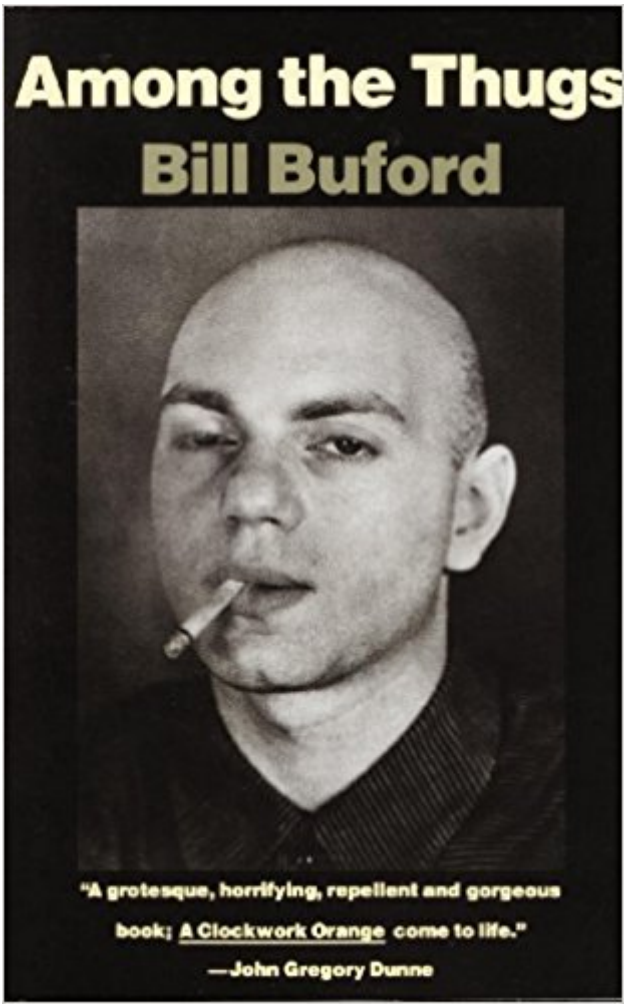
Ebook Directory
the best source of ebook

The book was found

Among The Thugs (Vintage Departures)



PDF
Adobe
DOWNLOAD EBOOK

Synopsis

They have names like Barmy Bernie, Daft Donald, and Steamin' Sammy. They like lager (in huge quantities), the Queen, football clubs (especially Manchester United), and themselves. Their dislike encompasses the rest of the known universe, and England's soccer thugs express it in ways that range from mere vandalism to riots that terrorize entire cities. Now Bill Buford, editor of the prestigious journal Granta, enters this alternate society and records both its savageries and its sinister allure with the social imagination of a George Orwell and the raw personal engagement of a Hunter Thompson.

Book Information

File Size: 3317 KB

Print Length: 321 pages

Publisher: Vintage; Reprint edition (April 24, 2013)

Publication Date: April 24, 2013

Language: English

ASIN: B00C4BA4KO

Text-to-Speech: Enabled

X-Ray: Not Enabled

Word Wise: Enabled

Lending: Not Enabled

Screen Reader: Supported

Enhanced Typesetting: Enabled

Best Sellers Rank: #95,871 Paid in Kindle Store (See Top 100 Paid in Kindle Store) #19 inÃ Â Kindle Store > Kindle eBooks > Nonfiction > Sports > Soccer #35 inÃ Â Books > Biographies & Memoirs > Sports & Outdoors > Soccer #59 inÃ Â Kindle Store > Kindle eBooks > Law > Criminal Law > Law Enforcement

Customer Reviews

Buford has written a very good book. The description on the back claims that he has done so with ÃƒÂ¢Ã â ¬Ã Å“the raw personal engagement of a Hunter S. ThompsonÃƒÂ¢Ã â ¬Ã Â• and there are, indeed, sections of the book in which raw personal engagement is the driver of the account. But the comparison with Thompson is unfair to Buford, who uses himself in his narrative in a more restrained and more effective way, i.e., to support his main points rather than to supersede them. If any New Journalism comparison were apt, it would be to Tom Wolfe or Norman Mailer.The book

has a clear arc. At the beginning Buford is an outsider in every sense of the word: he stands on a railroad platform as a train overtaken by ÃƒÂ¢Ã â ¬Ã Å“supportersÃƒÂ¢Ã â ¬Ã Â• stops only to kick a few people out. The singing and debauchery are contained within the railroad cars; the scene is as mysterious as it is shocking. Determined to learn more, the reporter goes to his first football match, but finds that, even inside the cages at the Tottenham ground, he is still an outsider. Then he meets Mick, a hard-drinking, brawling Manchester United supporter. The rest of the book follows Buford as he makes his way deeper into the Manchester ÃƒÂ¢Ã â ¬Ã Å“firm.ÃƒÂ¢Ã â ¬Ã Â• He travels with them to Turin, where he is belittled as a fooking journalist and sees (or participates in?) in his first riot. Eventually he is accepted.But by the end of the book Buford has referred to his ÃƒÂ¢Ã â ¬Ã Å“fellowsÃƒÂ¢Ã â ¬Ã Â• as ÃƒÂ¢Ã â ¬Ã Å“a bunch of little s***sÃƒÂ¢Ã â ¬Ã Â• and has broken off from the main group in the middle of a riot. Disgusted at the crowd he was so recently a part of, he is beaten by Italian police.Buford uses his narrative to avoid the greatest weakness of post-modern writing: its nearly religious aversion to the value judgment. There was a moment when I feared for the quality of the book. On page 182 Buford begins a historiography of crowd psychology and physiology. He trots out theories and drops names ÃƒÂ¢Ã â ¬Ã â œ Clarendon, Gabriel Tarde, Alexander Hamilton, Hipplyte Taine, Scipio Sighele, Plato, Thomas Carlyle, Gustave LeBon, Gibbon, Hitler, and Freud ÃƒÂ¢Ã â ¬Ã â œ spends several pages on a photograph from Yugoslavia, and waxes poetic about the crowd consciousness, for a moment concluding that its key component is nothingness, simplicity, ÃƒÂ¢Ã â ¬Ã Å“nihilistic purity.ÃƒÂ¢Ã â ¬Ã Â• He lists this together with religious ecstasy, sexual excess, inflicting and feeling pain, and drugs as the best examples of the ÃƒÂ¢Ã â ¬Ã Å“incineration of self-consciousness,ÃƒÂ¢Ã â ¬Ã Â• the ÃƒÂ¢Ã â ¬Ã Å“transcendence of our sense of the personal.ÃƒÂ¢Ã â ¬Ã Â• But the last words, which I've already mentioned, are ÃƒÂ¢Ã â ¬Ã Å“Nothingness in its beauty, its simplicity, its nihilistic purity.ÃƒÂ¢Ã â ¬Ã Â•I had to put the book down upon reading and re-reading this section. All of a sudden the well-chosen photograph of the thug on the cover didn't seem so ugly. How could it when compared to the idea that the ÃƒÂ¢Ã â ¬Ã Å“incineration of self-consciousnessÃƒÂ¢Ã â ¬Ã Â• is so easily associated with ÃƒÂ¢Ã â ¬Ã Å“nothingness,ÃƒÂ¢Ã â ¬Ã Â• with ÃƒÂ¢Ã â ¬Ã Å“nihilistic purityÃƒÂ¢Ã â ¬Ã Â•? This assertion of the ÃƒÂ¢Ã â ¬Ã Å“transcendence of the personalÃƒÂ¢Ã â ¬Ã Â• actually ÃƒÂ¢Ã â ¬Ã â œ and very clearly ÃƒÂ¢Ã â ¬Ã â œ denied the existence of anything but the personal. Had Buford delved more deeply into Plato and less deeply into Freud, he might have been reminded that the transcendence of the personal also takes place in conversation (friendship), politics, and especially philosophy. If he had not skipped from Plato

straight to thoroughly modern examples like Gibbon and Hamilton, he might not have implied that religious ecstasy is nihilistic in nature.And in the end, Buford may well have done these things. In fact, he may have added his own nonviolent, non-sexually excessive, non-drug induced ÃƒÂ¢Ã â ¬Ã Å“incineration of self-consciousness.ÃƒÂ¢Ã â ¬Ã Â•Toward the height of the riot at the end of the book, Buford steps out of the crowd in one direction and observes one who has done the same in the opposite direction. A young Englishman is breaking things. His time not breaking things is spent looking for things to break. Something in Buford snaps. The lad is a little s***, and nothing more. Then he sees an Italian man rushing his family to the relative safety of their home, struggling to get a stroller up the steps and behind the metal screen of his shop. This man, because he is not called one, is not a little s***.After Buford transcends himself and becomes human again, he wants nothing more than to be rid of the crowd. He sprints ahead of them, right into a trap set by Italian police. As the mob retreats, trying to stuff themselves through a tiny gate, Buford sulks behind two cars and assumes a fetal position, bringing up his arms to protect his head. The police will follow the crowd, he reasons. But not all of them do, and our intrepid narrator is beaten very badly by policemen who cannot have been apprised of his sudden change of heart. He was a member of a rioting crowd, and has paid for the ÃƒÂ¢Ã â ¬Ã Å“transcendenceÃƒÂ¢Ã â ¬Ã Â• of his humanity by being treated inhumanely. A fair price, I suppose.The wisest of the thinkers Buford references in the book seem to have been right. The crowd is a wild animal, a pack of wolves, the scum that boils up the surface of the cauldron of a city, even a bunch of little s***s. I don't believe that grammarians have invented a suitable opposite of personification. But that opposite of personification is what a crowd does to itself, and therefore what the great thinkers ÃƒÂ¢Ã â ¬Ã â œ and, more immediately, the civil authorities ÃƒÂ¢Ã â ¬Ã â œ do to the crowd. To be in a crowd is exhilarating, as Buford learns early on, as the mustachioed man in that picture from Yugoslavia learned in that moment. But there is no good ÃƒÂ¢Ã â ¬Ã Å“transcendence of the personalÃƒÂ¢Ã â ¬Ã Â• or ÃƒÂ¢Ã â ¬Ã Å“incineration of the self-consciousnessÃƒÂ¢Ã â ¬Ã Â• that happens in a crowd: each of those things is requisite to an abandonment of humanity. Not to pass moral judgment on crowds as such is to remain neutral on the very idea of human exceptionalism.I was very happy that Buford could drum up the courage, finally, to see things as they are.

What kind of crazy bastard deliberately puts himself into the middle of rioting crowds in order to learn about them? Bill Buford does.I am in awe of his bravery and his foolishness.As I write this, weeks of "protests" against police brutality having been going on in nearby cities. They start out as

peaceful marches, and then eventually result in blocked freeways, destroyed property, and looting. The narrative is always that a few bad apples have coopted the protests and used them for cover to commit crimes.But now, having read this book, I wonder, is that really what is happening?Buford discovers something amazing: Being part of a lawless crowd is a high better than most drugs, an intensely euphoric experience.And, beyond that, there really is not much more in the way of meaning or explanation for what a violent crowd does.Buford, in addition to being nuts, is a supremely talented writer. I found myself being entertained and appalled by his descriptions, and I liked how he structured his book.It is a great book, and I don't know that anyone else could or would have written anything like it.

I very pleased that I bought this title after having read it. It's the second Buford book I have ready (the other was Heat), and his writing does an excellent job of capturing the personalities of the people he embeds himself with. His writing places the reader in the scene almost as a participant rather than an observer, in a way that is difficult to describe. This title resembles HST's Hells Angels, but writing is somewhat more accessible (I'm sure others would disagree on Hells Angels).Content-wise, it's an excellent view into England's hooligan culture, as well as English national pride and regional association. There is also some interesting material on the skinhead movement and the National Front.

Over the years, I've read newspaper accounts of violence at English football matches. The reasons for the violence and how it happens were a mysteries. This book explains it. The writer also explains why England is a very dangerous place to live.

A great book about crowd psychology and English football. I don't know exactly what I was expecting from this book but it was an interesting story and although it takes a deep look at the violence of English football fans at the time it does not come across as a glorification of violence.

After being a huge fan of American sports and falling into football in early 2000's this is not to be dismissed. The mob mentality is affront and the fact that the MLS is trying to propagate this between New York teams is frightening and truly without merit. They have no history and as such is truly the meaning of mob mentality.

Growing up I was always fascinated with the violence surrounding soccer. How can a sport called

the beautiful game attract such violence? Reading this book, you get to the heart of the typical English hooligan. What motivates them and fuels their rage. The level of violence described in this book is shocking but more shocking is the way this behavior is justified by supporters. A true view of the hooligan culture of the 80s and 90s.

Decent book but I would have been interested to read about other clubs hooligans besides ManU, Chelsea, etc. More in depth descriptions of the English neighborhoods around the football grounds would have been nice as well.

Download to continue reading...

Among the Thugs (Vintage Departures) Among the Thugs Vintage Fashion from the Mid-1920s: Vintage Women Adult Coloring Book #14 (Vintage Women: Adult Coloring Books) (Volume 14) Vintage Women: Adult Coloring Book #2: Vintage Fashion from the Edwardian Era (Vintage Women: Adult Coloring Books) (Volume 2) Vintage Women: Adult Coloring Book #7: Vintage Fashion Layouts from the Early 1920s (Vintage Women: Adult Coloring Books) (Volume 7) Vintage Women: Adult Coloring Book #3: Vintage Fashion from the Early 1920s (Vintage Women: Adult Coloring Books) (Volume 3) Ruthless River: Love and Survival by Raft on the ’s Relentless Madre de Dios (Vintage Departures) Driving Hungry: A Delicious Journey, from Buenos Aires to New York to Berlin (Vintage Departures) Savages (Vintage Departures) Wild Coast: Travels on South America’s Untamed Edge (Vintage Departures) Bayou Farewell: The Rich Life and Tragic Death of Louisiana’s Cajun Coast (Vintage Departures) Confederates in the Attic: Dispatches from the Unfinished Civil War (Vintage Departures) Goodbye to a River: A Narrative (Vintage Departures) The Tiger: A True Story of Vengeance and Survival (Vintage Departures) My Lead Dog Was A Lesbian: Mushing Across Alaska in the Iditarod--the World’s Most Grueling Race (Vintage Departures) The Road from Coorain (Vintage Departures) Tokyo Underworld: The Fast Times and Hard Life of an American Gangster in Japan (Vintage Departures) Gun Guys: A Road Trip (Vintage Departures) Surrender or Starve: Travels in Ethiopia, Sudan, Somalia, and Eritrea (Vintage Departures) Hong Kong (Vintage Departures)

Contact Us

DMCA

Privacy

FAQ & Help