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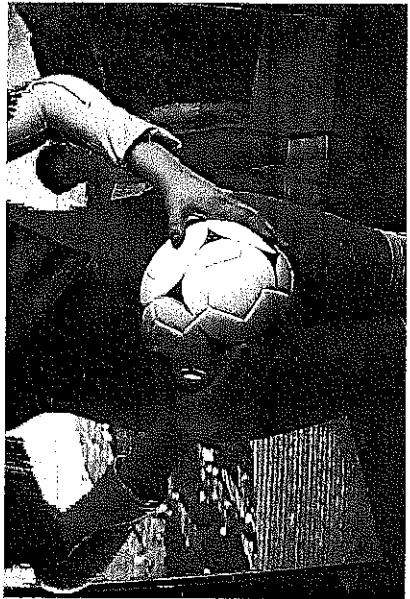
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Media and Desire in the Sport Spectacle

Jennifer Doyle

Soccer (2004) is an atypical sports text. The video installation features Wu Ingrid Tsang and Math Bass performing as the queer collaborative couple Marriage. Dressed in purple satin bodysuits with pads slipped over their knees and elbows, Tsang and Bass run in place while they rehearse the basic gestures that define soccer training. In this short video (the first of their *Fortunate Living* trilogy), the two look like aliens belonging to a third or fourth sex. Should we see them as boyish girls? Girlish boys? They have the ungainly and inchoate sexual presence peculiar to the teenage: an inherently queer failure to aspire to "adult" sexualities. They run in place and sweep the ground to their left and to their right as they shout, "Touch left!" and "Touch right!" They jump in the air and jerk their heads as they shout, "Head left!" and "Head right!" They each awkwardly juggle a ball with their feet, knees, and shoulders. They kick the balls against the wall. Sometimes they just sit. Or stretch. Or catch their breath. One seems slightly more competent than the other, but both seem unsure. They are clumsy, goofy, and shy in relation to each other—ill at ease, too, in and of themselves. They are sweet, and weird.

This weakly choreographed, lo-fi, and oddball work gestures toward the specifically queer nature of the girls sports team—and toward what Judith Halberstam describes as the "utopian vision of a world of subcultural possibilities" associated with transgender experiments in gender ambiguity.¹ That utopian impulse registers on the screen, though, in a gesture—in a sky look, a stolen glance, and a slight discomfort with being caught in this setting, in which the two are both perpetually together and not. An odd tenderness develops between the two "players" as they rehearse these routines together, moving in parallel lines toward some form of unspoken intimacy. If I describe this work as queer, it is neither because it depicts girls wanting to be boys (they are far too gender ambiguous to be that for the viewer) nor because it shows two girls together (they are "together," but they do not exactly interact with each other—they are not quite a romantic couple). It is more nearly because it playfully draws out the erotics specific to queer fantasies about what it means to play together—and what it means to play together as boys.



Wu Ingrid Tsang, *Marriage, Soccer* (from *Fortunate Living* trilogy), 2004. Courtesy of the artist.

Soccer is a half-baked dream, an incomplete sentence, a desire not quite formed but nevertheless strewn across the field of vision. This is what makes it feel "queer"—if as José Muñoz writes, "queerness is essentially a rejection of a here and now and an insistence on potentiality or concrete possibility in another world," then that queerness registers as a gesture, as "that thing that lets us feel that this world is not enough, that indeed something is missing."² *Soccer* refuses to offer the basic elements demanded of the sports text: there is no virtuosity; there is no competition; there is no game; there is no audience.

This essay considers the intersection of gender, mediation, and sport in a handful of works by contemporary artists. It was written to address a negative space. When asked to speak at an exhibit centering on masculinity and sport in contemporary art, I found myself disturbed by the absence of images of female athletes from the exhibit (which did, however, include work by female artists).³ Surveying contemporary art overtly engaged with sport, I found a dramatic difference in both the amount and the formal character of work featuring images of women engaged in sport—this essay represents the beginning of an attempt to figure out why this is so.

On one level the answer is simple: many of the most high-profile works engaged with sports are less interested in sport, or the athletes, than they are in the spectacle of sport. Harun Farocki's *Deep Play* (2007) and Douglas Gordon and

Philippe Perrano's *Zidane: A 21st Century Portrait* (2006), for example, center on our romance with the technology of the sport broadcast. The media spectacle of men's sports is overwhelming in both its volume and its complexity. In especially the televised sports spectacle, media itself becomes the platform through which the spectator experiences his passion for the sport. Glossy production, rapid edits, dynamic graphics, and elaborate sound effects theatricalize spectatorship in terms of technology and, implicitly, gender. Statistical forms of analysis turn bodies into arrows, diagrams, and numbers. The distance between the visual experience of watching an NFL broadcast and the visual geometry of a game like Madden NFL decreases with each revolution in product development (moving now toward 3-D). Such technological rituals organize an enormous amount of attention and desire around the male athlete's body for the pleasures of the presumed male spectator/consumer.⁴ Technology itself operates as an alibi for the homosociality of men's sports by making subjective pleasure look and feel like objective facts, by rendering a desire for proximity into a need for accuracy. Farocki's twelve-channel installation *Deep Play* submerges the spectator in a room full of visual data—all culled from the 2006 FIFA World Cup final. Lines move across one screen, tracking the offside position; another channel tracks each player's movement across the field; one screen camera is trained on the French national team's bench, another only on that of their Italian opponents. We have an external shot of the stadium over the duration of the match and even a security camera's view of the parking garage. The work teases out the neurosis embedded in the sport spectacle—a paranoid demand for more information, for more detailed tracking of the body, for more accurate forms of measurement.

Elaborate protocols of reading and viewing manage how we see and experience these scenes of intimacy and belonging. Gordon and Perrano's *Zidane: A 21st Century Portrait* is perhaps the most perfect expression of the collision of intimacy and publicity in the sport spectacle. Multiple cameras reproduce for us the experience of keeping company with the athlete in the middle of the arena. The film exploits what Eve Sedgwick calls the "privilege of unknowing," which allows us all to luxuriate in the spectacle of Zidane's athleticism without, however, considering what it is that we are doing as our eyes linger over the crook of Zidane's neck, as we admire the sweaty sheen of his skin, or as we contemplate the sublimity of the athlete's weathered face.⁵ Take art historian Michael Fried's remarkable appreciation of Zidane's total absorption in the game:

Indeed, Zidane's dazzling and unerring footwork, his astonishing control of the ball, his instantaneous decision making—all exemplify his seemingly unrelenting focus on the game even as they combine to keep the viewer perceptually on edge, as does the sheer violence of his high-speed

physical encounters with rival players as they try to strip him of the ball and vice versa. . . . Another factor in all this is Zidane's physiognomy, not just its leanness and toughness, emblemized by his balding, graying, closely cropped skull, but its basic impassiveness . . . which adds to the impression of an inner ferocity that, not at all paradoxically—think of the great stars of classic Westerns—could scarcely be more photogenic. (To say that the seventeen cameras "love" Zidane is an understatement.)⁶

Gordon and Perrano's film is an intricately choreographed ballet of admiration and disavowal. This beautiful portrait reaches toward something like the experience of keeping company with Zidane while he plays this match, but it is also a deep meditation on how Zidane is visibly "produced" as a spectacle by cameras, by radio, and by television broadcasts. It is marked by a nearly painful awareness of the fact that it is hard to see through the spectacle of the game (the moodiness of the film is amplified by Mogwai's deeply melancholic sound track). As we watch Zidane move around the field in the early minutes of the film (and the game) his thoughts stretch across the screen. The player recalls his boyhood attraction to evening football telecasts:

As a child, I had running commentary in my head when I was playing. It wasn't really my own voice. It was the voice of Pierre Cangion, a television anchor from the 1970s. Every time I heard his voice, I would run towards the TV as close as I could get, for as long as I could. It wasn't that his words were so important. But the tone, the accent, the atmosphere, was everything.

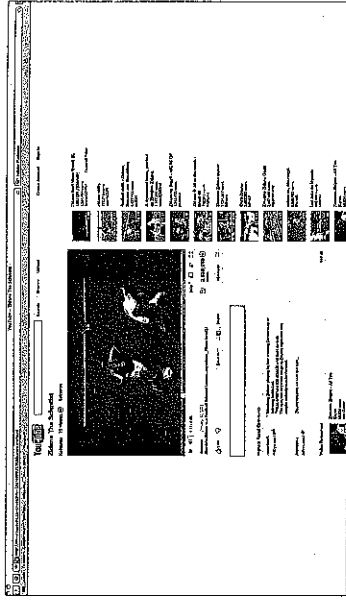
Even Zidane's primal scene, in other words, is not the sensual immediacy of the action on field but the intimacy of the television broadcast. *Zidane* takes not desire as its subject but the mediation of desire—not our desire for the man but our desire for the image of the man. Zidane explains, "I love the idea of transmitting the image of the player, of this guy on the field that brings happiness to those looking at him."⁷ When he plays now for the cameras, he knows he is on that screen, pulling another little boy toward him. In fact, that little boy is us.

Although *Zidane* clearly cites *Fussball wir noch nie* (1978), Hellmuth Costard's real-time portrait of George Best as he played a Manchester United match against Coventry (a nearly Watsonian film in both its simplicity and its eroticism), Zidane's closest contemporary cousin actually is the YouTube football homage. Hundreds (if not thousands) of homemade compositions set the highlights and lowlights of a player's career to pop songs. *Zidane: The Emotional Movie*, for example, created by rapdwards/zizouza and posted by multiple users on YouTube in 2007, scores clips of Zidane on and off the pitch (many of these are pulled from Gordon's film)

to the Timbaland/One Republic pop song "Apologize," which then fades into the Sick Puppies song "All the Same." The opening lyrics of that painfully sincere rock ballad are, "I don't mind where you come from, as long as you come to me." Other Zidane homages draw their music from Coldplay ("Beautiful World"), Madonna ("Love Tried to Welcome Me"), and even the Spice Girls ("Viva Forever"). At last, check the videos set to Madonna and the Spice Girls had recorded well over 100,000 views each. There seems to be no irony in the use of pop ballads to score these montages. If anything, these songs (culled from European pop radio playlists) are perfect vehicles for communicating the powerful longings that undergird world soccer culture.⁸ These texts—*Zidane: A 21st Century Portrait* and *Zidane: The Emotional Movie*—are formally linked by their explicit deployment of what James Tobias describes as "the musicality of time based media" and by the movement of sentiment along the currents of popular music.⁹ But Gordon and Parron's film is a big-budget and high-brow translation of a popular, wildly sentimental, and decidedly lowbrow hobby in which the "art" is produced by the disavowal of the popular.¹⁰ Zidane elaborates on the spectacle that substitutes for the person to allow for a viewing pleasure that might otherwise be too visibly queer. In doing so, the film raises the homosocial intensity of football culture by another factor. It repeats it, aestheticizes it, washes it clean, and makes it respectable. *Zidane* is a successful spectacle (an image in which we are interested, an image for which there is an audience, an image that we feel permission to look at and enjoy)—it is in fact a hyperspectacle in which the thrill of the enjoyment on offer is derived from the awareness that we, as audience, are part of a global spectacle. We are happy spectators to our own spectatorship. *Zidane* turns homosocial desire into a glowing spectacle.

Women's team sports live in the abject shadow of that world. Women's sports are framed by mainstream media as making a bad spectacle, either via sensationalist stories of female monstrosity or via the reproduction of the notion that women's sports are boring. Broadcasts of women's team sports use fewer cameras and little to no graphics, and they are scheduled at less desirable broadcast times, often on floating cable channels that do not appear on digital menus. Audiences are smaller—watching your team from your living room can be doubly isolating when you can see very few people watching them in the stadium. The circulation of what broadcast footage exists is tightly regulated—with so little material out there, the illegal distribution of Olympic soccer matches on YouTube, for example, is easier to police.¹¹

Viral videos about women's sports are less likely to feature the prowess of athletes than they are to luxuriate in overt misogyny. This was the case for a 2008 viral video mocking the idea of a "WNBA Live" video game (NBA Live is the most popular basketball game series). In the video parody a man in lesbian drag



Keller, *Zidane the Scientist*, 2006. Screenshot to Coldplay's "The Scientist," the video had received 5,443,472 views on YouTube as of June 1, 2012.

plays at being a WNBA star introducing his bored friends to the new game—an abject, outdated, and comically slow-moving "virtual" basketball game in which a lone female stick figure limps across the scene and makes a bad shot. The player then falls over "injured" when she gets a "yeast infection."

There is, it turns out, a whole subgenre of YouTube videos mocking the WNBA—not because the authors of these videos have a problem with the organization but because they can't get over the idea that women play basketball and that there are people who want to watch them. The "WNBA Live" parody has a home on *Sports Illustrated's* website, where it is posted in their "Hot Clicks" section without critical comment.¹²

More problematic, in the fall of 2009 ESPN broadcast a story about a "cat fight" on a soccer field (a series of unpunished hard fouls in a regional college match, broadcast on a local television channel). ESPN's video went viral and international. Multiple posts of clips from the ESPN story on YouTube have been viewed well over one million times each. Elizabeth Lambert, the college student who was the center of the footage, became an international headline. The story became a media phenomenon and was, by far, the most exposure given to women's soccer in 2009. The referee who failed to discipline her in the game (as was his job) was never named in the media, nor was he sanctioned for letting the game get out of control. It is hard to imagine video footage of a regional men's game in any sport becoming this newsworthy, even if such a game involved clearly violent behavior (soccer players of both sexes sometimes throw punches

and are normally ejected from the field for doing so). The story was attractive because it fed into the notion that female athletes are female monsters—that the sports in which they participate make them unusually violent.

Toby Miller points out that the entry of women into the visual sphere of sports media is fraught with “cosmic gender ambivalence.”¹³ The becoming visible of the female athlete raises gender and sexuality immediately as problems to be visually managed—on the field, in the visual presentation of the sport, and in the stands.¹⁴ Pat Griffith writes, “Women’s presence in sport as serious participants dilutes the importance and exclusivity of sport as a training ground for learning about and accepting male gender roles and the privileges that their adoption confers.”¹⁵ Anxiety about the inherent, structural, and defining queerness of especially women’s team sports constrain the circulation of images of female athletes in popular media. That constraint plays out on different levels: sports media is always already uninterested in women’s sports (having decided it is not appealing to male spectators and consumers), and women athletes themselves have a lot to lose. Marriage plays with this in *Soccer*, the low-fi, DIY aesthetics, their oddity, and their isolation speak to the abjection of female athleticism. But it also suggests that the homosocial space of women’s sports is a more generous and more elementally queer one for its “failure” to produce a good media spectacle. Bass and Tsang play, but they aren’t playing along.

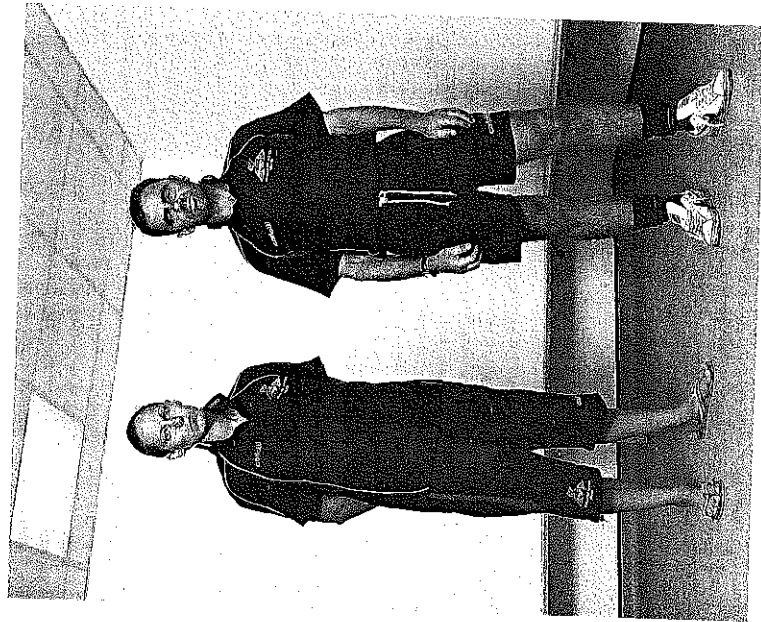
Artists like Gordon and Farocki collaborate with the sport spectacle. Their works in fact require the full cooperation of the institutions that produced the matches they choose as their respective subjects.¹⁶ Gordon and Parrero worked with La Liga, Spain’s professional league, and Zidane’s club, Real Madrid. They had the athlete’s full cooperation, as well as that of his teammates. Farocki’s project required the cooperation of FIFA (which controls the use of World Cup broadcasts) and the numerous television networks whose feeds he appropriated. These works and others like them extend the sport spectacle into the museum. Work like this can’t be made about women’s sports. Queer feminist work that takes mainstream sports spectacles as its subject won’t be made with the cooperation of sports media.¹⁷ The character and quality of the image, the geometries of desire that connect athlete and spectator, are qualitatively different.

The ideological limits that organize and constrain mainstream representations of the female athletic body aggressively and ambivalently surface in *Stand Your Ground* (2008). Moira Lovell’s photographic installation of claustrophobic portraits of the women who play for the Doncaster Rovers Belles. The Belles are one of the older women’s soccer teams in England. Women working the stands selling programs for the local professional men’s team, the Doncaster Rovers, founded the Belles in 1999.¹⁸ In Lovell’s portraits the contemporary Belles do not meet the camera with the obligatory disarming smile asked of women athletes on those anomalous days when the media takes interest. Nor are these

traditional team photos presenting the united front arranged in tidy rows on the pitch, bodying forth the team’s identity en masse. Lovell’s images are anxious. Each portrait couples a player with the team’s coach. Taken as a series, the work seems to manifest the pressure to “straighten” the female athlete out, to reassure the spectator by forcing us to read these women via the mediating presence of the manager. This framing isolates each from the other, triangulating “us and them” through the male managerial body. Lovell edges the game, too, out of the frame. The athletes are off the field, still in their training outfits, caught in the semiprivate, transitional space of the locker room. They are defensive portraits and overly refuse the traditional heroic, action-oriented approach to the athlete. Lovell shows us that within this setting and with these subjects, the conditions of possibility for representing pleasure and identity are fraught. The installation draws attention to the biggest threat to mainstream visual culture especially posed by women’s football: you can’t not see lesbians everywhere. The entire composition seems designed to ward off this possibility.

As much as the game is marked in England as a working-class sport, it is even more deeply coded as masculine thanks largely to the English Football Association’s fifty-year ban on women from its fields, an act explicitly intended to kill off the popular women’s game in the 1920s not only because the women who played it were unseemly—cigarette smoking, swearing, and hard playing (and plainly gay)—but because those women had politically organized to support striking workers.¹⁹ Because of this history and the sports culture that it created, in those countries where women’s soccer was in essence outlawed (England, Germany, Spain, and Brazil, for example), one’s kit feels like a black leather motorcycle jacket. Even as it signifies membership in a team, a collective identity, it also signals a form of rebellion.²⁰ Furthermore, when the English FA banned women from its pitches, it also banned male FA members from supporting the women’s game as referees, linezmen, etc. The ban was not just an attempt to regulate women footballers out of existence but an attempt to ban the rewriting of men’s and women’s relationships to each other that women’s athletics invariably brings about. It was an attempt to undo the queering effects of the women’s game on gender and sexuality. The manager’s presence in *Stand Your Ground* is contradictory—on the surface he seems to ward off the queer reading, but in fact his is not a traditional masculine presence. Take one of these portraits, and perhaps you see a couple. Look at the installation series, however, and the male body becomes a supple and awkward presence. He is not a heterosexual chaperone but a queer collaborator.

The mediatedness of the spectacle of the men’s game seems to provide the artist and the fan with a distance that gives him permission to adore his subject. Without that visual archive, without the spectacle of the spectacle filtering us from them, the task of representing the female athlete is more charged and more



Moira Lovell, *John and Precious*, 2008. Precious Hamilton, 21, center midfielder, was with the Doncaster Rovers Belles one year at the time of the photograph. C-print, 70 × 60 cm. Commissioned by Pavilion. Courtesy of the artist.

overdetermined. Zidane can act like the cameras aren't there—his absorption in himself, in himself as athletic spectacle, lets him get on with his work and lets you look at him without the particular discomfort of feeling that somehow he might look back, as if he knew what you wanted. In the world captured by Lovell's camera, when the lens is trained on her the female athlete doesn't

move. The spectator is an unwelcome presence in this space, in much the same way that these women are unwelcome within the deeply patriarchal and homophobic spaces of English football. The artist refuses to give us either a moving image or an image of motion. These women do not have the luxury of disavowing the camera's presence and all that it implies. We are intruders, and the Belles stand in formation against us. It is as if these women are defending their space of play from the intrusive presence of the camera. These players are not on television, not in the newspapers, and not in the movie theaters. And in a way, they are not here, either, in these photographs of an anisepic locker room.

The defensiveness of their stance in relation to the camera and the spectator is not incidental to Lovell's subjects: On January 3, 1995, BBC1 broadcast a documentary featuring the team. Paul Pierrot's *The Belles Was*, in the words of sports journalist Pete Davies, "a romp; it showed them playing, training, working, clubbing, going ten-pin bowling, winning the FA cup, drinking and dancing with the trophy, getting back to the business in the league the next Sunday and winning that, too."²¹ The women were shown to be rowdy, working class, and certainly in terms of their relationship to femininity, queer.²² This was too much for the English Football Association, which sent a strongly worded letter of rebuke to the club. Players who had been on the national team were dropped, and star forward Gil Courtaud was stripped of her captaincy of the national squad. Davies followed the team for a season and saw first hand the impact of the broadcast of this documentary on the team. After that broadcast the club avoided all contact with the media—Davies described the team as suffering from a "dread of publicity."²³

In representations of men at play intensely homoerotic scenes flourish under our noses, but only with the promise that we not "see" them. The "obviousness" of the queerness of women playing together means that we are barely allowed to see them play at all—and given the threat of homophobic retaliation, women do not necessarily look to the visual field for affirmation. The queer feminist artist who ventures into this territory must generate a space from which media has been exiled. Math Bass and Wu Ingrid Tsang give us access to that imaginary space and call it "soccer." Moira Lovell gives us individual players but tells us that the team's field of play is beyond the camera's reach.

NOTES

1. Judith Halberstam, *In a Queer Time and Place: Transgender Bodies, Subcultural Lives* (New York: New York University Press, 2005), 96.
2. José Esteban Muñoz, *Cruising Utopia: The Times and Places of Queer Fertility* (New York: New York University Press, 2009), 2.
3. *Hard Target: Masculinity and Sport*, at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, October 2008–January 2009.

4. That presumption is at odds with market research, as women constitute an increasingly significant percentage of the audience for nearly every major spectator sport.
5. Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick, "The Privilege of Unknowing," in *Tendencies* (Durham, N.C.: Duke University Press, 1992), 23–51.
6. Michael Fried, "Absorbed in the Action," *Artforum* 45 (September 2006): 133–35.
7. Zineb Zidane and Frédéric Hermel, "L'impression d'être Zidane sur le terrain," in *Zineb Zidane: Un portrait de ses six ans* (Paris: Hors Collections, 2006).
8. The use of "feminine" genres of music to score homosocial celebrations of masculine prowess becomes less surprising when one learns that women comprise at least 30 percent of fans worldwide. See the overview of the sport+MARKET study in "Female Fans Can Boost Sponsorship during Crisis," *International Herald Tribune*, January 27, 2009.
9. James Tobias, "Caecum, Scored: Toward a Comparative Methodology for Music in Media," *Film Quarterly* 57, no. 2 (Winter 2009–10): 26–36.
10. Taha Bekal, in contrast, openly mines popular visual culture in his looped compilation *Ronaldo Remix* (2008). Bekal directly appropriates clips from a series of viral homages to Cristiano Ronaldo's foot skills. The result is a mind-numbing repetition of Ronaldo's flicks and stoppers scored by alternating strands of rock, techno, pop, rap, and disco.
11. YouTube videos of the FIFA Women's World Cup and the Olympics are rare. These international tournaments are the only events in women's soccer that are broadcast on mainstream network channels and that attract media attention. FIFA and the networks that contract with the Olympics aggressively restrict the circulation of match footage.
12. See "WNBA Video of the Day," *SI.com*, May 23, 2008, <http://sportsillustrated.com/2008/05/23/horridicks092/index.html>.
13. Toby Miller, *Spytizer* (Philadelphia: Temple University Press, 2001), 120.
14. In the summer of 2009, the WNBA's Washington Mystics banned "kissing cams." Kissing cams scan crowds at baseball and basketball games to broadcast images of kissing couples in the stands. The audiences at WNBA games include many lesbian couples, so such a camera would probably catch a kiss between women fans who are there to root on a team that most likely includes lesbian players. In their statement explaining the ban, the Mystics explained that they didn't consider such displays of lesbian affection appropriate. Sheila Johnson, managing partner for the Mystics, quoted by Mike Wise in "Mystics Give Big Issue the Kiss-Off," *Washington Post*, July 27, 2009.
15. Pat Griffin, *Strong Women, Deep Cleans: Lesbians and Homophobia in Sport* (Champaign, Ill.: Human Kinetics, 1998), 77.
16. In contrast, Fred Poulter and French national team player Vikash Dohraoou documented the latter's experience in the 2006 World Cup without permission from FIFA or France's football federation. Although he had featured in the team's qualifying matches, he was not included in the World Cup itself—thus, the resultant film's title, *Substanz*. Unable to use footage of training or matches, the film shows Dohraoou in his hotel room only, struggling with his disappointment at being benched. Many suspect Dohraoou's participation in this documentary led to his being benched throughout the competition.
17. The English Football Association launched a campaign against homophobia in 2010 with a video that featured not a single player nor match footage. The video shows a typical English fan (white, male) moving through his day, pouring homophobic abuse on the people around him (a newspaper salesman, fellow passengers on the train, coworkers). The advertisement's message is homophobic abuse is not tolerated outside the stadium, so it should not be tolerated inside it. This ad does nothing, however, to raise awareness of the almost generic association of English football with homophobia on a cultural and institutional level—it apparently never occurred to the Football Association's committee that gay

and lesbian sports fans might be offended by the ad or that it might actually represent gay and lesbian athletes in such an advertisement. See Owen Gibson, "Gay Rights Groups Attack FA Delay over Anti-homophobic Film," *Guardian*, February 8, 2010.

18. Women fans of the men's clubs who wanted to play started nearly all of the most prominent women's teams in the United Kingdom.

19. See Barbara Jacobs, *The Dick, Kerr's Ladies: The Factory Girls Who Took on the World* (London: Robinson, 2004), for a history of women's soccer in England at the end of World War I and for her insights into the relationship between the English Football Association's ban against women's soccer and the support women's teams were then offering to striking factory workers.

20. For more on the history of women's soccer in England, see Jean Williams, *A Game for Rough Girls: The History of Women's Football in Britain* (London: Routledge, 2003).

21. Pete Davies, *Love My Heart to the Belles* (London: Mandarin Press, 1996), 99.

22. For scholarship on gender, sexuality, and women's football in England, see Jayne Cauldwell, "Women's Football in the United Kingdom: Theorizing Gender and Unpacking the Bitch Lesbian Image," *Journal of Sport and Social Issues* 23, no. 4, 399–402; "Feminine-Faith: Rethinking the Femme-Juice," in *Sport, Sexuality and Queer Theory*, ed. Jayne Cauldwell (London: Routledge, 2006), 145–58; Pete Davies's writing about the Belles does not directly address the sexuality of the players—that the team included a number of lesbian players is legible via the occasional use of the term *partner* and the pronoun *her*, as well as his accounts of postmatch outings to local gay pubs. Significantly, his book opens with an anecdote about the team's links to the Hackney Women's Football Club, a historically important but lesbian, feminist soccer club that fought a number of battles in support of women's football and against homophobic behavior on the part of players, referees, and the Football Association itself. See Jayne Cauldwell, "Women Playing Football at Clubs in England with Socio-Political Aspects," *Soccer and Society* 7, no. 4, 423–38.

23. Pete Davies, "Belles Left Running to Stand Still," *Independent*, March 11, 1996.