

## Zürich 1968 – 2000 – 2008

### **Culture, politics and football**

Welcome to all who could make it to the third half of our day packed with football, culture and a little bit of politics.

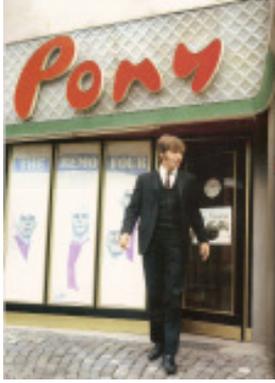
The motto of tonight's evening is »Where the spirit blows«, and sometimes it blows quite unpredictably, so expect some improvisations. At least I can give you a rough timetable. Firstly, I will present you some pictures from Zürich's past as well as the past of our football team. Then there will be contributions by Geoff, Cornish Al and Silvano, about the joys and sorrows of playing football. Furthermore, I have the pleasure to announce a live gig by the esteemed Andi Czech, founder and core member of the group Comebuckley. Now, Comebuckley will play a concert proper later this evening at Dada-house in Zürich. The concert begins at midnight, entrance is free, there will be a party till four o'clock in the morning. In an hour's time Andi will give you a taste of his stupendous voice; and after we have finished here we can go to his concert and the party. But we can't leave before we haven't finished a philosophical football quiz, with prizes. And, naturally, there will be music during the evening, a sound mixture of the Sound of the Sixties.

True to the spirit of the 60ies, I have brought with me some antediluvian technical gear, but I am confident that the loudspeakers will last through the whole evening.

This afternoon we had some fun and passion. Then we enjoyed a splendid meal. Now the hard work begins, because I will treat you with some culture and with some politics. Not without passion, I hope.

We celebrate or at least commemorate forty years since the events of May 68. If I look around I can see some people who were not even born in 68. Nevertheless, historic remembrance can never be a bad thing, so I will present some snippets from Zürich's past, just to show that Zürich is not only banks and chocolates, but also snippets from the more recent past of our football teams.

In the sixties, a new movement started with culture, especially with music. Look at this picture:



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This is one of the most swinging, wild, even infamous clubs in Zürich in the Sixties. How sweet-mannered it looks today, and now naff the design, the colours and the typeface. The well-dressed person stepping out of the club is Georgie Fame, which some might know as a British Blues- and Jazz-pianist, who had a big hit in 1968 with *The Ballad of Bonnie and Clyde*.

There were badder boys in town, for instance the Rolling Stones in 1967, playing in Zürich's biggest hall. After the gig, there were some damaged folding chairs



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and some minor skirmishes outside the stadium. Zürich's men in blue, completely surprised, acted with considerable force, the seeds for future battles.

In May 1968, Jimi Hendrix came to play in the same hall, at a monster concert with Eric Burdon and the Animals, Traffic and other groups. This is a picture of him behind the stage,



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and it is especially interesting because in the forefront, you can detect a local beer, Hürliemannbräu, which is still available today, I think, although the company has been bought by Carlsberg, I think.

At the same time, the student's movement had started political protests, running through streets with banners, shouting and sometimes even laughing.



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Pictures we know from most of the European cities in 1967 and 1968. But it was still a shock, when the pride of Zurich,



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the white-and-blue Tram, still circulating on an tight timetable today, was confronted with pictures from Vietnam, wishing a Merry Christmas in times of war.

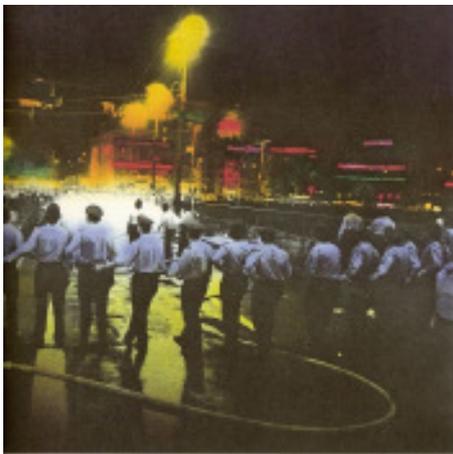
Politics and culture combined in the demand for a new youth centre, a so-called AJZ, autonomes Jugendzentrum. Now this Autonomous Youth Centre, with the emphasis on Centre and autonomous was, in 68, a genuine Swiss invention: A place where the youth could come together freed from the shackles of insulation and alienation, and take matters in their own hands. There was a building which would have fitted this purpose, so-called Globus-provisorium. A provisional building from which a department store wanted to move out, just in front of the main train station, on one of the main bridges of Zurich. You might have passed the place yesterday.

Look at this picture of innocence, the building is to the right, and people mingling with cars on the street.



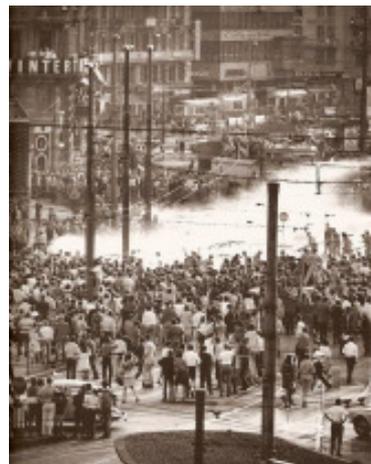
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So the building was squatted, and when the town council didn't succumb to the demand, there was a huge demonstration, and the white riot started. There are pictures which have a surreal aesthetic quality.



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the police showed a quite unexpected brutality,



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But appearances can be deceptive, because

many demonstrators were dragged into the cellar of the building and viciously beaten. It was a moment, when Switzerland lost, not for the first time, its supposed innocence.

One of the main achievements which came out of 68 was the feminist movement.



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The German writing on the wall reads: witches are living a better life, and I quite like the contradiction in the picture with a completely baffled elderly woman wondering what this is all about.

Now below and above and beneath the political movement, there was a lively cultural scene. I would just like to present some examples. Pop Art and Flower Power made their influence felt; and you may decipher in this picture (by Rosina Kuhn) some of the icons of the time, for instance Yoko Ono.



10

Another artist who started his career at that time was H.R. Giger. Some of you might know him as the creator of the monsters for the Alien-films, but in fact he began as an illustrator for an underground magazine, called Hotcha.

You might detect some familiar motives in this title page from 1968; and a few years later Giger's dark fantasies were in full flight.



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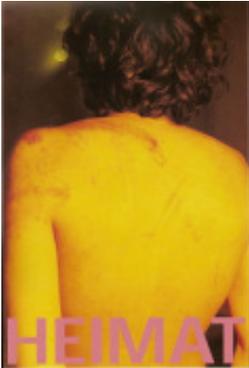
Now, political art, or politicised art, can go in two directions. Either it chooses the direct approach, the direct attack. One example is this composition by one of the foremost leaders of the student's movement, Roland Gretler.



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He reproduced a picture of a victim of an US-attack on Vietnam with Napalm, and in the middle of the construction is a mirror, in which the visitor will see his own face, surrounded by hundreds of faces of the burnt victim.

Another artist, Silvio R. Baviera, presented a picture of his own body with traces of the vicious beating by the police, underlined with a single word, Heimat, a German word which cannot be translated properly into English.



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And Hugo Schumacher painted a black female, handcuffed and gagged by a Swiss flag,



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illustrating that the Swiss economy, the banks and companies, are responsible for the oppression of blacks for instance in South Africa, where Swiss banks helped stabilise the infamous Apartheid regime. The installation crosses borders, because the two-dimensional picture on the wall is enhanced into a third dimension by the flag spilling onto the floor, reaching out to the visitor in the room.

Even an artist, Varlin, who didn't want to make a direct political comment showed a Swiss landscape in which violence was endemic.



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On the other hand one can present a satire, playing with clichés, for instance Zürich as an island of the blessed, with Geissener from Heidi in some clouds above (Irma Breitwieser).



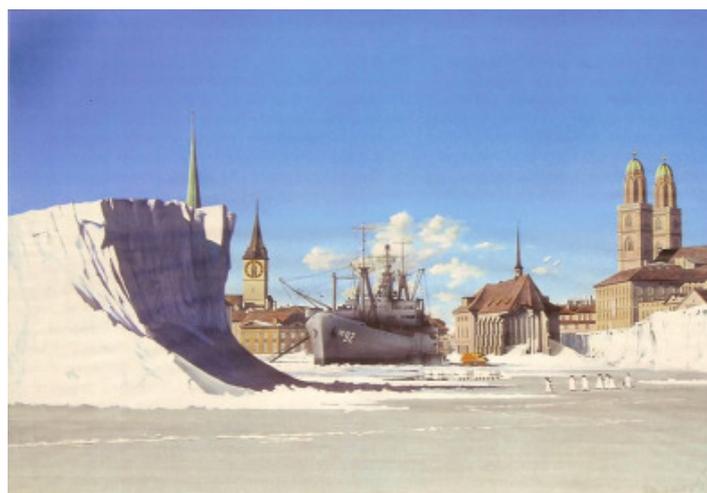
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Mario Comensoli tried to fuse the two aspects, with a sort of pop-Art painting combining some of the icons of the time, but the critical aspect becomes subordinate. So commercialisation of some of these pictures and painters started in the 1970s.



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Indeed, in 1975, Giuseppe Reichmuth created a picture which symbolised in a very witty way how it felt seven years after 68: Zürich frozen over, the main buildings conserved in ice.



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Five years later, in 1980, there was another youth movement, and it reacted to some of the old problems and used some of the old metaphors. One of its newspapers was called *The Ice-breaker*. In the midst of the ice, for a further summer, Zürich was burning. But that is another story.

I think this is enough of politics for the moment, so I'm coming to football. Although there is a connection, because the foundation of our Alternative league, in which FC Levante is still playing, was a medium-term result of 68. The story began in 1975, with a match between FC Bakunin, which took its name from the famous Anarchist, and FC Soldatenkomitee which translates as committee or council of soldiers, which was a very peculiar Swiss construction. As you know we still have no military conscription but every male Swiss citizen is obliged to do national military service. And the Soldatenkomitees tried to organise resistance inside this supposed people's army.

There exists a picture of FC Bakunin.



20

Lots of beards, raised fists, even two female players, but all to no avail: FC Bakunin lost, 3:5, obviously because of being too spontaneous and not being sufficiently organised.

One year later, in 1976, Fortschrittlicher Schweizer Fussballverband, the Progressive Swiss Football Association, was founded. I don't claim being one of the founding members, but I remember playing in 1978 with Dynamo MSV, a Marxist student's outfit which was not very fit; so the football team folded after two seasons, and the organisation folded some years later. Alternative Football League blossomed in a clandestine way. At one time, there were more than 650 players. In the mid-nineties, there was a crisis and the organisation had to be resurrected, but now, although the times have changed, we are still going fairly strong, with 25 teams in the normal League, 12 teams of women, and 7 teams in the Veteran's League.

Now I would just like to remember everybody about the connections between some of the teams which are here today. It all began in 2000, when Philosophy Football, the London team I played at this time with, came to Zurich. I got in touch with Levante Wibi, they invited us over and trounced us for our pains, unexpectedly, but deservedly, 4:0. Nevertheless, this shocking, inhospitable behaviour didn't dampen the spirit after the game.



21

You might recognise some of the Swiss players, and even two Brits who are here today. Others were checking out the culinary delights at Levante's normal pitch at Hardhof.



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I will skip the return match in London from 2001, not to embarrass Levante who lost, unexpectedly, but deservedly, 4:1.

In 2003 we met again in Pordenone, with Pier Paolo Pasolini,



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and in 2006 Levante went to Rotterdam, where we met Fijnaart. Our designer Badoux who can't be with us tonight, a comic festival in Morocco,

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because he has been invited to created a new logo for us

Sadly, I haven't been able to resurrect pictures of this trip, so we will have to do with a, somewhat blurred, glimpse of the fabulous hotel New York we stayed in

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Last year, Philosophy Football and FC Levante met again in Bra, home of the Slow food movement and innumerable cheeses which tested my taste buds quite considerably.



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And afterwards there was a nice meal, as always is.

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Cornish Al, bridging the years in more than one meaning of the word, because he wore his t-shirt from the Zürich-trip way back in 2000.

And now we are here. That was a bit long. So I play some music, and then we hear some sketches from the British school of humour.

Stefan, 31/6/2008