumbo relates, Brera creates."

Hence Brera's invention of a whole new Italian football terminology. *Melina* (time-wasting football), *goleador* (goalscorer), *centrocampista* (midfielder) and *pretattica* (roughly translatable as 'mind games') are just some of the words he coined that have entered common parlance, while *libero* has been international for decades.

Brera mocked the Neapolitans for their "technical incompetence" and prided himself on his own credentials to speak about football. A player once asked him, "You're always pontificating about football but have you ever played the game?"

"You're right," Brera replied. "From now on we'll get horses to write the racing reports!" But he was being sarcastic. In reality, he liked to boast that he had played as a *centromediano* in a Milanese youth team before his parents forced him to devote himself full-time to his studies. "I reckon that to understand football you've got to have played a bit," he argued. "If you left a ball in the corridor, you couldn't be sure Palumbo wouldn't trip up over it." Ghirelli retorted that, given the huge popularity of some sports, "The reporter has to come to terms with a range of experiences much broader, more numerous and more complex than the technical dimension alone."

Brera placed the emphasis on 'critical' analysis. He wrote a famous essay on "The Critical Interpretation of a Football Match" and it's no coincidence that his



magnum opus is entitled *Storia critica del calcio italiano* (A Critical History of Italian Football), published in 1976. It's a rambling manifesto of his own personal vision of the evolution of football tactics, packed with anecdotes and asides. 20 years earlier, Ghirelli had written *Storia del calcio in Italia* (A History of Football in Italy), which is painstakingly researched and objective. Ghirelli's book is a history, Brera's a miscellany.

Brera, a convinced *difensivista*, was opposed to the W-M system which, as he saw it, brought Italian teams more defeats than victories. When he became editor of *La Gazzetta dello Sport* not long after England's historic 4-0 trouncing of Italy in Turin in 1948 ("la Waterloo torinese," he called it), he set about promulgating what he defined as *calcio all'italiana*, based on *catenaccio*, bolt defence, and *contropiede*, counter-attack. Don't concede goals and you can't lose, he posited, snatch a goal on the counter-attack and you can win – though for him the perfect game was a 0-0 draw. He recognised Nereo Rocco as the finest interpreter of the tactic ("He coaches with astonishing pragmatic genius") but also boasted that, "Immodestly speaking, I'm the theorist."

Palumbo and Ghirelli championed attacking football and the beauty of scoring one more goal than your opponent, not one fewer. "The rubbish that's spoken about goals as being entertaining is indicative of vacuous ignorance," thundered Brera. "It's like expecting an opera to be all arias."

Just as Italy was divided between the Communist Party and the Christian

Democrat Party in politics, so *difensivisti* were pitted against *offensivisti* in football. Ghirelli even brought politics into the football: "You played for a 0-0 draw just as you voted Christian Democrat, to earn a lot by not working much and risking even less... to free yourself of your moral and professional responsibilities."

In an article for *L'Europeo* magazine entitled "The Two Parties of the Sporting Press", Guido Gerosa spoke of a country divided into two factions, one headed by Brera, the other by Palumbo. The *Breriani* were the football connoisseurs, the *Palombiani* were more concerned with the game as a social phenomenon.

Brera's defensive theories were partly based on his dabbling in ethnology. He believed that *Italianuzzi*, as he called his compatriots disparagingly, were unsuited to attacking tactics that relied on athleticism and stamina. "We are among the worst *specimina* of humankind," he wrote, "on account of the diseases that have afflicted us for centuries, indeed millennia, malnutrition and the precarious state in which we have always lived, socially, politically and economically." He also made analogies between football and sex. An Italian team had to be *femmina*, female, capable of defending its honour – i.e., its goal – from the "virile vigour" of physically stronger opponents.

In "Arcimatto", the weekly letters column he wrote for *Guerin sportivo* magazine, Brera gave full vent to his half-baked ethnographic theories but sometimes he contradicted himself: on the one hand he scorned the "Italian race", on the other he recognised that it isn't a homogeneous entity. He always had an obsessive

attachment to the village of his birth in particular, and to the Lombardy region in general. His *oeuvre* includes a *Storia dei lombardi* (*A History of the Lombards*) and he used to refer to Padania, the Po Valley, as “the most wonderful valley in the world”. Massimo Raffaelli, a literary critic who has edited an anthology of Brera’s articles, described him to me as a ‘holder of Padania-centric “ideas” that, not by chance, have since been instrumentalised and, to some extent, inherited by the “green shirts”’ (a reference to Matteo Salvini’s Northern League).

Brera compounded his *Lombardismo* with antipathy towards Naples and the South. “His anti-southern prejudice was the most unpleasant trait of his vision of football (and the world),” Raffaelli told me. Brera sang the praises of “strong” northern strikers such as Schiavio, Meazza, Piola, Mazzola senior, Riva and Prati, and believed that “the southern climate shortened the career of southern athletes.” He even wrote that Naples “ought to import 500,000 women of the Nordic race, already inseminated by Nordic men, and hope that their sons grow up into a Dennerlein or a Schnellinger”. (Fritz Dennerlein was an Italian swimmer and water polo player of German-Romanian origin, Karl-Heinz Schnellinger the German full-back who played for Roma and AC Milan.) Ghirelli complained of Brera’s “manic hostility, verging on racism”. “Even if I wasn’t Neapolitan,” he said, “it would disgust me.”

The storm that had been brewing broke at the Stadio Rigamonti at a Brescia-Torino match in the late 1960s. “Here’s Brera,” shouted Palumbo when he caught sight of his rival in the press box and

proceeded to slap him across the face. Brera reacted immediately. “*Brutt teron!*” he exclaimed and punched Palumbo in the eye, drawing blood. (*Teron* being Lombard dialect for *terrone*, a derogatory term for southerners.) “I’m going to eat your liver,” growled Palumbo but by now Brera had pinioned him. “Are you going to take him away?” Brera asked the other journalists present, “Or are you going to let us kill each other?” Duly separated, the two eventually made up but they were never friends.

In fact, at the 1970 World Cup in Mexico they were at daggers drawn again. In Italy’s epic semi-final against Germany, as Palumbo swallowed Coramine pills and Brera gulped down whisky in the stands of the Estadio Azteca, Gianni Rivera scored the winning goal in the 4-3 victory in extra time after coming on as a sub. Brera was famous for giving players nicknames, the most memorable of which was Rivera’s: “*Abatino*”, literally a “young prior”, a term he borrowed from the Romantic poet Ugo Foscolo to describe talented but half-hearted midfielders. “*Abatini animum vicendi non habent*,” he scoffed – *abatini* lack the spirit of conquest. But this time Palumbo had a nickname to offer back. For him Rivera was the “Golden Boy”, the epitome of his ideal of skilful, attacking play: surely *commissario tecnico* Ferruccio Valcareggi would pick him for the final against Brazil.

In the event, Rivera stayed on the bench and only came off it to replace Sandro Mazzola six minutes from the end, with Italy trailing 4-1. Palumbo, who could recognise a news story when he saw one, turned this so-called *staffetta*, or passing of the baton, into the scandal of the year.

He sensed it would sell newspapers and ignite debate, and he was right: people still talk about it today. The fact that public opinion generally sided with Rivera was another slap in the face for Brera, this time metaphorical.

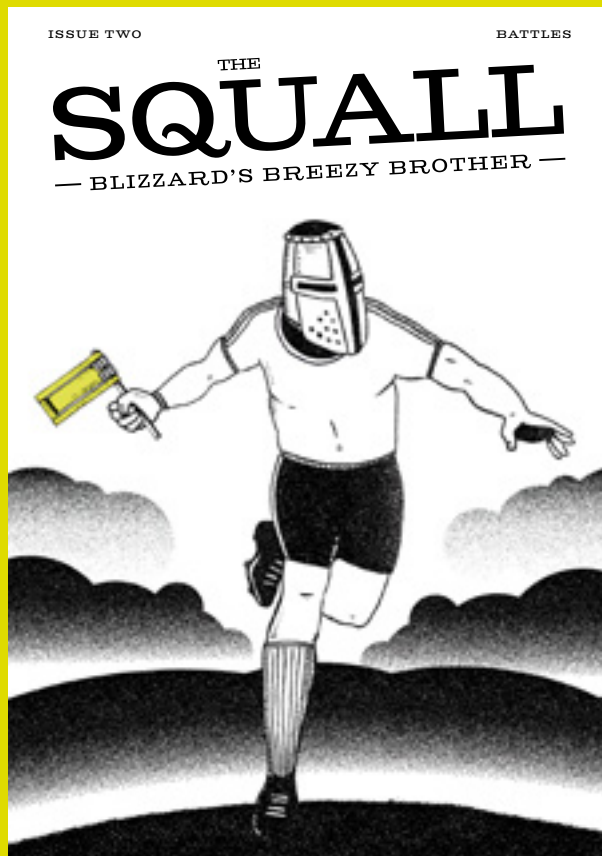
Despite everything, in 1976, when the editorship of *La Gazzetta dello Sport* became vacant, Brera magnanimously recommended Palumbo for the job but, when offered the chance, refused to work under him. "He's a perfect editor," he said, "but too Neapolitan for my liking." With his customary popular style, Palumbo revolutionised the paper, achieving record circulation figures, so much so that when he retired with health problems in 1987 *La Gazzetta* was Italy's best-selling daily newspaper. "He devoted more space to the players themselves, with interviews galore, than to analysis and comment," Gigi Garanzini, now of *La Stampa*, told me. "He achieved success from the point of view of circulation but not, in my opinion, from that of quality."

Brera was similarly critical of Palumbo at the time: "He's cancelled technical concepts from the paper because they're hard for him to grasp, and he thinks the same applies to readers." Gigi Garanzini, who knew both men, sides with Brera. "A

giant with whom Palumbo couldn't hope to compete."

In the meantime, Brera's anti-Neapolitan barbs showed no signs of letting up. "Poor souls," he said after Napoli's scudetto victory in 1987, "they used to have a capital city with factories and trains. Then everything was taken away from them. All they've got left is pizza, mandolins and Maradona."

When Palumbo died on September 29 of the same year, Brera wrote a grudging obituary in *Repubblica*, though a hint of pathos shone through in the epitaph: "*Che ti sia lieve la terra*", from the ancient Roman funerary inscription "*Sit tibi terra levis*", may the earth rest lightly upon you. Brera himself was killed in a car crash on 19 December 1992, on the way home from a dinner of goose ragout at the *Il Sole* restaurant in Maleo, in the province of Lodi. During the evening, he had interviewed Ambrogio Pelagalli, a holding player in Rocco's AC Milan side, and intended to write up his notes the next day. It was the one article he never wrote: an era in Italian sports journalism had come to an end. 📄



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Thank you in advance for helping out.

# LIPPMAN V GDR

The Dynamo Dresden  
striker who defected after a  
defeat to Bayer Uerdingen

*BY JOE RONAN*

*Dynamo Dresden line up to play FC  
Bayern in the European Cup Final at  
Munich's Olympic Stadium*





**It is the 35th minute of the 1986 Cup-Winners' Cup quarter-final second leg between Dynamo Dresden and Bayer Uerdingen. Uerdingen have a corner. A dirty goalmouth scramble ensues; bare skinny legs hack and long-sleeved, Adidas-clad arms flail. The ball is cleared and 15 seconds later it is in the Uerdingen net. Having slid in at the back post – concluding a beautiful counter-attack – the 24-year-old Dynamo winger Frank Lippmann leaps to his feet in celebration. It was his fifth goal in six games. He would finish as the joint top scorer in the Cup Winners' Cup that season, but he would never score for Dynamo again.**

The East German side were in control. They finished the half 3-1 ahead on the night and had won the first leg 2-0 in Dresden. But their goalkeeper Bernd Jakubowski had his shoulder broken in a collision with Wolfgang Funke and had to go off at half-time to be replaced by Jens Ramme, who had only ever played one match before. Dynamo let in six in the second half to lose the tie 7-5.

That same night, Lippmann fled his team hotel and defected to West Germany. He left behind his home, his club, his fiancée and his three-month old baby. Lippmann's story of *Republikflucht* ('flight from the republic') is one of contested allegiances, strange power struggles and the world of football under communism.

Dresden were part of SV Dynamo, the sports association of the East German security agency, commonly known as the Stasi. This put them under the direct purview of Erich Mielke, the Stasi's notorious head. Mielke was a ruthless

secret police leader who between 1932 and 1936 had studied at the Lenin School, a Komintern training centre in the Soviet Union. Following the fall of the Berlin Wall he was convicted of a murder that had taken place in 1931. This was the man who dominated East German football.

In 1968, Mielke had told the Presidium of the Dynamo Sports Association that football success was expected to demonstrate "the superiority of our socialist order". Fundamentally, he conceived of football as part of the class struggle. In the eyes of the state at least, the ideological battle between capitalism and communism extended to the football pitch. Only once did East and West Germany meet on the international stage, a 1-0 win for the GDR at the 1974 World Cup.

At club level, state control over football was absolute. The 1953 founding articles of Dynamo Dresden stated: "the sports club Dynamo, is an organisation built on the principles of democratic centralism. Members of the Sports Club Dynamo would be characterised by their revolutionary vigilance."

Whether through vigilance, effort or ability, Dresden won the East German Oberliga in 1954. In response, Mielke moved the entire team *en masse* to BFC Dynamo in Berlin. He believed the capital city should play host to the best club in the land. Likewise, after Dresden were celebrating their 1977-78 Oberliga triumph, the secret police chief entered their changing room to instruct them that Dynamo Berlin would have to win the following year. In fact, BFC would go on to win the subsequent ten Oberliga titles.

Yet, for all this control, football held a uniquely independent position in the GDR. Footballers were relatively autonomous beings, despite being subjected to strict surveillance. They were paid four times the salary of the average East German. They were able to travel – football was one sphere that could not be held in socialist isolation.

If successful, footballers received praise, fame and adulation. In this sense, they occupied a liminal position between state and society, and a bizarre space between the communist and capitalist worlds. It was their prominence that granted footballers their constrained freedom, but also that same publicity that brought them to the attention of the state. It is thought that up to a third of Oberliga players were Stasi informers. In 1981, three other Dresden players had been implicated in a prospective case of *Republikflucht*. The Dresden midfielder Gerd Weber was sentenced to 27 months in prison. Two of his teammates were also arrested, deemed guilty of knowing Weber's intentions and failing to inform the state. Just a month earlier the players had flown to Argentina with the national team, now they returned to the work force as manual labourers and were made eligible for six months military service.

All this Frank Lippmann knew. The potential repercussions were clear. Lippmann had been contacted by the Stasi regularly since 1981, although he had consistently refused to cooperate as an informer. He would have been painfully aware of his unique and circumscribed liberty. Lippmann was also known by the Stasi to have numerous contacts in the West, including family in Nuremberg. The Stasi were all pervasive in

the day to day life of footballers. "Dynamo clubs were always confronted by these people," Lippmann explained, as part of the 'Memory of a Nation' archival project run in cooperation with the German broadcaster ZDF. "People in the stadium were interrogated time and again. Permits were issued for business trips, afterwards the people were interrogated. We were told that it was the evil West that we were crossing over into and that was why we had to behave accordingly."

Other issues in Lippmann's life had begun to converge too. Three months earlier he had been driving home drunk from a party and crashed into a police transport van. Now, after such an improbable sporting and ideological humiliation, an opportunity presented itself.

Had it been up to his coach, Klaus Sammer, this alcohol offence would have kept Lippmann out of the team. But the Stasi ordered Sammer to play Lippmann against Uerdingen – a side that for one night represented the 'evil West' – because of his good form in Europe. He had scored in the first leg and, in such high-profile clash against the class enemy, ideological victory on the sports field was deemed of greater priority than Sammer's attempts at creating a squad culture. "In sporting terms," Lippmann told *Die Welt* on the 30th anniversary of his flight, "the Stasi did everything right. They just didn't think that there could be a third half in which I would play my game alone."

He had told nobody of his intentions. Indeed, his plans had been vague and noncommittal. Lippmann's intended escape remained hypothetical until the last. Asked whether he would have still

fled had Dresden progressed, Lippmann said, "I can't answer that."

But Dresden did not progress, and the second-half collapse triggered action. Lippmann was able to contact a DJ whom he knew from Dresden, who had also fled East Germany and was staying in the same hotel. In fact, Lippmann has since suggested that perhaps the defeat distracted the Stasi. "Certain people, whose purpose was surveillance, were too frustrated after the defeat against Uerdingen and so some people managed to get into the room without being monitored. This gave me the opportunity."

Still, the escape was no formality, nor the decision to make it. You can imagine him wrestling vainly to balance opportunity with risk, personal circumstance with the pull of family and friends. He could have had no assurances he would see any of them again.

Then, the reckoning arrived. "I took advantage of the moment," he said. "It was a decision born a bit out of fear. I had a lot of sweat on my forehead. When it started, I didn't know what was really going to happen."

The DJ was staying in the same hotel. "I remember him saying to me in the hallway, 'Now or never. Down into the underground car park, there is my car, everything is sorted.' To which I replied, 'Okay.'" He took the elevator to the hotel's underground car park. He and the DJ drove straight to Nuremberg. The *Bild* headline the subsequent day read: "Lippmann with the lift to freedom."

Nevertheless, while Lippmann may have arrived in Uerdingen harbouring intentions

to escape, his efforts on the pitch were sincere enough. Watching the footage, the battle on the football pitch look real. The celebrations are authentic: upon scoring the yellow-shirted Dynamo players leap simultaneously into the air in comic and textbook 80s fashion. "It was all about performance. If you want to achieve something in competitive sport, you have to be able to push private problems away," said Lippmann. Here the tensions of life as a footballer become apparent. "We had politics lessons in the GDR, I didn't want any of that," he told *Die Zeit*. "Week after week, as football players and adults, we had to go to a politics class, which in my opinion was simply ridiculous."

As the second half collapse gathers pace you can detect fatalism in the body language of the Dynamo players. Such a public embarrassment would be the end of many careers. "Nothing excuses it," club officials said afterwards. The head coach Klaus Sammer (the father of Matthias) was soon pushed into an irrelevant youth-team role, while the 35-year-old captain Hans-Jürgen Dörner was phased towards retirement. Reportedly, the Stasi collected the West German news clippings that heralded the "miracle of the Grotenburg". For the communist state it had been an ideological disaster.

Watched from afar by the Stasi, Lippmann played out the rest of his career in relative obscurity in West Germany. He was plagued by injuries. "I never regretted my escape," Lippmann said. "I would do it again and again, without ifs and buts." Nevertheless, he admitted, "It's a strange feeling. First the disaster against Uerdingen, then the flight, somehow, I feel a certain sadness."

In the summer of 1989, months before the Berlin Wall fell, he was finally reunited with his fiancée. Annett and their child had driven to Hungary, before crawling through holes in the Hungarian border fence into West Germany. 30 years later, when asked whether he would toast his escape, Lippmann replied, "No. My wife is not very proud of this day."

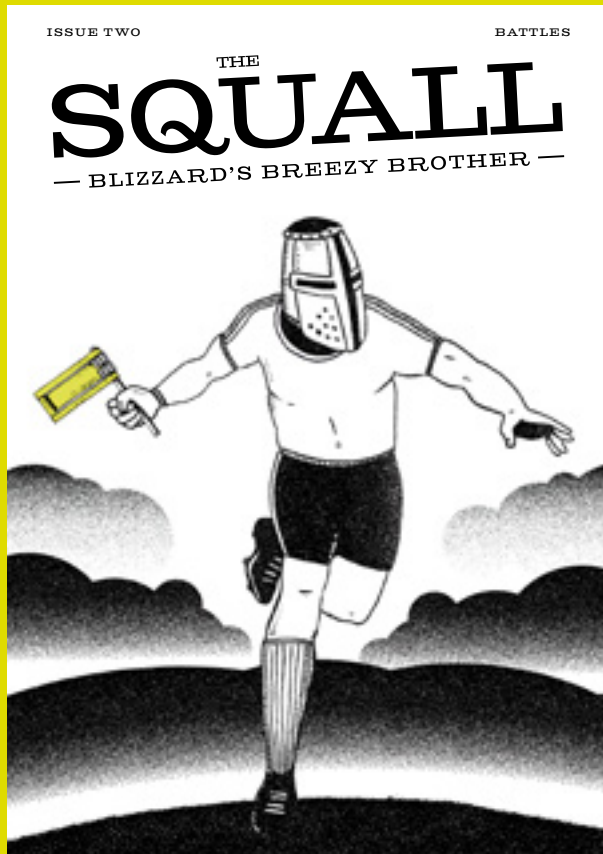
A year later, in 1990, Germany was reunited. His career now over through injury, Lippmann and his family returned immediately to Dresden, the city he had left three years previously. "Once a Dresdener always a Dresdener," he said. The international ideological battle between East and West was over. So was Lippmann's personal struggle for autonomy, but a new battle had begun: the battle to reunite German football and society.

When Germany won the 2014 World Cup it should have been the joyous triumph of a reunified country. As it happened, Toni Kroos was the only player born in the old East Germany, as he had been in 2010 and would be again in 2018. Likewise, not one of the 18 clubs that made up the Bundesliga in 2014 was from the old GDR. In fact, only five East German clubs have ever played in the Bundesliga, and two – Dynamo Dresden and Hansa Rostock – were automatically admitted upon reunification. Today, RB Leipzig are the sole East German representative. This is neatly ironic. Leipzig are a club whose controversial and meteoric rise has been fuelled by the financial might of the capitalist giant Red Bull. It seems bitterly telling that it has taken investment from a global mega-brand for an East German club to compete.

Sadly, such a lopsided picture only mirrors the social and economic divides that still afflict German society. Even in Dresden – championed as the economic miracle of the old East – the GDP per capita remains lower than the average of the largest West German cities. Politics too remains shaped by old Cold War divisions. The populist right wing party AfD (Alternative for Germany) enjoys around double the vote share in the old GDR as it does in the west. In 2018 there were racist riots in Chemnitz and 20,000 members of the far-right group Pegida marched through Dresden chanting Islamophobic songs. Once united in profound political solidarity, Union and Hertha are now bitter rivals. In this season's derby Hertha fans could be seen burning Union shirts, flags and scarves from the stands.

Frank Lippmann used the sporting arena to bridge the divide between East and West. He fled from the scene of a footballing disaster that he knew would have wide reaching political ramifications. In doing so, Lippmann demonstrated in microcosm the tensions that existed between the individual and the state in East German football, and the tangled web of loyalties – to teammates, families, clubs, nation and state – that all players grappled with. In Germany, the shadows of the past lie long and they serve as a reminder that football remains a conflicted sport, one in which old divisions are hard to reconcile and new ones quick to form. 📖

*With thanks to Ben Morgan and Ffyona Ferguson for help with translation*



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# **VIAREGGIO V LUCCHESI**

How one of Tuscany's oldest rivalries left a linesman dead

*BY SIMONE PIEROTTI*



**If you're looking for vibrant city derbies in Italy, go to Milan, Rome, Turin or Genoa. But for derbies between clubs from different towns, Tuscany might be the place to be – and not just for the sunflower fields, the rows of cypress, the abundance of smooth red wine and fine art. Embedded between the Northern and the Southern regions of Italy, it defines itself a nation within the country, with its entrenched *campanilismi* – benign parochialism between neighbouring towns and villages. You have flag-waving between Livorno and Pisa, which for its part conducts a rivalry with Florence, which finds himself against Siena, which is opposed to Arezzo, and so on. They may always have been confined to lower leagues, and Viareggio may not exist any more, but their derby against Lucchese 100 years ago prompted one of the most tragic and extraordinary stories in Italian sport.**

Viareggio is a town of 65,000 inhabitants on the northern shores of Tuscany. One of the very first seaside resorts to blossom in 19th-century Italy, it is nowadays renowned for its shipbuilding and its carnival in which giant papier-mâché floats are paraded along an art-deco esplanade. Football docked in Viareggio thanks to British sailors who made their mark on the local dialect: mackerels are here called *ciortoni* – 'short tuna' – and one of the most popular sailing ships was the *barcobestia* – from the English term 'the best bark'. A 90,000-inhabitant town, Lucca lies in the valley of the Serchio river surrounded by hills, away from the sea. It has gained worldwide fame thanks to the annual Lucca Comics & Games event and the Summer Festival at which you can see the likes of the Rolling Stones, Eric

Clapton and Elton John performing in an enclosed square or below the centuries-old walls encircling the historic centre. The local football club Lucchese was founded in 1905, when the sportsmen Ernesto Matteucci and Felice and Vittorio Menesini came back to their birthplace after spending a few years in Brazil, introducing a new pastime they had seen there.

Talking about Viareggio and Lucca is sometimes like comparing night to day. For many centuries, Viareggio has been a village of fishermen, naval workers and sailors who jeopardised their lives crossing seas to make a living. The wealthy families of merchants in Lucca had nothing to do with that. In several vernacular theatre plays staged in Viareggio during Carnival, *lucchesi* are generally depicted as rich scrooges, who look snobbishly at *viareggini* for being lazy and squanderers. Little wonder that, when a football club came into existence in Viareggio, local fans wanted it to mark their difference from Lucca. The 1919-20 season presented them with an extraordinary chance.

Shortly after its foundation in March 1919, Viareggio – the *zebre*, as they became known for their black-and-white stripes – were admitted to compete in the Promozione, the national second tier sub-divided on a regional level. Seeded in a group with Lucchese and Pontedera in 1919-20, Viareggio dominated their round-robin with four straight wins and took their spot in the Prima Categoria, the regionally-divided top flight, for the following year. That season, they inaugurated the new ground at Villa Rigutti, a stadium with a wooden stand and a small barrier between it and the

pitch. After the league came a sort of appendix in the Coppa Olivo, a competition organised by the Tuscan football committee, with another two-legged clash between Viareggio and Lucchese.

The *rossoneri* of Lucchese, their colours being a homage to AC Milan, overcame their opponents for the first time with a 2-1 victory as Viareggio supporters were given a hostile reception by opposing fans. They promised to seek revenge during the second leg and Lucchese directors worriedly informed the regional committee, which dissuaded away fans from travelling to the seaside.

Viareggio was dramatically affected by the fall out from the First World War with cuts to the merchant fleet leading to mass unemployment and shortages. Strikes against the high cost of living were common as Viareggio aligned itself with the rest of the country in the so-called *biennio rosso* ('red two years'), which were characterised by worker demonstrations and experiments in self-management through soviet-style factory councils and plant occupations. "Around twenty strikes, including political ones, took place in town from 1919 to 1920," the Viareggio historian Andrea Genovali noted. "There were strong conflicts and many families found themselves in a desperate situation. Workers occupied and eventually self-managed, although for a short period, the Ansaldo shipyards in what was one of the very first cases of similar incidents in Italy." The spirit, or at least the myth, of the October Revolution hovered around the country.

On 2 May 1920, around 300 people gathered at Villa Rigutti for the second

leg, with a handful of fans coming from Lucca – as did the referee Rossini. According to the Viareggio-born poet and psychiatrist Mario Tobino in his book *Sulla spiaggia e di là dal molo* [*On the Beach and Beyond the Pier*], the home team appeared inferior to their arch-rivals, their players employed in humble jobs. Still, Viareggio scored the opener and added a second before half time, sending the crowd wild. Lucchese were not finished, though, and scored shortly after the break through the centre-forward Giovanni Moscardini. Nicknamed 'Johnny', he had been born in Scotland to a couple from Barga, a hamlet close to Lucca, before joining the Italian Army at the outbreak of war. He was wounded during the Battle of Caporetto, which stands in Italy's collective consciousness as the great military debacle. Moscardini subsequently returned to Barga, where he started playing football before being signed by Lucchese. Later, he would be capped by the national team, becoming the first non-South American *oriundo* – a foreign footballer of Italian descent – to wear the *azzurri* jersey.

With ten minutes still to be played, referee Rossini awarded Lucchese a free-kick that was bitterly contested by local players and fans. From it, they scored the equaliser. Tension mounted in the stands and escalated further when the Lucchese striker Ernesto Bonino, who had scored the second goal, began to argue with the Viareggio-born linesman Augusto Morganti. A discharged former lieutenant of the *bersaglieri*, a specialist unit in the Italian Army's infantry corps, Morganti had fought in the Great War and had tried to pass himself off as a captain to receive compensation. Once

his scam was uncovered, he was arrested and sentenced to three years in prison, only to be released after a general amnesty for military crimes issued by the Prime minister Francesco Saverio Nitti in September 1918.

In such a fraught atmosphere, the referee opted to abandon the match, aggravating the crowd which invaded the pitch, prompting a mass brawl. Police and *carabinieri* stepped in and, although many were disarmed by Viareggio fans, they managed to escort the players to the dressing-room and then the Lucchese side and supporters to safety. At some point in the chaos, the *carabiniere* Natale De Carli shot and killed the linesman Morganti, with what level of intent is unclear.

Nobody had previously been killed during a football match in Italy. The news reverberated around the world. "Football referee shot," said the *Times*, adding that De Carli "was injured by a stone." The *New York Times* wrote, "Tuscan city in revolt over football game" and introduced the unnamed Morganti as the "umpire".

In Viareggio the death deepened the sense of anger. "They felt they had just suffered the umpteenth injustice by the royal army," said Genovali. People besieged the *carabinieri* station, then occupied the town hall at Palazzo della Cittadella. The royal commissioner Gino Sartori ordered troops to charge before he and the other authorities were forced out. The anarchists' black flag began to flutter outside the town hall, telephonic and telegraphic communications were cut. The insurgents proclaimed Viareggio as an independent republic.

A football derby had served as the *casus belli* for what has gone down into posterity as '*le giornate rosse di Viareggio*' (the red days of Viareggio). "Before that, nobody in Italy had ever occupied an entire town," Genovali said. "Furthermore, *viareggini* did it without spilling blood. They erected rudimentary barricades against the intervention of the troops, while a committee made up of the socialist deputy Luigi Salvatori and the anarchist-led chamber of labour board started negotiations with representatives of the government, the Italian monarchy and the armed forces."

The revolution ended on May 4, with Morganti's funeral. It had lasted only three days. Still, it was enough to panic the establishment. "Salvatori endeavoured to pave the way to a revolution in Viareggio and hopefully in the rest of the country," Genovali noted. "As soon as he realised it was not possible, due to the gulf between the forces in the field and the lack of organisation within the uprising, he prevented possible carnage. At the same time, the authorities feared that Viareggio could become a model for other, larger cities, hinting at the potential for a Soviet-like revolution in Italy as well." The army calmly restored normality and a subsequent trial imposed small-scale punishments – 17 men and four women were taken to court, but only five were convicted for insurrection against the state with sentences ranging from three to eight months. Meanwhile, De Carli was acquitted by the military court that found he had fired in self defence, although a number of reports noted that no assault or provocation against him had occurred.

The match was awarded by forfeit as a 2-0 win for Lucchese and for a few years derbies were played at neutral grounds until a 'pacification match' during the Christmas holiday in 1925. That same year, Lucchese hammered their rivals 5-0, a feat tarnished by alleged match-fixing involving Viareggio's goalkeeper Andras Werzer who was reportedly awarded 1,000 lira for each goal conceded. But that was nothing like Lucchese's biggest success in the fixture: in February 1921 they had won 11-1 with the brothers Ernesto and Armando Bonino scoring six goals between them.

Viareggio had the momentum in the following decade, though. On 21 May 1933, the rivals clashed in Livorno in a play-off for promotion to Serie B. Lucchese struck after a quarter of hour and kept their lead for 78 minutes, when the Viareggio forward Vinicio Viani levelled. Viani, who would later play for Lucchese, soon added a second and gave his side a historic win. Viareggio fans painted the words, "Here lies Lucchese" on the stands of Stadio Porta Elisa and carried a giant papier-mâché zebra across the iconic Lucca walls to enter the historic centre.

Since then, the derby has mostly taken place in lower divisions. While Lucchese took a more glorious path, as they competed in Serie B in the 1990s – they even faced Kevin Keegan's Newcastle in the Anglo-Italian Cup – Viareggio largely floundered between Serie C2 and semi-professional leagues. They played each other for the last time nine years ago in the third division, the passion and the ferocity of their rivalry diminishing. Nowadays it is even worse, as Lucchese

are in the Serie D after their third bankruptcy over the last 12 years and Viareggio were liquidated.

However, memories of the Augusto Morganti incident remain vivid, thanks to a number of local associations who unearthed that derby and, more importantly, its aftermath. 📺

# BESKOV V LOBANOVSKYI

Two great players, two  
great coaches, two different  
visions of the game

*BY SASHA GORYUNOV*

*Valeriy Lobanovskiy*







**"How many times have you heard this? We pass our way through the middle of the park! But you decided to take someone on." With his team 1-0 up Konstantin Beskov was berating one of his players at half-time in the changing rooms at the Republican stadium in Kyiv. It was September 1987, Spartak were going for the title and they had to win away to the reigning champions, Valeriy Lobanovskyi's Dynamo Kyiv. Indeed, a draw would not even get them a point.**

Konstantin Beskov was a football man of great pedigree. He had been a centre-forward in the excellent post-war Dinamo Moscow team that toured Britain in 1945 and battled it out with CDKA Moscow for supremacy in the USSR. His results as a coach were mixed before he returned to Dinamo Moscow in 1967. There he won two Soviet Cups but blew the title-decider against CSKA in 1970 (with his son-in-law, Vladimir Fedotov, scoring the winner for the opposition) and lost the 1972 Cup Winners' Cup final against Rangers.

But Beskov was about more than just results. He developed players. Yury Gavrilov was plucked from non-league Iskra Moscow, arriving to play for the reserves in 1972. He observes, "His most important quality was the ability to recognise a player. He brought so many through. If you take Dinamo back in the day, we had four sides of equal strength. It was not uncommon for the reserves to beat the first team."

Beskov took over the USSR again – he had had a stint in 1963-64 –but lost his job after an embarrassing 3-0 away defeat to Ireland in the Euro qualifiers in 1974. A duo from Kyiv took over.

Valeriy Lobanovskyi and Oleh Bazilevich gained prominence through their collaboration with Anatoliy Zelentsov, a scientist from the Kyiv Institute of Physical Culture, who was keen to apply mathematical analysis to football and impressed Lobanovskyi and Bazilevich. They arrived at Dynamo Kyiv in 1973-74. Zelentsov's job was to analyse and design the most optimal training – sessions became shorter but more intense – and later in-game methodologies, using computers to crunch the numbers and also provide feedback on player performance. This was revolutionary.

Remarkable success followed as Dynamo swept domestic and European trophies, winning the Cup Winners' Cup and the European Super Cup in 1975.

The Spartak full-back Evgeny Lovchev remembers being on the receiving end of the Kyiv pressing game. "So, I am the full-back with the ball, playing against Dynamo, and I roll the ball to the centre-back, a little slower as there is no one [from the opposition] in our half. If you time it, it would take about four or five seconds for the ball to get from me to the centre-back. In four or five seconds sprinters run 50m, footballers 30. The moment the ball leaves the full-back's foot, [the stopper Anatoliy] Konkov screams "*TOPTAT!*" ["Flatten them!"]. Then Blokhin, the left-sided forward, runs to cut off the right-back, [Volodymyr] Onyshchenko dashes on the other side to cut off the pass to the left-back, [Viktor] Kolotov goes straight for the centre-back, who is still waiting for the ball to arrive, and Konkov moves forward to take over from Kolotov, covering yet another passing lane... they cut off all the players closest to the ball!" "

When Lobanovskyi and Bazilevich took over the USSR, Dynamo effectively became the national side. But this was not enough for them. After the USSR Olympic team with a core of Spartak players qualified for the Montreal 1976 Olympics under Beskov, it was announced that the two teams would be merged. Dynamo became the national side for both the Euros and the Olympics and Beskov was out of a job again.

At the behest of Lobanovskyi and Bazilevich, the 1976 season was split into two parts – spring and autumn. There would be no relegation in the spring campaign as the Dynamo Kyiv reserves would compete in the league, while the first teamers would play in the European Cup and for the national side in the Euro 76 qualifiers as well as preparing for the Olympics.

The experiment was a disaster. In March, Dynamo were knocked out of the European Cup by St Étienne. Then the USSR lost to Czechoslovakia in the quarter-finals of Euro 76, which left the Olympics, apparently the actual goal throughout. There were 11 Dynamo players in the 17-man Olympic squad. They went to North America a month before the tournament and the coaches ran the players into the ground. As the result, the team lacked any sort of freshness or fluidity and lost to East Germany on a terrible pitch in Montreal in the semis. A player rebellion followed on return to the USSR. Lobanovskyi only just kept his job but lost Bazilevich and another coach, Oleksandr Petrashevskyi.

Spartak, meanwhile, slipped to mid-table in 1975. The president Nikolai Starostin,

for so long the spirit of the club, was shunted out and a year later, on the final match day of the autumn 1976 season, Spartak lost 3-1 in Kyiv. Results elsewhere went against them and they were relegated for the first time in their history.

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Remarkably, given what happened the year before, Dynamo Kyiv won 14, drew 15 and lost just once en route to clinching the 1977 title. In Europe, Bayern were beaten once again, but Borussia Mönchengladbach edged past the Ukrainians into a final against Liverpool.

In the meantime, Beskov, after much persuasion, agreed to join Spartak. Nikolai Starostin was not sold on the idea, given Beskov's Dinamo past and dictatorial approach, but his brother Andrei, who had worked with Beskov with the national team, convinced him. Even the opinionated Lovchev, who already had history with Beskov, advocated for his appointment. In fact, he points out that it was a condition of Beskov's appointment that Nikolai Starostin returned to the club.

The new head coach went about modernising the facilities at the Tarasovka training base, introducing video analysis equipment. His signings were unusual. He brought in the likes of the striker Georgy Yartsev from third-tier Spartak Kostroma and midfielder Sergey Shavlo from Daugava Riga, who had just been relegated from the second flight.

As Beskov instilled the short passing game, some, like Lovchev, saw this as a link to Spartak's traditional style. Others, like the journalist Oleg Vinokurov, viewed it as

more of a practical step – given the ability of the players at his disposal, this was the easiest game to play. The only piece that was missing was a playmaker. Beskov finally landed Yuri Gavrilov from Dinamo midway through the season. With Gavrilov laying on the passes for Yartsev and Vadim Pavlenko, Spartak scored almost a goal a game more than before and comfortably won both crowds and promotion.

But Beskov was not easy to deal with. The respected coach Yuri Morozov arrived in January 1977 but left in March after being harangued by Beskov in front of the players. Lovchev, fed up with Beskov's management style, left a few games into the following season. Gavrilov is almost unique: "I was comfortable around Beskov. When I arrived at Spartak I already knew him as a person, as a coach, knew what he wanted and demanded. So, it was all relatively calm between us. Some of the others feared him, their relationship was strained.

"I can only really say one thing. He really did not like it when anyone started arguing with him. He thought that his instructions had to be carried out as he set them out. We could win a game and afterwards he would approach players and point out their mistakes. I once called him out on it: 'Konstantin Ivanovich, why are you berating us? Everyone makes mistakes and we won anyway!' He responded in a steely voice: 'How could you not win? I explained to you how you should play. So, don't tell me that you won!'

"I just learned not to take it to heart. I saw him tear strips off the players of the great Dinamo Moscow side [of the early 1970s]. They would play fine but he would find a

fault. It's a psychological moment. Have a go at those who can do more but also at the senior pros, so that the junior players would keep their mouths shut."

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Sergey Baltacha arrived in Kyiv from the Kharkov academy in 1976. He was well-prepared, having spent the previous four years under the tutelage of Nikolay Koltsov, the right-back in the Dynamo's 1961 side; however, there was still much to learn. "The philosophy was that we could play every position," he said. "I could play right-back, centre-back, midfield. It was a quality that Lobanovskiy wanted. He spoke a lot about it. It was a team effort. For example, we are defending a corner, all eleven of us (OK, maybe, ten with Blokhin left up the pitch). When we can break, the ones who are nearer the ball should be going on the counter. As soon as we got the ball, if I were closer to the centre of the pitch than Belanov or Vadik Yevtushenko, then I had to attack. We were good at this! Yevtushenko would then cover my position. If you counter-attack, you also need to think about defending. Three or four players need to think (and act) in case we lose the ball. So, a nominal forward could end up as a centre-back for 20-30 seconds.

"When I first arrived in the reserves, I did not understand this. I was technically good. I got my 10,000 hours with the ball. During my first training session with the first team, I pinged a couple of 60m passes, first with my left, then with my right. As soon as I said where I was from, they knew my level. I did not have a stronger or a weaker foot. I had a right

and a left. I was good in the air, one of the best in Europe. I arrived as a universal player. That was Lobanovskyi's motto: you have to be universal."

Baltacha made his first-team debut at centre-back in April 1978 against the newly-promoted Spartak. His summary of the Dynamo approach sounds remarkably modern. "We had the pressing game," he says. "We could apply a high press in the opponent's half, or we could go for medium block on the halfway line. We could also drop deep, like we did in Europe if we needed a result, and play on the counter. Before the game Lobanovskyi would always clarify how we play the back. We worked on this during the week prior to the game. It depended on the opposition, their coach and where we were playing. We always pressed at home. With 100,000 fans behind us, we pressed from the off and few teams could cope psychologically."

In 1978 Spartak were not ready to compete but they were quick learners. "We actually found it easier to play them away than at home," said Yuri Gavrillov. "We knew the way they played at home, with the crowd urging them forward, and we spent a lot of time studying their weaknesses. So, we took care to carry out Beskov's game plan perfectly. We even beat them 3-0 once [in 1984]."

That game stuck in Baltacha's mind too: "It was always tough for us to play against Spartak and for them against us. At home we usually tried to press them, to outrun them, to seize the initiative. We did once lose 3-0, when they really picked us apart. This is the whole point of pressing, when you don't let these players receive the

ball, have any time but [that day] for one reason or another we just were not ready physically. I remember that game. We were sort of pressing but not as a team. The point is not just to run around but to run around correctly. At a certain moment the entire team needs to decide to press NOW and we all move accordingly. For example, if a Spartak full-back is on the ball on the left, you move towards that corner – you can't press an entire pitch – and deny him the opportunity and time to switch the ball. On this occasion we let them do it as several players were just too slow to execute."

Gavrillov observed: "It is precisely because of the press that Kyiv frequently lost to us at home. So, imagine two or three players attacking an opponent to get the ball from him. Spartak's style, all those one-twos and so on, meant that if one of those players were late, then those two or three could be bypassed. You can take out at least one of those players with a one-two or even all of them if they have mistimed their runs particularly badly." No other team could even attempt this against Spartak: "No Soviet team, other than Kyiv, pressed us. They were probably afraid to play against us like that."

For their method to work, Dynamo Kyiv players had to be right on top of their game. Their peaks came in cycles around with pairs of titles in 1980, 1981 and 1985, 1986. 1985-86 also brought glory in the Cup-Winners' Cup as one team after another was blown away at the Republican stadium. "They come on the pitch, 100,000 people chanting 'Dynamo, Dynamo' at them, and after 15 minutes it is already 3-0. After that we just hold the ball," said Baltacha. While

there might be a slight exaggeration, European visitors were, on average, three down by half-time.

Dynamo-Spartak encounters were usually hard-fought with just one or two goals in it. Draws were rare. In fact there was only one in twenty league matches between Beskov and Lobanovskyi – curiously, when Lobanovskyi was away in 1983 and Morozov was in charge, both games finished level.

The dynamic of the two sides in the decade from 1978 is very different. While Spartak finished in the top three every season between 1979-1987 but only won the league twice, Dynamo sank as low as tenth (in 1984) but claimed the title on four occasions. Spartak faced Dynamo late in the season in 1980 and 1985 three points behind and needed a win to stay in contention for the league. The Kyiv side won both times. Spartak's lot in 1980 was compounded by a terrible error from the goalkeeper Rinat Dasaev in the opening minutes. Still, matches in Kyiv were also decisive for Spartak in both title-winning seasons, in 1979 (when they went top for the first time, replacing Dynamo and staying there until the end of the season) and in 1987 (when a Cherenkov header gave them a tense 1-0 win).

Curiously, both times Spartak could not afford a draw, thanks to... Dynamo. Dynamo's 15 draws in 30 games in 1977 wasn't even the highest number in the league. Four clubs managed 17. The total number stood at a record 107 in 240 matches (45%). The Soviet football authorities decided to act, trying to make the league more competitive and weed out corruption. They limited the number of

draws for which a team would be awarded a point to eight. Lobanovskyi was frequently criticised for encouraging negative football with his 'away' model and occasionally hauled in front of the authorities to explain himself. Needless to say, this did not help his relationship with Moscow.

In addition to the league, Beskov and Lobanovskyi found themselves in a *ménage à trois* with Dinamo Tbilisi's head coach Nodar Akhalkatsi at the 1982 World Cup. Officially, Beskov, who was the USSR head coach and already had two assistants, came to Vyacheslav Koloskov, who was in charge of Soviet football at the time, and asked for help, given the number of Kyiv and Tbilisi players in the squad. This seems unlikely for Beskov. Both Baltacha and Gavrilov played at the 1982 World Cup in Spain and stress that the message from the three coaches remained consistent but after the USSR exited the tournament in the second phase following a drab 0-0 draw with Poland, Beskov took the fall. Gavrilov still feels that the team for that match was set by Lobanovskyi and, with just four out-and-out attacking players, too negatively at that. Baltacha is convinced that the USSR could have beaten Italy, who faced Poland in the semi-final.

Despite the frustrating exit, Baltacha enjoyed playing Beskov's football, even if it was different from Dynamo's: "Beskov had high standards – head up, playing technical, fast, beautiful football. It was different. In my coaching I try to use a mixture of the two approaches."

Lobanovskyi took over for the Euro 84 qualifying tournament and was sacked after the USSR failed to make it through. He

would get his semi-final with Italy, though, in 1988, a match that would go down as one of the great Soviet performances.

1988 was also the last year of the Beskov-Lobanovskyi head-to-head in the league. In March Dynamo battered Spartak in Kyiv but somehow lost 2-1. Lobanovskyi suffered a heart attack in the aftermath of Sergey Rodionov's winner five minutes from time and was rushed to hospital.

Spartak faded in the closing stages of the season, winning only two of their final six games, and finishing a disappointing fourth. This convinced Beskov that an overhaul was required and he effectively transfer-listed eight players before going on holiday; however, Nikolai Starostin took the players' side and pensioned off his head coach. Valeriy Shmarov recalled returning to pick up his employment record book after the holiday, expecting to leave. Starostin told him to wait. That evening the players were told that they would have a new manager.

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The new Spartak manager, Oleg Romantsev, brought back a number of exiles, introduced elements of pressing and shocked Dynamo in Kyiv in April 1989, 4-1. The teams met again in Moscow in late October with Valery Shmarov's injury-time free-kick winning the game and the title for Spartak Moscow.

Dynamo Kyiv won the Supreme League in 1990, finishing one Soviet title ahead of Spartak (13-12).

Beskov went on to manage Asmaral in 1991, where he was reunited with the

38-year-old Yuri Gavrillov, who answered his call for a playmaker. Beskov returned to Dinamo Moscow in 1994, tried and failed to re-sign Gavrillov and won the Russian Cup in 1995, Dinamo's last trophy to date. He died in May 2006, aged 85.

Lobanovskyi failed at Italia 90, where the USSR did not get out of the group, then left for the Middle East, where he coached the UAE and Kuwait, ruining his health in the process. He returned to Dynamo in 1996. He built his third great team with Serhiy Rebrov and Andriy Shevchenko, reaching the Champions League semi-final in 1999. He suffered a stroke during a match against Metalurh Zaporizhzhya on 7 May 2002 and died six days later, aged 63. 🇺🇸

## THE RESULTS

### USSR Supreme League:

Beskov wins 10, Lobanovskyi wins 9, Draws 1

### Soviet Cup:

Beskov wins 2 (1 on penalties)

### Trophies:

Beskov – 2 Supreme League titles, Lobanovskyi – 4 Supreme League titles, 4 Soviet cups, 1 Cup Winners' Cup

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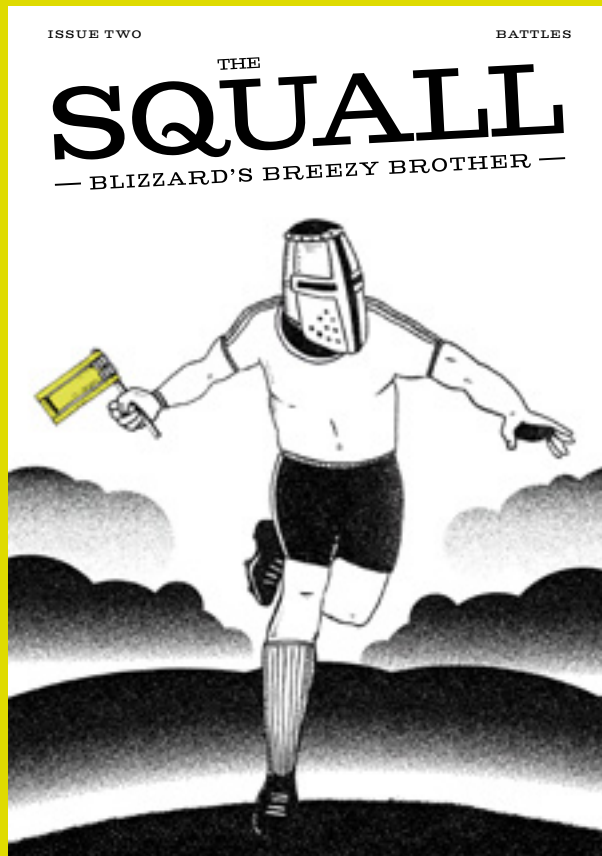
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# THE SQUALL

— BLIZZARD'S BREEZY BROTHER —

Issue 2, June 2020, Battles

## Featuring:

David Squires, Estudiantes v Milan

Cecilia Lagos, Chile v Italy

Vadim Furmanov, Viktor Kanevskyi v the USSR

Matthew Gregory, Santos v Skoglund

Thathe Msimango, Wanderers v Blackpool

Michael Yokhin, Lazio v Themselves

John Harding, Decency v An International Friendly

Joshua Law, Estudiantes v Grêmio

John Irving, Gianni Brera v Gino Palumbo

Joe Ronan, Lippman v GDR

Simone Pierotti, Viareggio v Lucchese

Sasha Goryunov, Beskov v Lobanovskyi

