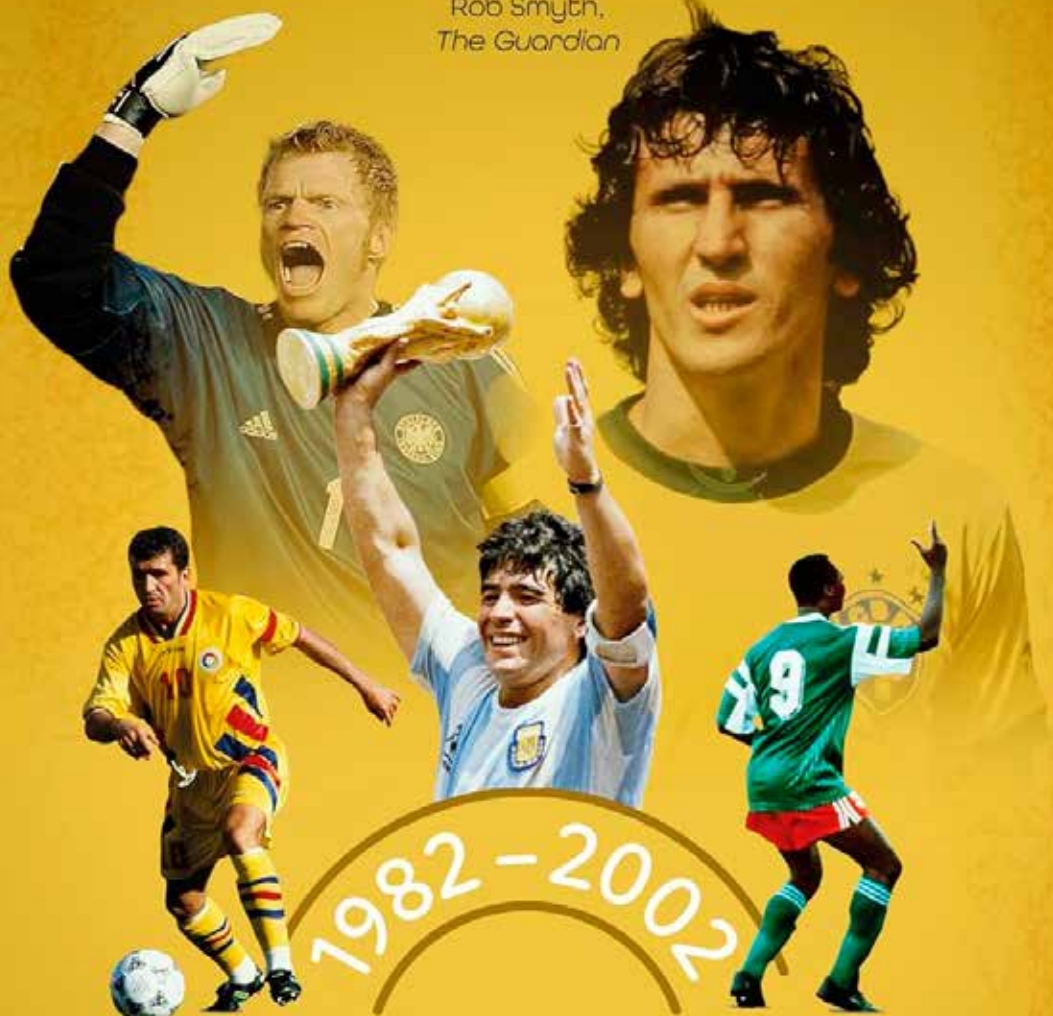


JONATHAN O'BRIEN

"Superbly written and rich in detail, this is a joyous trip through the World Cup's most evocative era."

Rob Smyth,
The Guardian



1982-2002

GLITTERING PRIZE

THE STORY OF THE
FIFA WORLD CUP
VOLUME II

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1982-2002

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1982

THE 12TH and best World Cup was a long time in the making: Spain had been awarded the finals back in July 1966. Whether the country was ready for it, even by 1982, was another question. Following Franco's death in November 1975 after almost four decades in power, a nascent and fragile democracy was still grappling with his legacy.

In February 1981, just days after the 23-F coup which saw military officers take politicians hostage in Madrid's parliament, Barcelona striker Quini was kidnapped by Catalan separatists before being found unharmed in a Zaragoza garage. Security for España 82 was swiftly ramped up. 'There was an obsession [with security],' Spain's manager José Santamaría recalled in 1985. 'It created a state of unease and terrible insecurity. A very unpleasant time.' Santamaría's team, built around Spanish champions Real Sociedad, were banking on the ear-splitting support of their home crowd.

This time, Brazil had their dancing shoes back on. New manager Telê Santana was an idealist who emitted lofty aphorisms like 'to achieve perfection is impossible, but to get closer and closer to it is not'. The relentless attacking was accompanied by excellent results, and it all felt like a huge pushback against the machine football of 1974 and 1978.

West Germany, it seemed clear, would take some stopping. They'd looked a class apart in an admittedly abysmal Euro 80, and hadn't lost competitively since the 1978 World Cup. But manager Jupp Derwall was stuck for playmakers in the wake of Bernd Schuster's departure and, ultimately, ended up using Paul Breitner, who'd sat out international football between 1975 and 1981.

Italy looked good everywhere except up front, running out of goals at Euro 80 and then scoring only 12 times in eight World Cup qualifiers. At least Enzo Bearzot had the excuse that he'd been missing his best finisher. The pencil-slim Paolo Rossi saw his three-year ban for involvement in the *Totonero* betting scandal cut to two years on appeal, allowing Bearzot to name him in the squad. But with only three Serie A appearances since early 1980, he was the wildest of wildcards.

Defending champions Argentina looked old and over the hill. They had one not-so-secret weapon: chunky, explosive and technically sublime, the 21-year-old Diego Maradona was already the greatest young player in the world. But the Falklands/Malvinas conflict, climaxing as the finals kicked off, would hang like a shadow over their campaign.

England qualified despite wretched defeats in Bucharest, Basel and, most humiliatingly, Oslo, after which Norwegian TV commentator Bjørge Lillelien lapsed into a crazed stream of consciousness, listing every famous English person he could think of, from Henry Cooper to Princess Diana. In the end, Ron Greenwood's team stumbled over the line with a tentative win over Hungary at Wembley.

Hype was the least of Scotland's problems this time, with the draw pitting them against Brazil and the USSR in the hottest region of Spain. Northern Ireland qualified behind them, helped by Portugal's surprise capitulation in Tel Aviv; manager Billy Bingham, a dead ringer for literary lion Norman Mailer, had built a spirited if limited team. Their southern neighbours missed out on the party again, victims of atrocious refereeing against Belgium and France, while the fading Netherlands came unstuck in the same group.

There was no shortage of exotic new faces. Shoring up his re-election prospects, FIFA president João Havelange had expanded the event from 16 teams to 24, leading many to conclude that standards would surely drop. Algeria, Cameroon, Honduras, Kuwait and New Zealand all made debuts, and were accompanied by El Salvador, last seen in 1970.

Unlike 16, 24 had no square root, so FIFA cooked up a new format. The six groups would send 12 teams into the second round, which consisted of four groups of three, which in turn would produce the semi-finalists. It threw up some great football but, tellingly, FIFA never tried it again.

Spain was determined to put its best face forward. Joan Miró painted the tournament's colourful poster, and Plácido Domingo sang the official song, the flamenco-flavoured *El Mundial*. But the threat of violent disruption was a live one, despite Basque separatists ETA's pledge of a

World Cup ceasefire. On the evening of 13 June, while the world's eyes were fixed on the opening game in Barcelona, a young policeman named José Luis Fernández Pernas was shot dead in the Basque countryside. Mercifully, the tournament would pass off without further bloodshed.

* * *

GROUP 1

Italy, Poland, Peru, Cameroon

Enzo Bearzot's involvement in the 1982 World Cup almost ended before it began. Twelve days before Italy's opening game against Poland in Vigo, a young woman accosted him outside the team's Roman hotel, angered by his omission of Internazionale's Evaristo Beccalossi from his squad. 'You bastard! You ape!' she screamed. Bearzot slapped her face, shouting, 'How dare you! I could be your father.' Despite a hasty apology, the manager already looked like damaged goods.

Following an unimpressive friendly win over Sporting Braga, FIGC president Federico Sordillo growled, 'If this is the real Italy, we'll be flying home immediately.' The game in Vigo almost didn't go ahead, due to problems with the Estadio Balaídos's water supply and electricity. The Poles wanted only a draw and, not for the last time in the tournament, overstaffed their midfield to secure it.

Referee Michel Vautrot handed out three bookings, all for the same offence. In the opening moments, Gianpiero Marini was cautioned for not retreating ten yards at a free kick. Zbigniew Boniek and Gaetano Scirea clearly weren't paying attention: both later met the same fate. Boniek would be haunted by that needless yellow card later in the tournament. Here, he was anonymous; it was speculated that facing six of his new team-mates at Juventus (whom he'd just joined for £1.1m) had unnerved him.

Under an overcast sky, the only sniffs of goal went to Italy. Polish goalkeeper Józef Młynarczyk kept out two well-struck efforts by Francesco Graziani, and with ten minutes left, Grzegorz Lato kicked Fulvio Collovati's header off the line before Marco Tardelli volleyed the loose ball against the bar. 'We've been very unlucky lately,' said Bearzot. 'We score few goals, although we create great opportunities. Nobody can be blamed.' He may have been trying to spare the feelings of Paolo Rossi who, in his first competitive international since the 1978 World Cup, hardly got a touch.

* * *

Eight years on from Zaire's self-inflicted humiliation, black African football's self-esteem sorely needed a boost. In A Coruña, it received one when Cameroon picked up a surprisingly easy point against a toothless Peru.

Cameroon were sitting ducks for the mockery of First World xenophobes. They'd brought along a witchdoctor who used lizards and insects in his potions, their squad contained only three professionals, and they'd neglected to supply FIFA with their players' birthdates. Most people expected a comfortable two points for Peru, but the Africans made light of the pre-match ridicule, looking the better side.

They had one obvious star in their ranks. Long before becoming a global icon, Roger Milla was already 30 and an established scorer in the French league. His rising drive brought a good save from Ramón Quiroga, his downward header clipped a post, and on 34 minutes he played a slick one-two with Grégoire M'Bida before burying a superb finish in the roof of the net. Linesman Adolf Prokop wrongly flagged offside, to Milla's dismay.

Peru played like yellowing photocopies of their old selves, with the much-hyped Julio César Uribe making no impact. And it already appeared a tournament too far for 33-year-old Teófilo Cubillas, who'd been parachuted into the squad at the 11th hour. Near the end, as Milla lay injured, a dog ran on to the pitch. Rounding off an undistinguished day for the officials, referee Franz Wöhrer ignored Cameroon's efforts to substitute Milla, who crawled 30 yards to the touchline to receive treatment while Cameroon's French manager Jean Vincent exploded in anger. And that was that: another 0-0, in a group that already looked like a dud.

Now, at last, some fine weather and some goals. But Italy still couldn't find the right groove against Peru in Vigo, despite going ahead with one of the best strikes of the competition. Bruno Conti fooled José Velásquez with a Cruyff turn outside the Peruvian box, then opened up his body to guide a spectacular right-footer into the top corner. The Roma man normally only used his right for standing on, despite spending most of his career on that wing.

Soon afterwards, the burly Velásquez accidentally ran into referee Walter Eschweiler, flattening him and breaking one of his teeth. At half-time, West German foreign minister Hans-Dietrich Genscher (Eschweiler's boss in the *Bundesrepublik's* diplomatic corps) rang

the stadium to check on his wellbeing. ‘My dear minister, there’s no impairment except the innate brain damage,’ came the reply.

The stoppage broke Italy’s concentration: instead of moving through the gears, they slowed down. Rossi, again dreadful, was replaced at half-time by the ageing Franco Causio. In the dressing room, he angrily hurled one of his boots at the door. His no-show moved *La Repubblica’s* Gianni Brera to describe him as ‘an ectoplasm of himself’.

In the second half, Peru took control. When Collovati tripped Juan Carlos Oblitas in the box, Eschweiler waved play on. Then, after Zoff saved bravely at Jaime Duarte’s feet, Guillermo La Rosa shot wide of a gaping goal. Their late equaliser came from an unlikely source: their veteran captain Rubén Díaz, playing through the pain of a broken nose he’d suffered against Cameroon. After Conti was penalised for handball, Cubillas tapped the free kick across to Díaz, all alone 25 yards out. His low shot deflected off Collovati’s leg, and the wrong-footed Zoff slumped in anguish as the ball bounced in.

Gazzetta dello Sport called it ‘uno squallido pareggio’ – a dreary draw. ‘I’m totally disappointed in my team,’ Bearzot lamented. Back home, though, public attention was elsewhere following the macabre discovery of Vatican banker Roberto Calvi’s corpse, hanging under Blackfriars Bridge in London.

* * *

The Poles seemed in awe of Cameroon’s physicality. ‘Nobody knows anything about Africans in Poland,’ read one Polish-language account of the match. ‘Everyone expects us to put them down. But the Cameroonians are built like Hercules.’ Midfielder Janusz Kupcewicz recalled, ‘Cameroon did things differently. But subsequent footballing history proved this wasn’t a team who suddenly just dropped out of the sky. They could play.’

An open, watchable game was notable for the number of shots at both ends. Cameroon goalkeeper Thomas N’Kono turned Andrzej Szarmach’s free kick over the bar, Emmanuel Kundé tested Młynarczyk twice from long range, and Poland’s best chance came when Włodzimierz Smolarek nodded against the bar. Szarmach couldn’t convert the rebound, and N’Kono fell on Lato’s headed follow-up.

In the second half, both teams had seemingly certain goals cleared off the line: Boniek’s shot was blocked by René N’Djeya in a scramble, and Stefan Majewski cleared Kundé’s lob from under the bar. Meanwhile, Milla again looked the best player on the field. In stoppage time, he chested

down Abega's cross, but Młynarczyk smothered his shot; earlier, he'd been booked for throwing the ball in Żmuda's face after the big defender fouled him. Not the most polished of matches, but undeniably entertaining.

In the Polish press, Boniek was accused of 'saving his precious legs' because he didn't care about playing for his country. Years later, he remarked bitterly, 'When I signed for Juventus, most [Polish] journalists, old commies, saw me as a man who didn't care about anything any more, least of all the national team.'

But Boniek, refreshingly, was no prima donna when it came to being moved around the pitch like a pawn. 'When a man's in shape, he can play in any position,' he said in 2015. 'At Juventus, I was an attacking midfielder, but when I had to, I could go in defence. It's a matter of willingness, resolve, commitment and dedication. When I hear players saying, "Oh, the coach put me on the left, I have to be on the right," it's just fakery.' Against Peru in A Coruña, manager Antoni Piechniczek pushed him up front, and finally his spark ignited.

After Díaz's free kick struck a post, Poland took over. Smolarek wasted a one-on-one against Quiroga, Boniek and Buncol both hit the bar, and Kupcewicz headed over from close range. Piechniczek told his players at the break, 'If we don't win this, for me it'll be the end of the adventure with the national team, but for most of you too. The new manager might not pick you.' Boniek then waved a fist, 'We must finally score this goal!'

Shortly after Cubillas's long international career concluded with an humiliating substitution, Smolarek ended Poland's four-hour drought with a low shot through Quiroga after Kupcewicz played him in. Peru promptly disintegrated. Jorge Olaechea's overlap left Lato free on the right, and the balding veteran had his mind made up for him by Quiroga's charge out of the box, rolling it under him from 25 yards. Then, with Olaechea sleeping again, Boniek swept home Lato's cross for Poland's third goal in five minutes. 'Now you can all kiss my ass!' he screamed in the direction of the press box.

The fourth was the best team goal of España 82. After Lato's cross-field ball was dummied by Boniek, Buncol conducted a one-two with the playmaker, who back-heeled it into his path before he crashed it into the roof of the net. And after Barbadillo smacked a chance against the bar, the rampant Poles went 5-0 up. Lato, again having the right flank to himself ('Mango' Olaechea's performance was one for the World Cup

Chamber of Horrors; an actual mango would've been more use), pulled the ball across for substitute Włodzimierz Ciołek to drill it home with his first touch.

Though Guillermo La Rosa hustled past Żmuda to bang in a late consolation, it was mere mascara on the corpse. Afterwards, Peru's elderly manager Tim fainted and was rushed to hospital. Midfielder Germán Leguía alleged that the FPF had leaned on Tim to pick Cubillas, 'Teófilo was told he'd be a sub, but in the end, he was a starter. Uribe was the one most affected by that. Cubillas broke the team.'

* * *

G'Olé!, the official film of the 1982 World Cup, is a wonderful watch: fabulous photography, Sean Connery's deadpan narration, Rick Wakeman's splashy synthesiser soundtrack. In one scene, Cameroon's players are filmed before their showdown with Italy, eating at their hotel and having a sing-song on their team bus: an exotic and eye-catching sideshow in colourful garb.

A win in Vigo would see Cameroon knock out one of Europe's superpowers. But they showed no desire to do so. Almost everything written about this match down the years claims they pushed Italy all the way and were even the better team. In reality, had Italy taken half their chances, they'd have won handsomely. Graziani nodded Gentile's cross over, Michel Kaham cleared Cabrini's looping header off the line, and N'Kono pushed another header by Collovati on to the bar. When Antognoni's chipped free kick caught Cameroon asleep, the unmarked Conti dithered horribly before blasting wide.

Italy's goal, just after the hour, was a strange one. Graziani outjumped two defenders to meet Rossi's cross; N'Kono might have saved the header, but seemed to get his feet tangled up and slipped as the ball sailed inside the far post.

But the lead lasted for 75 seconds. 'We all looked at each other and thought we could not die without [fulfilling] our potential,' Grégoire M'Bida recalled in 2012. Milla flipped the ball into the goalmouth from the left, Ibrahim Aoudou's head nudged it on as the Italians stood still, and M'Bida darted in to tap the loose ball past Zoff. The TV director seemed unsure who'd scored, mistakenly zooming in on Aoudou.

In a match without substitutions (for probably the last time in World Cup history), there was no subsequent 'what if?' moment, no pivotal incident where Cameroon could have changed the course of football history. Instead, they played safe until the end. Many sources claim Zoff

saved brilliantly from Kaham to keep Italy in the tournament, but this was a long-range shot at 0-0 which the goalkeeper caught in his sleep.

Some people thought there might be another explanation for Cameroon's curious passivity. Afterwards, a reporter from French magazine *Onze* asked Bearzot how much money Italy had paid Cameroon to lie down. Then, in April 1984, investigative journalist Oliviero Beha's book *Mundialgate* went into considerable detail building a case that the result had been agreed in advance by the Neapolitan Camorra.

Cameroon's manager Jean Vincent, buttonholed by *La Repubblica* in September 1984, said, 'The corruption thing is nonsense. Italy were far stronger than Cameroon. I don't see why they should have to buy themselves a draw.' Milla, however, was quoted in *Mundialgate*, 'I asked Vincent to attack. Vincent told us to stay back. My team-mates wanted to attack, but not him. He said, "Calm, calm."'

Bearzot said after the tournament, 'I'm guaranteeing the honesty of our victory in Spain. How can people think I'd dirty my hands for a point against Cameroon?' And few in Italy wanted to know. *Corriere dello Sport* called the story 'more imaginative than the *Hitler Diaries*', and Beha recalled that Gianni Brera, the legendary *calcio* columnist, 'said everything we had written was crap but later admitted, in front of a judge, that he hadn't read a line of our inquiry'. Beha himself received death threats and lost his job.

Some journalists theatrically begged Bearzot to bring the team home on the first flight available, lest they embarrass the nation further. The players had already imposed a *silenzio stampa*, shunning the press after a lurid story alleged Rossi and Cabrini were having an affair: from now on, all media duties would be handled by Zoff through gritted teeth. But with two South American giants awaiting them in Barcelona, Italy looked unlikely to be hanging around for much longer.

5.15pm, 14 June 1982
Estadio Balaidos, Vigo
Attendance: 33,040
Referee: Michel Vautrot (France)

ITALY 0
POLAND 0

ITALY: Dino Zoff (c), Gaetano Scirea, Antonio Cabrini, Claudio Gentile, Fulvio Collovati, Gianpiero Marini, Marco Tardelli, Giancarlo Antognoni, Francesco Graziani, Paolo Rossi, Bruno Conti. **Manager:** Enzo Bearzot.

POLAND: Józef Młynarczyk, Jan Jałocha, Stefan Majewski, Władysław Żmuda (c), Paweł Janas, Waldemar Matysik, Andrzej Buncol, Grzegorz Lato, Andrzej Iwan (Marek Kusto 72), Zbigniew Boniek, Włodzimierz Smolarek. **Manager:** Antoni Piechniczek.
Booked: Marini 2, Scirea 51; Boniek 12.

* * *

5.15pm, 15 June 1982
Estadio Municipal de Riazor, A Coruña
Attendance: 11,000
Referee: Franz Wöhrer (Austria)

CAMEROON 0**PERU 0**

CAMEROON: Thomas N’Kono (c), Michel Kaham, Elie Onana, Ibrahim Aoudou, Ephrem M’Bom, Emmanuel Kundé, René N’Djeya, Grégoire M’Bida, Roger Milla (Jean-Pierre Tokoto 90), Théophile Abega, Jacques N’Guea (Paul Bahoken 73).
Manager: Jean Vincent.

PERU: Ramón Quiroga, Jaime Duarte, Salvador Salguero, Rubén Díaz (c), Jorge Olaechea, José Velásquez, César Cueto, Germán Leguía (Gerónimo Barbadillo 57), Teófilo Cubillas (Guillermo La Rosa 57), Julio César Uribe, Juan Carlos Oblitas.
Manager: Elba de Pádua Lima ‘Tim’.

Booked: N’Kono 81.

* * *

5.15pm, 18 June 1982
Estadio Balaídos, Vigo
Attendance: 25,000
Referee: Walter Eschweiler (West Germany)

ITALY 1 (Conti 19)**PERU 1** (Díaz 84)

ITALY: Zoff (c), Scirea, Cabrini, Gentile, Collovati, Marini, Tardelli, Antognoni, Graziani, Rossi (Franco Causio 46), Conti.

PERU: Quiroga, Duarte, Salguero, Díaz (c), Olaechea, Velásquez, Cueto, Barbadillo (La Rosa 65), Cubillas, Uribe (Leguía 65), Oblitas.

Booked: Tardelli 52; Duarte 76.

* * *

5.15pm, 19 June 1982
Estadio Municipal de Riazor, A Coruña
Attendance: 19,000
Referee: Alexis Ponnet (Belgium)

CAMEROON 0**POLAND 0**

CAMEROON: N’Kono (c), Kaham, Onana, Aoudou, M’Bom, Kundé, N’Djeya, M’Bida, Milla, Abega, N’Guea (Tokoto 46).

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POLAND: Młynarczyk, Jałocha, Majewski, Janas, Żmuda (c), Andrzej Pałasz (Kusto 67), Buncol, Lato, Iwan (Andrzej Szarmach 26), Boniek, Smolarek.

Booked: Aoudou 41, Milla 80; Pałasz 34.

5.15pm, 22 June 1982

Estadio Municipal de Riazor, A Coruña

Attendance: 25,000

Referee: Mario Rubio (Mexico)

POLAND 5 (Smolarek 56; Lato 59; Boniek 61; Buncol 68; Ciołek 77)

PERU 1 (La Rosa 83)

POLAND: Młynarczyk, Jałocha (Marek Dziuba 27), Majewski, Janas, Żmuda (c), Janusz Kupcewicz, Matysik, Buncol, Boniek, Lato, Smolarek (Włodzimierz Ciołek 74).

PERU: Quiroga, Duarte, Salguero, Díaz (c), Olaechea, Velásquez, Cueto, Leguía, Cubillas (Barbadillo 50), La Rosa, Oblitas (Uribe 50).

Booked: Velásquez 32.

5.15pm, 23 June 1982

Estadio Balaídos, Vigo

Attendance: 20,000

Referee: Bogdan Dochev (Bulgaria)

ITALY 1 (Graziani 61)

CAMEROON 1 (M'Bida 62)

ITALY: Zoff (c), Scirea, Cabrini, Gentile, Collovati, Gabriele Oriali, Tardelli, Antognoni, Graziani, Rossi, Conti.

CAMEROON: N'Kono (c), Kaham, Onana, Aoudou, M'Bom, Kundé, N'Djeya, M'Bida, Milla, Abega, Tokoto.

Booked: Antognoni 37; N'Djeya 36.

GROUP 1	P	W	D	L	F	A	GD	Pts
POLAND	3	1	2	0	5	1	+4	4
ITALY	3	0	3	0	2	2	0	3
CAMEROON	3	0	3	0	1	1	0	3
PERU	3	0	2	1	2	6	-4	2

Poland and Italy qualified for the second round.

GROUP 2

West Germany, Algeria, Chile, Austria

Touching down in Spain ahead of their clash with the European champions, Algeria got a lesson in dirty tricks. As they filed through customs at Oviedo

airport, one player was startled to find a lump of hash in his pocket. The Spanish police subsequently detained a Chilean journalist.

The draw seemed too good to be true for West Germany. 'You could play Chile in the morning and Algeria in the evening,' quipped Jupp Posipal, one of the legends of 1954. Manager Jupp Derwall sneered, 'If we don't beat Algeria, I'll take the next train home.' Things were so loose in the Germans' build-up at their hotel in Schluchsee that, one night, Manni Kaltz, Horst Hrubesch and Uwe Reinders drunkenly ordered 100 fried eggs through room service. More than 90 were reportedly binned untouched.

Small wonder that Derwall's videotapes of Algeria's qualifiers went unplayed. 'My players would call me stupid if I tried to tell them about Algeria,' he said. (This is an actual quote.) One unnamed German player promised to smoke a cigar during the game; another bragged that the seventh goal would be dedicated to the squad's wives and the eighth to their pets. 'It gave us the rage to conquer,' said Algeria's Salah Assad. 'We gave them a beautiful slap.'

In Gijón, the Germans looked apathetic in a terrible first half (which, for reasons unknown, kicked off three minutes early). But if going in scoreless at the break was embarrassing, something more harrowing was in store. Algeria came out for the second half wearing a different shirt design, and their newfound attacking intent was rewarded with a shock goal. After Paul Breitner lost the ball, Djamel Zidane put Lakhdar Belloumi clean through. His shot looped off goalkeeper Toni Schumacher, but fell nicely for Rabah Madjer to lob it over two opponents and into the net.

Out of sheer muscle memory, West Germany hit back, Karl-Heinz Rummenigge burying Felix Magath's low cross at the near post. Normal service was resumed. Or not. Fifty-nine seconds later, Algeria sensationally scored again. Mustafa Dahleb sent Assad down the left, and the flame-haired winger crossed for Belloumi to slam home from three yards as Schumacher and Breitner gaped at him.

Anything now seemed possible. Dispossessing Pierre Littbarski outside the Algerian box, right-back Chaâbane Merzekane embarked on a preposterous 70-yard run, dodging Wolfgang Dremmler and nutmegging Hans-Peter Briegel before Schumacher dived at his feet. Littbarski's tap-in was ruled out for a push by Briegel, and Rummenigge headed Klaus Fischer's cross against the bar, but Algeria hung on for their greatest ever win.

'I still can't believe we lost,' a shaken Derwall said. To his credit, he also clambered on to Algeria's team bus to shake their hands. At home, the knives slid out of their scabbards. The *Süddeutsche Zeitung* wrote

that 'this feels like the sinking of the Titanic', while the *Hamburger Morgenpost* called West Germany 'world champions only in bragging'.

With roughly 3,000 Algerian fans already in Spain, another 40,000 now flocked across the Mediterranean and headed north for Asturias. Co-manager Rachid Mekhloufi said of his team, 'What they've done is an historical event that nothing can erase. But maintaining it is the most difficult thing.' So it would prove.

Though Austria had qualified comfortably, two defeats by West Germany went down badly with Karl Sekanina, the fearsome tycoon who ruled the Österreichischer Fußball-Bund. In December 1981, he fired manager Karl Stotz, intending to parachute the legendary Ernst Happel in for the finals. But Hamburg refused to release Happel, who shrugged, 'Whether I spend my summer in Spain or the Wachau Valley, Karl's my friend. If this thing's not properly regulated, I'll do nothing.'

Stotz sued the ÖFB and won, then disgustedly turned his back on football for good. Caretakers Georg Schmidt and Felix Latzke took over, and neither name got Austrian pulses racing: Schmidt was a grey man, Latzke a fitness fanatic who worked players to the bone. But against Chile in Oviedo, on a rain-sodden pitch, Austria took a facile lead. Nobody closed down Bernd Krauss as he ambled along the right, and Walter Schachner's corkscrew curls glanced his cross into the far corner.

Krauss dirtied his bib immediately, bringing down Carlos Caszely for a penalty. (Chile's manager Luis Santibáñez, a one-man generator of strange quotes, had claimed beforehand that 'we've already buried our amulets on the penalty spot' of the Estadio Carlos Tartiere.) Caszely picked himself up but, perhaps distracted by a phalanx of photographers gathering behind Friedrich Koncilia's goal, rolled the spot-kick wide.

The young winger Patricio Yáñez should have had another penalty when Bruno Pezzey tripped him, but Austria were comfortable, and Schachner nearly scored again after Chile's unconvincing goalkeeper Mario Osbén spilled Reinhold Hintermaier's free kick. Already the South Americans looked doomed – although their legendary captain, Elías 'El Impasable' Figueroa, had made a little piece of history by becoming the only grandfather ever to play in the finals, at the age of 35.

'I've never been so depressed, and I've never been under such extreme pressure,' Karl-Heinz Rummenigge lamented before West Germany faced

Chile in Gijón. Carrying a thigh injury, the reigning European Footballer of the Year hadn't been expected to play, but Derwall picked him anyway. 'We thought, "This fucker's injured, he'll only play at half-power,"' said Figueroa.

In the event, Rummenigge arrived at the stadium well before the rest of the German team, running sprints under assistant manager Erich Ribbeck's supervision. And against a bad side whose pre-match blessing by the archbishop of Asturias did them no good, he reigned supreme. When Littbarski teed him up 25 yards out, the shot should have been easy for Osbén, who instead dived so slowly that the ball squirted under him. The Spanish TV director, caught unawares, cut to a close-up of Rummenigge while the ball was crossing the line.

With Chile swamped as Breitner directed traffic, it was surprising that it took West Germany an hour to score again. Littbarski beat Vladimir Bigorra on the right, and Rummenigge headed his cross straight at Osbén, who kned it in off the post. 'Our goalkeeper had a black day today,' defender Lizardo Garrido said with measured understatement.

Ravenous for a hat-trick, Rummenigge soon claimed it, stepping on to Magath's back-heel and rattling a low shot past the stationary Osbén. Chile now uselessly began playing some football. Miguel Neira hit the underside of the bar from two yards, and Yáñez rounded Schumacher before Karlheinz Förster cleared off the line. West Germany responded by going 4-0 up, substitute Uwe Reinders cutting inside Bigorra and scoring with his left foot.

Chile's late consolation was the best goal of the day. Left-winger Gustavo Moscoso fooled Kaltz with two juggles, nutmegged him, then rifled the loose ball into the far corner. It meant little, but it cost Schumacher a clean sheet and probably intensely annoyed him, so there was that.

'We're bad, full stop!' groaned Santiago broadsheet *La Tercera*. Another Chilean paper, *El Mercurio*, remarked that 'Chile died a noiseless death'. Meanwhile, West Germany could breathe again. 'After this game, we thought, "Now we're really in the World Cup,"' said Hrubesch. Pelé was less complimentary, dismissing them as 'ten robots and Rummenigge'.

* * *

In Oviedo, the euphoric Algerians suffered a cold shower against Austria. Many years later, co-manager Mekhloufi revealed that certain players had taken their eye off the ball, possibly due to a pre-tournament audience

with someone who may or may not have been Algeria's president Chadli Bendjedid.

'Before we went to Spain,' said Mekhloufi, 'a politician met the whole team. He said, "If you beat the Germans, you can come back right away, you needn't even bother with the other games!" His words stayed in the players' minds. After the win, they received so many phone calls from families and friends that they lost focus. Nobody was ready for the other matches.'

Kick-off was held up by one of the many surreal episodes that punctuated España 82. A headbanded Algerian fan ran on to the pitch waving the national flag, then made for the dugouts, where he began praying. Mekhloufi and Algeria's other manager Mahiedine Khalef joined him in 'kissing the soil' (as Spanish channel TVE's commentator put it), while jeering filled the air. After a six-minute delay, it became apparent that Algerian minds weren't on the job, as errors by Mahmoud Guendouz and Merzekane saw Ernst Baumeister force Mehdi Cerbah into a flying save.

Austria, unlike Derwall, had done their homework. Knowing Algeria could hurt them on the counterattack, they kept several men back at all times. Still, Koncilia went full-length to save from Zidane, then tipped Madjer's looping header on to the bar.

Knowing they needed more in attack, Schmidt and Latzke threw on winger Kurt Welzl at the interval. The switch visibly perked Austria up. Eleven minutes into the second half, Welzl's shot hit Nouredine Kourichi, rebounded off Guendouz and fell into the path of Schachner to shoot in off the far post without blinking.

Algeria were then finished off by a swift counterattack. Welzl drew two Algerians to him before finding Krankl, whose shot swerved into the far corner for his 34th and final international goal. A taller keeper than the 5ft 7in Cerbah might have stopped it.

Belloumi had already gone off with a stomach injury, and though Assad shot badly wide near the end, Algeria might have lost by more: Guendouz kicked Schachner's lob off the line, and Krankl whacked another good chance straight at Cerbah. Back to the drawing board for the north Africans, but at least their easiest assignment was up next.

Even without the unfit Belloumi, Zidane and Dahleb, Algeria were too quick-witted and speedy for Chile in an entertaining first half, with the once-imperious Figueroa repeatedly exposed. 'We knew the Algerians'

names,' said Yáñez, 'but we didn't know the movements they made.' Early on, Madjer's cross was pushed back by Tedj Bensaoula for Assad, one of the minor stars of the competition, to crash the ball home. Minutes later, Madjer's spectacular cross-shot from the left shook the post.

As they'd done against West Germany, Chile managed a few minutes of decent pressure. Moscoso, their best player, had a shot deflected just wide; from the corner, Cerbah punched away Eduardo Bonvallet's volley; and Neira again shook the crossbar from 25 yards. But Algeria hit back, Bensaoula rattling the same piece of woodwork as Madjer.

More goals were coming. First, after Bigorra missed a defensive header, Abdelmajid Bourebou teed up Assad, whose shot went in off Figueroa's leg, no way for a 16-year international career to end. Then the admirable Ali Fergani took out two Chileans with a neat pass, and Bensaoula's daisy-cutter crept past Osbén, who'd somehow kept his place after his German nightmare. A penny for the thoughts of his understudy, Marco Cornez.

If Algeria simply preserved their 3-0 lead without adding to it, West Germany would have to defeat Austria 4-3, or by two goals, to qualify. 'Algeria have nothing to beat today,' Walter Schachner said resignedly to ITV commentator Hugh Johns at half-time.

But while the north Africans looked marvellous in attack, defensively they were fatally soft. Yáñez turned Kourichi easily, Faouzi Mansouri brought him down, Neira fired the penalty home, and suddenly Algeria's swagger faded. Their lead was cut again when Juan Carlos Letelier chased a long ball to the corner, hooked it over Guendouz, skipped past Cerbah and blasted it into the net. In the final moments, Assad lashed a shot against the post, but given how things panned out, even 4-2 wouldn't have been enough for Algeria. Afterwards, Khalef expressed his hope that West Germany and Austria would 'play to the maximum' in Gijón the following day.

Believe it or not, there was little love lost between the two European neighbours. Austria were desperate to 'shoot the Germans out of the stadium', in Koncilia's words (and to win the group, avoiding afternoon kick-offs in the second round); West Germany wanted revenge for 1978. But everyone also knew a 1-0 or 2-0 German win would see both teams through.

In *I Werd' Narrisch*, Joachim Steinlechner's 2008 history of Austro-German footballing rivalry, Koncilia reflected, 'This was the only time

I played against West Germany that I saw them afraid of us. But the main thing was not to lose 3-0. We knew that when the Germans got some momentum, 1-0 could quickly become 2-0, and then we'd start to tremble: 3-0 could come along very fast.' Prohaska added, 'We went in just not to lose. But we didn't have the substance. They were nothing special, but certainly neither were we.'

The first half was perfectly normal, if unexceptional. After 60 seconds, Breitner headed just over with Koncilia in no man's land. Nine minutes later came the only goal: Horst Hrubesch missed Littbarski's cross with his head, but his massive thigh knocked it into the top corner.

If you believe everything you've read over the years, all 22 players now sat down to enjoy the sunshine and watch the grass grow. Not so. Instead, the match ambled along. Koncilia's legs kept out Dremmler, Breitner beat three Austrians before his shot was deflected over, and referee Bob Valentine missed Briegel tripping Schachner in the box.

But early in the second half, the mild patina of competitiveness melted away. 'It was like a silent agreement somewhere within the match,' said Briegel. The first real hoots of derision arrived when Rummenigge passed 30 yards back to halfway. Before long, it was clear nothing more would happen. When young Lothar Matthäus beat two opponents, Breitner yelled, 'Stop it! Do you want to ruin everything?'

Schachner, too, failed to get with the programme, and was booked for cursing at Valentine after Uli Stielike crunched him. Karlheinz Förster, disturbed by his impertinence, shouted, 'Hei, Hansi!' at Krankl, who told Schachner to ease off.

'I was the only one who knew nothing,' Schachner said in 2010. 'At half-time, there was a consensus to leave it at 1-0. Somehow, I didn't get wind of it. I was wondering why Krankl was playing *libero*! And Briegel, marking me, kept saying, "Man, Schachner, don't run so much." I went to Latzke afterwards and said, "Boss, that was a disgrace." But at least I'm off the hook!'

On German channel ZDF, reporter Harry Valérien called it 'world football's worst masquerade in recent decades'. Austrian TV commentator Robert Seeger advised his viewers to switch off, then stopped commentating. By now, El Molinón was a sea of contemptuous white handkerchiefs, accompanied by chants of 'Que se besan' – they're kissing each other. The few hundred Algerians present waved peseta banknotes at the pitch, and a German flag was set alight. Algeria's Khalef, sitting in the stands, told a reporter, 'This parody we're watching

is unacceptable and embarrassing. The players don't appear ashamed. And FIFA will wash their hands.'

When a hack suggested afterwards that Derwall had just presided over 'the most shameful exhibition of football in World Cup history', the German manager threatened to abort the press conference. Schmidt was less aggressive, but equally evasive, 'I reject the allegation that we played poorly on purpose, or wished to insult the crowd.' West Germany's team bus was egged (by Spaniards) while travelling back to their hotel; when it got there, German fans shouted abuse and threw more eggs. Schumacher dropped water balloons on them from his balcony.

The German media dubbed it *Der Nichtangriffspakt*, the non-aggression pact. One newspaper cartoon showed a housewife watching the match on TV, telling her husband, 'Something's broken on our telly. All I've got is a still picture.' *Kicker* magazine called it 'ein Nicht-Spiel', a non-game. Gijón paper *El Comercio* placed the match report in its crime section, headlined '40,000 people allegedly swindled at El Molinón by 26 German and Austrian citizens'.

Krankl was unrepentant: 'We've made the next round. I don't give a damn about the Germans.' Breitner claimed that 'almost every team tries to manage a result at some point'. Hans Tschak, head of the Austrian delegation, disgraced himself: 'If 10,000 *Wüstensöhne* [sons of the desert] here in the stadium want to trigger a scandal because of this, it just goes to show they have too few schools [in Algeria]. Some sheikh comes out of an oasis, gets a sniff of World Cup air after 300 years, and thinks he's entitled to open his mouth.'

FIFA wouldn't countenance expelling both teams from the competition, but from now on, the final two matches in World Cup groups would kick off simultaneously. No consolation to Algeria, whose FA chief Benali Hadj Sekkal declared, 'It's an honour that the Germans and the Austrians had to make a pact in order to eliminate us.'

5.12pm, 16 June 1982
Estadio Molinón, Gijón
Attendance: 42,000
Referee: Enrique Labo (Peru)

ALGERIA 2 (Madjer 53; Belloumi 68)
WEST GERMANY 1 (Rummenigge 67)

ALGERIA: Mehdi Cerbah, Chaâbane Merzekane, Faouzi Mansouri, Nouredine Kourichi, Mahmoud Guendouz, Ali Fergani (c), Djamel Zidane (Tedj Bensaoula 64),

GLITTERING PRIZE

Mustapha Dahleb, Rabah Madjer (Salah Larbès 89), Lakhdar Belloumi, Salah Assad.

Managers: Mahieddine Khalef and Rachid Mekhloufi.

WEST GERMANY: Toni Schumacher, Uli Stielike, Manni Kaltz, Karlheinz Förster, Hans-Peter Briegel, Wolfgang Dremmler, Felix Magath (Klaus Fischer 83), Paul Breitner, Horst Hrubesch, Karl-Heinz Rummenigge (c), Pierre Littbarski. **Manager:** Jupp Derwall.

Booked: Madjer 83; Hrubesch 56.

5.15pm, 17 June 1982

Estadio Carlos Tartiere, Oviedo

Attendance: 22,500

Referee: Juan Daniel Cardellino (Uruguay)

AUSTRIA 1 (Schachner 22)

CHILE 0

AUSTRIA: Friedl Koncilia, Bernd Krauss, Josef Degeorgi (Ernst Baumeister 78), Erich Obermayer (c), Bruno Pezzey, Heribert Weber (Gernot Jurtin 79), Roland Hattenberger, Reinhold Hintermaier, Hans Krankl, Herbert Prohaska, Walter Schachner. **Managers:** Georg Schmidt and Felix Latzke.

CHILE: Mario Osbén, Lizardo Garrido, René Valenzuela, Vladimir Bigorra, Elías Figueroa (c), Eduardo Bonvallet, Rodolfo Dubó, Miguel Ángel Neira (Manuel Rojas 71), Carlos Caszely, Gustavo Moscoso (Miguel Ángel Gamboa 68), Patricio Yáñez.

Manager: Luis Santibáñez.

Booked: Degeorgi 12, Hattenberger 66; Garrido 29.

5.15pm, 20 June 1982

Estadio Molinón, Gijón

Attendance: 42,000

Referee: Bruno Galler (Switzerland)

WEST GERMANY 4 (Rummenigge 9, 57, 66; Reinders 82)

CHILE 1 (Moscoso 90)

WEST GERMANY: Schumacher, Stielike, Kaltz, K Förster, Briegel, Dremmler, Magath, Breitner (Lothar Matthäus 61), Hrubesch, Rummenigge, Littbarski (Uwe Reinders 79).

CHILE: Osbén, Garrido, Valenzuela, Bigorra, Figueroa (c), Mario Soto (Juan Carlos Letelier 46), Bonvallet, Dubó, Gamboa (Neira 67), Moscoso, Yáñez.

Booked: Dubó 11, Gamboa 29.

5.21pm, 21 June 1982

Estadio Carlos Tartiere, Oviedo

Attendance: 22,000

Referee: Tony Boskovic (Australia)

AUSTRIA 2 (Schachner 56; Krankl 68)

ALGERIA 0

AUSTRIA: Koncilia, Krauss, Degeorgi, Obermayer (c), Pezzey, Baumeister (Kurt Welzl 46), Hattenberger, Hintermaier, Krankl, Prohaska (Weber 80), Schachner.

ALGERIA: Cerbah, Merzekane, Mansouri, Kourichi, Guendouz, Fergani (c), Zidane, Dahleb (Djamel Tlemçani 77), Madjer, Belloumi (Bensaoula 66), Assad.

Booked: Mansouri 68.

5.15pm, 24 June 1982

Estadio Carlos Tartiere, Oviedo

Attendance: 16,000

Referee: Rómulo Méndez (Guatemala)

ALGERIA 3 (Assad 8; Figueroa 32 og; Bensaoula 35)

CHILE 2 (Neira 61 pen; Letelier 73)

ALGERIA: Cerbah, Merzekane, Larbès, Kourichi, Guendouz, Mansouri (Dahleb 74), Fergani (c), Abdelmajid Bourebou (Hocine Yahi 32), Madjer, Bensaoula, Assad.

CHILE: Osbén, Mario Galindo, Valenzuela, Bigorra, Figueroa (c), Bonvallet (Soto 38), Neira, Dubó, Caszely (Letelier 59), Moscoso, Yáñez.

Booked: Letelier 88.

5.15pm, 25 June 1982

Estadio Molinón, Gijón

Attendance: 41,000

Referee: Bob Valentine (Scotland)

WEST GERMANY 1 (Hrubesch 11)

AUSTRIA 0

WEST GERMANY: Schumacher, Stielike, Kaltz, K Förster, Briegel, Dremmler, Magath, Breitner, Hrubesch (Fischer 69), Rummenigge (Matthäus 67), Littbarski.

AUSTRIA: Koncilia, Krauss, Degeorgi, Obermayer (c), Pezzey, Weber, Hattenberger, Hintermaier, Krankl, Prohaska, Schachner.

Booked: Hintermaier 33, Schachner 74.

GROUP 2	P	W	D	L	F	A	GD	Pts
WEST GERMANY	3	2	0	1	6	3	+3	4
AUSTRIA	3	2	0	1	3	1	+2	4
ALGERIA	3	2	0	1	5	5	0	4
CHILE	3	0	0	3	3	8	-5	0

West Germany and Austria qualified for the second round.
