









# Some thoughts on our simple craft

## BY ANDREW JENNINGS

The story featured here is roadkill from several years investigating corruption at the *Fédération Internationale de Football Association* (FIFA). As time passed I published in the press in many countries, made films for British television and wrote a book that is now, I hear, in 16 languages, not forgetting Albanian. But to hunt down FIFA roadkill I had to find the road. Let's gaze back over the reporter's shoulder for how a roadmap got itself drawn.

I was there a decade ago when suggestions of massive kickbacks and global rackets - institutional corruption - were mocked by many sports reporters and all the sport's leaders. F\*\*\* them was the response. There was a stench drifting from the shit mountain, time to sniff out the source. Ten years onwards, my earthmover's blade clears the debris, levelling the new roadway. But it took time and study and getting drunk in many lands. And teaching myself to drive down the unfolding road.

## Some answers to some questions

like to look into big corruption sagas at the heart of international organisations. Who would you rather discomfort? The guy in the Gulfstream or the one on a bike? We have to have fun in our labours. If you are freelance you need wide markets. And many staffers have neither the time nor inclination to dig internationally for years, developing a narrative.

I learned a lot writing and filming about the Palermo Mob and Organised Crime in the 1980s and then stumbled across two perfect applications of Mob structures and principles. They appealed to me because they were global organisations, were the sharp end of the big brands penetration of new markets (we didn't call it globalisation

then) and were completely ignored by grownup reporters.

You guessed it, the first example was the *International Olympic Committee* (IOC). Covered only by fans with notebooks who chortled unquestioningly about a minor French aristocratic and his body-fascism ideals, I saw every investigative reporter's dream, a massive empty canvas to paint upon, with a soundtrack of empty mantras, never challenged by the beat reporters.

The map began to draw itself with a tip from a contact who had worked in the early years of sports marketing in the 1960s. This guy gave me lengthy recorded interviews naming individuals and companies I had never heard of.

"Andrew was a key bridge between the era of the great solo investigators - think Seymour Hersh and Anne-Marie-Casteret - and the current era of collaboration across borders. He'll be remembered as the man who brought down FIFA's corrupt leadership. He'll also be remembered for his creative tactics, his ferocity in the service of victims, his refusal to be intimidated, his unique humor and style, and the great pleasure of his company."

Mark Lee Hunter
Founding member of the Global
Investigative Journalism Network (GIIN)

He was happy to have been involved in commercialising sport. This was pre-Google and so I stalked cuttings libraries, photo-copying and pasting into lever-arch files. Eventually there were more than seventy. I indexed them and when I transferred that to my first Mac I had the beginnings of a searchable database. As the contact described the coups of the big brands in seizing control of sport, he was talking not about increasing funding to sport; he was talking about privatisation.

The big breakthrough, the roadway swelling into a motorway, an autobahn, an autostrada, was indeed a moment of shivering ecstasy. I set myself the task of reading every clip on the IOC's then president, Barcelona-born Juan Antonio Samaranch. One day, a couple of years before the 1992 Barcelona Games I was running my eye down a newspaper profile. F\*\*\* me! Out of the grey so many times rehearsed drone sprang the sentence "he was Sports Minister in Spain in the 1960s."

Just as Sy Hersh described his discovery of the story of the Mai Lai massacre in Vietnam, I could hear myself singing, "Fame, wealth, glory!" (Hard-up freelances get these fantasies – they come free. They don't eventually happen but at the time it's a cheap thrill.)

Why the orgasm?

Because any amateur student of European history knows that the 1960s was the Franco fascist era. To be a government minister you needed to sport the fascist Blueshirt, give that crisp right-arm salute and believe the wrong team won World War Two.

So this little [...] was leading the organisation that claimed to promote world peace through sport and care deeply about equality and young people. There was the investigative reporter's dream; an organisation with a public face utterly at odds with its odious private secrets.

I read widely, reporters and academics. Nowhere could I find a reference to the IOC's Maximum Leader having a past he wouldn't want to talk about. That, I realised, was because he didn't have to talk, he had a prepared fact sheet and the sports reporters and



profs, without thought, published this garbage. I spoke to a friend with friends in Barcelona. Could it be true? Was this great moralist an old goosestepper?

The reply was incredulous laughter, Didn't I know that Samaranch was in the jackboots from 1937, when he defected from the army of the Republic, until Franco's death in 1975?

No, I didn't, because the news had never moved north across the Pyrenees. Samaranch's personal history had never been investigated. The august members of the IOC didn't talk.

Crime families don't.

So my initial suspicion that there might be information worth digging out became a global disclosure, won huge amounts of admiration from the adults and, best of all, loathing from the jocks for spoiling their party.

And paid the rent and developed my own thoughts about globalisation exploiting sport.

The crucial documents were photographs of Samaranch and his gang in fascist uniform striding through Barcelona, the Civil War victors terrifying the citizenry. Fancy a garrotting in the square at the central police station? Join the queue. Join a trade union? The burial plots are on the lower Montjuïc hillside where the Games were celebrated by numbskulls in 1992, reporters sucking on the teat of the privatisers. There were many more pictures of Samaranch in his Blueshirt, sometimes fawning on Franco. Bereft of the Spanish or Catalan languages, I hired a smart researcher in Barcelona who sweet-talked her way into newspaper archives. I got what she shouldn't have.

There was no electronic data. This was lived history. It took 15 years to get The Picture. A decade and a half of reminding the friends in Catalonia to keep looking for it. After Franco died

the photo archives were weeded. But they missed one from 1974 that showed Samaranch with right arm aloft.

Case proved.

The book I co-wrote, *The Lords of the Rings*, involved a lot of documentary research in public archives where the wee goosestepper's record marched boldly out. Then I revisited the IOC's histories, viewing them through the prism of a totalitarian regime, run by a strong man. Franco in Adidas sneakers. Twenty years later little has changed at the IOC. A self-selecting band of C-list royals and mostly forgotten athletes doing the work of global capital and now playing catch up with the unchecked doping that made them rich.

All this was so joyful. Much of the sports press spat at me, their lazy ramblings now exposed. That was the old guard. A new generation listened and bought me drinks. What more can a reporter hope for?



"I hired a smart researcher in Barcelona who sweet-talked her way into archives. I got what she shouldn't have." (Photos: Andrew Jennings Archive)

Samaranch retired in 2001 and I found it less stimulating to continue with what was now a club of grey people, less of them still on the make following the reforms demanded by embarrassed sponsors after the Salt Lake sex-and-cash-for-votes scandal.

The best story from that 1999 epoch was the saga of the violin, the Viagra and the \$74.27 vibrator. For that price it must have had programmable music tracks. Get with the rhythm honey. But not here! This is UNESCO! (Google it. Unbelievably, it was printed in a daily from MormonLand.)

During my Olympic years I became aware of a shady Swiss sports marketing company named ISL (*International Sport and Leisure*) that seemed effortlessly to acquire the multi-billion marketing TV contracts from the IOC, FIFA, the IAAF and many others.

How did they achieve this - even with rivals tendering? With a tiny handful of German and Swiss reporters I shared night shifts until dawn in bars for years, discussing ISL, the privatisation of sport, looking for a way in.

Tunnelling perhaps?

I made great friendships, men and women who didn't know how to give up. Sometimes drinking with ex-ISLers who swore kickbacks, big kickovers were paid on contracts. But they had no pieces of paper. They only knew in their guts. So did we. But ISL was a private company and couldn't be penetrated. The paperless investigative reporter is a hack without a cause.

Then it came on stream! The incompetent clowns who'd got their business with sacks of cash (yes, really - cash breaks the trail) tried to expand into new areas of sport and crashed off their road in Switzerland's second biggest bankruptcy. The road map led me to the first creditor's meeting, in Zug, six weeks after the crash. Presided over by a Swiss grey suit. F\*\*\* this, what's the point of tapping up an accountant? Swiss accountants don't even talk to themselves, never mind ill-clad hacks.

Gotta do it.

An editor had paid my fare. Move in, prepare for rebuff, sure to be embarrassed at my own temerity, ask "Excuse me, have you found any evidence of black money?" Grey suit beams.

"Mr Yennings, I know your work, and yes, and I have sent legal letters asking for it back."

I mumbled thanks, speechless.

He said yes! This was as good as unmasking Samaranch, again in one sentence. Write quickly in notebook, see there's no more for now, fly back to England, can't stop grinning.

I'm seeing ahead down a long and straight road. From then it was just another ten years incrementally upping the speed. I knew where I was going.

I've had little use of Freedom of Information Act (FOI). Only in England, trying to extract my Government's secret deals giving FIFA tax holidays. Failed. Got next flight to Holland where they were public. Not necessary, they were online. But Holland can be so much more fun.

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Did get more on how England swooned in front of the FIFA pirates who wanted cash for votes to give the 2018 World Cup to us. We didn't pay and Qatar and Russia got the events and you mustn't read anything into that until you've talked to your lawyers.

I never have a research strategy because, hell, every day's a new day. Might get an email from an admirer in the bowels of the venal with a conscience to clear or a back to be knifed. I'm their friend and there's lots of them out there still being negotiated with. The more you achieve, the more you can persuade sources that you know all the tricks to conceal their identity.

(TIP: The Black Arts guys tell me they can't penetrate Skype. But watch out for the account details on your hard disk. Erase daily if possible because it can be hacked and your calls list discovered.) One prime insider took nine years to do the business and when they did, I immediately got drunk because, meeting in an hotel garden in mittel-Europe and saying "I think this is what you wanted," they handed me the list of much more than \$100 million in bribes absorbed by FIFA's and IOC's leaders.

You can't make a strategy for that. Just be a decent person, be patient, and the stuff will be attracted to you.

I fear *systems* in case I become trapped within.

The most important research technique is identifying lowly people inside corrupt organisations who have access to filing cabinets and servers.

From them will flow the forbidden documents, year after year, if properly managed.

### But how to locate them?

I do a lecture on this but in essence. Go to a press conference chaired by Mr Big & Nasty. Don't dress as smartly as the press pack. Silk ties are a career killer. Be a killer. Stand up and accuse Mr Big of whatever takes your fancy; bribe-taking, paedophilia, the list is yours to write.

You are sending a message to the employees who, if Mr Big is as big a bastard as you suspect, will be a sordid nightmare to work for, bullying the men and feeling up the women. Or the other way around, depending how they like it. You are signalling that you don't give a f... for his big b..., you only turned up because you're looking for a fight and that you intend to render him into chopped liver. You are also making clear that you are not one of the time-serving beat reporters. You want his staff to believe that your ambition is to be a drunk driver in a loaded tank transporter, closing on his fragile Ferrari in a narrowing lane.

If you've given a good performance the documents should start to flow.

If you can get his credit card bill you might appreciate his dilemmas arranging for his multiple girlfriends to be booked on separate flights. Write it low key and the guy is hung out to dry, a national joke with a wife closing the doors, bedroom and then front.

Bliss. Get drunk.

Pause: when he is on his knees, befriend the poor sap, buy him a drink and he might tell you about the other bastards who turned their backs. He will have documents. Take pity, help him up, extract the system's password.

I think my tenacity has brought change in these major sports federations.

First destroy their pompous image with rank disclosures of the gulf between their public and private morality. Next must be kick-start the pols to move in because these scamsters have no capacity - or interest - to reform themselves. Cause more trouble. It is the job description.

Some journos say they cannot help the cops. It compromises their independence. The truth is they probably can't write notes while keeping up with most detectives' ferocious alcohol intake. For those of us who can, file-sharing takes on a new meaning.

Litigation. If you research assiduously and get the documents you will still get threats of rack and hot irons in court. But once with the documents, you respond to the beasts with mixture of phrases ending in "off". The finest offsky I know was the famous Arkell versus Pressdram response. It chilled a generation of would be bullyboys.

I was successfully sued, once in the Lausanne criminal court. The wee one went to court in the *Capitale Olympique* and despite the photographic evidence, persuaded the local judge to give me a 5-day suspended jail sentence and 1,000 Swiss Francs costs bill for writing that he was a fascist.

I couldn't believe my luck. A stunning award that few others acquire. A criminal conviction means you have to buy me the first drink.

The hardest thing was giving up writing about a certain Russian crime family boss. But I did block his advance into sports politics and he went back to heroin trafficking. I have had to undertake some other projects, to keep the landlord content.

But they have ended up in places like Chechnia, trying to see the local Mob's point of view until there's a reliable flight out of Grozny before the Red Army starts shelling. Silly thing is you get to eat caviar by the fistful. Their big, often unwashed fists. Only joking fellers, look, there's poppies to harvest.

Writing books, scripts, essays is the best fun of all. You've got the goodies, don't squander them. First throw out the television, don't read newspapers.



"I was successfully sued, once in the Lausanne criminal court. I couldn't believe my luck. A stunning award that few others aquire."

"Never miss a joke because they are not illegal, not with readers so f... most, but not all, copy editors."



A journalist's life: A selection of book covers. (Andrew Jennings Archive)

If you inject c... use of language into your brain, out will come s....

Read good books, written by people cleverer than yourself. Something must stick. My favourite read is *The New York Review of Books*. Then Tom Wolfe's *The New Journalism* from 1974. It doesn't get any better. *The New Yorker* is very well written and there are some brilliant story structures but I chafe at the Gucci adverts. These I don't buy. I can connect with the writers but not too many readers.

Then think structure. For years I had a big sign on my office wall:

#### What am I trying to say?

I would spend as long as it took trying to get an intro that made me squirm with joy. It might be direct, it might herald a delayed drop. But it felt good because it showed the way to a narrative. The internal map engine.

Blow text up into 20 point. Sentence by sentence, cut and paste into a new document. Test every word in every sentence. Cut the surplus. Clean and lean. Understate. Never miss a joke because they are not illegal, not with readers so f... most, but not all, copy editors. (I was one for a few years but I had to deliver what the suits wanted. Great experience, endlessly trying to control language but good to move on from.) Write long pieces with kickstarts every 15-20 paragraphs. These take the narrative in a new direction. We are story tellers, no more, descendents of the wandering oral historian, chanting and enchanting in the firelight about long ago fought battles.

The more time getting the structure right, the less time writing.

And, when you can see the roadmap ahead, you can write with joy. You are not going to be roadkill.

Good stories take off. Even if they flare then seem to die, they will have lit up some peoples lives somewhere. Bad news for public morality, horrendous for football - and great news for hacks. The fetid swine are still there for poking, prodding and maybe eventually driving from public life.

That's what we are supposed to do.

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Thank you my friend AJ. It has been a pleasure. (Photo: PLAY THE GAME/THOMAS SØNDERGAARD)

# Let's get on with it!

The most important investigative Olympic journalist has died in the year of the sporting rogue states, with mega events in China and Qatar. We honour the legacy of Andrew Jennings by not letting 2022 go unchallenged.

BY JENS WEINREICH

Andrew Jennings would like this, I'm sure. He wants us to laugh.

So: Andrew's alter ego Juan Antonio Samaranch Sr. has had meticulous accounts kept of his official activities as President of the International Olympic Committee. In 1997, the IOC even published a statistics book on this by the Swedish sports historian and Samaranch fan Wolf Lyberg: *The seventh President of the IOC - facts and figures*. It is one of my favourite books. It listed pretty much everything that mankind desperately wanted to know about the day-to-day business of Samaranch's first 17 years in office:

How many days Samaranch flew (2,116), the number of days he travelled

(3,520), the number of hours he flew (4,805), the number of Olympic medals distributed (679), the number of kilometres travelled (3,480,280), the number of NOCs visited (193) and the heads of state, kings, queens, princes, emirs, sultans and premiers he shook hands with (179). Some of them, Lyberg obviously noted enthusiastically, Samaranch had visited "four or even six times"!

Wow.

Why am I reminding you of this?

I nimbly counted the photos of Samaranch printed in the IOC booklet: 92. Of course, the IOC did not publish any photos showing Samaranch Sr. with his revered *Caudillo* and with his right arm outstretched.

In this magazine in honour of Andrew Jennings, there are currently - at

the time I am writing these lines - my editorial has yet to be illustrated, 29 photos of Andrew. There may be a few more to come.

92-29, then, for Samaranch against Jennings. A commanding victory.

But instead, as Andrew would have wanted, you will find four photos in this issue that show the Franquist Samaranch as the IOC has never shown him. And that is how it should be.

As I said, Andrew would like this statistic. But you, dear reader, might ask yourself: Damn, why does this Weinreich start his text with such a stupid statistic about pictures?

I can offer you an answer to that: Because Andrew Jennings was not only a man of documents, as described first and foremost and rightly by many authors of this magazine - Andrew was also a man of images.

Besides the motto *get the documents!*, I learned something else from Andrew that was extremely important to him: *we need colourful notes!* 

Without documents, Andrew would never have been able to achieve such a brilliant impact and shape generations of journalists. But neither would he have done so without his *colourful notes*. Otherwise, he would never have been able to captivate his readers, listeners and viewers.

This aspect is often neglected. But don't be fooled, dear folks, this too was almost always cleverly calculated and part of his tireless work to get his important messages out. **Drew Sulli**van also describes Andrew's passion for storytelling in this magazine.

Some focus too much on those moments when Andrew might have exaggerated his verbal attacks. Maybe. Allegedly. I was not always enthusiastic about it either and discussed it with him. No one knew more and more brutal swear words than him.

But he was right. Andrew, and those who worked closely with him over decades may have been wrong at times about whether billion-dollar sporting TV and marketing contracts (as we once published for the FIFA World Cup) were signed in green, red or blue ink.

But that's all.

The truth, which was gradually brought to light, was always much worse.

Journalism was a contact sport for Andrew, as **Lasana Liburd** so beautifully reminds us in this issue.

It had to crack. Documents had to be delivered. Truths had to be named. Clear words were needed.

That was true then. It is true today, a few days after Andrew Jennings' death.

There is too much appeasement, distortion and lying. This year in particular, real journalism is needed.

What would Andrew do?

Our friend **Ezequiel Fernández Moores**, another of the authors of this magazine, knows the answer and wrote it to me recently: Andrew would do research on Oatar.

No one needs this so-called he-saidshe-said-journalism that supposedly gives all sides their say in a balanced way. What a sky-scraping nonsense. No one needs this whataboutism, this driv-



It's not a great picture, I'm not a photographer. But it is a document. Perhaps it's the only photo, at least one of very few, that shows Andrew Jennings with an IOC president. With Jacques Rogge at the FIFA Congress 2004 at Carrousel du Louvre, Paris. Andrew was banned by FIFA. So, he had his office at the entrance, as it happened many times. At the Olympic Congress 1994 - also in Paris, in La Defense - when he was banned by the IOC, he sat at the entrance in a café and we brought him stacks of speeches and Congress documents. (Photo: Jens Weinreich)

el scattered by legions of propagandists about the so-called soft power of sport and the supposed blessings of mega-events held in dictatorships - like the Winter Olympics in China in a few days' time and the World Cup in Qatar from November to December.

This is not journalism.

The year 2022 is a year of disgrace for Olympic sport. The dictatorships China and Qatar are powerful rogue sport states that have never created anything good for world sport at any time. I call it Olympic state corruption. Bought votes, bought federations, bought officials, bought events, bought propagandists, bought secret service agents to cover traces of corruption, bought politicians, bought institutions, bought scientists, bought NGOs, bought athletes, you all know stories about it. Forget something?

Oh yes, bought journalists.

Qatar and China are cancers on the Olympic movement. That's what Andrew Jennings would say.

Corruption is corruption is corruption. Sports crime is sports crime is sports crime ...

... whether in the IOC, in FIFA, in the former IAAF (now *World Athletics*), in the former AIBA (more recently IBA), whether in the IBU, in the IWF, in the

FIVB, in the OCA, in ANOC, in CONCA-CAF, in CONMEBOL and many other federations and institutions.

Crimes are crimes are crimes.

Corruption and crime in world Olympic sport should not be trivialised with terms like *good governance* problems.

Tell it as it is.

Andrew would investigate and demand that many more federations be investigated under the *Racketeer Influenced and Corrupt Organizations Act* (RICO), as they were in the DOJ trial against officials in the FIFA kingdom.

That's what Andrew would do. And he would let documents speak.

Without Andrew Jennings and the work of a few others - far too few we were - the spectacular FIFA proceedings would never have happened. Read, for example, the contributions of **Steven Berryman**, Special Agent in the criminal investigations in the US, and IOC doyen **Richard Pound**. They are quite astonishing contributions.

The power of documents combined with the power of a good story, peppered with wonderful episodes - the *colourful notes* - and unique images: **James Oliver** recalls at length in the issue the six legendary *Panorama* films with Andrew Jennings. Andrew left be-

hind not only revelations and lessons, but also images that have been imprinted on many people's minds:

Columbo Andrew in a raincoat, out and about for the BBC on a mission of enlightenment.

In the 1990s, when we started our work together, we still had to take proper notes, that is, write everything down, with a sheet of paper and a pen. One can tell the younger generation about it, even if they don't know what to do with these terms from the Stone Age. Then there were fax machines and floppy disks, sometimes people sent floppy disks by post from country to country as we did. Andrew, like me, had an email address from Compuserve since 1993 or 1994. Compuserve had what was called an Executive News Service (ENS), which cost us several hundred pounds and Deutschmarks most months, but which included the offerings of the Reuters, AP, AFP and UPI news agencies and some early press archives.

That's how it began.

Andrew was one of the first people I know who used scanners professionally. He also scanned his written notes. In the digital age, sometime after the turn of the millennium, we moved to photographing everything: Not just documents that informants sometimes showed us only briefly, but all sorts of things. The digital camera had partially replaced the physical notes. And the snapshots of destinations, locations and people were literally colourful.

Colourful means much more. It was from 2002 at the latest, when I had started a TV documentary on Sepp Blatter and FIFA, that I changed my tactics, in close consultation with Andrew: I sought proximity at times. You have to do that on TV anyway, otherwise there are no pictures. But I also did it for a few years for my blog and thus for my actual work, also for my journalistic partners. I partly played the good guy, at least compared to Andrew. That brought the one or other insight and now and then accesses that enabled us to supplement documents with more and more background knowledge and observations.

It was always about sharpening the overall picture.

Colourful notes, for example, from Mohammed Bin Hammam's estate in Doha in October 2003, when I was allowed to dine with MBH and FIFA officials in the next room as Blatter, Grondona, Teixeira, Beckenbauer, Platini and all the comrades dined behind closed, mirrored golden doors. There were many such rare moments, in the IOC, in FIFA, in some Olympic world federations. I sat on the couch with executive members and tasted their wives' freshly baked Christmas biscuits; I spent all-nighters drinking with IOC members; I met with prominent floppy hat investigators in Washington and other destinations; so many unforgettable things happened, little of which I have yet published.

And always it was in close cooperation with AJ, with whom I also met Christopher Steele in London in January 2011, a few days after the shameful and totally criminal FIFA decisions to host the World Cups in Russia and Qatar, that former MI6 agent who was investigating the World Cup award to Russia and who years later was to make headlines around the world with his dossier on Donald Trump.

"Join the party! Put your information on the table, share it with us, and it will be worth it for all of us. You will be rewarded. You will receive much more than you are capable of giving."

Now imagine this: Andrew had many friends like me. (And I don't mean the many so-called FIFA experts, starting in 2015, after the wave of arrests and DOJ indictments, suddenly mush-roomed in all sorts of media outlets - when it was en vogue to cover the FIFA criminal system). In the beginning there were half a dozen of us - world-wide - who did it seriously for years. There were more and more. Sometimes we didn't even know each other personally. It was enough for Andrew to say: You can trust him or her.

That was the access code.

Andrew's judgement.

Andrew Jennings was, in the best sense of the word, a spider in the ever-widening research network. In the end, no setback could really stop him or us. A very crucial addition to these journalistic ambitions was the initiative of **Jens Sejer Andersen**, who created a very unique platform with <u>Play the Game</u> and everything that embodied

this institution and this series of conferences. *Play the Game's* motto in the early years was "Home for the homeless questions in sport."

My friend Jens has often said: These questions have become mainstream and can no longer be ignored. I say this without wanting to glorify *Play the Game*, but it is to its historical credit. Whether *Play the Game* can continue this tradition remains to be seen.

Jens Sejer Andersen was also like a spider in the web. Andrew stood for the really hard journalism. Jens was an enormously important link to South America, to the academic world (if Andrew hadn't already made contacts there himself, we can read about that in the magazine) to national and international sports federations - and at some point also to politics. Apart from a few lobbyists, some of whom are paid by Qatar, I know of no other person like Jens Sejer Andersen, especially no truly sincere person with such great merits, who has been and is active in so many international political commissions and working groups - and has lobbied tirelessly for decades for transparency and the fight against corruption/crime.

Andrew was one of the first to understand the potential of Play the Game and Jens' idea, and to consistently use it in his work. I have given presentations at all conferences since 2000 and have worked on programme committees for about 17 years as a volunteer. This is something I have said perhaps hundreds of times in the Play the Game network and also when I have organized a similar conference in Germany in February 2008: "Put your information on the table, share it with us, and it will be worth it for all of us. You will be rewarded. You will receive much more than you are capable of giving."

That has become second nature to me. And I think also this *put it on the table, join the party, you will be rewarded* I learned from Andrew.

You will be rewarded doesn't mean money. It means journalistic education. It means information. It means support. It means friendship. It means a fruitful exchange. It means help. It means encouragement. Ask **Bob Munro**, **Laura Robinson**, **Declan Hill** and other authors of this booklet.

Deep friendships have developed in this network. You may read a lot about them in this booklet. In some cases it has helped that people have not been broken by the brutal injustices they have faced. I would like to mention my friend and our friend **Bonita Mersiades**, a fighter with a lion's heart, a whistleblower whose book *Whatever It Takes: The Inside Story of the FIFA Way* is by far one of the best books ever written about FIFA worldwide. Of course, Bonita has selflessly worked with me on this magazine for two and a half weeks since Andrew's death. She read and edited all the texts and, together with **Mathew D. Rose**, proofread everything again.

Some authors write that Andrew Jennings selflessly shared all the information. I don't want to devalue anything, I just want to clarify things and come back to the network idea.

We almost all work in different markets. The internet and the instant availability of stories around the world have not changed that in any significant way. In the genesis of this network, coined by Andrew, when the internet was just being born - the IOC crisis in 1998/1999 was then the first major crisis spurred on by the advent of the internet and the easier sharing of information - there was almost no competition between us. What Andrew published in British media, what Frank Brandås published in Norway or **Thomas Kistner** in the Süddeutsche Zeitung and I published in the Berliner Zeitung at that time, had an exclusivity in every market. Only Kistner and Weinreich got in each other's way a bit and had to come to a clever arrangement. But otherwise we were able to exchange information freely across national borders.

Of course, Andrew never immediately shared *all* documents with everyone. None of us did. But he developed a mastery of making his documents and stories immediately available for publication to many friends and colleagues. That increased the impact.

And everyone benefited.

Join the party. You will be rewarded.

I remember several trips I made for AJ to Switzerland, to Lausanne and Zurich and Bern, to meet informants and receive documents at night, and yes, actually also in garages and car parks. Off home, into the scanner - and off to Andrew. It was the same on many trips on all continents. Antigua comes to mind, filming in early 2004, it was



Another snapshot, no more. But funny for all gourmets of sport politics. Tunis 2004, Andrew and one of the most corrupt officials over decades, also extremely influential: Jean-Claude Ganga from Congo. Ganga was banned from the IOC in 1999 for corruption - okay, the IOC didn't call it what it was, corruption, they just called it misconduct - but he remained active in CAF and other African sports federations for many years. Ganga died in 2020. (Photo: Jens Weinreich)

about a basically criminal buddy of Jack Austin Warner, who nevertheless later became a minister and NOC president, Paul Chet Greene. There, too, I got a stack of documents from the insurgents in the football federation, including World Cup tickets that Greene and Warner were unable to sell on the black market. Off home, into the scanner - and off to Andrew.

Over the years, of course, it became quicker and less complicated.

I also remember the spring of 2001 when Andrew came to me in Wandlitz and we spent two or three days and nights discussing and scanning and copying files and papers. Then he went on to Munich to Thomas Kistner for the next sessions. "Comrade," AJ had written a few days earlier, "I want you to give me lessons on FIFA and ISL." Thomas and I had a hundredweight of explosive documents exclusive to the world at the time. It was an honour, it was extremely important to me to give something back to Andrew at that time for all the knowledge, for the friendship and inspiration he had given me.

Again, Andrew tutored so many colleagues and friends like no one else. He was the focal point and the eternal constant in this network, even in the years when he had not worked in the IOC field for a long time, when I felt quite lonely at many IOC meetings, sometimes even as the only journalist on site working in his tradition.

So one thing is the documents, with the culmination of many years, which James Oliver describes in detail in his wonderful article: When AJ finally had the complete ISL bribery list in his hand. It was the reward for hard work.

How the years-long revelations in the industry went down, which Andrew described and partly stirred up, is outlined by two insiders - **Dominik Schmid** and **Alex Phillips** - from the other side in their contributions, which I am extremely pleased about and which also make this issue a special one. You have rarely or perhaps never read anything like this before:

Dominik Schmid worked for many years for ISL, for KirchSport and Infront very closely with FIFA, IOC and others. Alex Phillips was at UEFA for a long time and is now the FIFA administrator responsible for the *World Football Remission Fund*, currently filled with 201 million dollars, i.e. the fund that would hardly have existed without Andrew's revelations.

One of my favourite passages from all the brilliant texts I was allowed to edit comes from Alex:

"As soon as his book *FOUL!* came out, I ordered it. The hardback arrived and sat on my desk at work. One of the senior UEFA lawyers saw it and immediately asked to borrow it - never to be returned, in true sports governance tradition. Everyone wanted to know: what he had uncovered this time around?"

Everyone wanted to know.

You don't earn this honour by parroting press releases or publishing meaningless answers from press offices.

Everyone wanted to know.

In other words:

It is not about publishing what the powerful, the influential, the crooks ... want the media to publish. It's about publishing what they don't want to be published! If that is combined with deep knowledge and first-class analysis - all the better. That is journalism.

End of discussion.

Let me return to the colourful notes, that important addition to Andrew's work. It is therefore no coincidence, but only logical, that you will find in this issue some photos (not only by me, but also a legendary picture by Frank Brandsås) that we have shown at many presentations and lectures: Joseph Blatter with Don Julio Grondona, Jack the Ripper, Chuck Blazer with Ricardo Tricky Ricky Teixeira - and some others. The power of images, the effect of colourful notes, not only for the purely journalistic, very personal process of processing and remembering, but also for the production of the various products, whether newspaper articles, books, radio reports, online texts or television documentaries. Andrew considered this more carefully than anyone else in investigative journalism that I know. That was fascinating.

I got to do Andrew's dress rehearsals for presentations for many years, not just at Play the Game, but on other occasions. He was a meticulous worker. He came to every appointment, every conference with a perfectly prepared manuscript. Everything in it was timed to the minute, almost to the second. Many jokes and captivating elements were precisely worked out in the manuscripts - some were added live and spontaneously. For someone like me, who rarely met a deadline and who usually worked out his presentations in a desperate last night shift even at conferences, it was always a mystery how someone could be so professionally consistent. It was always an honour for me when Andrew sent me his presentations in advance or handed them over on a stick on site. "Comrade!", there wasn't much more to say. I then edited his presentations as necessary, technically spruced up the documents and pictures, and added photos that we had talked about and that amused us, that we knew would make an impact.

I would even go so far as to say that these snapshots were an important part of our kind of journalism. Often you only have one chance - and you have to take it. I could probably give them a hundred examples of this and back it all up with photos, often very bad and blurry photos (but that didn't matter because often the camera wasn't allowed to be seen) that Andrew and I were downright happy with them.

These snapshots sometimes became documents themselves because they could prove something. To get these pictures, I deliberately made an ass of myself. Some people, including journalists, have asked, what does this guy want all the time with the camera, is this still journalism, isn't this unserious?

I just reply, like AJ: *colourful notes*. And I say, like him: have fun.

"It is not about publishing what the powerful, the influential, the crooks ... want the media to publish. It is not about what they say. It's only about publishing what they don't want us to publish! If that is combined with deep knowledge and first-class analysis - all the better.

That is journalism."

What, the bribe-payer Jean-Marie Weber (ISL supremo) was pulling strings in the IOC hotel before the choice of the 2016 Olympic city for Rio de Janeiro? (We have the photo of Weber and Havelange on site).

What, Jean-Marie Weber met with Blatter? (Photos available.)

What, Jean-Marie Weber goes in and out of the IOC headquarters, even though the then IOC President Jacques Rogge supposedly wanted to fight corruption? (Photos available.)

Photos of Blatter and his disreputable advisor Peter Hargitay, preferably also with Mohamed Bin Hammam? (Photos available.)

Some of these photos, which first appeared on our websites, were stolen by many media over the years and published hundreds of times.

At some point, I was banned from taking photos in the immediate vicinity of FIFA and the IOC. Sometimes I was taken away like a criminal and been told to delete the memory cards.

These are all examples linked to many episodes, small photo documents, tiny pieces of the big puzzle we have been working on for decades, each in his own time, some long out of this business: Andrew, Frank Brandsås, Thomas Kistner, Alan Tomlinson and John Sugden, James Oliver, Lasana Liburd, our great compañeros from South America Ezequiel Fernández Moores, Juca Kfouri and Lúcio Castro, to name but a few, and many more. They all tell their small and big stories in this magazine. It was a privilege and luxury to work with them.

Of course, they all have much more to tell about the many years of jinvestigations and collaboration. And believe me, there are hundreds of other journalists, whistleblowers, informants, friends and companions also from the sports business, sometimes even from academia, who could tell similar stories. This magazine does not claim to be exhaustive. And yet I believe that these texts by **53 authors** from **17 countries** have created a wonderful, unique document of sport politics history.

Anyone who wants to even begin to understand the past 30 years since the publication of The Lords of the Rings, this revolution in investigative sports politics reporting and the significance of Andrew Jennings should read these texts carefully. More than 50 pieces of the puzzle fit together to form a great whole. If one reads The Lords of the Rings again today, with the additional knowledge of 30 years, one notices that it is not, of course, a book of massive revalations. It couldn't have been anything else. It was the beginning. It was revolutionary in this industry. Nothing more, nothing less. It was also a revolution in how the public in democratic nations judge the sport multinationals.

With *The Lords of the Rings* research was established in the field of sport politics. Many journalists still misunderstand research today - and believe that it is research to find a telephone number or an email address; or that it is research to obtain information from the press offices of the IOC and FIFA in order to disseminate their fabricated propaganda postulates unfiltered. In the past, this was called collecting material. Today, collecting material is called googling.

Research, however, begins at the moment when one compiles and publishes information that others do not want published. Whether IOC members, FIFA presidents, managers of sports marketing agencies, politicians, sheikhs and emirs or world federation presidents. Sometimes, that is perhaps the high art, often also connected with luck, but in any case with knowledge, courage and perseverance, as lived by Andrew Jennings, you can then call it investigative journalism.

I am absolutely happy about every author in this issue, about every line, every contribution, regardless of length or depth. I have already mentioned some of them, but I would like to mention a few others without in any way diminishing other texts.

First and foremost: **Vyv Simson**. Vyv is one of the few, perhaps the only writer in this magazine I have never met in person. Shame. Vyv has made sports journalism history as co-author of *The Lords of the Rings*. He describes the beginnings of journalism by and with Andrew: "How it all began".

Notice something: I wrote "sports journalism". It will have been the only time. Because I don't think Andrew, although many highly regarded writers write that too, was a sports journalist. No. Absolutely not. And it also has to do with Andrew and the tough battles in our own industry (with so-called colleagues, with bosses in our own media, with the many sports propagandists disguised as journalists) that we had to fight, especially in the early years, that I at times completely rejected the term sports journalist and sometimes even considered it a swear word. In the meantime, I am quite indifferent to it, even though I would like to clarify once more at this point: What Andrew stands for, what Thomas Kistner and I tried to do in the 1990s in the tradition of Andrew and Vyv in our books on the IOC (1996, 2000) and FIFA (1998), was from the very beginning enlightening political journalism - in the field of sport, national and international sports politics, at the interfaces of economics and politics with the sports business. Meanwhile I call it Olympic education in the subline of my magazine project.

By the way: The long-time IOC Director General François Carrard - the grey eminence in world sport, extremely influential until the last day as an ad-



Snapshots, AJ also did it. A day of satisfaction: In the courtroom of the ISL corruption trial in Zug in March 2008. Shortly afterwards, the presiding judge, with a smile on his face towards the journalists in the courtroom, declared that between 1989 and 1999, some CHF 140 million in bribes had been paid to senior sports officials - in the IOC, FIFA and other federations. Two years later, AJ published details from the list, exclusively in Panorama. To the exact 142 million are added at least the amounts from the 1980s and the year 2000. (Photo: Jens Weinreich)

visor to numerous federations and sports crooks - died one day after Andrew. On the website of the International Sports Press Association (AIPS) there was a short obituary for Andrew Jennings, and an absolutely enthusiastic one for Carrard. If you compare the two obituaries, you can see what belongs together. Not Andrew but the powerful official, who takes a thousand secrets to his grave, was described by the AIPS president as a friend and a brother. "He believed in us and became one of us. Words are not enough to remember him, we will have to do it with facts because he will continue to be one of us." That says everything about socalled sports journalism.

Any of the authors of this magazine, from any country, could write their own book on the resistance in their own industry. Believe me. Jan Jensen only mentions it briefly, Lúcio Castro and Jean François Tanda also, Hajo **Seppelt** and **Grit Hartmann** don't go into it, but they have experienced it. It is an important part of the truth. It was and is quite crucial for most friends and colleagues - they all wouldn't be what they are and wouldn't do this kind of journalism, and probably would never have been able to make the revelations they are known for, had they not had to fight and survive these battles.

The opposition has never gone away. It is a perpetual cycle. There are now some lighthouse projects in journalism, international award-winning investigations (XYZ-Leaks), which are all enormously important; but there is hardly any investigative journalism in the dayto-day business. At least not in the dayto-day business of sport politics. Hardly any media outlet wants to pay for it. That is also why PR and propaganda still dominate. Meanwhile, the main merit of AJ and Vyv and the generations influenced by The Lords of the *Rings* is that it is hardly possible for the sports multinationals, whether they are called IOC or FIFA, to reach people in enlightened societies with propaganda.

For the most part, it falls flat. The reputation that global corporations like FIFA and the IOC have - that is, the reputation of being mentioned in the same breath as the mafia, only not yet having been classified as RICO organisations unter the *Racketeer Influenced and Corrupt Organizations Act* - they have earned themselves with their manifold semi-criminal and criminal offences. These offences, however, have been brought to light by journalists.

The many investigation commissions that sports organisations (IAAF, IOC, IWF, AIBA et. al) have had to set up in recent years are solely a result of

Jennings' journalistic generation. This generation has generated millions in revenue for legions of lawyers. These commissions of enquiry, whether by McLaren or others, also cost millions. A whole so-called good governance industry, in large part lies and deception, is based on the work of journalists.

That is AJ's legacy.

That will remain.

The other part of it, and this is something many colleagues can talk about, is what Clare Sambrook has written recently as a response to the obituary in *The Times*: "Your cracking obituary for my partner Andrew Jennings is off beam in one respect. Andrew didn't own a farm. We worked and lived with our young children in a rented farmhouse. Our landlord (Inglewood Properties) forced us out of it in the weeks after Andrew's stroke. Andrew's stellar reporting did not make him rich. Precarity came with the job."

Another important point is this: Andrew's work, and that of many other colleagues, was never and is never *History Channel*, as was once blasphemed by English World Cup bidders and journalists from the UK.

What idiots.

Andrew's work has had and continues to have tremendous impact.

There are several leading officials in world sport who have told me so or similarly over the years.

Joseph Blatter was one of the first.

It was in June 2005 in Leipzig. I had been waiting for Sepp in the hotel lobby after a Brazil game at the Confederations Cup. When he arrived, along with his entourage, he had the option of heading straight for João Havelange, who was discussing with his people in the middle of the lobby, or for that one annoving journalist. Sepp came to me and got himself invited on a pub crawl. We ended up in a bar on Gottschedstraβe at some point. Sepp was recognised a few times, but some people also mistook him for a pseudo-star from a German soap opera (no lie). At some point that evening, he put on his typical Sepp Blatter look and said, meaningfully, "It's crazy, whatever I did, how many PR people I employed and hired and fired, I could never get rid of you and your friends around this Jennings."

He tried everything, including bans and lawsuits, but journalism was stronger. Simple as that.

Blatter knew exactly that he owed this disastrous image that FIFA already had at that time to the revelations of very few journalists.

Funnily enough, in February 2006, the FIFA Committee for Ethics and Fairplay at the time, which included Mohammed Bin Hammam, officially declared me persona non grata. Andrew, who had already been persona non grata for several years, naturally got hold of the minutes. I then confronted Blatter about it during the World Cup in Germany. I was immediately invited to breakfast the next morning. So I sat at Sepp's coffee table in the Intercontinental Hotel in Berlin and wanted to know what had become of the unanimous decision of the ethics committee, why I had nevertheless received a World Cup accreditation.

"The many investigation commissions that sports organisations have had to set up are solely a result of Jennings' journalistic generation. This generation has generated millions in revenue for legions of lawyers - and these commissions. A whole so-called good governance industry, in large part lies and deception, is based on the work of journalists. That is AJ's legacy. That will remain."

Blatter made a hand gesture towards the wastepaper basket and asked:

"Do you think I'm that stupid? Truthfully, I replied, "No."

Such a decision by an ethics committee would have to be approved by the FIFA Executive Committee, Blatter explained. "And who sets the agenda for this meeting?"

Only he.

So much for good governance.

Why I remind you of this again? Sepp had learned his lesson. He knew that the ban on Andrew had been a mistake and had only made FIFA - like the IOC once did - look even more stupid.

And I knew a fortnight ago that **Sepp Blatter** would not turn down my invitation to write about Andrew Jennings in this magazine. It was one of those situations that a man like Blatter immediately tries to exploit for himself. I don't mean that in a bad way at all. I have studied him for decades.

I had written to Blatter: "I have a request that sounds so strange that you might find it interesting and exciting again - at least that's how I remember you, always good for surprises. (...) I will dedicate an issue of my magazine to Jennings and his work. In it, many long-time companions will comment. I would like to ask you if you would also contribute a text. JSB on AJ. From man to man. Just like that. After all these years."

The first email disappeared into the spam folder. When the second email was delivered, the promise came in minutes.

I will not comment further on Sepp Blatter's text out of respect. I am sincerely grateful for this input. Sepp's lines are, of course, Blatter-like. I had to smile and could write my own magazine about it. A congenial complement to Sepp's contribution is provided by **Lord David Triesman**, the former Chair of the English FA. David describes in a magnificent way how obsessed Blatter once was with Andrew and his revelations. A unique, wonderful text. Here is just one quote from it:

"For two hours, right over lunch, and without any discussion of our potential [World Cup] bid, Sepp Blatter talked about Andrew Jennings."

Hilarious.

Thank you, David. Thank you, Sepp. I would also like to quote, respectfully, from that email in which Lord Triesman had given me his consent to write: "I'd be honoured to write about Andrew. He was a significant person in my sport and personal life. Of course his legacy goes beyond journalism - you are absolutely right. Some very basic stuff about honesty and tenacity. Remarkable man. Incidentally, as the Trump years have emphasised time and again, creating conspiracy theories is also a business model and people who market it can make an absolute fortune as they did in FIFA."

"It would be a good time for FIFA to apologise to Andrew (and possibly others) to mark his contribution to their essential journey, should they ever make it, towards honesty."

Of course FIFA will not apologise to Andrew. Neither will the IOC.

It doesn't matter. He told us so. Andrew has won. Join the party! Let's get on with it.

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## How it all began

## About Olympic party-poopers and their formative years on the Watchdog programme

BY VYV SIMSON

Picture the scene. Catalonia. July 1992. Andrew Jennings and I are crashing in a run down, one room apartment in Sitges, a pretty tourist hot spot a short train ride from Barcelona. The apartment has one camp bed and that's about it. It belongs to a friend of a friend of Patrick Buckley, one of our many helpers on the book we have just published, The Lords of The Rings: Power, Money & Drugs in the Modern Olympics. The Olympic Opening ceremony is 10 days away. We are about to take on the massed ranks of the world's sports journalists covering the Summer Games most of whom think, if they think about us at all, that we are a couple of journalistic cowboys and crazed Olympic party-poopers.

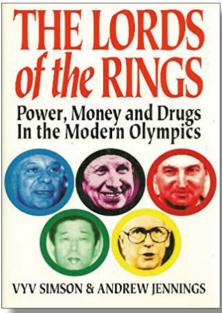
The apartment block has a little swimming pool. It's hot, Andrew and I are tired. We both dive in. The pool sits perched on the top of the hill. The view across the tiled roof tops of the old town to the port and out to sea is a fantastic and beautiful cliche. As the water drips off our faces, we look at each other, and grin inanely. 'How on earth did we get here?' I ask. 'Who cares?' says Andrew, 'Let's just go out and get them!' And that's exactly what we did.

Rewind ten years. London. November 1982. I am working at the shabby Lime Grove Studios in Shepherds Bush. Once the centre of the glory days of the British film industry, Lime Grove is now home to the BBC Current Affairs Department. I'm working on a nightly current affairs TV programme called Nationwide. Every Friday evening, 15 minutes of the show is given over to a consumer investigative strand called Watchdog. It's my first week on Watchdog and I'm a producer and director. It's also the first week on Watchdog for a slightly shuffling, tousle haired, bombastic, chain smoking bloke, whose torso is swathed in a multi pocketed, cap sleeved, khaki coloured safari jacket.

Looking me over with obvious suspicion, he introduces himself to me as my new reporter, Andrew Jennings. 'What stories have you got?' asks Andrew. 'What have you got,' I reply, 'in all those

ridiculous pockets?' There's just a breath of a pause as we continue to size each other up. Then we both burst into laughter. That was the start of a friend-ship and working partnership that was to last for more than a decade. During that time Andrew and I lived in each other's pockets. We spent more time with each other than with our families. It turned out to be a partnership that resulted in some of our best and most challenging work.

Andrew was not the typical BBC Current Affairs employee. For a start he had



1992

attended neither Oxford nor Cambridge but the then very unfashionable University of Hull. He'd also not joined the BBC straight from University. He'd worked in the North of England as a sub editor and some time contributor, on the northern editions of a number of the UK's national newspapers. At some time in Andrew's early working life, here's a bit of 'foreshadowing' as the drama writers like to call it, he was part of a collective free sheet which took regular delight in exposing the foibles of local politicians. Towards the end of the 1970s Andrew joined BBC Radio 4 as a researcher on the consumer investigative programme Checkpoint. It was presented by a man called Roger Cook. Andrew loathed Cook and always referred to him as 'Fatso'. Andrew had a very high opinion of himself as a journalist. Not everyone at *Nationwide* had a very high opinion of Andrew. There were a couple of times when I had to argue quite hard with Roger Bolton, then the *Nationwide* Editor, to keep Andrew on the payroll.

To me, Andrew was a breath of fresh air. His great strength and difference from many of those around him was that he knew how to find an original story. This may sound strange but the journalistic atmosphere in BBC current affairs at the time was largely a reactive one. At the Nationwide morning meetings the early print editions of The Mail, Express, Sun and Mirror would be gutted for stories which would then be rehashed as TV items for transmission at six o'clock that night. Andrew had nothing but contempt for this practice and declaimed to all within earshot that it wasn't worthy of the name journalism. Watchdog was different. We had to generate our own stories and this was what Andrew was put on earth to achieve. His oft repeated mantra was 'Get out of the office, find something out and tell people.' When he had found something out, Andrew was like a dog with a bone, never giving up and always moving forward. He was highly combative. He firmly believed in 'Attack is the best form of defence', in the old motto of the 1970s hard men of football 'Get your revenge in first' and boy, could he bear a grudge! His default mode was to head straight into the gunfire. 'I may lose my arms and legs' as he'd frequently remind me, 'and have to live the rest of my life as a stump. But they'll be dead!' I was more circumspect than Andrew and was the one to pull him back when the obvious outcome of his 'forward into the fire' philosophy was our total oblivion.

You learnt very quickly with Andrew. One of our first investigations for *Watchdog* taught us that if you are going to put your head above the parapet you must be prepared for it to be cut off. Andrew had a contact in the Westminster Trading Standards Unit called Alan Sharp. His job was based on the old Weights and Measures Inspectorate, who checked that local traders were not short changing customers by fiddling

their scales or other measuring instruments. Alan told us of a prevalent supermarket scam. The butchers department in the supermarkets would cut the joints of meat for sale that when wrapped for display, would shrink considerably. They were under orders to price the meat at the initial pre-shrunk weight. This meant that customers were paying for less than they actually got, or put another way, supermarkets were getting more money for less meat. We decided to secretly film Alan as he carried out a spot check in, as it turned out, a local branch of the Tesco supermarket chain. Sure enough, the meat displayed was well under the weight claimed on the packaging. We had our little story. As we were gleefully editing the film, we got a message from our Editor Roger Bolton. Roger had heard from the BBC in house Lawyers. The Lawyers had heard from the BBC's Chairman of the Board of Governors. The Chairman of the Board of Governors wanted to know what was going on. We couldn't understand how our little story had reached the ears of the BBC Chairman. The link turned out to be Tesco.

The then Leader of the Westminster City Council, within whose boundary we had filmed the illegal packaging practice, was a Conservative politician named Shirley Porter. Shirley was the daughter of one Jack Cohen. Jack was the founder of the Tesco chain of supermarkets. It was a Tesco store in which we had filmed Alan's underweight meat check. Stuart Young, the BBC Chairman, it transpired, was also a Director of, you've guessed it, Tesco! Glenn Del Medico was a BBC defamation lawyer with whom Andrew and I were destined to have a long relationship during our years at the BBC. Glenn appeared in our cutting room with our Editor, Roger Bolton. 'Shirley Porter,' they explained, was not 'best pleased' with us or with Alan. They demanded to know what we had been up to. Apparently Shirley Porter had called her fellow Tesco Director and BBC Chairman chum Stuart Young in high dudgeon to complain about our 'outrageous underhand tactics'.

Although our little film was eventually transmitted, it was made very clear to us that we had been very naughty boys and in future, we would be watched like hawks. We were required to tone down the script and construct a grovelling response to appease both Shirley Porter

and Stuart Young. We were on a warning but we'd got away with our jobs. Alan Sharp, was not so lucky. Shirley Porter had him fired.

All the things that Andrew loved about journalism and what he wanted to stand for were contained within that early Watchdog story. It was iconoclastic, crusading, a romantic righting of wrongs, the shining of a light in dark places, sticking it up the establishment, cocking a snoop at those in high places and firmly in the tradition of the early US Muckraking journalists who Andrew so much admired. Andrew was totally consistent with those values throughout his journalistic life and he loved the chaos and embarrassment he brought to so many. The journey that would lead to the exposure of corruption in the Met, corruption in the IOC and the corruption in FIFA started right there on Watchdog.

"When he had found something out, Andrew was like a dog with a bone, never giving up and always moving forward. He was highly combative. His default mode was to head straight into the gunfire."

In his later years as Andrew turned his attention exclusively to the world of sport, many UK journalists came to dislike him. He was consistently characterised as a cowboy, a fantasist, an obsessive, a deluded, ranting figure who could be either mocked or attacked. This was certainly the case when we were working together on the IOC. It continued right up to the moment it was clear to even the hardiest apologists for Sepp Blatter, that during Andrew's long years of work on FIFA, he had been right all along.

In the introduction to *The Lords of The Rings* we wrote 'This book discloses what you are not allowed to see on your TV and what the newspapers do not tell you about the Olympics. We are not sports journalists. We are not part of a circuit where too many reporters have preferred to keep their gaze fixed on the sporting action and ignore the way sport has been destroyed by greed and ambition.' Andrew felt a particular disdain for most of the specialist sports writers working for the established UK

media of the day. His moral contempt his investigative targets was matched by his contempt for the system of 'special correspondent' journalism. He believed that this system led to many of the specialist writers being in hock to the sporting authorities who controlled both information and access. He spent much of his journalistic life railing at and attempting to undermine that cosy relationship. In the end, the irony is that after so long, Andrew has finally got the journalistic recognition and respect he deserves from the very media establishment that he spent his life thumbing his nose at. 'Gotcha!' as the UK tabloids would have said.

And Andrew would have loved that.

**Vyv Simson**: My first proper job was as a Clerk in the BBC News Film Library. That was my introduction to grown up journalism. It was the Autumn of 1973. I then spent 3 years training to become a film editor. I was given the opportunity to produce and directed my first film in 1979 when I followed the Israeli Army's invasion of The Lebanon. Between 1982 and 1993 Andrew and I worked almost exclusively together. First on the BBC Watchdog series. We both quit and went to work for the BBC Brass Tacks series. We both quit and went to work for Granada TV's World In Action series. We both quit and set up Ceres Productions, through which we produced the book and the documentary of The Lords of The Rings. I spent the next 30 years continuing to tell stories: writing, producing, directing and commissioning for print, radio and TV around the world. Unlike Andrew, I love sport. I am a Lifetime Member of Somerset County Cricket Club, a Season Ticket holder at Bristol Rugby Club and I still hold my Membership at Tottenham Hotspur Football Club. I have largely given up watching football these days. I now live under a bucket in rural Somerset but I still love writing. Anyone reading this who wants to commission me - on any subject - just give me a shout: sirvyv@yahoo.com



Vyv Simson (Photo: private)

# "He did not hesitate to boldly go where no one else had ever gone"

BY RICHARD W. POUND, DOYEN OF THE INTERNATIONAL OLYMPIC COMMITTEE

Love him or hate him, Andrew Jennings was a singular journalist, whose passing represents a significant loss to his profession.

He possessed the essential elements of a great journalist: curiosity, indefatigable persistence, knowledge of his subject matter and its context, the courage to ask the questions that need to be asked, an instinct for the central points to be exposed and, vital for any journalist, a sharp and clear pen.

My exposure to Andrew came as a result of my involvement as a member of the IOC, one of his favourite targets. In that regard, we had a reasonably amicable personal relationship, despite the fact that he had no respect for the IOC and many of its leaders (particularly Juan Antonio Samaranch, its president from 1980 - 2001) and that my role in respect of his positions was to try to defuse some of the rhetoric, add facts that he had not included and explain the purpose of many IOC policy initiatives.

Andrew knew perfectly well that his writing (indeed not only the writing, but the related questioning and the obvious investigational elements they implied) would be resented and resisted by the organizations and their leaders on whom he was focusing. I think he welcomed the challenge of dialogue conducted in a civilized manner, which was not the general reception he received in a European-dominated sport environment, which, institutionally attempted to exclude him from meetings and press conferences and to deny access to organizational leaders.

He understood that I thought he was fixated on the IOC and issues that may not have been perfectly addressed, but that any such "failures" were not the result of corruption, but rather organizational policy, perhaps even oversight, at worst, possibly incompetence. He was, however, cheerfully resolute in maintaining his position, as was I in pointing out the shortcomings in his expressed views. Nor did I think that legal

proceedings were the answer. First, they are ponderous and ruinously expensive. Second, courts in developed societies will generally refuse to prevent the expression of journalistic opinion. Third, lawsuits highlight and provide additional publicity to the work and the journalist. Finally, it is all but impossible to quantify any damages alleged to have resulted from the contents of any work or article and, even if established, to collect them. Even an action in defamation launched by the IOC, in Lausanne, though technically an uncontested victory for the IOC, produced no serious outcomes, with a short, suspended, sentence.

He was certainly aware that mere journalistic opinion, especially opinion regarding corruption or criminal activi-

"His willingness to confront even organizations as important as the IOC and FIFA was seminal in the encouragement of the next generation of journalists and his work, as in the case of many of his colleagues, has led to changes in sport governance."

ty, was insufficient to bring about consequences or conduct change. There had to be objective evidence to support the allegations. He was professionally conscious of the need to uncover such evidence and meticulous in attempting to obtain it. Without knowing what advice he may have received prior to publication, I expect it may have included "the need" to possess such evidence before going public, but that were he to be sued, in the course of any legal proceedings, he would be entitled to have access to other documents (and evidence obtained through examination of witnesses) to supplement what he already had. No doubt potential claimants received similar advice, with the result that few legal actions were instituted in respect of his publications, even where his conclusions may have gone beyond what evidence he had in his pocket.

In the FIFA corruption cases, while perhaps not all evidence was available to Andrew and some colleagues with whom he collaborated, there was sufficient material made available to the U.S. public authorities indicating widespread corruption. This led to the successful criminal prosecutions in New York. It is a safe bet to make that the information provided by Andrew played a significant role in both the decisions to prosecute and the eventual outcomes. One hopes that the corruption in other parts of the football world will be followed up with similar actions.

**#INTEGRITY** 

As a result of his professional example, Andrew became a leader in investigative reporting in the field of sports. His willingness to confront even organizations as important as the IOC and FIFA was seminal in the encouragement of the next generation of journalists and his work, as in the case of many of his colleagues, has led to changes in sport governance, some times voluntarily, but more often in response to published evidence of improper or inadequate conduct. He was regularly consulted, even by governments, on matters of sport governance, including the types of corruption, the methods employed by perpetrators, the nature of evidence that could identify corruption, and particular examples to illustrate corruption and its negative impact.

Corruption in sport is a serious issue for the integrity of sport, one that is important for governments (especially as corruption is monetized), sports organizations, sport participants, sponsors, broadcasters and spectators. As a respected "expert" in such matters, most of which are relatively unknown by the world at large, since few were unwilling or unable or lacked the personal courage to turn over the rocks that hid the activities, Andrew has had a significant impact on subsequent conduct within sport.

No one is perfect, including Andrew, but as a journalist, few would disagree that, à la Star Trek, he did not hesitate to boldly go where no one else had ever gone. I will miss his cheery face and rumpled safari jacket. RIP, Andrew.



# The orange skier

On a helpless Scotsman in Norwegian snow, nocturnal bawling chants, the Nobel Peace Prize, Samaranch's smile and the daughter of an IOC member at the Olympic torch relay

BY FRANK BRANDSÅS

Everyone knows that Andrew Jennings was a fantastic reporter. But did you know that he did cross country skiing? At least, he tried. And, just as his work: It did not come easy.

First of all, it was with deep sadness that I received the message that Andrew had left us. He was a pioneer in real sport journalism. I am happy and grateful that I got to know Andrew. He taught me the importance of patience and systems in long-term reporting.

After 44 years of journalism I can say - with my hand on my heart - that I learned more from Andrew than anyone else. On top of the methods - and the importance of patience and systems - I learned the importance of a smile and humour when you approach people. He did this even when he KNEW people would not be happy to be questioned by him. Specially not by him.

My biggest scoop anytime, the story about how the International Olympic Committee tried to buy the Nobel Peace Prize by awarding the 1994 Winter Games to Lillehammer, could not have been done without help from Andrew.

Thank you Andrew!

We laughed and worked together around the whole world.

### Rare sporting exercise

We met for the first time in Albertville and Barcelona in 1992. The next ten years - thanks mostly to Andrew and the team he brought together - was the best time in my career. Singing our special JAS-song (*Juan Antonio is a n...*) not only in Lillehammer's *Storgata* but in the middle of every town in late evenings was always big fun.

But to return to the start about Andrew and cross country skiing: During the Lillehammer Games in 1994 he realised that cross country skiing was more than the national sport of Norway, it was great fun for everyone. I brought him a pair of skiers, boots and all the clothes and gear needed, so he could try it himself. I gave him some tips about how to ski. Stupidly I also

gave him an orange, and said - because it's true - Norwegians always bring one orange (per person) when skiing.

After his exciting first day of skiing he came home very happy to the house a colleague and I had rented for Andrew and other friends.

He had only one question:

Why the orange?

I had not been a good teacher — and for the first time he had not done his research properly: the orange was meant to be eaten half way. Andrew had kept it in his pocket. A few, actually quite a few, 'accidents' (that is, falls) made the orange more into fresh pressed orange-juice. And the skiing-clothes turned orange also. Thank you Andrew – for one more big laugh!

**FRANK BRANDSÅS** is a reporter with Hamar Arbeiderblad and other newspapers. He covered sport politics for more than a decade. BY ALBERT KNECHTEL

Tmet Andrew on a hotel bed in Lille-▲hammer. It was 1993 and his 50th birthday - one year before the Winter Olympics in Norway. We smoked something, and decided to make a film together. His book The Lords of the Rings had been published in 1992. He was talking about corruption in sports, he was in his element. He told stories and never stopped. It was always like that when we met. He talked, I marvelled. He always knew how to tell his stories so pointedly, about so many contacts and with so much energy to get closer to the truth. He was intense and witty, always entertaining and funny. Andrew bubbled, I listened.

Mon cher was his preferred form of address when he meant me, because I was then living in Paris and we were there producing the documentary *The* 

# IOC-korrupsjon for parlamentet

LONDON: – Hvis dette er kriminell journalistikk, så er jeg stolt over det jeg har gjort. Og jeg går gjerne i fengsel – med mediedekning fra hele verden. Det sier Andrew Jennings, en av forfatterne bak boka «Ringenes Herrer». Nå får forfatterne støtte fra et sveitsisk parlamentsmedlem som ber parlamentet granske IOC og korrupsjonspåstandene. Sjefredaktør Mark Molvoy i Sports Illustrated mener det er feil av IOC å gå til søksmål mot forfatterne.

HA: FRANK BRANDSÅS

Professor Jean Ziegler – sveitsisk parlamentsmedlem – ber parlamentet i Sveits nedsette en uavhengig granskingskommisjon for åse på det Ziegler kaller «sannsynlig OC-korrupgjone». I et forsåg til paramentet i Sveits, der IOC har sitt novedkvarter, skriver Ziegler blant annet at myndighetene gir IOC, og OCS ledere og ansatte, mange privilegier og dispensasjoner. Nå mener Ziegler tiden er moden for å undersøke IOC nærmere.



The early years, 1992: One of Frank Brandsås' articles on AJ, the IOC, the Nobel Peace Price and Juan Antonio Samaranch at Hamar Arbeiderblad and many other Newspapers in Norway.

Gamesters for ARTE for a French production company. Again and again he talked about the IOC members; about corrupt sports officials and dirty deals in Lausanne. His favourite target was the man with the problem in his right arm, as he called him. He was only too happy to imitate the fascist salute of Franco's supporters when talking about his so-called Excellency, the IOC President Juan Antonio Samaranch.

AJ was frowned upon as a blasphemer among many sports journalists. He was too honest, too curious, too conscientious for the usual puffery of 1-0. He was not seduced by a pen given as a gift for the sports journalists from all over the world by sponsors of IOC or FIFA. Andrew could not be bought. He was the black sheep of the *olympic family*. I'll never forget how colleagues shunned him for a long time. It was almost an offence to know him.

## The turning point

And then came December 1998. The Salt Lake City scandal, and I couldn't believe my eyes. We had travelled to Lausanne for a shoot with AJ, and suddenly everyone wanted to drag him in front of the cameras. In a few hours he had given dozens of TV interviews. The persona non grata had suddenly become a sought-after interviewee. Now it was suddenly PC to know the man in the trenchcoat asking nasty questions, the cranky "Columbo of world sport."

In 2000, I moved back to Germany. We were in the final stages of our film. He came to visit for a week in Mainz. I fell asleep next to him on our red couch. While he reeled off story after story about the IOC, I was exhausted after hours of listening to AJ firing on all cylinders. I closed my eyes. Sitting down.

An hour later I woke up to find him lying on the guest bed snoring. I woke him up and immediately regretted it. No sooner had he opened his eyes than the fireworks on IOC topics continued.

He was a walking encyclopaedia when it came to FIFA and the IOC. But he always had a wink ready also, because AJ knew what was important in television. I will never forget how joyful he was when he discovered that we had captured revealing footage. His favourite scene was PR-man Franklin Servant-Schreiber whispering to Juan-Antonio Samaranch "Smile, Mister

President" at an official press conference. Or doctor Jacques Rogge interrupting a surgery when the phone rang and the boss of the family, Mister Samaranch was at the other end of the line. Or how Kevan Gosper bitched about the press when they found out how he arranged for his daughter to carry the Olympic torch. AJ loved flyon-the-wall documentaries, but- when necessary - he confronted the powerful with the results of his research by doorstepping in his inimitable way.

Politically, AJ was a convinced leftist. He truly understood football as the people's game, and he wanted to give the game back to the people instead of seeing it degenerate in the hands of greedy officials and advisors. Andrew was one of the people and he attached importance to that. Not an aloof intellectual. But a hard worker in digging up and collecting documents, in listening to witnesses and informants, in writing down facts. I really enjoyed working with him, because for me he was a friend and a professional pioneer: he was the first journalist to hold up a mirror to sport politics. Not a noble pen, but one who loved facts; who did not turn tail when clubs or federations wanted to withdraw his accreditation or even refused to grant it.

He was sincere, courageous and conscientious. Always professional. A terrier in the best sense of the word, who adhered to the rules of fairness and honesty. Bitingly critical, but never dogged. No wonder - he originally came from financial and political journalism, and not from sports journalism.

He also founded an entire school. Through him, sports journalism has taken on a new colour. Investigative and tenacious, that's how AJ's successors are. I affectionately call them his disciples, who have been showing up more and more all over the world in recent years and who would probably still not be doing so without the role model of Andrew Jennings. What Joseph Pulitzer once did for investigative quality journalism Andrew Jennings did for the world of sports.

**ALBERT KNECHTEL** is a film-maker who is producing and directing documentaries for almost three decades. His award-winning films were broadcast in networks like ARTE, ZDF, ARD, National Geographic, BBC, TV Globo and many others. Contact: albert@knechtel.tv

# How we will miss him



BY PATRICK NALLY

Andrew was the archetype of the Marmite Man - someone that some people liked very much and other people disliked very strongly. In my case it was both, I loved him for the character he was, and yet at times I couldn't bear his annoying Lieutenant Columbo (homicide detective) approach.

But whatever your view, Andrew left his indelible mark.

I was instrumental in creating 'Columbo Jennings' when he, Vyv Simpson, Tony Webb and I had a very long lunch in Chelsea to talk about a book. We had come into contact via a Panorama programme and Andrew and Vyv were fascinated to hear about Horst Dassler, Havelange, Samaranch, Nebiolo and many others. Despite many months of 'getting to know you', it became very apparent that Andrew wanted, and should, fly solo. He wanted to morph himself into a hard-nosed (Marvel style) investigator. He didn't want to respond to the many positive, meaningful and amusing stories we wanted to tell, and to balance his dedication to "go for the jugular".

After many attempts to reach a balanced approach we all agreed to go our separate ways. I could sit back at many future Olympic and FIFA meetings and enjoy the Jennings' creation of sports equivalent to Panto Villains: in Jennings view they were all the living legends of complicity, deceit, lies, and unrealistic dimensions. Watching him chase them down the street will live with me forever. Regardless of the side of the Marmite fence you're on, we are all going to miss the unique corruption fighter - 'Columbo Jennings'.

RIP Andrew it was an honour.

**PATRICK NALLY** is one of the founding fathers of modern sports marketing. The system he devised, which was further developed by Horst Dassler and his disciples, was the basis for the marketing programmes of FIFA, IOC, UEFA and other giants. WestNally.com

## Rebel with a cause

Fighting for the "decent people": those who want to live in a fair and just society

BY MATHEW D. ROSE

I am not going to write much about Andrew's work as there are others who can do a much better job of it. I would like to talk about Andrew as a person. His most striking quality was the warmth he radiated. It was always a joy to be with him. He swept you along in his exuberance and love of life.

Being with him was simply fun. Andrew was not only a friend and colleague, he was a *comrade*, a term he often used. He had a political agenda: social and economic justice. That may explain his quest to re-establish fairness in sport. Andrew, despite often delving into enemy territory was always on the right side of the barricade. Incorruptible. I would not be surprised if the IOC, FIFA, or major sport corporations never even tried to buy Andrew. There are simply people who you know cannot be corrupted. Integrity is written all over them.

My first contact with Andrew was in 1992 or 1993. Berlin was bidding for the Olympic Games 2000. I had become an activist in the movement to stop Berlin winning the bid and was appalled at the corruption of everything and everyone who came into contact with the bid: the IOC, politicians, journalists, business interests. Worse yet, there was no attempt to systematically expose this.

Being an American I felt it was my civic duty to do so, although I had no journalistic experience. The only indepth information I could find was *The Lords of the Rings*. I called Andrew in London, told him that I was researching for a book, had no idea how to do that, and asked if he could help me.

His answer was typical: come over to London, you can stay at our place.

Vyv had moved on from the IOC and I fear the only person Andrew had to talk to about the IOC at that time was Clare, his wife. Probably both were overjoyed that Andrew now had a new audience. It was of course overwhelming the amount of information Andrew had to share, but he also took the mentoring seriously. I have to admit, some was irrelevant, because Andrew was working in a different culture and dif-

ferent milieu: sports officials and sports business people. I picked up some tips and tricks, but more importantly Andrew provided me with the basic handwork: "If you do not have two sources, you have none, so get documents!"

"Do not trust anyone, but the person you should distrust the most is yourself. Always ask yourself if you are following the facts or how you would like them to be". Even more important was his advice: "When you approach a topic, sit down and imagine the worst, most disgusting result possible - and rest assured that it will be much worse. So never stop researching a topic because you think you are finished."

"Andrew was always on the right side of the barricade. Incorruptible. There are simply people who you know cannot be corrupted. Integrity is written all over them."

With Andrew constantly helping me along, my investigation bore fruit and saw the light of day resulting in Berlin's state parliament launching a formal inquiry. This was, as always in such parliamentary inquiries in Germany, a farce. The government that is responsible does everything to sabotage the inquiry, supported by their majority of parliamentarians whose only interest is a cover-up. Still, it was to be the source of documents that revealed what was going on in an Olympic bid as had never been available before. We had round 20 large arch lever files full of them. Much of the information flowed into chapter 15 of The New Lords of the Rings.

Another special quality of Andrew was sharing information. I do not think he ever held back anything. Once when I was staying with Andrew and Clare they departed on holiday leaving me alone in their house. Andrew told me to work in his study, showing me his files, adding "Look through them, there's fascinating material". It was his complete research of the past couple of years. It was not a question of possession, but common knowledge in a common struggle to bring about change.

At the same time Andrew confronted me with a situation that I abhorred at the time, but later was to be of utmost importance. Somehow he had the Stasi files of the East German sport official Karl-Heinz Wehr, earlier general-secretary of the International Amateur Boxing Federation (AIBA). It was incredible stuff, which I translated from German for Andrew. He then asked me to meet with Wehr in Berlin, "just make an appointment". Wehr was not only involved in corruption in his federation, but covered up the endemic doping programme in the Eastern bloc nations. As we know this resulted in the deaths and prolonged suffering of many athletes. Wehr was the last person I wanted to speak to.

Andrew tried to explain that I was not meeting Wehr to become his friend and I should not compromise my principles. It was a question of professionalism and finding out the truth. Needless to say, Wehr sensed my antipathy and I made a bollocks of the interview. Later Andrew came over to Berlin and we visited Wehr together, I as translator where necessary. It was a lesson that served me well later in my research. I often felt that Andrew was being opportunistic in who he was "schmoozing" with. No, he was simply being a good journalist, always with his eyes on getting the facts.

Andrew had his own style of writing. It was popular, it was tabloid, but as he explained, he was not writing for the corrupt sport officials and journalists, nor for the CEOs of companies involved in international sport. He was writing for the fans and the athletes, many of them victims of doping, cheating, and exploitation. These were the people he wanted to reach. He wrote in a language that he believed appealed to them. I remember him once doing a presentation with finger puppets at a sports congress. The audience loved it. As he often repeated: "You have to tell a good story."

Another thing I shall always be thankful to Andrew for was making me aware of feminism, or rather the lack of it, in my thinking. Again and again, he would call me to order where he felt I had left out half of humanity in my analyses. Whenever I write or speak today, I hear Andrew's exhortation.

The same is true for negative nationalism. I once had a stupid idea for an article playing out the British against the French. He wrote: "Mathew, we don't do that anymore". Lesson learnt.

Andrew was also not a tunnel-vision journalist, not to mention sport journalist. Since I left investigative journalism and have gone over to economics and politics in opposition to mainstream media, I have never had any of my innumerable former colleagues read what I write. The exception was Andrew, who somehow picked up on a piece I had written for an American blog, and dropped me a line that I was spot on with my analysis.

I would like to conclude with something, which I fear is an ugly secret concerning investigative journalists, who are dedicated to furthering the common good, not the interests of the 1% or the lies of mainstream media. In doing so you are challenging the status quo of injustice and inequality that dominates our society. You are also challenging the raison d'etre of mainstream media. This is not something they take sitting down. They will do everything they can to stop you or destroy your reputation. Occasionally there is an upright editor somewhere or a media that wants to burnish its "investigative" credentials. Not as often as you might think. Thus critical journalists, even of Andrew's stature, often find themselves in financial straits. When Andrew first confronted me with this, I was shocked. Later I would find myself in similar situations. Anyone who has gone down this path will have experienced it and knows how it wears on your substance. But as Andrew explained, we get through it - somehow.

He was right.

Last but not least, one should not think that Andrew Jennings was a pure-bred journalist. Beyond all his brilliant investigations, Andrew was simply a good, decent bloke. In my recollections, that is what dominates.

**MATHEW D. Rose** worked for a quarter of a century as an investigative journalist in Berlin specialised in Organised Political Crime. He is one of the founders of the not-for-profit educational website for economics, politics, and climate change BRAVE NEW EUROPE (<a href="https://www.braveneweurope.com">www.braveneweurope.com</a>), where he is an editor and author.

## Collusion with the evil

The grotesque contrast between claims and reality in the IOC

BY JOHN HOBERMAN

ndrew and I connected in late 1994 After he somehow managed to acquire a copy of The Olympic Crisis: Sport, Politics, and the Moral Order (1986). He telephoned me because he was very interested in a term I use in the book: "Amoral universalism," I suggest, is the fundamental principle of membership in the Olympic Movement and participation in the Olympic Games. This principle holds that membership in the movement must be universal. It must include the entire Family of Man, meaning every nation-state on Earth, no matter how brutal or criminal the regime may be. Avery Brundage pioneered this doctrine on behalf of his successful campaign to get American athletes to the Nazi Olympics in 1936, and it has become the bedrock reasoning of the IOC as they go into business with dictatorial regimes.

At the same time, the IOC has developed a rhetoric that legitimizes its relationships with the political criminals who want to stage Olympic Games for their own political reasons. These rhetorical devices attempt to convince an increasingly sceptical world that sport has nothing to do with politics, and that the IOC's repeated role as a service agency for ambitious dictatorships operates in a realm beyond good and evil.

This principle has now culminated in the *Genocide Olympics* that will take place in Beijing in February 2022. The rationale that underlies amoral universalism is that, if all of humanity does not participate in the secular religion administered by the IOC, this will fatally undermine its salvational message and its mission to the world that is the IOC's true purpose. The grotesque contrast between its claims and the crimes and repressions it sponsors seems to have eluded IOC members' attention ever since its era of political collusion with political evil began in 1936.

We agreed from the beginning of our collaboration that the IOC and its project constitute a racket, a profitable arrangement that operates under false premises, that has acquired an enormous cult-like following around the world.

Andrew's courage and tenacity became both legendary and an inspiration to many of us. In this regard I have a little story to tell. In June 1999 Andrew and I participated in the OATH Olympic reform conference that was held in New York City and included a reception at the United Nations, which was down the street from our comfortable hotel. It turned out that this event had been funded by the Canadian billionaire auto parts magnate Frank Stronach. This came about, it seems, because his daughter Belinda was at that point in a relationship with Johan Olav Koss, the gold-medal-winning speed skater from Norway, who had developed ideas about reforming the Olympic movement. Its dubious sponsorship aside, the OATH reform effort disappeared as quickly as it had appeared, surprising no one who, like Andrew, understood the impregnable position of the IOC in 1999, even after the 2002 Salt Lake City bribery scandal. Juan Antonio Samaranch Sr. solved that problem by talking deceptive nonsense to the U.S. Congress and by hiring Henry Kissinger to do damage control.

On a beautiful June day during the conference Andrew and I stood by the scenic East River just north of the UN and had a conversation about his forthcoming book The Great Olympic Swindle (2000), co-written with Clare Sambrook. Andrew told me that the book would include a chapter on Gafur Rakhimov, an Uzbek "businessman", then Vice President of the International Boxing Association (ABIA). Andrew had been working on uncovering Rakhimov's real business. After listening to Andrew's description of Rakhimov and his criminal activities, I ventured a modest suggestion. Might it be wise, I asked, if on this occasion he left this gangster out of his book?

He looked at me quizzically. The idea had never occurred to him.

**JOHN HOBERMAN** is a Professor of Germanic studies at the <u>University of Texas</u> at Austin. He is the author of numerous books and articles on sports, specifically on their cultural impact, their relationship with race, and the issue of doping.

# Advantages of Christiana

For several years a man in a yellow t-shirt was "chasing bad men" for Ekstra Bladet

BY JAN JENSEN

When Andrew Jennings published *The Lords of the Rings*, he visited Copenhagen to promote the book. I had the opportunity to interview him, and I became a fan on the spot.

Andrew became a journalistic role model, and over time he also became a good friend and a man with whom one could always discuss journalism.

He loved bringing journalists together. He believed that if one were to tackle "the bad men" in the big organizations like IOC and FIFA, there had to be cooperation across countries and continents. At a conference on investigative journalism in New York City in 1993, Andrew helped make that happen. We were six journalists from various Danish newspapers, but before we had looked around, Andrew had paired us with journalists with the same interests, from a number of other countries. One evening there were 20 of us, men and women, dining out in Manhattan, and phone numbers, addresses, and not least ideas were exchanged.

It will hardly surprise anyone that Andrew was the one who spoke the most. Enthusiastic as always, as well as highly entertaining.

In 1998, I was commissioned to produce a weekly sports magazine in our newspaper, Ekstra Bladet. It was named International Sport, and Andrew Jennings was employed for the first time at Ekstra Bladet. He did not like tabloid newspapers, and certainly not the British, but he made an exception with us. His job was to travel around the world and expose corruption in the international sports organisations. We had made some horribly ugly yellow t-shirts for the staff at International Sport. Most hid them, but not Andrew. He loved those jerseys and he wore them when confronting the AIBA president or other 'bad men' who deserved to be exposed on the front page of International Sport.

Not surprisingly, Andrew became popular among our readers. His language, his writing style, and his fearless audacity went straight to the heart of the readers. Unfortunately, we could



"Horribly ugly yellow": AJ with a favorite targets: the corrupt AIBA boss Anwar Chowdhry, formerly paid by Horst Dassler/Adidas. Photo taken by Morten Bjørn Jensen/Ekstra Bladet, 1998 in Antalya, where AJ received voting results of the congress at the night before at the hotel bar.

only keep *International Sport* running for a few years. But it was enriching while it lasted, and Andrew loved coming to Copenhagen and walking around the editorial office and exchanging ideas for new stories and revelations.

### **The Olympic Crown Prince**

Andrew also enjoyed visiting the free town of Christiania several times, where 'exciting tobacco' was sold.

In 2009, the Danish Crown Prince Frederik had the idea that he would be elected to the IOC. It was much against the wishes of his mother, Queen Margrethe, but the Crown Prince stood firm. The IOC's session took place at the *Bella Center* in Copenhagen. And Andrew was given the task of covering everything at the session.

Andrew completely agreed with Queen Margrethe, and he tried hard to convince the Crown Prince not to join the IOC. Unfortunately, without success. Although Andrew told the Crown Prince much about the many "bad men" in the Olympic sphere, it bounced off Frederik, who ended up being elected.

The Crown Prince sat on the IOC until last year, when he himself chose to retire. Maybe he finally understood what it was Andrew was trying to explain to him in 2009.

Andrew continued to write for our paper. Several times I also got my name in the bylines. In 2014, we had big plans to make a TV documentary for Ekstra Bladet about FIFA and Qatar together. Money for the project had been raised, and Andrew was in Copenhagen several times, where plans were made and a kind of script was drafted. Unfortunately, it came to nothing because the wrong forces at the newspaper interfered in the enterprise. It still annoys me that the project was aborted. It would have been wonderful to see Andrew at full throttle in the role of Andrew Jennings. It is movie I have to just play in my head. I think it's good.

The last time he visited us was in 2015, where he gave a lecture to our interns. Several of them have since been employed at the newspaper, and when Andrew's death became known in Denmark, the young people told me that his lecture seven years ago had really made an impression - especially the part of chasing "the bad men".

The rest of us now have to take care of that. It is a heavy legacy to lift.

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# The experience of hosting an investigative reporter

BY JAY COAKLEY

As a good friend for over 25 years, Andrew was an incomparable journalist when it came to disclosing the fraud and corruption in global sports. He was an aggressive and strategic investigative reporter, one of the first to turn his attention to the sacred realm of sports and expose myths that allowed organizations and executives to avoid transparency and accountability in what they did to benefit themselves.

His sometimes flamboyant, disheveled, Columbo-like public style was part of a clever presentation of self. It was designed to elicit leaks from potential informants who knew what was occurring in sports but were hesitant to disclose anything to journalists who had already been coopted by the power structure in sport organizations. As an investigator, Andrew never made claims that were not supported with hard evidence and on-the-record statements. His claims were often so shocking that uncritical thinkers were quick to criticize them as too fantastic to be true.

I met Andrew when I attended the first World Conference on *Women*, *Sport and the Challenge of Change* in Brighton, UK, in early May 1994. As one of four men invited to the conference I attended a general session. Andrew discreetly observed the session from a balcony above the hotel ballroom. He was there because he sought sources willing to disclose information related to his investigation of the men who controlled the IOC, national federations, and other sport organizations. His focus at that time was the 2002 Olympic Winter Games in Salt Lake City.

During a break, he introduced himself and we began conversations motivated in part by my knowledge of *The Lords of the Rings*, and by his interest in learning what I knew about the *United States Olympic Committee* (then USOC, now USOPC) headquartered in Colorado Springs where I lived and taught at the University of Colorado

campus there. When I learned that he was deep into research for a second and third book on the IOC, and knowing that he had limited resources, my wife, Nancy, and I invited him to stay at our home and use our car to continue his investigative work in Colorado.

When he arrived in Colorado Springs later that year, Nancy and I began an experience that we will not forget. Our time with Andrew was frenetic. He hit the ground running with an intensity that we'd never seen before. I knew sports journalists and none of them pursued evidence as Andrew did. After a few weeks of sharing meals, late-night conversations, and driving Andrew to where his queries took him, it was clear that living with us restricted his work schedule. We found an affordable apartment close to the local library and USOC headquarters and furnished it with things from our house and from friends who had met Andrew and wanted to support his investigation. Nancy loaned him her bike so he could cycle to where he needed to be when we could not provide transportation.



Once in Cumbria: Nancy and Jay Coakley with AJ and his youngest children. (Photo: private)

Andrew's focus at that point was discovering what people at the USOC and national federations knew about everything from the Olympic bid process to current planning for the upcoming 2002 Salt Lake City Games. During our regular meals and drink sessions we marveled at what Andrew learned about Colorado Springs, the local power structure, the inner workings of the USOC, and the people who managed an influential private foundation that regularly supported USOC interests. Much of this information was new to me even after living in Colorado Springs for 22 years. I was amazed at what he uncovered at the local library and learned while chasing down documents and talking with people who had never been

asked about their knowledge of what went on behind the scenes at the USOC.

Andrew quickly discovered that the USOC operated on the backs of volunteers and administrative assistants who were privy to information because they were invisible to the Olympic power brokers they served. As I had learned from my experience, USOC executives and federation directors were mostly white men making good livings and taking luxury trips while their assistants and volunteers did much of their work. Andrew saw these marginalized workers as potential sources. Some no longer suffered from five-ring fever and were willing to share what they knew and provide leads to other sources.

One memory from Andrew's time in Colorado Springs was being with him and his ever-present voice recorder as he entered USOC headquarters to question the executives whose offices were on the second floor of the building. We were stopped on the stairs by the USOC information officer and a security detail. Andrew immediately began asking questions, but we were assertively escorted off the USOC campus and banned from returning. I regularly returned to use the library and see friends who worked there but Andrew did the rest of his USOC work incognito.

Andrew left Colorado after months of constant investigative work and writing. We stayed in touch and felt good when *The New Lords of the Rings* was published in 1996 and when he and Clare Sambrook published *The Great Olympic Swindle* in 2000. When Andrew and I talked in 2014 I suggested that he write a memoir in the form of a series of articles. But his stroke in 2015 left him facing challenges that interfered with research and writing.

Andrew is an unforgettable human being whose indefatigable obsession with uncovering and disclosing untold truths about the most powerful sport organizations in history provides lessons for those of us who ask critical questions about sports. We will miss him and remember his friendship, energy, investigative skills, and how proud he was of his children. Trying to keep up with Andrew was impossible but listening to him was always an informative experience. Andrew's contributions to making the world a better place constitute an impressive legacy that has and will continue to inspire others.

## Hunger for documents

## On the cooperation of investigative journalists and investigative academics

BY ALAN TOMLINSON AND JOHN SUGDEN

Find out what the villains are up to and tell the world! - this was the principle which guided the intrepid investigative journalism characteristic of Andrew Jennings' work throughout his career in the press and related media outlets. Our own extensive investigative research into football's world governing body FIFA was inspired and kick-started by Andrew following an encounter in the USA in 1994. Prior to the football World Cup we were attending a conference hosted by the North American Society for the Sociology of Sport (NASS) held in Savannah, Georgia. Jennings was a keynote speaker at this event, invited on the back of his impactful book The Lords of the Rings co-authored with Vyv Simson.

In that book which focussed on the shifting balance of power in world sport governance, the authors noted how what had been a virtual northern European monopoly on sporting power brokerage was being challenged by an emerging south European and Latin American cartel of post-colonial usurpers. Notable among them was the Spaniard Juan Antonio Samaranch, the head of the IOC, as well as João Havelange, the Brazilian who had triumphed over Englishman Stanley Rous to become president of FIFA. At the conference Jennings summarised much of this in his keynote address, but he went on to admonish his audience - mostly sport academics from a range of disciplines -

"We are being sued by FIFA and Blatter!"

"Bloody brilliant ...
we'll get him in a court room
in England and
make him tell the truth!"

for being too tame in their approaches to investigating potential abuses of power in sports' major global institutions; being too ready to accept propaganda churned out by their public relations departments, accepting it uncritically as an accurate representation of reality.

The following morning with Andrew's chastening commentary still ringing in our ears, we sat in a coffee bar in the nearby resort of Tybee Island and agreed to do something to address his concerns. After copious cups of free black coffee we had drafted the bare bones of what would mature to become the book proposal for *FIFA* and the Contest for World football (1998) and so our journey into the murky world of the Havelange/Blatter FIFA Dynasty (HBFD) would begin in earnest.

We set ourselves a pretty ambitious agenda, bringing principles of investigative journalism alongside forms and strategies of the *New Journalism* (Tom Wolfe, Hunter S. Thompson) to bear upon an interdisciplinary, academically-framed study of the growth of world football and the shenanigans of those who emerged to govern and exploit what became such a cash cow for the greedy, self-serving and corrupt.

In a piece published in 2011 in the International Review for the Sociology of Sport (Vol.46, No.4: 387-398) Andrew referenced French sociologist Pierre Bourdieu's rationale for critical



Once upon a time in Paris, 1998: Nightly investigations on the FIFA trail - Les Messrs. Sugden, Tomlinson, Brandsås, Jennings, Weinreich ...

sociology that could contribute to a "political morality" by "working incessantly unveiling hidden differences between official theory and actual progress – between the limelight and the backrooms of political life". Andrew's patient doggedness, his hunger for documents and evidence, his contempt for the crooks and criminals spouting hyperbole and lies, allied to his sheer grit and determination, made him the master of revelation and exposé, unveiling generations of self-aggrandizing hypocrites and ruthless crooks, fraudsters and embezzlers.

In Andrew's own formulation: "find a gap between the polished public face and the sordid reality" of an institution and then follow the evidence trail, gathering, sniffing, sifting, analysing, contextualising; you then have a contribution to the advance of "public knowledge". When the FBI and the US Department of Justice, working with documents and leads provided to them by Andrew in August 2011, exploded the ticking time bomb of FIFA corruption in May 2015, the public knowledge made possible by his assiduous tracking and evidence-gathering was a global sensation.

Andrew won plenty of awards, but has said that one thing he is "really proud of" is the suspended jail sentence that came his way in Switzerland for saying that the IOC president Samaranch was corrupt; he added too that he was "quite chuffed" to have been banned from FIFA press conferences and premises since 2003, for publishing a documented story about Sepp Blatter's secret bonuses.

## **Fancy FIFA lawyers**

In the summer of that year both of us - Alan in Brighton, John in Eastbourne - received court papers from our local Bailiffs Office. Our book Badfellas: FIFA Family at War, part of a large canon of work on FIFA that we had produced, had come out earlier in the year, and in essence the papers - served also to our publisher, and to Amazon Germany - amounted to an attempt to sue us for allegedly causing "injuries to the personality" of Sepp Blatter, and to FIFA itself and to stop the distribution of the book. We read the court papers, sent from Switzerland by fancy lawyers Nobel & Hug, with a combination of excitement and anxiety.

Panicking a little as we did not want to lose our houses in an unbalanced legal battle with one of the world's richest sporting organisations, Andrew's legal tussle with the IOC came to mind. John gave him a call to seek his advice. He answered the phone and John blurted out our predicament:

"We are being sued by FIFA and Blatter!".

Andrew's response: "Bloody brilliant ... we'll get him in a court room in England and make him tell the truth".

"What about the legal costs?", John stammered.

"Don't worry about it", Andrew calmy said, confident and cocky at the same time, "He'll never set foot in a court outside of Switzerland, so if I were you, I'd just forget about it and it will disappear".

And so, it did: thanks Andrew, from the both of us.

This was Andrew's style: dramatic and calm, plotting and planning, all at the same time - and forever speaking with a mischievous tone, close to a grin of delight. When he knew that the FBI had two co-operating witnesses ready to support indictments of FIFAcrats and crooks, Andrew, in an e-mail to Alan in December 2013, simply typed:

"Goody goody".

Unforgettable - that's what Andrew is.

**ALAN TOMLINSON** and **JOHN SUGDEN**, both professors at University of Brighton, were among the first authors to publish outstandingly researched, critical books about FIFA (see next page). Their books are must-reads.



... but Messrs. were also working at day time - the proof: FRANK BRANDSÅS managed to get the only photo of Sepp Blatter's fall at the FIFA congress.

## The legend remains

BY THOMAS KISTNER

Iwrote an obituary for Andrew Jennings, the pioneer of investigative sports journalism, for the Süddeutsche Zeitung. But this is the official part, and of course only the essentials can be presented in such an article, rough brushstrokes, a few things to tell the large sports audience about the life's work of this extraordinary sports journalist.

Andrew was so exceptional in his manner as in his work that he deserves lasting tributes.

In our newspaper, for which he himself had written a number of articles, he was given a farewell as a journalist. But I am sure that the many colleagues from all over the world who will comment here personally about AJ, on his work, his single-mindedness, his sharpness of thought, in other words, that all those colleagues will illuminate the facets of his unique nature.

Many of these memories we share. Andrew was also a great networker, which is why many here, probably most, have known each other for a long time as well. So I will limit myself to a small, personal memory.

Andrew entered the sports journalistic stage with a bang: in 1992 with the book The Lords of the Rings. Boom! Four years later, the The New Lords of the Rings followed. It was once again a standard work for the guild of sports journalists - something the vast majority of them rejected out of hand at the time. Andrew, the bird of paradise with the eccentric appearances in conferences and in front of cameras, the ironically flattering questioner in his timeless, sand-coloured, ballpoint-pen-studded waistcoat. He whole appearance was the antithesis of a caste of reporters who often left the impression that they would have preferred to become sports officials themselves instead of just writing servilely about them.

After the Atlanta Games in 1996, Andrew turned to a new subject area. It was, after all, the beginning of the period when FIFA was pushing its way past the IOC. We had kept in touch after our first meeting in Monte Carlo in autumn 1993 when the 2000 Games were awarded to Sydney. When FIFA came into AJ's focus, we met for a three-day

crash course in Munich. From then, together with Jens Weinreich, I had the pleasure of marvelling at and accompanying Andrew's rapid forays into the world of football sports politics. The only striking difference between him and us was that he had absolutely nothing to do with the sport itself.

Many people will say everything about this fabulous colleague, both right and important. He left no one unmoved and always left his mark - in whatever way. He was a full professional, detective, hero of meticulous work and who loved a celebration. He was more than a friend; he was a constant for decades. A constant companion, even in logistical matters. A true confidant. The man who for many years was not even allowed into the foyer of major sports conferences. But he always had the best information. Even about what was going on there, where he was not allowed to go.

We had endless conversations, by no means only professional ones. These are the images and words that stay in our minds. By the way, mate, have we ever had a conversation in which we dispensed with our mutual banter?

Don't mention the war, AJ!

We continued the banter in practically every e-mail we sent each other. We always invented names for each other that fitted into the respective topic of conversation:

Dear Sepp! Hi Juan! Bonjour Jacques! Dear João!

At the 2010 World Cup in South Africa, we corresponded as Jogi and Fabio, after the coaches of our national teams, who also met there.

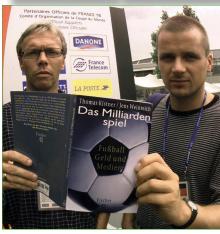
When I look back, I wonder was that actually work? In any case, work was never more playful than with AJ, not even in Skype sessions that lasted all night. Jokers, laughing and joking, exchanging documents whose explosive nature in time set the sports world quivering. That, too, is part of Andrew's legacy.

Farewell, Mountain Man.

You are missed. But someone like you will never be forgotten.

My very best wishes, The Lake Man.





When they were young, Paris 1998.

A few more books about FIFA and the IOC, about politics, corruption and crime in world sports, just a small collection.

What all these books have in common is that they were written in close cooperation with Andrew Jennings - and their authors are also contributing to this this magazine.



Photo: Play the Game/Jens Astrup

# The Incomparable

As a pioneer whose work was crucial for uncovering the culture of corruption in world sport Andrew Jennings set new and higher standards for the coverage of sport politics

BY JENS SEJER ANDERSEN, FOUNDER AND INTERNATIONAL DIRECTOR OF PLAY THE GAME

n uncompromising and relentless Ainvestigative reporter, Andrew Jennings was always on the road chasing documents and facts that could expose the shady side of sports business, always eagerly seeking collaboration with likeminded spirits, always in combat mode when facing spin doctors, lawyers, media pundits and sports leaders trying to excuse the inexcusable. He became a role model for future generations of journalists from the day in the early 1990s when he started to uncover corruption, greed, and mismanagement at the heart of the international Olympic movement.

Had Andrew's death happened before the turn of the century, the news would have provoked a sigh of relief rolling loudly through the corridors of power in international sport. But his legacy reaches far beyond the time when he was the first investigative journalist to break the walls of silence and conspiracies in world sport, and new generations of athletes, activists and journalists are today busy building on his heritage and holding sports politicians accountable.

As a young man he grew up in a working-class neighbourhood in London in the 1950s where the local heroes were the veterans from the Spanish Civil War, and Andrew Jennings took almost personal offense when he learned that the *International Olympic Committee* (IOC), claiming to be a leader of the world youth and striving for world peace and high educational ideals, was led by a former minister in Franco's fascist Spain, Juan Antonio Samaranch (who died in 2010).

His indignation inspired his first ground-breaking sports book The Lords of the Rings (1992), co-authored with Vyv Simson, which earned both authors a five-day suspended jail sentence in the court of Canton de Vaud in Lausanne for defamation of the IOC, and Andrew was banned for years from IOC events. He went solo with the next book The New Lords of the Rings (1996), exposing further corrupt practices in international sports federations and the IOC. The duo of books set completely new and higher standards for journalistic coverage of sport and fed the global outrage triggered by the Salt Lake City Scandal. That sparked the IOC reform programme that came under critical scrutiny in Jennings's next book The Great Olympic Swindle (2000, co-author Clare Sambrook).

Next, Jennings turned his attention to FIFA.

In 2001, Jennings, who by now had built a reputation in the headquarters of sport – in the eyes of the top leaders a very controversial one - attended a FIFA press conference and asked only one question: "Herr Blatter, have you ever taken a bribe?" The question was not meant to trigger an admission by the FIFA president but was a signal and an invitation to honest workers in FIFA to come forward with what they knew.

Six weeks later, an anonymous FIFA official arranged a secret midnight meeting in Zürich that would provide Jennings with the first armful of compromising documents and contacts for the next steps in his research.

The rest is sports history. Drawing upon the FIFA documents and the investigation carried out by Swiss authorities of the defunct ISL marketing company, Jennings could unravel FIFA's mafia style business in his book FOUL! The Secret World of FIFA: Bribes, Vote-Rigging and Ticket Scandals (2006). His journalism earned him a ban from FIFA events and multiple legal threats from FIFA, but FIFA never followed through by suing him, and Jennings took FIFA's response as compliments on his credibility.

## Networks, the spirit of sharing

A sequence of BBC *Panorama* documentaries on FIFA, researched and presented by Jennings, contributed to the international impact of his work. Most importantly, his book and writings drew the attention of investigators (and soccer fans) working for the U.S. tax authority, the IRS, and for the FBI. They contacted Jennings in 2009 and asked him to assist them in their secret criminal investigation into FIFA.

When the Department of Justice (DoJ) finally took action in May 2015 and Sepp Blatter was forced to retire, Andrew Jennings started filming his fifth and final BBC *Panorama* programme, summing up 15 years of research in *FIFA*, *Sepp Blatter and Me*. While filming some of the last sequences in New York, Andrew Jennings suffered a stroke which put restraints on his work capacity in his last years.

For *Play the Game*, Andrew Jennings became an invaluable and generous ally in the pursuit of democracy in sport. He was the first international speaker at the opening of our first event

entitled *Sport, Media and Civil Society* in 1997, and his presentation lit a fire in the audience. His fierce attacks on sports media and corrupt sports leaders provoked participants to ask questions like: "My editor is the best friend of our Olympic boss – how can I write the stories you propose?"

Andrew gave a smart answer:

"Network! Give your story to a colleague in a neighbouring country. When they publish it, then your newspaper has to write what they write about your countrymen."

Not only did this presentation ensure that the goal of the conference was fulfilled from the first - to unite in a concern over the lack of freedom of speech in sport - it also established networking as the order of the day.

"I loved Andrew's straightforward manner when meeting people. He had this twinkle in his eye that said: 'we are on the same side'. Always entertaining to be in his company. R.I.P. Andrew."

Maria Suurballe Conference Manager *Play the Game* 

At the end of this event, which we later understood was the first international event ever gathering multiple types of stakeholders in sports political discussions, the delegates formed the *Sports Intelligence Unit* (SIU) network which served as a kind of networking group for the next few years.

But there was also a more private side to Andrew's support. When in 1998 he came to Denmark again to pick up the *Gerlev Prize*, I rode on a bus with him across Zealand and bemoaned the lack of dynamics in our new network. I was about to give up.

"I think you should give it just one more chance," Andrew insisted, and his moral support was decisive for the fact that I did persevere. Later, his partner Clare Sambrook advised me on a few communication aspects, and together we developed the name *Play the Game*.

For the next seven *Play the Game* conferences until 2013, Andrew Jennings took part from the beginning to the end, practicing the networking he always preached as a key to journalistic success. Numerous researchers and in-

vestigators around the world benefited from Andrew's generosity in sharing advice, information, and contacts with those he trusted. He understood from the start that building networks around the globe was a strategic journalistic response if you wanted to match the closed international freemasonry established by the top sports leaders.

His trust in like-minded colleagues was equalled by his open contempt for those who practice "almost criminally bad standards of reporting; laziness, reluctance to ask questions, a reliance on press releases", as he said at our first event. He attacked those journalists who line up to have their photos taken with "the emperors of sport" and accept too much "hospitality from the people they are supposed to report on."

His unrelenting criticism of the sports establishment and its followers inevitably earned him enemies.

In fact, since 1997 there is not a single other person I have had to discuss as frequently with sports officials, academics, journalists, and others in our network. His critics would deem him self-promoting, exaggerating, tabloid, intimidating – and I was even told his presence was "harmful to *Play the Game's* credibility"!

My response to this advice? Yes, Andrew may sometimes be a bit of all of this, so let me offer to disinvite him if you can point me to any other person who has as much evidence to support as much insight on sport's governing bodies as he has. There the conversation always ended.

## **Sending secret agents**

The efforts to suppress Andrew at Play the Game did not stop at slandering. IOC and FIFA had more in their toolbox. They would actively and secretly tell members and affiliates to keep away from our conferences, and some would feel that they had better take the advice. In 2002, we received no less than four last-minute apologies from FIFA-related speakers who had confirmed their readiness to debate with Andrew, including the head of South Africa's bid for the World Cup, Danny Jordaan, and Issa Hayatou, then Vice President of FIFA and President of CAF. On a few hours' notice, the General Secretary of the Danish FA (DBU), Jim Stjerne Hansen, had the guts to

jump in and make sure that Andrew would have an opponent.

Instead of accepting our invitations and allowing people to engage with Andrew, FIFA would send secret agents, ie. participants without a FIFA name tag, but with a clear mission: to register what Andrew said on stage and in the bar. In 2002 it was the infamous Peter Hargitay, Blatter's advisor, a consultant with expertise in the shady side of business. From 2005 to 2009, it was less prominent people, and we amused ourselves with seeking them out.

Finally, in 2011, the new head of communication at FIFA, Walter de Gregorio, decided to register for the *Play the Game* conference in Cologne as one of his first duties. Although he preferred to stay among the audience, his presence led to a memorable clash. Referring to his Italian background, de Gregorio protested at Andrew labelling FIFA as mafia, but Andrew explained that FIFA ticked all the boxes in the academic definition of this kind of crime syndicate.

#### Get the documents!

What the critics would often overlook was that Andrew's flamboyant and streetwise approach would never stand a chance if it had not been backed up by hard work and rigorous documentation. I often heard him teach younger journalists never to build their stories on innuendo and anonymous sources. His motto was short and sharp: "Get the documents!" Moreover, Andrew's loud and entertaining storytelling was a

deliberate way of reaching the audience that he really cared about: the fans, the working people who pay the bills of international sport through tickets and subscription fees. I had the great pleasure of sharing the stage with Andrew on a few occasions in Latin America, and his rapport with audiences young and old was second to none. His jokes, his gestures, his mimicry easily broke the ice and the language barriers. It was not always easy to be the next speaker, but for sure we had fun!

Barring a few individuals, international sports leaders never admitted that Andrew was right and that they should have embraced his stories because it gave them the information needed to wipe out corruption in their own ranks. It was really not the messenger that was the problem, it was the substance of the message, and history proved him right. He was not exaggerating, on the contrary. In his case, like in most other cases of investigative journalism in sport, far more serious crimes are discovered when police and public prosecutors decide to act on the basis of journalistic revelations.

There was for instance an evening in Zürich in March 2008 where I was attending a U.N. meeting and coincidentally heard that the trio that worked so hard digging into FIFA, Thomas Kistner, Jens Weinreich and Andrew, were also in town. We met for a beer or two, and I was amazed to see how they bubbled with joy over what they had just heard in the court of Zug: A confirmation that FIFA's biggest marketing

partner, ISL, had paid bribes worth 142 million Swiss Francs to FIFA and other sports leaders in the 1990s. Not even these hard-headed FIFA critics had been able to imagine the scope of the systemic corruption.

## **Choose the opposite direction**

Typically, this unprecedented scandal went largely unnoticed by the global media. It is hard to imagine how silent and complicit the world of sport politics was before 2010. Today, sport is subject to much more critical information and debate, caused by snowballs that Andrew Jennings was among the first to roll. For his incomparable efforts we gave him the *Play the Game Award* in 2011, and we will remain grateful as long as sport will need independent and fearless watchdogs.

I think our colleague and friend Andrew Jennings should get the last words, which were also some of the first words spoken at our conferences. During the first half of his career which he spent investigating corruption in Scotland Yard and other sectors of society, he learned a lesson that he brought with him into sport:

"When the pack of reporters go in one direction – go in the opposite direction. Avoid the crowd, stay away from the mob of quick turnaround news-bite reporters, and go away and dig until you think you are getting to some truths. Some independent truths are better than none."

## Play the Game Award 2011

The jury: "They have always been accused of exaggerating the problems in FIFA, but last year has shown that they were understating, Over the years, Jennings and Weinreich have been despised, criticised and excluded from doing their job by sports leaders, politicians, and even by their own colleagues. Still, they have been determined in pursuing their investigations. They not only sought, but also found the documentation, and that is a great achievement which has been fundamental for the world public's understanding of FIFA as it is today, They are a symbol of the idea of Play the Game, which is that by researching, documenting, exposing, discussing, publishing, co-operating and asking questions in a global network we can help each other and contribute to better sports policies."



Cologne, 2011: Jens Sejer Andersen, Jens Weinreich, Andrew Jennings. (Photo: JENS ASTRUP)





# "When I look at what is happening in FIFA today, I would be glad if Andrew Jennings were still here"

BY SEPP BLATTER

In my 41 years at FIFA, I was not always treated with kid gloves by the media - even though I used to be a journalist myself and am still a proud honorary member of the *Association of International Sports Journalists* (AIPS).

Among the biggest critics of FIFA, and of me personally, was undoubtedly Andrew Jennings. We met again and again. But I could not call him a friend.

At the same time, I have great respect for him and his work. He was a tough opponent and a relentless researcher.

His horizon did not end at the sidelines. Where other jour-

nalists stopped working, Jennings only began.

With his books and articles, he held up a mirror to us - and even if I disagree with much of what he wrote, I take my hat off to him. Because of his attitude he was an outsider, and often had to follow our media conferences from a distance. But he stood for the importance of journalism as the fourth estate like no other in his field of activity.

Personally, I was not close to him. But colleagues describe the scion of a London working-class family as astute and edu-

cated, gregarious and feisty, fearless and helpful.

Since the 1990s, Jennings has purposefully built up an international network. Probably rather involuntarily, he also played into my hands, for it was not least the work of Andrew Jennings that uncovered certain abuses and thus triggered the reform process in FIFA.

It was a sad irony of fate that he suffered a stroke while researching a TV documentary on the events surrounding the 2015 FIFA Congress. He never recovered from it. Since then, Jennings has lived in seclusion. But his work has set standards to this day.

When I heard about his death, it made me thoughtful, because with him a permanent fixture in sports reporting has gone into eternity. When I look at what is happening in FIFA today, I would be glad if Andrew Jennings were still here.

Rest in peace Andrew.

## Uniquely rambunctious, uniquely resolute

BY BOB MUNRO

As in life since I first had the good fortune to meet Andrew over two decades ago, since his death two weeks ago I've surprisingly, frequently and warmly smiled a lot. I've even enjoyed reliving and reflecting on our always vivid discussions over a drink, a meal or a telephone. As we unfortunately agreed on so many important issues, we often had to dig deeper for something to disagree about so we could again enjoy another lively and healthy argument.

While happily reconnecting with Andrew during the last weeks and then thinking about what to write, I decided to focus on his always memorable presence. Andrew is so multi-talented and multi-faceted that many happy and distinctive words kept competing for attention. But two words in particular kept resurfacing: rambunctious and resolute.

They also recurred in two distinctive variations. With his many friends, Andrew was always delightfully and resolutely rambunctious. But for those in his cross-hairs, he was always disconcertingly and rambunctiously resolute.

#### Exuberant, irrepressible

What his friends admired and enjoyed as always being boisterous, exuberant and irrepressible, those in his cross hairs considered unruly, disruptive and unmanageable. And what we cherished and respected as being persistent, tenacious and courageous, they considered stubborn, relentless and uncompromising. But what's most distinctive is, whether by friend or self-proclaimed foe, Andrew proudly embodied and even cheerfully embraced all of those contrary descriptions as reassuring compliments.

In the mid-1840s when American philosopher and civil disobedience pioneer Henry David Thoreau was jailed overnight for refusing to pay a poll tax to support what he considered an illegal war against Mexico, his friend and poet Emerson reportedly visited him in jail and asked "Henry, what are you doing in here?", to which Thoreau replied

"Under these circumstances, Waldo, what are you doing out there?"

Andrew took a similar approach when first banned by the IOC and then FIFA for asking inconvenient questions during their press briefings. Instead of being embarrassed or intimidated, Andrew proudly and deservedly boasted about his bans in his many articles and books and, like Thoreau, constantly challenged all of us to re-examine our own values, engagement and, like him, finding the courage needed to support our convictions.

Unique is a greatly abused and misused term. But in Andrew's case, it's uniquely appropriate. There's never been, and there never will be, another investigative journalist or person or friend as uniquely rambunctious and so uniquely resolute as Andrew.

Andrew Jennings continuously set new and high standards of professionalism and integrity, first for himself and then for those in public office. Now, in fond and grateful remembrance of our peerless colleague, fearless friend and always reliable ally, we all have a duty to ensure his high professional and integrity standards continue to be respected and upheld worldwide.

Bob Munro is the Founder/Chairman of the Mathare Youth Sports Association (MYSA, 1987) and top-tier professional club Mathare United FC (MUFC, 1994) and a founding Director of the Kenyan Premier LeagueL Ltd (KPL, 2003). In 2015, he received the biennial Play the Game Award for strengthening the ethical values of sport.



Bob Munro (Photo:Thomas Søndergaard)



BY EZEQUIEL FERNÁNDEZ MOORES

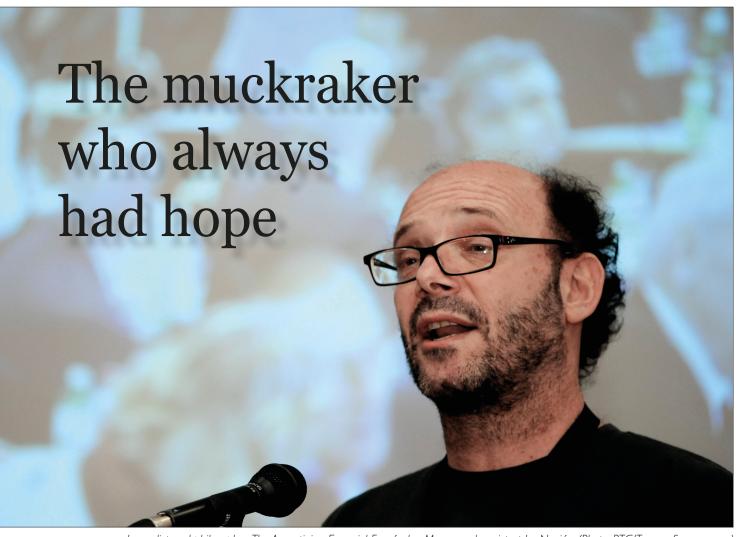
Maracay, Venezuela. 12 or 13 November 2009. 3am approximately (alcohol sustains the debate): What is the blessed moment in a discussion?

Despite my inadequate English and difficulty in understanding Andrew Jennings' somewhat strong accent (he never listens to my pleas to *speak slowly, please*) it comes when we talk about that which, for better and for worse, constitutes us. Journalism.

I asked Andrew how he managed to write for newspapers such as the *Daily Mail* that were in some cases, in my view, chauvinistic, xenophobic and sexist. "Very easy," he replied, "I only read if my article is OK, I don't look at the rest of the paper."

I liked this vision of him as a star journalist but also as a salaried worker. The idea that, in most cases, we couldn't be responsible for where we worked, whether at the BBC or in the so-called tabloids but that we are responsible for what we write or say. We don't own the

#Muckraker #Traditions "The FBI Andrew?" Ezequiel Fernández Moores



Journalist and philosopher: The Argentinian Ezequiel Fernández Moores, columnist at La Nación. (Photo: PTG/THOMAS SØNDERGAARD)

paper, we own our articles and our voice. In 1988 Ken Loach presented his film *My Name is Joe*. I always preferred the title chosen for the Hispanic audience: *Mi nombre es todo lo que tengo* (My name is all I have).

The discussion that night in Venezuela with Andrew (we were invited to present in Maracay along with Jens Sejer Andersen) came to a head when Jennings confided to me that FBI agents had interviewed him and that he was exchanging information with them about FIFA corruption.

"In South America," I told Andrew, "the part of the world where I was born, FBI is a bad word. It's like saying CIA. Coups against popular governments and support for savage dictatorships. They don't act for the good of the people, they act only to look after their own interests".

Only seven years before, Venezuela itself had suffered a coup d'état that lasted only two days and which the United States worked alongside the coup plotters, as they have done in al-

most 300 coups that Latin America has suffered in the last century. They call us Washington's *backyard* for a reason.

I reminded Andrew of his always anti-imperialist political outlook, which even believed that Britain should return possession of the Falkland Islands to Argentina. "But they would have to take Prince Andrew with them too," Jennings added, and laughed.

In our work we are obliged to stick our feet in the mud. A very high percentage of our sources are people who have life track records, criminal records rather than exemplary working CVs. They can be dubious people who leak information to us just because they are out of the business, and who of course are not obliged to tell us the truth. Okay, let's get dirty. But ...

"The FBI Andrew?" Since when was the United States interested in "the good of football"? Wasn't it really more interested in the business of football?

That night, all my political disquisitions and prejudices, my ethical debate about the profession, crashed into the most logical answer: Andrew told me that at last the real powers that be were interested in his investigations. No longer just a tabloid newspaper that published his articles, or that tribune of democratic discussion that was always *Play the Game*, nor his reports for the BBC. No. For the first time, Andrew felt that his long years of investigative journalism were finally being heard by a power greater than Havelange or Blatter. A power strong enough to demolish the old FIFA empire. Andrew didn't care if that power was the FBI.

That steadfast determination to step in Andrew's mud made me always think of him as my favourite muckraker in sports journalism.

I became very interested in the "rake men", the muckrakers, as then US President Theodore Roosevelt disparagingly called the journalists who between the late 1800s and early 1900s investigated monopolies, tycoons and political corruption in his administration.

Pioneers such as Lincoln Steffens who published in 1903 in McClure's magazine The Shame of the Cities about municipal corruption in New York, Washington and other cities; David Graham Phillips who in 1906 published in Cosmopolitan a series of nine articles called The Treason of the Senate and who pointed to John Rockefeller as "the chief despoiler of the American people". Or Ida Tarbell and her series on the monopoly and extortion of Standard Oil. Or Samuel Adams and the health care racket, Thomas Lawson and the financial speculators, Upton Sinclair and food, Ambrose Bierce and the railways, child labour and even the miseries of journalism. Many of these articles were published by media tycoon William Randolph Hearst, Orson Welles' Citizen Kane, who also used his empire to fuel racial hatred, entertain and defend his special interests.

The big sports corruption scandal of the time was the eight Chicago White Sox players banned for life from baseball in 1919 on charges of match-fixing. The investigation was published by Hugh Fullerton in The New York Evening Post, owned by Joseph Pulitzer. It was a major scandal, shattering early on the supposedly idyllic world of sport that most of the press portrayed to us. "The only honest sport is fishing," said journalist Charles Dryden ironically. We all know that, because of its popularity and business, sports reporting ended up becoming pure entertainment shopping. We know that most of the press made a deal with sport in exchange for exclusive broadcasts of matches, interviews and bribes to beat their competition. And that one of the famous press maxims ("good news is no news") did not apply to sport. Sport was the realm of "good news".

But there were exceptions, of course. And in those exceptions we had the strength of a hurricane, the courage, hard work and ability of a man called Andrew Jennings, my muckraker friend. I say my friend because, beyond his histrionics and his irreverence, we want to remember not only the journalist we admire, but also the friend. A showman extraordinaire in each of his exposés, a star in the small world of sports investigative journalists, Andrew was, paradoxically, one of the most generous colleagues I have ever known.

#### "But I can hope"

Perhaps it may be more natural to exchange information between journalists who are known and close to each other. But Andrew was equally generous to journalists from distant countries and smaller media. I experienced it personally in our initial contacts in the first editions of *Play the Game*. Always available, always exchanging information, always a funny and sharp human.

In recent years, he used to ask me to talk to him on Skype. I would lie and tell him I didn't have Skype. He would make up any excuse. Strictly speaking, I preferred him to answer me in writing. I was afraid that my broken English (and his thick accent, I said) would lose words and meaning. Luckily I lured him into a reply by email in 2014 when I asked him (as he was born in Scotland) his opinion on the Scottish independence referendum. I pass on the beautiful response verbatim.

I think it is as a good reflection of my friend as anything ...

"I was born in a small windy industrial town on Scotland's East coast, be-

tween Edinburgh and Dundee. My parents moved to London and 30 years passed before I returned, to work for the Scottish newspapers. Then it was back to London and Manchester - but wherever I am in the world I listen online every Saturday night to the wonderful piping programme on BBC Scotland. (Bagpipes to foreigners!)

Why is a Yes vote so exciting? A friend, a former Scottish football official - and an honest one - said to me, 'You know Andrew, we are different people'. He was right. Cross the border into a different culture of politics and music, and now passionate conversations as Scots re-discover how much they enjoy being Scots, not Britons.

What stimulated us to the edge of independence? Blame Margaret Thatcher. She used Scotland as a test bed for her noxious neo-liberal politics. She imposed new taxes on Scotland and destroyed industry, allowing no time for civilised de-industrialisation.

Imagine you live in Scotland, Currently you are governed from Westminster - a lifetime away. Listen to the accents of a resurgent ruling class - the upper-class posh boys from Eton College, now millionaires and privatising our caring welfare state.

Last week they woke up to the risk to their — not ours — precious Union and told us that if we depart their vile value system, they will screw Scotland's economy. They already screwed the whole of Britain. It can only get better for Scots.

Now, I am nearly home. I look out of my writing room window at the hills of Southern Scotland. They are only 20 miles away but the border is between us. I live in England and cannot vote. But I can hope!".

## Face to face

BY PABLO VIGNONE

Andrew Jennings became a huge influence on my journalism career from the moment I first heard him in person on November 14th, 2000, in Copenhagen, during his presentation to the *Play the Game* conference. "It is an insult that the IOC tells us that it works better than democracy," he roared. Two years later, also in Copenhagen, he pioneered my learning of Internet research. I still apply what I learned



Compañeros para toda la vida: Andrew Jennings with the wonderful Argentinian journalists Pablo Vignone and Ezequiel Fernández Moores. (Photo: PTG/ NIELS NYHOLM)

from him to my work today. Years later, on one of his visits to Buenos Aires, I took him to see the Boca Juniors stadium to see a football match. Driving my car, we passed in front of the building of the Argentine Football Association, the fiefdom of Julio Humberto Grondona. Being a Sunday, it was closed. I invited him to take a picture, as a way of saying to Grondona "I follow your every footsteps." He refused.

"Investigate, yes; provoke, no." Andrew provoked all the time. But he always did it face to face, in the flesh.

I will deeply miss him.

## "Slayer of the corrupt"



Reykjavík, 2007. At the workshop of his friend James Oliver. (Photo: PTG/ NIELS NYHOLM)

BY CRAIG LORD

I can't recall the precise words Andrew Jennings uttered when we first spoke but after introducing himself it went something like: "I've got some documents and I need a swimming brain. Fancy a chat?"

So began the fun of learning that led to the July 14, 1997, publication in *The Times* of a game-changing lead story on the front page and a double-page spread inside the paper under headlines such as 'Inquiry into swim chief's lottery links - National Lottery'; 'Firm paid thousands for tie-up'; and 'From shopkeeper's son to a squire - Hamilton Bland'.

The year or so it took to get the job done remains one of the most instructive and developmentally significant episodes of my journalistic career. The National Lottery and its funding of Olympic sport in Britain was new back then. I was familiar with it not only as a swimming writer who had reported Paul Palmer's post-silver-medal speech in which he followed the 400m freestyle final at the Atlanta 1996 Olympic Games with a cry of financial help because, while the Games was a multi-billion-dollar business building, he had, well ... nothing to show for it but a silver that might have been gold if he had had the chance to train in an Olympic-sized pool, for example.

Then the UK Prime Minister responded with a pledge to get a National Lottery rolling and ring-fence funds for sport. Great - but rich pickings for those spotting business opportunities in the mix, it would turn out.

When the storm broke in July 1997, *The Time's* leading article at the helm of its opinion section noted:

"The patchwork nature of lottery grant distribution gives powers of patronage to a huge variety of individuals, some of them in situations where public and private interests can conflict. It is important that the spending process be devolved as far as possible from ministers, but the lottery must be protected from anyone who might see an opportunity to benefit personally ... The Sports Council was right to express its disquiet two years ago and it is remarkable that the Amateur Swimming Association (ASA) has not taken action until now."

### Relentless, resilient rock

For 'until now' read 'because an investigation by journalists forced the sports authority to take action even though for months on end the ASA leadership headed by David Sparkes had backed Bland's version of events and threatened us with legal action'.

It was May 1998 when an official inquiry rubber-stamped all our efforts and confirmed that the investigation led by Andrew had been spot on. Hamilton Bland, a man I'd known just about all my life through swimming, would pay a price, chiefly for having acted as a facilities consultant for the ASA while taking money for recommending specific types of facilities, like movable floors, to clients that included local au-

thorities using public money (some of it lottery sourced) to provide sports venues stretching from local community facilities to the large and expensive variety that hosts national and international competitions.

The verdict in, the BBC and the ASA had little choice: Bland had to go - and never return, as the then Sports Minister Chris Smith put it to *The Times*.

Throughout it all, Andrew Jennings was a relentless, resilient rock, an island of calm and patience rooted in a relentless and steely determination and dedication to seeking out those who might help us get to the truth.

#### Fact-checking: the air he breathed

He had done it all before on various investigations in other realms. Keeping a meticulous record and tucking away each piece of evidence, Exhibit A and on to however many exhibits it would take to expose bad practice and ill-gotten gains underpinned by secrecy, Andrew taught me the stark difference in stories that can be handled on the surface and those that take time; those that require us to dive into depths, sometimes time and again, in search of undeniable proof of Actus reus (the guilty act).

In 1996-97, we drank a lot of tea and had a lot of laughs and celebrated each passing discovery that helped build a body of evidence from which there was no escape. Fact-checking was the air he breathed, his opinion of the wrongdoing and wrongdoers he exposed served up with lashings of cream on a rich cake of justified delight.

In its <u>obituary of Andrew</u>, *The Times* nodded to the glorious 'here we go' moment in his hunting down of corruption among football leaders at FIFA when he asked FIFA President Sepp Blatter at a media conference: "Herr Blatter. Have you ever taken a bribe?"

Boom! Many journalists in the room would not have dared to ask that question but then they hadn't done their homework like Andrew had and by the time he landed the punch of inquiry, he already knew the answer.

In 2015, when police authorities fished FIFA grandees out of their hotels on the way to prosecution, Jennings told *The Washington Post*:

"These scum have stolen the people's sport. They've stolen it, the cynical

thieving bastards. So, yes, it's nice to see the fear on their faces."

It was fuel and motivation to hit the day running for every investigative reporter out there. There are moments in journalism when you feel thoroughly ashamed to be associated with the worst version of the profession. Andrew Jennings was a man who made all reporters worth their salt feel a rush of pride as he aimed a sharp quill at the fragile bubble fraudsters like those at FIFA had imagined to be a wall of steel guarding their secrets.

He had great faith in his view that the world is full of whistleblowers waiting for a knock on the door from a journalist they can trust.

In 2015, as the FIFA "scum" were carted off, he told *The Independent*:

"You know that everywhere, in any organisation, if there is any sign at all of how corrupt the people at the top are, there's decent people down in the middle management, because they've got mortgages, they've got children to put through school. They are just employees and they will have a sense of proper morality."

Watching from afar, I was gripped by the Senate hearings into FIFA in August 2015 after the FBI had rounded the leaders up. I used Andrew Jennings' testimony, point by point, to demonstrate to a swimming audience why Olympic sport needed to face the same process of truth before reconciliation. There were many gems in the mix.

#### Omertà the altar

Everyone knew, said Andrew to the hearing, that in soccer bids you have to "pay to play". As such it was "so silly of England" to even have put in a bid given that they, like the USA, tend not to enter races that need the runners to pay bribes, he added, to the merriment of many. After describing "stakeholders" as "Blatter's mates", Jennings makes a point that ripples out to many sports: "If you want to die young, come to England and stand outside Arsenal, Manchester City, Manchester United, Liverpool, Everton, all the big clubs and say 'we're going to stop you having football

for seven weeks' because Jack Warner took the money'. I hope it's a painless death. You can't just walk into someone else's sports culture and take it away but that's what Blatter's done."

That scenario plays out in every single Olympic sports federation, Omertà the altar at which key figures from leading sports nations continue to worship.

In that sense, this is the perfect place for a tribute to Andrew Jennings, who had little good to say about media reporting "1-0 To X" in screaming headlines while ignoring the elephant in the room of big-business sport: massive corruption and bad practice of the kind that actively ostracises and harms athletes, coaches, whistleblowers and anyone in sport who reaches for transparency, democracy and rights, such as fair play and decent pay, for all.

#### "Inspire the next generation"

With Andrew, the story was never done. His long term was life and lifelong. When the crooks had been caught, he continued to campaign for total transparency at FIFA so that all its transactions are available to view online. Many Olympic sports federations are yet to catch up on such practises.

Andrew also spoke at seminars "to inspire the next generation of investigative reporters" as *The Times* put it.

He once said: "Google has its uses, but it doesn't do what a journalist is supposed to do. Shoe leather is cheap. That's how I get the story. If you walk down any suburban street, there is a story behind every door. There are people who work in factories, good people, that bad things happened to, and they are waiting for a knock on the door."

RIP Andrew, slayer of the corrupt, champion of the voiceless and powerless and an inspiration for all who are or who aspire to be an investigative journalist or simply want the truth to be told.

CRAIG LORD has covered every Olympic
Games as a Swimming Correspondent for
The Times and Sunday Times since 1989. In
the past 30 years, Lord was at the forefront
of reporting the doping and governance
scandals in FINA. Lord has edited and written
SwimVortex.com and State of Swimming
during the past decade. He is a recipient
of the Media Awards of the International
Swimming Hall of Fame and the American Swimming Coaches Association.

## Trips to Lausanne and Washington

BY LARS JØRGENSEN

Iwas warned of Andrew Jennings long before I travelled to Lausanne in February 1999 to cover the first world conference on doping in sport as his partner in crime. "Andrew talks a lot. But don't worry. He is a fantastic reporter, and he is a good guy who enjoys smoking cigarettes and drinking beers. Have fun," Jan Jensen, the sports editor at *Ekstra Bladet*, told me.

He was right. When I first met Andrew in the train from Geneva to Lausanne, he didn't stop talking until we arrived at our hotel, and I left him to rest my ears for a while in my room.

Still hearing his voice in my ear, I almost regret that I had given up my old job as a crime reporter to cover sport politics. But I knew that Andrew had been a crime reporter too. And from his columns in *Ekstra Bladet*, I knew that he was the best in my new business. I needed to find out how to work with him. Then I remembered my editor's advice about having fun. I joined the old 'talking head' at the bar for a smoke and beer and decided to learn as much as I could from him. That is a decision, I have never regretted. I soon learned that Andrew was a good listener too.

At a time when the Festina scandal and the Salt Lake City scandal had confirmed Andrew's long time doping and corruption allegations against the IOC, he was having a party in Lausanne, and so was I. During the conference, Andrew was proudly wearing a yellow t-shirt from *Ekstra Bladet's* marketing department that was so ugly that I refused to wear it. By wearing the t-shirt, he deliberately tried to attract attention from other news media at the conference in case the IOC decided to cancel his IOC accreditation at his first visit to Lausanne in eight years.

In 1994, Andrew was in absentia given a suspended sentence of five days in prison with a probation of three years for having broken an old Swiss defamation law with *The Lords of the Rings*.

Now, it was payback time. At the first press conference, a *New York Times* reporter asked the IOC's Director General François Carrard if the IOC had any plans to give Andrew an apology now that his allegations of Olympic corruption were officially confirmed? "No, because there are other lies in Jenning's book," Carrard stated. "What lies? How will the IOC justify the criminalization of a critic that has now been proven right?" Andrew replied.

"I will not go into the lies in your book. This is not a press conference between Andrew Jennings and the IOC. It is an IOC meeting with all of the media," Carrard answered.

But by then, Andrew had already received the attention that he wanted. After the press conference, Andrew went from being an Olympic *persona non grata* to being an Olympic hero surrounded by a crowd of reporters who begged him to tell his story.

"When people like Samaranch and the other IOC members try to send you to prison, you know that you have done something right", Andrew said.

In March 1999, Andrew and I were back in Lausanne. He wouldn't miss the session when the IOC finally decided to exclude six members for corruption, and neither would I. But although it was great fun to watch Andrew chase excluded IOC members at the *Lausanne Palace* hotel all day long and smoking and drinking with him at the hotel's piano bar at night, it wasn't until one month later that I fully understood the impact of his sports journalism.

In April 1999, Andrew was invited to speak at a hearing in the US Senate arranged by a committee investigating the Olympic corruption scandal in Salt Lake City. I was told to cover the hearing at a distance from Copenhagen.

The day before the hearing, I telephoned Andrew in Washington and asked him to comment on the fact that he was now going to be a star witness in



US Senate's hearing "Olympic Site Selection Process" on Salt Lake City and IOC corruption, April 1999. (Screenshot C-Span)

a case of Olympic corruption that he only a few years earlier was given a suspended sentence in prison for covering. "It's a strange world. If the IOC today tried to sue all the journalists that are now writing about corruption in the Olympic movement, the Swiss legal system would collapse," he laughed.

At the hearing, Andrew gave the US senators a lecture in Olympic corruption in front of Olympic witnesses such as the American IOC member James Easton and IOC Vice President Anita DeFrantz but not IOC President Juan Antonio Samaranch. He began his lecture by pointing out that although he had accused most of the now excluded IOC members for corruption for a long time, he wasn't the only journalist who had written about Olympic corruption. Reports of corruption in the IOC had circulated for decades but no IOC actions were taken. He then presented the Senate with the IOC president Juan Antonio Samaranch's past as a fascist and followed up by listing a horror cabinet of IOC members. When Andrew concluded his lecture by stating that the IOC had corrupted the Olympic Games and misled the world in relation to doping, the Republican senator of Arizona John McCain said:

"Thank you for an enlightening and entertaining statement."

To me, these words capture the essence of Andrew's journalism. Better than most journalists, Andrew knew that good journalism is both enlightening and entertaining.

During the following decades, Andrew often helped me with information and sources, and I also had the pleasure of hearing his voice at several *Play the Game* conferences. More than any other journalist I have met, Andrew represented democracy, transparency, and freedom of speech in sport. And now that he has finally stopped talking, I still hear his words in my head.

Lars Jørgensen is a freelance journalist at Play the Game, former sports reporter at the Ekstra Bladet and Politiken, author of 'Frederik og flammen' and 'Konge af en anden verden' on Crown Prince Frederik's 12-year membership of the IOC and 'Sømænd af Verden' on Danish sailors' dreams of winning The America's Cup.. Contact: lireporter@hotmail.com

## The future of sports journalism

BY LARS WERGE

When your phone rings from a seemingly unknown number from another country, you must decide: Is it scam, or could it be an important call? I answered my phone that late Friday evening, and memories started to roll.

My wife is used to telling me when my phone rings. My hearing is not good anymore, so I wear hearing aids. But she seems to take for granted that they don't work, as was the case that Friday evening. We had just parked outside a supermarket, and it was from a German number. As it was late into the weekend, I was eager to just let it ring which I might have succeeded doing, had it not been for Mrs Werge. So while she did the shopping - a moment filled with various degrees of fear and a bit of loathing - I called back and stayed outside for the next 8 minutes and 9 seconds, as the data would later tell.

It was from the legendary Jens Weinreich. And as soon as I talked with him, I was elevated back in time. Like in a novel of Stephen King or the *Back to the Future* movies, I felt like I was suddenly living in the 1990s. Feeling these important years once again.

I was studying to be a journalist, and had a national career as an athlete, when Andrew's book (together with Vyv Simson) *The Lords of the Rings* came out in 1992. It must have been a year later that I got my hands on a copy and read about the Godfathers of the IOC and the chaotic organisation run by fascists and anti-democrats.

But haven't we all had a sort of epiphany reading this book?

Seeing the documentaries and learning that sports journalism should not only occupy free time for the readers, but also have a place in the newspaper, where fraud and doping should be described in detail - it became the oath of a generation of sports journalists.

And for that I think we shall forever hail the late Andrew.

I first met Andrew in 1997, as I had become sports journalist on the Danish newspaper *Berlingske Tidende*. I went to a newly formed seminar for sports journalists, later called *Play the Game*. Mostly Danish journalists and students were there, and it took place in a small

town just outside from where I grew up, so in the breaks I could go down to the small stadium and recollect my first experiences in track and field.

The national Olympic committee of Denmark was opposed to the *Play the Game* conference. I had the feeling, that some of us attending in the inaugural year saw ourselves being anti-establishment. At least I did. For a journalist, this is the position to be in.

The main event of the conference was a keynote speech from Andrew. He came to the conference travelling from abroad and looked to me like a mix of a warzone-photograph (when I saw him, he most often wore a photographer's vest) and a primary school teacher, who had seen almost everything and had no more ambitions, in job or in life.

"'Get the documents!
Get the facts! Find sources.
If the official sources will not allow you anything, you must walk longer and find other sources!'
To me, this is Andrew's legacy to today's and the future generations of journalists."

He came to the podium, and his eyes turned into fireworks, and his lips formed the smile of a fox, as he was holding a presentation, that blew me away - and perhaps others in the room as well. This was the future of sports journalism, and Andrew's dedication to the subject was contagious. I wanted to do what he did.

I tried, and we were many who tried. Not the least Jens, to whom I was still speaking outside the supermarket on the cold Friday evening.

Not long after the first encounter, the sports world and especially cycling was on the brink of breaking down following the Festina case, where the systematic use of EPO and other doping substances was unveiled in 1998.

The briberies in FIFA and IOC in connection with the selection of countries and cities to host the mega-events came to light. Andrew Jennings would no longer maintain the sole or leading role within the press, but he would always be there, be around.

His infamous encounters with FIFA representatives in airports, in press conferences and elsewhere have been shown in clips in the days after his death, and it is both entertaining and instructive to witness him going into the ring with Joseph Blatter, Jack Warner and countless numbers of press officers from FIFA. But what he always said - on podiums and in bars after the day's work was done - was: "Get the documents! Get the facts! Find sources. If the official sources will not allow you anything, you must walk longer and find other sources!". To me, this is Andrew's legacy to today's and the future generations of journalists.

#LESSONSLEARNT

I saw him on several occasions in the next decade, generally at IOC congresses (where he at last was allowed to attend) or at conferences. I began to see him more and more like a commentator, not the reporter covering a story with fair and equal means. His use of nicknames and motivating the FIFA and IOC bosses was in my opinion not constructive - meaning that if you want to display the misbehaving, you should do what Andrew did. But if you want to change things, it is not the best way because people will feel entertained, but not invited to make a difference.

This was what I was thinking on the Friday evening as I spoke with Jens Weinreich. I was asking myself if I could write about Andrew Jennings that way? Would it be fair? Was there enough to tell? Would it add rightfully to the picture of the greatest sports journalist that I ever will meet?

10 years ago, I left active journalism and these days I am a consumer of it. Almost daily, I miss being a reporter, and I miss being together from time to time with the likes of Andrew Jennings. As I hung up and entered the supermarket, I was still wondering: Would that be enough for a column?

Lars Werge has covered the Olympics, sport politics, doping and cycling for several newspapers from 1993-2011. He was Denmarks sports journalist of the year 2007. For many years Lars served as vice president and president of the Danish union of journalists. As an athlete he was Danish champion in high jump. Today Lars is the CEO of the association of Danish cinemas.

## "That disrespect for authority"

What made a formidable investigative reporter so good? The OCCRP founder explains

BY DREW SULLIVAN

Hearing of the loss of a friend like Andrew Jennings is hard.

But hearing of the loss of an investigative reporter with the skills of Andrew compounds that hardship.

It takes a decade, even a lifetime, to mint a great investigative reporter.

They are too rare.

We imagine the countless hours of tedious work Andrew spent connecting together bits of information and building in his mind a magnificent understanding of how the world works, its crooks and its cheats, its powerful and its lowly, and specifically how they pulled off their dirty deeds. It was that knowledge base that he drew on for his most colorful stories and when he accessed it, you could see it in his eyes and his devious grin. It would inevitably lead to him uttering a piece of information that was maybe never written down and is now sadly lost forever.

Andrew was a formidable investigative reporter but what made him so good? To me, Andrew had all the important characteristics of great practitioners of our craft.

#### A Passion for Storytelling

Everyone saw Andrew's passion on display every time they talked to him. Andrew understood that stories are ultimately about people and no matter how interesting the corruption may be or how audacious the crime, you ultimately had to figure out who was behind the scheme and tell their story. One way this manifested itself was in his encyclopedic knowledge of names and events. Andrew often categorized and connected things through people and what they did. The documents he so carefully collected were not the end but the start of his investigation. It was good investigative storytelling.

## Disrespect for Authority

I remember sitting with Andrew at an investigative awards ceremony. He relentlessly teased the winners and losers, his very peers, in an

overly loud voice. Disapproving people stared at my laughter as he deftly delivered his one-liners. But I couldn't help it. And neither could he.

What I think set Andrew off was the solemnity and self-importance of the event and its players. Andrew did not believe people with money or power or societal respect were above a serious take down. It was that disrespect for authority that made him great. Sports stars, Olympic heads, football league presidents, and celebrity owners were all grist for Andrew's relentless reporting and the higher they were, the more motivated Andrew was to see them fall. Young or timid reporters especially in sports reporting often give celebrities

"Our job is to hold people accountable but unless we tell the whole story complete with the outrage, readers may not understand why a story matters. Andrew told the unvarnished truth and he told it proudly, loudly and clearly."

and important people a pass. There's a risk of being banned from the stadium or the press conference. Andrew never cared. They attacked him, spit on him, sued him but he held everyone accountable to the same standard.

## Relentlessness

Andrew was a relentless reporter and that internal motivation is what separates the good from the great. When he talked about reporting his stories, you would hear natural stopping points. He had succeeded in getting the story. But with Andrew it didn't stop there. He kept going.

More documents.

More context.

More sources.

Andrew knew you had to finish the work and exhaust your sources. You never know when a story can pivot on you with another set of documents or another insider. In an age when publishing quick is at a premium, Andrew knew how to hold his stories until they

were done. And if a story got killed, as the BBC once did with his story on corruption in Scotland Yard, he quit and published the investigation in a book.

Andrew never gave up on an important story, something we all need to be able to say in our careers.

## A Sense of outrage

Andrew's storytelling was always punctuated by outrage and that outrage could be manifested in so many areas. It's also what drove him to take on some of the most difficult topics. Andrew is known for his sports investigative reporting but he actually was an early organized crime reporter working on everything from cocaine networks, police corruption, the Italian and Chechnyan mafia, Iran-Contras and other very difficult topics. But it was the powerful and respected world of sport leadership that he found his greatest outrage. Nothing is more outrageous than respected people doing tawdry crimes.

"They are criminal scum," Andrew once said of FIFA head Sepp Blatter's administration. "And that is a thoughtful summation. That is not an insult."

Outrage drives reporting but it also drives storytelling. And it drives change. Our job is to hold people accountable but unless we tell the whole story complete with the outrage, readers may not understand why a story matters. Andrew's outrage wasn't always overt in a story but it bubbled under the surface and made him surgical in his storytelling. In his interviews, that outrage came out with a courage and decisiveness that always made his interviews fun to watch. Andrew told the unvarnished truth and he told it proudly, loudly and clearly.

Journalism has lost a treasure but I believe many have learned from him and he lives on through the lessons he taught and the people who listened and now practice what he lived.

In that we can take solace.

**DREW SULLIVAN** is co-founder and publisher of the <u>Organized Crime and Corruption Reporting Project</u> (OCCRP). Under his direction, OCCRP has won numerous awards.

## Why we need Andrew more than ever

BY DECLAN HILL

Andrew Jennings lit up a room. He had the kind of energy and charisma that made you know he was there. He was irascible, irrepressible, and irreverent. What made him so compelling was a kind of moral outrage, a hubris of standing against pomposity and greed. The question for us who stood behind him - awed and inspired - is who will replace him?

Two answers.

First, is one that I hate to write, but German-language investigative sports journalists have far surpassed their English speaking colleagues. It is partly that their generation is an exceptional one: Thomas Kistner, Jens Weinreich, Hajo Seppelt, Benjamin Best, the I-team at DER SPIEGEL along with others would be difficult to beat at any time. It is not that we English-speakers cannot match them on individual stories: it is that our journalism is beset with a number of systemic problems. Andrew's successor will not be found at any high-profile U.S. or British media outlet, because the editors would not hire such a journalist, nor, more importantly, would they back one.

Second, reading Andrew's books shows that the counter-tactics of the institutions and people that he covered have evolved in extraordinary ways. In the 1990s, when Andrew was researching the IOC, he was threatened legally. One Swiss judge even sentenced him to jail for his reporting on the corruption inside the Olympics. Press manipulation was confined to a cast of the usual suspects whose chummy attempts over drinks were unsubtle envelopes of cash or tickets to high-profile events.

If imitation is the sincerest form of flattery then the sports institutions have developed flattery to an art form. In the last ten years, the types of people and kinds of institutions that Andrew would cover have not only resorted to the usual legal intimidation and threats but they now seek to create their own Andrew Jennings.

In the early 2000s, you could count on two hands the number of academics, journalists and consultants interested in sports integrity.

Now, there is an entire industry.

Strange human rights agencies purporting to care greatly for sports have popped up to deliver convenient media sound-bites that comfort the comfortable. Academics who deliver stern lectures with straight-faces to young athletes needing ethical education from fat-cat sports leaders, have oozed out of their university's woodwork. Odd journalists who purport to do tough investi-

gations on obscure subjects (African migrants trying to play for European football clubs) that detract from the major issues - human trafficking in Qatar-swagger across the stage and are gone.

These actors often share two characteristics; many of them have taken money or free travel from either the Russians, Qataris or gambling industry. Two, they all claim the same moral rectitude as Andrew Jennings.

Now, that he is not here, we need Andrew Jennings more than ever.

**DECLAN HILL** is Associate Professor of Investigations at the Henry C. Lee College of Criminal Justice and Forensic Science, University of New Haven. He has won the Play the Game Award in 2009 for his outstanding investigations in match-fixing. Website: <u>DeclanHill.com</u>.



Sweet Andrew with his long white hair, who looked better in a waistcoat, braces or apron than in a suit and tie, was born to deal with the earth and flowers, far from the rough world of corrupt millionaires.

But he always knew that a clean world necessarily involves touching the thorns, and he was never afraid to wound his clean hands in the filth of the lords of Olympic rings or football.

**JUCA KFOURI** is one of the most famous Brazilian journalists - a legend for his restless and indestructible work over decades on all types of media:TV, newspapers, podcast/ radio, internet. Website: <u>Blog do Juca Kfouri</u>.

## Fearless, ironic, ferocious, funny

BY JUCA KFOURI

Ido not remember exactly what year in the 1990s I received, to my great surprise, an email from Andrew Jennings. Of course I knew who he was, but it had never entered my mind that he could know who I was.

Andrew wanted information about João Havelange's relations with dictators in South America and with the Rio de Janeiro swindler Castor de Andrade, the biggest backer of illegal games in Rio de Janeiro. I remember he told me he read my articles with the help of the then emerging Google Translator. I answered his questions and we began a

fruitful correspondence. I only came to know him personally this century, when we took part in debates and TV programs during his visits to Brazil. Andrew was more than a reporter. He was a great example of what journalism is about: Fearless, ferocious, ironic, dramatic, funny, captivating, and extremely careful in the verification of what he informed. It was understandable that sport officials were terrified of him. I knew the adventures of Jean-Marie Weber, "the bag man" for IOC and FIFA, based on the reports of Andrew.

I feel ashamed of being Brazilian when I remember that Andrew was convicted in December 2012 by a Rio de Janeiro court for saying that Ricardo Teixeira was corrupt. The same Teixeira, who had to resign as president of the CBF, and from the 2014 World Cup Organising Committee, for ... corruption.

#### BY HENRIK H. BRANDT

It is no secret: When Play the Game was merged with the semi-public independent Danish Institute for Sports Studies (IDAN), the most important reason for the merger was to broaden the foundation of Play the Game and secure future funding of this controversial initiative with the aim of "raising the ethical standards of sport and promoting democracy, transparency and freedom of expression in world sport". Play the Game was not always seen as good company, not even at our home ground in Denmark that so often takes pride in being one of the most democratic and least corrupt countries in the world.

What has this got to do with Andrew Jennings and his eternal journalistic search for truths and documents from the darkest dungeons of international sports organisations? Quite a lot, actually, since he was one of the staunchest supporters of *Play the Game* right from the very first edition of this initiative to encourage better journalism in sport back in 1997. He understood the need to educate sports journalists of the future to become more than merely PR-workers for the global sports industry. He also understood the need to create networks between like-minded journalists and sports leaders around the globe, who could contribute to the research puzzles in the increasingly globalised world of sports governance. Play the Game was a useful tool and network in that respect.

However, having Andrew among the first-choice keynote speakers from conference to conference was not necessarily a good decision for *Play the Game* in terms of attracting external funding and representatives from the established sports world to the biennial conferences. It was already hard to convince representatives from international sports organisations to take part in the dialogue and reply to critics from various corners of the colourful world of sport. With Jennings always sniffing around the corridors and podiums at the conferences it was even harder.

Many sports leaders intensely disliked him. He was rude, he was blunt, he was not exactly overdressed.

In their eyes, he was not good company. At *Play the Game* we would often hear remarks to the tune of: "OK, we need critical dialogue in sports and we

# How sport officials redefined the term bad company

do support investigative journalism, but does it have to be Jennings?"

But what exactly is *good company* in sport these days? Andrew and his like-minded colleagues eventually managed to turn the definition upside down.

I remember the aftermath of the conference in Aarhus in 2013. The initiative was beginning to be more estab-Leaders from international sports organisations and many respected institutions would no longer shy away from taking part. In fact, they increasingly began to support and encourage our work. Good governance became the buzzword of sports organisations as a milder term of addressing the huge problems with corruption, doping, mismanagement of funds, and lack of sound democratic procedures in international sport.

### "Unpleasant and intimidating"

Still, many sports organisations would fear the consequences of being seen in our company.

I received a formal confirmation of their dilemma from a high-ranking official of a Danish sports federation a few days after the conference in Aarhus.

"It is very hard to 'sell' *Play the Game* to our colleagues in the established sports world, partly because of the unpleasant and intimidating behavior of Andrew Jennings. Personally, I felt it very strongly two years ago at the conference in Cologne," this very respected sports leader wrote to me - with a reference to our 2011 conference where Jennings had exposed the mad corruption in CONCACAF.

I was not surprised, but this time I took the gloves off.

"Actually, *Play the Game* might not want to be seen in the company of your organisation next time round and have you among the official supporters of the conference because we possibly do not share the same values anymore", I re-

plied. "Take a look at what has happened since the 'unpleasant and intimidating' behavior on stage by Andrew Jennings ... Do you believe the 'tone' is less 'unpleasant and intimidating' in the official report of the integrity committee of CONCACAF on Chuck Blazer and Jack Warner?" At the time of writing, the CONCACAF story had eventually become public. As so often before, Andrew Jennings had done his homework, unlike the hundreds of sports leaders who were unable, reluctant or even complicit in the state of affairs in their own international organisations.

Following the breaking news headlines of the FIFA scandal and the Russian doping scandals, officials from the same sports organization contacted *Play the Game* once more and invited us to their offices. "You were right, we cannot be seen in this company anymore. We need to do something."

This time it was not Andrew they referred to as the bad company.

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Henrik Brandt at Play the Game 2013 in Aarhus. (Photo:THOMAS SØNDERGAARD)



## Master of the doorstep

Invest it all, never give up, never lose hope: lessons from a decade of filmmaking

BY JAMES OLIVER

Ahand went up. An eager young journalist in the audience had a question for the famous investigative journalist, Mr Andrew Jennings.

He was in his pomp. A shock of white hair, braces, and slightly dishevelled. The centre of attention.

"Mr Jennings. How do you define investigative journalism?"

Pause. Big smile.

"Identify the enemy."

"And destroy them."

It was very Andrew Jennings. Provocative. Designed to get a laugh. Delivered for maximum impact to convey an important point. The fish, as he was fond of saying, always rots from the head. Once he'd worked out who the bad guys were, he was relentless. The bad guys he investigated morally offended him. He had quite a reputation. A hellraiser both personally and professionally.

So in 2005 when *Panorama's* deputy editor, Andy Bell, a good friend of Andrew's who had worked with him in independent television, told me "Your job is to hold the choke chain," he was only half joking.

I first met Andrew in the 1990s at a birthday celebration at a London restaurant. It wasn't his birthday, but he made quite an impression. He spent most of the meal talking to Japanese TV on the pavement outside. They were interviewing him about his latest book on corruption in the International Olympic Committee.

I already knew of his work. His earlier investigations into police corruption in the 1980s and his battles to get them broadcast. He had abandoned a successful career at the BBC over a decision not to screen one film. He went on to make it again at his new home at Granada television's *World in Action*.

Now in 2005 he was back at the BBC. Andrew had come down from his home in the hills in the north of England in a suit to pitch a story to the broadcaster's flagship current affairs programme, *Panorama* where I had recently been given a job.

His first book on FIFA was almost finished. The 2006 World Cup was being staged in Germany the next year. Would *Panorama* be interested in making a programme about evidence of corruption at FIFA?

The unfinished draft of his book I was given to read contained a long list of FIFA scandals to choose from. But the most damaging one for FIFA stood out: Andrew's investigation into claims that FIFA's former sports marketing company International Sports and Leisure, or ISL, had paid bribes to FIFA officials.

If true, FIFA was corrupt to the top. Andrew's evidence pointed to one recipient of ISL bribes as having been the President of FIFA until 1998, Brazilian João Havelange. It got worse, as Andrew would say.

His secret FIFA contacts told him that FIFA's current President, Sepp Blatter, knew about the bribes. He'd authorised the return of one payment that had arrived at FIFA by mistake.

My job? To join Andrew's investigation and find enough evidence to name the guilty men. They were all men.

#### The Beautiful Bung

But what about the film?

Andrew, to his great pride, had been banned by FIFA after asking questions about corruption. In FIFA's world that made him toxic, not the crooks. There would be no cosy interviews with President Blatter at *FIFA House* in Zurich.

In fact almost nobody in FIFA's orbit, officials or football stars, would talk to him, let alone give a TV interview for fear it might damage their careers or poison their lucrative relationships with FIFA. Even the few fantastic people who would talk, those cast out from FIFA's golden circle, others horrified by the corruption they told us they'd witnessed, more often than not didn't want to go public. These were the sources and whistleblowers who trusted Andrew and handed him the documents that were the bedrock of his journalism, and his ability to call out FIFA corruption.

But we decided to turn Andrew's banishment from FIFA into an advantage. If they refused to let him into press conferences to ask questions, we'd find another way to confront FIFA's leaders. What we in TV call a *doorstep*. If they refused to engage we would visually demonstrate FIFA's refusal to be held to account.

Andrew was a past master of the doorstep. He relished them for the craft and choreography, and what they could achieve on television.

His 1980s doorstep of Superintendent Tony Lundy, a leading Scotland Yard detective who had been retired whilst under investigation over corruption allegations is legendary.

Andrew and his cameraman caught Lundy, retired as "permanently unfit for police work", going for a healthy morning run. Running alongside, Andrew asked question after question to the non responsive detective.

The pictures said it all.

The confrontation ended when the cameraman could no longer keep up. He stopped. Held the shot. Andrew, still asking questions, ran on keeping pace with Tony Lundy into the distance down a country lane.

"I knew we'd got some important pictures that were far more important than any words we could ever write in that programme", Andrew later said.

At a meeting in his BBC White City office, *Panorama's* then editor Mike Robinson suggested a questioning approach.

"Like the US TV detective Columbo", Mike said. A character who in every episode of the show ended quizzical interrogations of bad guys with a scratch of the head and another question.

"Oh there's just one more thing sir", he'd say.

Andrew loved the idea.

I decided to take it further. In my cupboard at home I had a carbon copy of Columbo's trademark beige raincoat. When we landed at Zurich airport to start filming Andrew was wearing it. Now he even looked like the crumpled TV detective. Andrew ran away with the idea. And my raincoat.

Our first "meeting" with FIFA President Sepp Blatter was in the winter of 2005. Blatter and his 24 man Executive Committee were finishing their meeting in an outbuilding of FIFA's old headquarters overlooking Lake Zurich.

Andrew and I had scoped it out. It was perfect.

President Blatter's meeting was in one building, the press conference in another. He'd have to walk from one to the other. Crucially, we found out, through a public park. No danger of trespassing and being told we had to leave. Unless President Blatter made a run for it, Andrew could have minutes to engage him in polite conversation.

We arrived as Blatter held his meeting inside with his fellow rulers of world football. Andrew, well known at *FIFA House*, waited discreetly in my raincoat, a flat cap drawn down over his face, half way along the avenue of trees we guessed Blatter would follow. He did.

"Please, can I come into your press conference?" Andrew asked politely as he drew alongside President Blatter. His staff helpfully made space to accommodate Andrew and the TV crew that had suddenly appeared.

Blatter had nowhere to go. Of course Andrew could come in to his press conference Blatter said. That was not going to happen, but Andrew was able to put his questions to the President of FIFA. "Do you know which football officials took payments from the ISL marketing company? Andrew asked.

"I don't answer these questions." President Blatter responded. The matter was under investigation, he said.

And then the big one. Just one final question from the man in the raincoat.

"Will you tell me who took the one million franc bribe?" asked Andrew. "Can you tell me who it went to? Was it President Havalange?"

President Blatter didn't answer and disappeared inside the FIFA building.

"Outside the FIFA house it was Andrew Jennings', not FIFA's press conference, that was the focus of attention.TV crews and members of the world's press wanted to talk to him."

Months later we tried again.

This time we filmed as Andrew sat in a car outside *FIFA House*, headphones on his head and linked by radio mic to *Panorama* reporter Andy Davies who was inside FIFA's packed press conference. FIFA clearly realised something was afoot. President Blatter walked out before we could ask any questions and when we did ask Andrew's questions, they caused consternation. FIFA's head

of communications threatened to call security and have Andy Davies and our cameraman thrown out.

Outside it was Andrew Jennings', not FIFA's press conference, that was the focus of attention. TV crews and members of the world's press wanted to talk to him. A Swiss newspaper would report the next day on what they called a "riot at FIFA House".

Outside the UK, I had discovered, Andrew was worthy of news himself.

It was the same in Trinidad. Hours after arriving in the home of notoriously corrupt FIFA Executive Committee member Jack Warner, journalists arrived to persuade Andrew to go on a local morning TV show to talk about FIFA and Jack Warner. He agreed.

For the rest of our trip Andrew was hailed by passers-by with cheerful greetings and less than polite references to Warner. And not a little laughter. Andrew was good at making you laugh.

The laughter in Trinidad increased after the TV6 TV channel filmed us doorstepping Jack Warner over allegations about his profiteering from World Cup ticketing. We'd been tipped off about his arrival at the airport with Trinidad and Tobago's World Cup team, the Soca Warriors.

To the enjoyment of at least some of the team (Andrew got a call from one afterwards) Andrew was there to say



Columbo doorstepping: Sepp Blatter. (Screenshot: BBC PANORAMA)

hello. Jack Warner pushed Andrew in the chest, making him stumble backwards, refusing to answer any questions. It ended with Warner hiding on the team's bus attempting to ignore Andrew, who had to jump up to knock on the window in an attempt to gain FIFA's vice president's attention.

#### "Chasing the bad men"

Days later we doorstepped Jack Warner again. He hadn't answered any of our questions about his dodgy football deals. This time no answers again, but he did put out a press release. It was ridiculous. Headed "Operation: Get Jack Warner" it claimed we were part of a "conspiracy" against Mr Warner with Trinidad's government and a friend and collaborator of Andrew's in Trinidad, journalist Lasana Liburd.

Jack Warner's behaviour guaranteed himself a prominent place in our film and his dodgy deals would continue to buy him a place in all our FIFA films.

The *Panorama* film, *The Beautiful Bung*, was broadcast in May 2006. We identified former FIFA President João Havelange as the recipient of a huge bribe from ISL. President Blatter had known about it, and ISL's bribery of other FIFA officials. The matter was under investigation by the Swiss authorities. At *Panorama*, as it should be,

it's all down to the strength of the evidence. Andrew was delighted by one reaction to a first cut of the film. "Well. They're clearly at it." Andrew and I could not have agreed more.

For Andrew and me, *The Beautiful Bung* was the beginning of a partnership lasting more than a decade. The first of six *Panorama* films I worked on with him. Assistant producer on that film, I became his producer and director, his partner in his FIFA investigations for the BBC, and his friend. Working with Andrew wasn't all filming him

"With a scruffy dress sense that made the rumpled TV detective Columbo look suave, Mr. Jennings was considered one of the finest investigative reporters of his generation." The Washington Post

confronting the bad guys. Most of it is just hard work, as Andrew would say.

At times we almost literally lived with each other. Sometimes at my flat in London. Other times staying with Andrew and his wonderful family in their home in Cumbria overlooking the Eden Valley. On the road he would write post cards to his young children.

"I'm chasing the bad men," he'd tell them.

Andrew loved his job, or "the work" as he called it. And I loved working with him. It was hard, but never dull and a lot of fun. Not only because of the great raconteur he undoubtedly was.

His failure to deliver a carefully scripted piece to camera would inevitably result in an eruption of characteristically strong expletives, at both himself and whoever, often me, had written it. If it couldn't be changed it got worse. It provoked a lot of affectionate laughter and mickey-taking in the edit later. He never objected to it.

It was an education for me, not just in relation to FIFA, but perhaps more importantly, about how to tell a good story. It was also a partnership. Endless hours of work, analysis, discussion, and plotting how to get the story, and how to tell it. We were fuelled by a diet of coffee and cigarettes. In Switzerland, we'd spend hours plotting our next move over dinner in local restaurants. "Not another schnitzel!" Andrew would say. And as anyone who knows Andrew will appreciate, there would be at least a glass or two of wine.

We knocked on endless doors trying to get the people who knew FIFA's darkest secrets to talk. More often than not we received a polite, sometimes not so polite, refusal. Many were compromised, or too fearful of FIFA's power and influence to talk. But sometimes it



Columbo doorstepping: Jack Austin Warner. (Screenshot: BBC PANORAMA)

worked. Neither Andrew nor I could quite believe it when one former ISL executive not only opened his door to us, but told us in detail how ISL had used a system of "alternative rights payments" to pay bribes to sporting officials. He even named names.

He had read one of Andrew's books on the IOC. The book opened the door. Andrew signed it before we left. We walked quietly up the road to our car before daring to say anything about what we had just learned.

But mounting evidence of corruption at FIFA had little impact on FIFA.

"Nothing happens!"

"I don't understand it", said *Panora-ma's* new editor Sandy Smith after the broadcast of another film. "We show they're corrupt and nothing happens! What's the point?"

#### A hundred million dollar bribe list

Andrew was sanguine. For a journalist the FIFA story was the "gift that keeps on giving." A story about how the world's favourite and most lucrative game had been stolen by a gang of unaccountable crooks. And what a cast of characters. You could not make someone like Jack Warner up.

His reaction to Andrew's question when we doorstepped him at Zurich airport was TV gold. "If I could've spit on you I would've spat on you", he told Andrew.

But our editor was right. Was anybody taking any notice? It didn't look like it. FIFA just went on with the silent connivance of a sporting elite that appeared determined to ignore corruption. The English FA led the way by announcing a bid to host the FIFA World Cup. The British government followed by endorsing it.

Four years later in the autumn of 2010, Andrew and I were back on the road as England, Russia, and that most

"The list of \$100m in bribes absorbed by FIFA's and IOC's leaders. You can't make a strategy for that. Just be a decent person, be patient, and the stuff will be attracted to you." Andrew Jennings

unlikely of football nations, Qatar, campaigned to host the championship in 2018 and 2022.

"I think this is what you have been waiting for," our friend said.

His fingers hovered over an envelope with few sheets of paper nudging out of the top of his brief case under the table. Andrew couldn't see it and didn't hear what had been said as he laid out our pitch as to why our secret contact should tell us all they knew about the ISL bribery scandal.

"Andrew," I said under my breath, trying to get his attention.

We had met at a Swiss airport hours earlier before travelling to a restaurant to meet our well placed source. He was someone we had met before. We knew he knew the secrets of the ISL bribes. But we didn't expect what happened next. Our source pulled out an A4 sized envelope. Put the envelope on the table and removed the sheets.

It was a list. Names of what looked like offshore companies. Some with very big numbers next to them.

It was, our contact explained, a list of payments made by ISL to leading sports officials, including some at FIFA. A one hundred million dollar bribe list.

Then, as Andrew said later, "It was what we'd been waiting for".

Final proof of the extent to which FIFA had been corrupted by ISL.

Occasionally some moments in journalism are worth celebrating and we did. Or as Andrew put it, "instead of actually sitting down to go through it, we got drunk. And went through it the next day."

Our *Panorama* film, *FIFA's Dirty Secrets*, was broadcast three days before FIFA's Executive Committee met in Zurich to decide who would host the 2018 and 2022 World Cups.



Andrew presenting the ISL bribery list in FIFA's Dirty Secrets. (Screenshot: BBC PANORAMA)

We named Executive Committee members Ricardo Teixeira, Nicolás Leoz, and Issa Hayatou as having received bribes from ISL, along with unrelated allegations of dodgy ticketing deals against Jack Warner. Four members of FIFA's electorate with allegations of corruption against them. How could anyone expect a clean vote from FIFA for hosting the two world cups?

The reaction to the film went from dismissive to vitriolic. Not against FIFA, but against Andrew Jennings, *Panorama* and the BBC for broadcasting the programme at all.

The BBC had come under huge pressure to postpone the broadcast. It hadn't but now had to defend it.

The Sun set the tone with a headline. It branded the BBC as "Brainless, Betraying, and Cretinous" for broadcasting our film.

England's World Cup bid team weighed in accusing us of being "unpatriotic".

Even Prime Minister David Cameron made his displeasure clear, describing the timing as "frustrating".

How very dare we put out a film accusing four of FIFA's electorate in the Executive Committee of corruption.

Almost everyone in the sporting and political elite ignored the blindingly obvious. If FIFA was corrupt, why did anyone think England should even be involved, or if they were, had any chance of winning the right to stage 2018?

Three days later, 2nd December, 2010, I sat in a pub as Qatar and Russia's victories were announced on television. There was outrage. It was a relief. I called Andrew. We laughed.

Suddenly everyone agreed that FIFA had a corruption problem. For FIFA it was the beginning of the end.

July 2015. Washington DC.

The committee room was packed with cameras, press, government officials and a semicircle of US Senators.

"What has been revealed so far is a mafia-style crime syndicate in charge of the sport. My only hesitation in using that term is, it is almost insulting to the mafia." Senator Richard Blumenthal (D-CT)

In front of them sat Andrew. He had swapped the customary dungarees he had taken to wearing for comfort, for a suit, "a red tie to match my red socks" and a new haircut we filmed him having, just for the occasion. It's a big one for him and he'd spent hours writing his speech, the second speech at a Senate hearing - 16 years after the IOC corruption probe in March 1999. His speech he hoped would "astound and

inform" the Senators. He relished every word of it.

His writing for television was the same. Every sentence carefully considered. Each word had to earn its place.

#### Vindication

"Blatter's FIFA ticks all the boxes of an organised crime syndicate," Andrew told them at the hearing *Examining the Governance and Integrity of International Soccer*.

Two months earlier - at May 27, 2015 - seven FIFA officials had been arrested in Zurich as an FBI investigation went public revealing evidence of "Rampant, systemic, and deep-rooted" corruption at FIFA.

That news was breaking as I got off a plane in London and received an urgent call from *Panorama's* Deputy Editor at the time, Karen Wightman. "This looked like the end of FIFA. Do you think Andrew would make another film with us?"

Days later I met Andrew at Zurich airport. We filmed at FIFA's 65th Congress where we watched as the world's football elite voted yet again for the man who'd presided over FIFA for so long, President Blatter, confirming just how deep the rot was.

For Andrew the US indictment and arrests were a vindication.



Washington D. C., July 2015: Senate hearing om FIFA. Andrew appeared without the Columbo raincoat. (Screenshot: C-Span)

"I wasn't alone anymore," as he told the senators about how he had first met FBI organised crime investigators who wanted to talk about FIFA.

He'd given them evidence against FIFA Executive Committee member Chuck Blazer who turned into a cooperating informant for them, gathering evidence against his corrupt colleagues.

Making our last *Panorama* film *FIFA*, *Sepp Blatter and Me* was a very different experience from the past. People wanted to talk to us. The US Senators were not the only ones we filmed with. In Brazil members of a committee led by football legend Romario, now a senator, sang happy birthday in Portuguese to Andrew on his seventieth birthday before hearing his testimony to them. The arrests in Zurich had only been the start. World football administration was falling apart and nowhere more so than in Brazil.

Outside the Brazilian football confederation's offices in Rio, where kind staff invited Andrew to take shelter from the hot sun under an umbrella in the yard - they still wouldn't let us inside - he summed up the situation.

With two Presidents, including Ricardo Teixeira, already indicted in the US, the third, the new CBF President Marco Polo del Nero was "looking very nervous". He should have. He was under investigation by the FBI as well.

## "An inspiration, tireless, fearless"

BY ROMÁRIO DE SOUZA FARIA

met Andrew Jennings in 2012 in London. At that first meeting, we talked for five hours. I had the privilege of listening to one of the greatest investigative sports journalists in the world, author of the book Dirty Game: the secret world of FIFA, which exposed cases of corruption in football's governing body. I can say that Andrew was a partner in the fight against corruption in sport and also an inspiration, for being tireless and fearless.

In 2015, at my invitation, he visited Brazil to give testimony at the Brazilian Congress at an inquiry into football, and pointed out that FIFA corruption was born in Brazil, via João Havelange. I also had the honour of writing the preface to the Brazilian edition of his book *An Even Dirtier Game*.

I am very grateful to Andrew for everything he did for world sport, certainly much more than most cartolas running the game.

Rest in peace, friend.

Thank you for your generosity and contribution.

By this point, as Andrew pointed out in the film, half of the members of FIFA's Executive Committee who voted for Russia and Qatar had been accused of corruption.

Back in Zurich we filmed Andrew outside FIFA's favourite, and one of the city's most expensive hotels, as he tried to engage FBI suspects and other members of FIFA's Executive Committee.

While one claimed to know nothing about the FBI's interest in him, President Blatter's then heir apparent, Michel Platini cheerfully dodged talking to Andrew about the crisis other than to say, yes he would reform FIFA. We drove up to *FIFA House* where we watched as even more FBI suspects arrived in chauffeur driven limos for a meeting of the Executive Committee.

Still banned from FIFA, standing outside the gates of its new headquarters, Andrew said "It's becoming a bit tiresome being the only reporter in the world excluded from Sepp Blatter's press conferences." But the press conference was cancelled. Then we learned something Andrew said, he had "waited a long time to hear".

"What we've just been told", he told me, "is that the Swiss authorities have opened a criminal investigation into President Blatter" in relation to alleged "criminal mismanagement of FIFA funds." And it wasn't just President



Senate hearing in Brasília.: With Senators Paulo Bauer and Romário, World Cup Winner and FIFA's World Player 1994. (Photo: Agência Senado)

Blatter in trouble. Michel Platini was also under suspicion. Questioned over £1.3 million pound payment from FIFA.

"When I spoke to Michel Platini he was in a very happy mood. He actually stopped and talked to me a bit. My last question was, are you going to reform FIFA. And he said 'Of course'. So maybe he didn't know that hiding in the bushes up here were the Swiss police and the Swiss prosecutors."

FIFA was imploding and our film was almost finished.

### The stroke. The final shots

But weeks later while I was editing in the film in Belfast and Andrew was in New York filming some final interviews. I received a call. It was devastating news. Andrew had collapsed. He had a stroke and was in emergency care in hospital.

He was seriously ill, and it was weeks before we were able to fly him back to the UK. His eldest daughter Sophie, who lives in the United States, accompanied him.

What about the film? It had to be broadcast. The story it told was a vindication of 15 years of Andrew's work on FIFA. But it looked like the film would have to be finished without him. The stroke had an immediate impact on

both his body and his ability to speak. How could he finish the film?

Andrew responded with characteristic determination and absolute dedication to his work and colleagues. If there was any way in which he could do it, he would. At the very least he would give it his best shot. An intensive course of singing lessons with a professional singer enabled him to recover his ability to enunciate his words.

Another friend of Andrew, *Panora-ma* producer Andy Bell, not to be confused with the programme's former Deputy Editor, travelled to his home with a sound recordist who had also worked with Andrew. They shifted the piles of paperwork in Andrew's office to improvise a makeshift sound recording booth around him with padded foam.

With the water and electrical appliances turned off to ensure dead silence, in brief sessions, with long rests, he went for it.

His inability to enunciate his "f's" in a film about FIFA and football provoked a tsunami of expletives. A characteristic reaction when he failed to enunciate anything clearly on camera. But he did it.

It was an amazing tribute to him and the support his family gave him.

We only had one thing left to do. I travelled up to Cumbria to film a sequence with Andrew surrounded by the evidence we had collected during our investigation and the images we wanted to use in the film. They included a giant picture of President Blatter.

We hadn't planned for Andrew to do any more than sit comfortably while we worked around him. But he had to have the last word.

At the end of filming he turned to the camera and, after glancing at President Blatter's face, said one thing.

"I told you he was a crook".

A year later Andrew came to London from Cumbria. We had won an award from the Foreign Press Association for *FIFA*, *Sepp Blatter and Me*. There was no way Andrew was missing that.

Two weeks ago, the pandemic allowing, I planned to visit Andrew in Cumbria when I received another call. My friend Andrew Jennings had died.

We last spoke at length last October. Although he never fully recovered from the stroke he sounded good.

He sounded like Andrew.

He had an idea. A story he wanted to talk to me about.

James OLIVER is an award winning television producer, director and investigative journalist for Panorama, the BBC's flagship current affairs programme. His films include investigations into offshore secrecy, tax dodging, corruption, organized crime and bribery in world sport. James worked on 6 Panorama films with AJ.



**David Langan** (picture above with AJ in Brazil) was the cameraman on most of the FIFA films for Panorama. He was also working with James and Andrew in autumn 2015 at the last trip to Zurich. Final gathering at the entrance of the FIFA house then: Les Messrs. Tanda, Weinreich, Jennings, Oliver, and, of course, James Oliver's Columbo raincoat.



## "Part-journalist, part-activist"

The textbooks say journalists should be detached and non-partisan. It is a tricky double act, but it was not about what Andrew thought or felt, but what he could prove.

BY LASANA LIBURD

On Tuesday 17 March 2020, FIFA invaded Trinidad and Tobago. The Bureau of the FIFA Council, headed by president Gianni Infantino, declared that the global football body had 'normalised' the *Trinidad and Tobago Football Association* (TTFA) - just three months into the term of president William Wallace, who was elected to replace an open Infantino supporter and ally, David John-Williams.

In essence, the TTFA general election of 24 November 2019 was voided and FIFA simply took over the association due to a vague and controversial provision of its statutes. Russian president Vladimir Putin would have been proud.

As a sports journalist on the twin island republic, I sprang into action. I wanted reactions to the unprecedented development with the TTFA, of course. I also wanted context. Where has this happened before? What are the similarities? How does the justification for the FIFA action compare here? Which FIFA members are responsible?

As an independent publisher - my website is <u>Wired868.com</u> - I had to answer each question myself, whereas a traditional media house could throw a small team on the issue. But even a well-funded company would have obvious blindspots.

FIFA aggression within any specific country might come once a decade, at the worst. But there is one journalist who deals with every sort of FIFA depravity on a weekly basis.

It did not take long before a local football official politely - no doubt trying not to cause offence - asked the question that I might have raised with myself a dozen times already by that stage.

Where is Andrew?

By then, Andrew Jennings' health had already faded, due to a stroke a few years earlier. I first met the British investigative journalist in 2000 and we collaborated multiple times over the decades, including for his first book on FIFA, *FOUL!*.

I considered him to be a friend and a mentor. But in March 2020, with Andrew nowhere to be found, I got a vivid appreciation of his value to football.

How many other administrators, athletes, coaches and sport fans across the globe, I thought, also lamented Andrew's inability - through no fault of his own - to answer his 'bat signal' for the first time? Was Andrew Jennings football's answer to Che Guevara?

#### The Warner family

I first met Andrew in 2000, as Trinidad and Tobago prepared to host the FIFA 2001 Under-17 World Championship. The event brought the likes of Fernando Torres, Carlos Tevez, Niko Kranjcar, Andres Iniesta and Javier Mascherano to the Caribbean for their junior World Cup debuts.

However, the family of then FIFA vice-president and CONCACAF presi-

"I find it better not to waste time separating the wheat from the chaff."

Andrew Jennings

dent Jack Warner benefitted more than most with contracts that included airline bookings, catering, internet kiosks, cleaning, and consultancy.

Our first meeting was at a restaurant on Ariapita Avenue, just a few minutes drive the heart of Trinidad and Tobago's capital of Port of Spain. But I remember our second meeting better.

It was an elegant media conference at the Trinidad Hilton, as part of the build-up to the FIFA tournament. Then FIFA president Sepp Blatter was there and virtually every sports reporter of note was present.

Andrew was an unknown quantity in football at the time but he distinguished himself with some spicy questions to the head table during the Q&A session.

Refreshments in hand, curious local reporters surrounded the short, plump,

grey-haired Brit to learn more about his mission on the island. Andrew put up with barely a few minutes of chitchat before he leaned purposefully towards the group, as if to share a secret.

Instinctively, his local hosts reciprocated by leaning towards him.

"Let's get those crooked fuckers," hissed Andrew, in a fierce whisper.

Eyebrows shot up and, to a man, everyone seemed to remember somewhere else in the room they needed to be. In less than a minute, I was the only one left in his company.

### Journalism, a contact sport

Andrew, smiling, leaned forward again. "I find it better not to waste time separating the wheat from the chaff," he told me, with a wink and a wry smile.

It epitomised Andrew: funny, mischievous, clever and confrontational. He was a man who understood his purpose. I was 24-years-old when we first met and it is hard to pinpoint what I learnt along the way, as it was never anything like a formal apprenticeship. However, as I recalled that press conference at the Hilton, I remembered something I told a colleague recently.

"For me, journalism is often a contact sport," I said.

Even if Andrew never said that himself, he sure lived it.

Andrew was part-journalist, part-activist. It is an extremely tricky double act. The textbooks say journalists should be detached and non-partisan. But who better to have strong opinions on a subject than a man who studies the industry religiously?

Andrew's work was grounded in the facts as he could uncover them. It was not about what he thought or felt, but what he could prove. He gave all sides a fair chance to present their case, but saw his role as holding power to account. He punched upwards.

In fact, his integrity was so absolute that even FIFA officials reached out to him to reveal wrongs within their organisation, hoping that his external pressure could force concession or change. They trusted his confidentiality and he did not let them down.

In Trinidad and Tobago, ground zero for flamboyant FIFA vice-president Jack Warner, I became Andrew's eyes and ears - and, to a lesser extent, across the Caribbean. But it was reciprocal. Through Andrew, I met colleagues like Jens Weinreich, Osasu Obayiuwana, Ezequiel Fernández Moores, Jens Sejer Andersen, James Corbett, Bonita Mersiades, Mel Brennan, and James Oliver. A loose network was formed that was better able to respond to corruption on each person's turf through pooled information, sources and know-how.

But Andrew was the common thread that kept everything together.

#### Time to regroup and go again

In retrospect, the climax of his work is almost certainly when the US Department of Justice laid charges on 15 FIFA officials, including Warner, for racketeering on 27 May 2015 - with several administrators arrested in a 6am raid at the Baur au Lac hotel in Zurich.

Andrew had already confided to close friends that he had been directly assisting the FBI in its investigations for roughly six years.

Fifteen years after our first meeting in Port of Spain, Andrew had seen off the head of the biggest, most lucrative single-sport organisation in the world. It would be his swan song.

The battle against corruption continues and, in the Caribbean, there was no mistaking the extent of the loss to sport journalism when Infantino flexed his muscles in Trinidad and Tobago - at roughly the same time that the World Health Organization (WHO) declared Covid-19 to be a global pandemic.

The world's most popular sport remains in need of sanitisation. Andrew Jennings ran his heart out but change is inevitable.

It is time to regroup and go again. He would expect no less of us.

LASANA LIBURD is a journalist, founder and managing director of Wired868.com.
The website offers smart, fast football Trinidad and Tobago-centred news and insightful blogs for online and mobile devices. Because of his courageous and outstanding research, he was brutally opposed by Jack Warner and other officials for many years.

## Empowering, encouraging

BY JEAN FRANÇOIS TANDA

Andrew was a mentor, a supporter, and a friend. I was still a trainee when I first met him. I had just published my first FIFA story. The story was about a judgment by the Swiss Federal Court that mentioned bribes and FIFA and Sepp Blatter's lawyer for personal affairs, Peter Nobel. That was in 2005 when Andrew was working on his book FOUL!. A few days after the publication of that article, I received a call from Andrew. I was totally impressed. And so were my bosses.

Swiss media fully ignored my scoop back then, but who cares if Andrew Jennings finds it a great story! He encouraged me to continue digging.

I, the trainee, was suddenly in contact with a globally known investigative journalist - and within a few days my internal standing at *SonntagsZeitung* increased immensely. That was just the beginning. In the following years, a close relationship arose.

My first time on TV? It was with Andrew who interviewed me for BBC's *Panorama* programme. I was so nervous, and my English was pretty bad, but he made me feel comfortable, intelligent and important for the film.

My first time as a speaker at a university? It was with Andrew who recommended me for City University's summer school at the Center for Investigative Journalism in London. Again, I was very nervous. The night before, I spent hours with Andrew in the Assange Suite at The Frontline Club, where we were accommodated. We were drinking red wine and discussing this and that. At the end, we went to bed so late that I was very tired the next morning and did not have time to get nervous. Together we had to rush to the university, grabbing a coffee on the way. As soon as we arrived, I had to start speaking - with a cup of coffee in my hand and Andrew in the front row, encouraging me.

Being empowering and encouraging was one side of Andrew I got to know. Another one: he was a great and important mentor. The FIFA story mentioned above was my first big investigative story. So I listened attentively when Andrew told me that one thing he particularly loved with this story was that it

was based on documents. Many remember his credo: "Get the documents!" Me too, I followed that advice not only for stories about FIFA, but also for other topics. And yes: in my experience, he proved to be right.

No party, no organization, no protagonist ever could successfully sue me for my articles. The main reason for this: I never did any delicate story without *the documents*.

Andrew's supportive side came through in difficult moments. For example, one newspaper that I used to work for hired me for FIFA stories, but then repeatedly refused to publish them. Their CEO was a close friend of then FIFA president Sepp Blatter. So Andrew helped with brainstorming where I could work next or where else I could publish these investigations. He even suggested several of these stories to different outlets worldwide or offered to publish them on his own blog, signalling by this that the stories were good and important.

When the FIFA empire and its friends were releasing lies on me and other critical FIFA journalists, Andrew simply wrote: "Mon Cher - do not forget what we do. We may get angry; then we pause, plot and get even."

Payback time for Andrew came finally in May 2015 with the arrest of several FIFA officials in their luxury hotel in the city of FIFA, Zurich. For more than a decade, Andrew had been digging into FIFA and denouncing how rotten it is.

History proved him right, and FIFA became a mainstream designation and a synonym for dirty business and corruption.

Without Andrew, FIFA today would be worse than it is.

Without Andrew, I would not have become the journalist that I was.

Now, Andrew's time has arrived for a well-deserved eternal rest.

JEAN FRANÇOIS TANDA, Zurich-based, has been working in the media industry for more than 20 years as a lawyer and as an investigative journalist and business reporter. He started covering FIFA crime stories in 2005. Today, he runs his own company, Vanda Advisory Ltd, a consultancy offering services in litigation support, project management and communications.

## "A Gentle Giant"

I was working for the sports marketing agencies of FIFA, the IOC and other international sports federations in the 1990s and 2000s. I was meant to perceive Andrew Jennings as the plague personified. I did not. I am glad that I did not.

BY DOMINIK SCHMID

When I first joined the now defunct ISL at the beginning of the 1990s, the name Andrew Jennings meant nothing to me. I was a young lawyer and I was proud to be part of a young industry looking to make money.

The sky was the limit.

It was a world of ingenuity.

It was only when Andrew's ground breaking book *The Lords of the Rings* came out in 1992 that I heard of this man for the first time. Two more books on the subject matter were to follow, and the name Jennings started to raise eyebrows in the world of sports marketing. Not that the man was the subject matter of open discussions. Nobody in the upper echelon wanted to be disturbed in their cosy world. But when his name was mentioned, eyes would roll.

When I saw Andrew Jennings for the first time - I do not exactly recall when and where this was, although I have a feeling that it was around the FIFA Congress in 1998 in Paris, the year of Sepp Blatter's first election as FIFA's president - he looked to me like the spitting image of a typical war correspondent with his longish silver hair in his big vest with all these handy pockets. A total alien in our world of suits and ties.

Well, for me he eventually became kind of a "war correspondent" over the years. Although it was a different war.

Of course Andrew was persona non grata in our circles. Someone you would not touch with a ten foot bargepole.

Yet, his work did not leave many of us cold. After all we had our own experiences and made our own observations over the years, which triggered doubts. The fact that his standing among our leaders was dismal, to say the least, only nurtured these doubts.

Over the years I moved up the ranks to become a member of the senior management of KirchSport and later Infront. Among other things, I was in charge of all the company's FIFA related matters. With more responsibility came more visibility and more exposure. Not least because of Andrew's

work the media - or a at least some part of the media - became more alert to the deficits and the disfunctionality inherent in sports politics and its toxic amalgamation with commercial interests, the ever growing commercial interests, which became a driving force.

In my role I had to answer many media enquiries. This would often become like walking on eggshells when questions were asked beyond the operational business matters. I navigated my way through this jungle as well as I could,

"I navigated my way through this jungle as well as I could, and I prayed that Andrew would not show up at my doorstep."

"It was towards the end of the decade that I finally got in touch with Andrew. I felt the man had to be supported in his endeavours in every possible way because I was too fed up with what I had seen for years."

and I prayed that Andrew would not show up at my doorstep because I was not in a position, and not prepared, to tell him what I would have wanted to tell him. But nonetheless I was pleased that there was an Andrew, someone who would not lead the world up the garden path. A dedicated lateral thinker, a restless digger for the truth who would not give up his search just to safeguard his accreditation for the next World Cup. The world needs these Andrews, a rare species indeed.

I left Infront at the end of 2006. I embarked on new ventures but I kept following closely how things evolved around FIFA. After all, I was a part of this for all too long just to ignore it. The news was disturbing, but there were still only a handful of investigative journalists who dared to go the extra mile. Andrew was one of them, and he was one of a kind.

In the past, I had never felt comfortable about speaking out about my expe-

riences. I bit my tongue. But the news around FIFA was gobsmacking. So one thing led to another.

It was towards the end of the decade that I finally got in touch with Andrew - previously the personification of my professional primal fear. Secretly, I always cherished Andrew's work and now I felt that I could perhaps make a contribution. I felt that the man had to be supported in his endeavours in every possible way because I was too fed up with what I had seen for years.

It was the beginning of a short but intimate friendship. I got to know a very intelligent, likeable, gentle and witty man with an eternal sense of humour. Andrew's knowledge and insight was overwhelming. His ability to instantly grasp things was second to none. Andrew was not a commercial guy. But he understood the intricacies of my former world. He listened. He asked the right questions, and he knew how to classify things correctly.

We met several times in person and it was always a cheerful experience. Oh, how cheerful! I fondly remember the filming for his *Panorama* programmes. We laughed so much. We spent hours on the phone or on Skype. I became the sparring partner on many aspects of his latest book *Omertà*, which I eventually translated into German. Yet, our conversations did not always evolve around FIFA and our "business". Often these conversations were personal, deep mind searching endeavours, indeed anything under the sun. Because this is the kind of a man Andrew was.

A gentle giant.

**DOMINIK SCHMID** is a Swiss attorney and holds an M.B.A. from the INSEAD business school. He started his career in corporate tax law with Arthur Andersen and later in investment banking with J.P. Morgan before moving to sports marketing, where he spent almost twenty years in senior positions for the leading agencies ISL Marketing, KirchSport and Infront. The years after he dedicated his time serving in leading positions for digital startups. Today he is working as a freelance consultant and texter in the digital media space.

## He had a cause

BY CHRISTER AHL

When I had left the *International Handball Federation* (IHF) as a whistleblower, I was doubtful about switching to a more general pursuit of governance issues and corruption. Meeting Andrew Jennings and Jens Weinreich, and hearing not just about their findings but also about their efforts, convinced me. It also led me to my efforts through Teamhandballnews, to focus not just on the IHF and its president Hassan Moustafa, but on many other problems. What convinced me was Andrew's seriousness and determination in his efforts and his writing. Over the years I had observed many journalists who touched on corruption issues in a very superficial way, without having enough personal knowledge and purpose in their writing beyond giving their audience some scandal to enjoy.

But in the case of Andrew it was never about himself or becoming famous for his revelations. For him it was a cause, something that was very important and needed to be done, in the hope that the exposure might lead to changes for the better. He wanted to make sure that the tyrants and the crooks could not hide, but would have their actions made known. Andrew's style was unusual and definitely not the polished one that some traditionalists might prefer. But it was natural, it was him, and it was not acting. It just matched his fervor and intensity, and it was right for the topics and people he pursued.

I was the moderator for a FIFA session at *Play the Game* 2011 in Cologne where Andrew and the then Communications Director of FIFA (in the audience) had their dispute. Some thought that I allowed it to get a bit too wild, but on that occasion it seemed absolutely necessary! I only met Andrew at *Play the Game*, but we were also in contact. He was always generous in sharing his experience and knowledge, but he also did not hesitate to reach out to an amateur, in the hope that I might have a fact or an opinion that fitted in with what he was working on.

Andrew quickly became like an old friend. He was one of a kind and will be missed by so many - except of course by those who worried that he might find out what they were up to.



Hajo Seppelt (right) and the whistleblowers Yulia and Vitaly Stepanov received the Play the Game Award 2017 for their uncovering of the unprecedented doping conspiracy among Russian and international sports leaders and organization. (Photo:Thomas Søndergaard)

## "A role model for me"

BY HANS-JOACHIM SEPPELT

Twas a young and inexperienced **L**sports reporter when I heard the name Andrew Jennings for the first time. It must have been in the late 1980s or early 1990s when the Berlin Wall fell and the reunified Berlin was considering to bid for the 2000 Olympic Games. I was in my late twenties and, as a traditional sports reporter, I was covering small events and competitions for the regional sports department of ARD in Berlin. I had no clue at all about investigative sports journalism. But at the same time I realized more and more that what went on on the surface of sports has often nothing to do with reality. The more I became critical towards sports organizations the more many traditional TV and Radio colleagues criticised my - from their point of view - "negative" approach. And many also didn't believe in the reporting of my German colleagues, Herbert Fischer-Solms, Jens Weinreich, Thomas Kistner and, of course, Andrew Jennings. Andrew very soon became a role model for me.

When I took my first steps into coverage of the IOC, Andrew exposed in an unprecedented way the criminal background of many IOC guys. This was so helpful for all those who tried to paint a much more realistic picture of this anachronistic and, yes, autocratic organization (which it is still nowadays).

In particular, I remember the film scene in which Andrew confronted the then IOC president Samaranch with a large, framed picture showing the Spaniard alongside his long time buddy, dictator Generalissimo Franco. This was funny and embarrassing (for Samaranch of course). But apart from Andrew's straight, plain-spoken and courageous approach accompanied by distinguished entertainment qualities, he was at the same time the best researcher in sport politics you can imagine. He was smart and diligent, with many groundbreaking investigative stories on FIFA and IOC. His work was at the same time sophisticated and subversive - but in a constructive and always well-intentioned manner.

He unified all necessary skills and talents in his personality to become the world's leading journalist on all of these topics. It was no surprise that those who pull the strings of dirty sports organisations tried to get rid of him by, for example, withdrawing his accreditation. For me these sanctions were more an honour than a defeat for Andrew. As a young reporter, I dreamt of one day becoming a journalist with the success and outcome Andrew had in his long-lasting career. It didn't take long to realize: this is simply impossible.

**HAJO SEPPELT** is an award-winning investigative journalist. His documentaries on doping (Russia, Sochi 2014, IAAF etc) and corruption (IWF, IAAF et al) made worldwide headlines and caused not only criminal investigations and several investigation commissions but also bans of Russian athletes, federations and the Russian NOC. Hajo is among the recipients of the Play the Game Award.

## That famous mane of white hair

How a furious riposte has turned into a friendship with many lessons about our craft

BY JAMES CORBETT

Andrew came into my life around 12 years ago, but it was an unusual start to a friendship to say the least.

I was working as European Correspondent for World Football Insider, an unlamented and long-forgotten website, but my first proper reporting job and one that I took very seriously. I had a supportive editor and, coming in the midst on the notorious 2018/22 World Cup bid race, plenty of access and stories. However, a dull procedural piece about internal workings at FIFA had prompted a furious riposte in my inbox from Andrew. He was outraged that I hadn't asked the right questions and ranted and raved. His email may have used the phrase "useless wanker", but ended on a cheery note:

"You know where I am if you want to know what's really happening."

Our publisher, Ed Hula, had known Andrew from the Olympics scene for many years, so I asked him what to do.

"He sounds like a madman, but I think he might have some valid points," I admitted. "He is a bit of a rogue," said Ed. "But he asks good questions."

A few days later I Skyped Andrew. I was in my early-thirties, but still very green and naïve about the ways of international sports politics and journalism. I was also nervous coming face to face with a giant of the profession. A giant, I must emphasise, who'd offered such a blistering critique only days earlier. That famous mane of white hair appeared at the end of a slow broadband connection at his home in Cumbria, and he rattled off all the reasons I was wrong in his cheery way.

Of course, he wasn't a madman, and all his points were valid. But that wasn't the point: I'd listened; now, how could I make it better the next time?

We talked and gossiped regularly from thereon; a couple of times a week during momentous years in Planet FIFA. He was in his mid-sixties at the time, and after the 2008 financial crash these were hard times to be a journalist. Advertising spend had dried up and with it commissioning budgets. There were lots of journalists, but not many jobs.

But rather than slowing down, as most might be tempted to do so at his age, he was ramping up his output. Freed from the strictures of editors and trying to sell stories about faceless but corrupt bureaucrats (always a hard sell - even when they were as comically evil as some of FIFA's class of 2010), the internet, still in its relative infancy, had liberated Andrew and he was raising hell on his Transparency in Sport website. He also had his Panorama documentaries and, for a period, Scotland on Sunday column, but little else in the mainstream media. Then there was me, and a succession of other youngish or inexperienced journalists, who he was kind and patient with. Mentoring is the wrong word, because that wasn't his way; but he was supportive in ways that few colleagues were.

His ambition was to see Sepp Blatter put behind bars - but there were many others he'd like to see there too. Some, like Jack Warner, he saw simply as common criminals, but it was those figures

"Being one of the 'okay ones' was probably the highest praise he'd give to a fellow Brit."

whose power had bestowed a certain respectability upon that he particularly loathed: Seb Coe was one such person; Chuck Blazer - whose downfall he precipitated - another. He particularly hated Peter Hargitay, Blatter's erstwhile spin doctor who had the qualities of a comic book villain. Journalists who he deemed to have taken stories planted by Hargitay were vilified by Jennings.

In general he was caustic about the clubbish British press and he harangued and berated a number of the self-styled 'sports news lobby', not always fairly in my view. "They don't ask the right questions and they don't listen," he'd say. Sometimes I wondered if my only saving grace was that I had listened.

"You must meet James – he's one of the okay ones," he told Matthew Hall, the Australian journalist who became my friend, at the 2010 World Cup. Being one of the "okay ones" was probably the highest praise he'd give to a fellow Brit (although he had a southern accent, he considered himself a Scot rather than English). He was always full of praise for Swiss and Brazilian reporters in particular. He had friends and contacts all over the world, and shared them generously. He was more protective over documents and stories he was working on and always gave little away until publication, knowing how journalists gossip. But once that line was crossed he shared everything.

Andrew opened many doors for me. He introduced me to Jens Sejer Andersen of *Play the Game*, and helped me greatly when I went to Brazil before the World Cup there. Andrew's name was venerated by Brazilian colleagues, but looking at my cast of friends in the international media, so many of those friendships originate with AJ.

In early-October 2011, shortly before Play the Game in Cologne, FIFA's new director of media, Walter de Gregorio held a dinner for the troublesome British press corps at Kettners, a fashionable Soho restaurant. Ties were off and drink flowed liberally among the thirsty hacks, but it was clear that the true test of the new team was still to come. Jennings, who was banned by FIFA, was obviously not on the guest list and said that FIFA's courting of the British press would make no difference. "They have a self-imposed isolation from the story," he told me on one of our Skype calls. "They don't talk to anyone, they don't have the sources. They pontificate but they don't get the documents."

De Gregorio promised a reset of relations for the British media. I told him he needed to lift Jennings' ban from FIFA events if he was serious. He said he was open minded about everything, and I volunteered to introduce Jennings to him at Play The Game. Walter agreed. When I relayed this to AJ, he chuckled. A few days later at, Blatter's new media minder came face to face with FIFA's bête noire. Jennings was at his provocative best, giving a keynote speech in which he said that FIFA meets all the definitions of the mafia, with an all-powerful don surrounded by "greedy crooks", who are protected



Cologne 2011, after the ,mafıa' session that two FIFA propaganda gyus - Walter de Gregorio and Bernd Fisa - had watched from the spectator seats. The situation had already calmed down again. Andrew in conversation with one of the princely paid visitors, Walter de Gregorio. Guys like him were interchangeable, and Blatter kept hiring and firing them in record speed. This propaganda henchman got his job for publishing a love-serving so-called interview with Blatter in a weekly paper. The Swiss way, this was not an isolated case. (Photo: PTG/Tine Harden)

by a code of "omertà" that silences whistleblowers.

Across the conference hall you could see the blood pumping in de Gregorio's neck veins and as Jennings continued, the anger built. Taking the microphone he told Jennings: "Mafia killed and raped thousands of people. It's disrespectful to FIFA and to people who lost their lives." Jennings, who remained on stage, smiled, and unbuttoned his shirt to reveal a blue T-shirt provocatively bearing the slogan "FICK FUFA."

Afterwards, amidst a scramble of TV cameras and other journalists, de Gregorio and Jennings continued arguing outside the auditorium. It was pure theatre, not unlike a staged confrontation at a wrestling match. However, one was left wondering why de Gregorio, just a few days into his job, not only got so impassioned about something that not only hadn't happened on his watch but had demonstrated so quickly just how temperamentally unsuited to his job he patently was.

"Why are FIFA spending money on expensive lawyers to suppress documents?" demanded Jennings, waving a paper at de Gregorio, which he said listed the suppressed ISL bribe payments. "There is more coming!"

So much for the reset of relations.

Andrew would do anything he could to help professionally and personally. When, early in our friendship, I faced serious legal threats (for a story he'd introduced me to), he calmed me down when I was scared, spent a lot of time with me, even talked to my family. "Put it in the bin and forget about it. These fuckers charge by the word," he'd howl about libel lawyers. "It's when you get a short letter you need to be worried."

Freelancing for the BBC before the 2014 World Cup I came a cropper with its Byzantine internal politics and a middle manager trying to make political capital out of a dispute she'd put me at the centre of. Again, it was Andrew who counselled me. "Yes, she's a complete twat, but we'll take her down later. Let's get your story out there, and your next one commissioned first." He was right about that, as he so often was.

#### To be brave

Another time, towards the end of his life, a close mutual friend was in trouble for speaking the truth. The friend was cannon fodder for an iniquitous libel system that placed all the power in the hands of a plaintiff who was backed by significant vested interests. We knew Andrew hadn't been well for some time and didn't bother him, but he got wind of our efforts to restore justice, and wrote out a withering and sarcastic email, mocking the attackers and asking what their mothers would think.

I later learned that it had taken him all afternoon to type out.

Sadly ill health limited AJ from late-2015 onwards and although there was recognition for his role in the fall of the *House of FIFA*, I never felt like it was enough. "The clock is ticking," he'd always say, even during the worst of the Blatter era when it seemed as if Sepp would go on forever. "The Feds are on their way." Of course, what he omitted to mention at the time, was that he'd put the Feds onto FIFA in the first place.

Andrew was remarkable, courageous, kind, pugnacious, provocative, a bane to those in authority, and at times a complete pain in the arse - to his enemies and his friends. I don't think any of my other friends could get away with turning up in my then local pub in South London on Valentines night and summoning me there at a few hours notice with the blessing of my wife. But that was Andrew in a nutshell: charming and persuasive (to the wife), and very very funny (in the pub).

He taught me more about journalism than anyone else I've known, but also a more fundamental message, without which any technical lesson about our craft is redundant: to be brave. I'll miss him a lot.

**JAMES CORBETT** is Senior Correspondent of OffThe Pitch. His debut novel, The Outsiders,

was shortlisted for the 2022 Portico Prize, one of Britain's highest literary awards. James runs the publishing house deCoubertin Books, a leading independent publisher, predicated on high editorial and production values.



## "There is no rest for the wicked"

How the FA Chairman tried in vain to explain to conspiracy theorist Sepp Blatter that he has not known Andrew Jennings for 40 years and did not contribute to BBC's *Panorama* 

BY LORD DAVID TRIESMAN

My links with the remarkable journalist and man, Andrew Jennings, started like so many others, watching *Panorama*. He was an intriguing, bold, even startling journalist who seemed to jump into camera shot from out of nowhere. Or maybe out of a bush which you weren't focussing on. He would be wearing what appeared to be a version of military fatigues, and with that air of a newspaper commando would question the great and the bad of sports administration when they appeared least to expect it.

They reacted with a silent, resentful demeanour as they slumped back into their stretch limos, larger than most people's apartments, or through the door of their *Six Star* + hotels. They showed fear and interrupted impunity in equal measure. Where were the underlings, supposed to protect them from Andrew Jennings?

He was a man who could evidently frighten the most powerful and venal personalities in sport. One sensed that no wealth or hubris or the effect of hauteur could protect them from their nemesis. And so it always proved.

The first time I really met Sepp Blatter personally, sitting with him on a car journey, was when I had been newly installed as the first independent Chairman of *The Football Association* (FA). The journey became a running endorsement of Andrew and his more frightening qualities.

My task that day was to pick up FIFA's President Blatter and its General Secretary Jérôme Valcke - who uttered not a word - from their private jet at the private terminal at London City Airport. They had arrived in true Presidential style. The plan was that I would take them to lunch in the City and start a conversation about England's plan to bid to host the 2018 FIFA World Cup. In the event I got hardly a word in, becoming as silent, though not as deferential, as Valcke.

For the first half hour, Blatter told me in detail about the depth and sincerity of his religious convictions, his church, the frequency of his attendance and the overwhelming importance of confession. He wanted me to know that despite the vile allegations of certain journalists he was a sincere and God-fearing man whose word was sacrosanct.

Valcke sat in reflective silence.

Blatter asked me if I like him went regularly to confession but didn't need to wait for my answer. He said immediately he knew I was Jewish and so, he presumed, I did not.

For the next two hours, right over lunch, and without any discussion of our potential bid, Sepp Blatter talked about Andrew Jennings.

When and where had I first met this so-called journalist? Well, I hadn't.

Come on, surely you have been close friends since you were at university together?

Not so, we weren't, but I certainly wished we had been.

"For two hours, right over lunch, and without any discussion of our potential bid, Sepp Blatter talked about Andrew Jennings."

"It was hard to conclude Blatter had much other than Andrew Jennings on his mind. The FIFA President certainly didn't want to talk about our World Cup bid other than to enquire why England had not retained the services of Mr Hargitay in the exercise. He wasn't advocating it, but he was inquisitive."

But you were in the same Communist cell at University?

Well not remotely true.

It's known you worked together on TV programmes attacking the stellar work of FIFA, attacking Blatter (to whom he referred in the third person) and João Havelange, attacking the enlightened administration they had provided for the world's greatest game?

As a matter of fact. I'd never worked in television though I had seen a number of the programmes. How could you do this, Blatter was surely in line and a more worthy recipient than the International Atomic Energy Agency, how could you do this to someone with spiritual motives like him?

And why, now, after so many years would you deny it?

Mainly because not a word of it is true. I'm simply stating a fact.

Sepp Blatter restrained himself from pausing.

He had been provided with a very different set of facts by his trusted friend and long-standing advisor, Peter Hargitay, who had assembled the evidence and knew the facts. He suggested we should go through his questions again. And then again.

Indeed, the next time I saw Sepp Blatter in FIFA's Zurich palace, we went through it all again. It was hard to conclude Blatter had much other than Andrew Jennings on his mind. The FIFA President certainly didn't want to talk about our World Cup bid, other than to enquire why England had not retained the services of Mr Hargitay in the exercise. He wasn't advocating it, but he was inquisitive.

He did, however, want to canvas an idea which might improve both the history and the negative view he took of England. Would The FA change its name to *The English FA* as it had no right to what looked like a superior position. This might help overcome the fact that England's venal media had poisoned the true nature of FIFA, and first and foremost among the poisoners was Andrew Jennings.

As he put it: your old University friend has done massive damage and you can start to put things right.

So, when I first actually met Andrew, 40 years after Blatter had insisted we had met and conspired, it almost felt like a reunion. In the event, at my first UEFA Conference, he appeared unexpectedly behind me in his battle fatigues and brandishing a microphone. He sounded wonderfully combative and wanted an immediate interview on corruption in UEFA. I couldn't do it at that moment but was certainly willing



May 2010, Zurich: The English delegation delivers its World Cup bid at the FIFA House. From left: Andy Anson, Geoff Thompson, Lord David Triesman, Joseph Blatter, David Beckham, Nothemba Bambiso and Jérôme Valcke. (Photo: IMAGO/ULMER)

to meet and talk later. Andrew told me if I agreed to an interview, I would become persona non grata.

I had no difficulty in agreeing nonetheless we could and should talk.

And so we did.

We talked frequently from that day forward. Andrew was like all really good investigative journalists. He wanted to be the one who broke big stories. If Bonita Mersiades or Damian Collins or Jérôme Champagne or any other serious warrior on the side of good ethics, had the inside track on shady dealings in the supine FIFA Ethics Committee, Andrew felt he should have the story first. He was, of course, a good custodian of a good story. He could push and muscle for what he wanted and that is the art of being truly independent. It is what you want from a top investigative journalist. I think we would all have been disappointed had he been any different.

It is no surprise to me that so many FIFA Executive Committee members truly feared him.

There's an old English saying deriving from the Bible as Blatter would probably recognise: *There is no rest for the wicked*. Andrew scared them be-

cause he promised them no rest. Many people have pursued FIFA and tried to dent its endemic corruption. All of them deserve credit as taking on FIFA is certainly a team sport. All are bound together by the simple recognition that small tweaks in processes or adjustments to committees in FIFA will have next to no impact on a rotten culture.

"So, when I first actually met Andrew 40 years after Blatter had insisted we had met and conspired, it almost felt like a reunion."

Andrew Jennings was never distracted by the attempts at window dressing. He always focused laser-like on the bankrupt culture. Unless this is pulled out by the roots, he knew change could not be achieved and embedded. And there are many decades of a rotten culture and the weeds have established themselves round the world.

He will, in his last weeks, have heard recent defences for holding the World Cup in a tiny, non-footballing nation, where so many have died constructing the stadia and hotels, where the culture remains very repressive and medieval, where inclusion is non-existent, where employment relations fall squarely within the master:slave relationship paradigm. He would have called it all out. He would have called out the people who took the World Cup there and continue to defend the wholly indefensible.

So, I didn't know Andrew in the 1960s and 70s. I really regret our paths hadn't crossed when Blatter said they had. I'd have enjoyed so many more discussions, exchanges and, yes, arguments. But I am very thankful for the last 14 years and his generosity in teaching me so much.

DAVID MAXIM TRIESMAN, Baron Triesman, is currently a Group Director at Salamanca Group. A Labour member of the House of Lords, he was responsible for the Prime Minister's political organisation (2001-2004) and has served as Under-Secretary of State in the Foreign & Commonwealth Office; and later in the Department for Innovation, Universities and Skills; and held ministerial and official opposition roles in Energy, Business and Higher Education and Europe. Lord Triesman was Chairman of the Football Association from 2008 to 2010.

## To everything there is a season

BY BONITA MERSIADES

I have writer's bloc. I don't know what I can say that does justice to the man who helped me immeasurably at one of the lowest parts of my life and became a friend. Perhaps I summarised his contribution to our world already in something which, fortunately, he read. It was included in the acknowledgements of my book on FIFA (Whatever It Takes - the Inside Story of the FIFA Way) for which he wrote the Foreword, where I note:

"Of course, there is the 'Oracle' of FIFA corruption, Andrew Jennings. I don't think there is one thing that he has said about this entire FIFA business that has been wrong. Andrew is not just thoroughly professional, but he has taught me so much. Best of all, he gets to enjoy the last laugh at all the people he has pursued for so long."

Professionally, this is what he should be remembered for.

#### They follwed his lead

Before the FBI and the IRS, before the US Department of Justice, the Swiss Office of the Attorney General, the UK Serious Fraud Office, and the French PNF, there was Andrew.

He didn't follow their lead.

They followed his.

The Americans first approached him in 2009 introduced by former MI6 man, Christopher Steele. They were 'following the money' because of a match-fixing investigation. Familiar with Andrew's work on the IOC and ISL, they wanted to know more.

In my notebook for June 2010 - after one of our regular conversations - I recorded Andrew telling me he was travelling to London to "speak with some very serious people with short haircuts". He was thrilled.

Days before the final vote on 2 December 2010 for the 2022 World Cup, Andrew's two-part BBC *Panorama* programme on the collapse of ISL, entitled *FIFA's Dirty Secrets*, was broadcast detailing \$100m worth of bribes paid to FIFA Executive Committee members and other high ranking sport officials in the Olympic world. It includ-



Harvest time. May 27th, 2015. Baur au Lac, Zurich. (Photo: JENS WEINREICH)

ed the spreadsheet setting out payments, dates, amounts and recipients.

After failing to prevent the BBC from its broadcast, England Bid Chief Andy Anson described the programme as *unpatriotic*; some of his colleagues commented that it should have been on the

"One sunny day in 2009, I was ushered into an office block in Central London. Waiting for me were three smartly dressed Americans, trim and fit. I learned later the team included ex-US Marines. So if they had to, they could kill."

"But today they are charming. One hands me his business card. He is a Special Agent in an Organised Crime Squad. Another agent was the chief of the Organised Crime and Racketeering Section of the Department of Justice."

Andrew Jennings

History Channel. The Bid team apparently thought for years afterwards that the *Panorama* programme was why they lost to Russia. It wasn't.

As I wrote in my book:

"The reaction from most who made a living from football - FIFA, other associations, the nine bidding nations gathered in Zurich, journalists - was predictable. They either dismissed it as 'old news' or denigrated it as more work by a 'discredited maverick'."

Those who knew better, such as journalist Jens Weinreich, saw it differently, writing on his blog that:

"Andrew Jennings has provided an important piece of the sports story puzzle with this document. Anyone who doesn't understand this, or doesn't want to understand it, can't be helped. I say once again, dear friends: journalism is not about 'he said, she said' and therefore not about interpreting half-sentences and making so-called exclusive news out of them. It is about papers like this. Bravo, AJ."

The investigators of the FBI and IRS were similarly impressed.

One month later in January 2011, Andrew would meet them again in London where they asked him more questions. I wrote in my book of Andrew's account of that meeting:

"And as they talked, he also figured out where the biggest time bomb was ticking. It was sitting under a very large man four miles north of their Federal Plaza headquarters in Trump Tower the US FIFA Executive Committee and CEO of CONCACAF, Chuck Blazer."

Andrew returned from that trip to London and told me in our next conver-

sation that "They've got Chuck. It's going to take a while, but they've got him." Again, he was thrilled.

A few years later, in 2014, we learned that the FBI had indeed picked-up Blazer on a Manhattan sidewalk later in 2011. Around the same time, Jack Warner's two sons were placed under house arrest in Miami. There was so much evidence against them, most of it via leads from Andrew Jennings, that the trio turned 'snitch' for the FBI and IRS, ultimately leading to the dramatic and infamous FIFA arrests at the Baur au Lac Hotel in Zurich in May 2015.

Andrew knew that raid was coming.

Not long before then, Andrew had been hacked, and his website taken down. At the same time, FIFA played dirty tricks on me, both in person and through hacking and taking down the website of my then online business, and setting-up fake financial, social media and website accounts in my name. (After being 'outed' as a whistleblower by FIFA's expensive but laughable Garcia report, I used the platform I had to campaign for better governance - FIFA did not like it). Andrew said he would lodge a formal complaint about the hacking in the UK and urged me to do the same to Australian authorities because "something is about to happen and it's important this is on the record". I did.

The US Department of Justice timed their raid to coincide with the FIFA Congress and FIFA Presidential vote in 2015 for maximum impact.

Much of the world's football journalists were in Zurich too so it guaranteed blanket coverage of the events and their aftermath. By this time, Andrew was banned by FIFA, but he made the trip anyway. He deserved every bit of the spotlight that shone on him in the ensuing mad, crazy days in Zurich.

I know he was invigorated by his work being recognised at last.

"To everything there is a season," wrote Pete Seeger. May 27th, 2015 was well and truly Andrew's season.

Following the initial arrests and the subsequent shenanigans at FIFA which eventually led to the demise of long-standing President Sepp Blatter, Andrew began work at a feverish pace on his sixth and final BBC *Panorama* documentary, *FIFA*, *Sepp Blatter and Me*. In the midst of this came his appearance at a US Senate Committee Hearing where he gave evidence about

"Sepp Blatter's organised crime family". Andrew was thrilled once again - so much so that he had his hair cut and wore a jacket and tie instead of his trademark boiler suit! He saw his appearance before the Committee as vindication of his work, not just in recent years but for decades beforehand in relation to the IOC and ISL.

While all of this was unfolding over a period of years, Andrew was often openly dismissive of his journalist colleagues. He was not so concerned about those who he considered to be "just hacks" who he believed did not have the intellectual capacity to ask difficult questions. But he was often scathing about some journalists who were backed by big budget legal departments for major media houses who did not want to ask difficult questions. In his

"I called the FBI in New York.
'I have got the can-opener on
Blazer,' I said. 'Shall I send them
to you, or should they go to the
Internal Revenue Service?'
An hour later the email arrived
from Federal Plaza: 'We cannot
tell you what to do, Sir. But we
would sure love to see them.'"

#### Andrew Jennings

eyes, they were too enamoured with the 'glamour' of the pointy end of the football world and their relationships with high-ranking football politicians.

He abhorred what he saw as a lack of journalistic integrity, lack of courage and absence of inquiry. He did not fail to call journalists out on it.

More than once Andrew eviscerated most of the Australian media for failing to take any interest in what was going on under their noses with the Australian 2022 World Cup bid, even more so because there was a whistleblower in their own country. He was referred to by one prominent media personality as a "discredited moron". Another declared that "he is an idiot, no-one takes any notice of him".

Except he wasn't. And they did.

To the extent that we have better governance, more transparency, and more accountability in the top two international sporting organisations today, the IOC and FIFA, it is thanks first and foremost to Andrew Jennings.

Many others have played a part other journalists, whistleblowers, investigators, prosecutorial authorities, and even some administrators - but it is Andrew who cut a swathe through the tangled web of deceit, lies, kickbacks, favours, and corruption, and emboldened and encouraged many of us to follow him.

Personally, this is why I will remember him.

After I was sacked from my role with Football Australia in January 2010 as head of corporate and public affairs for the organisation and the 2022 World Cup bid for asking too many 'awkward' questions about what we were doing, it was Andrew who stretched out a hand of friendship.

No doubt it was because of journalistic curiosity to begin with, but we also became firm friends.

We were probably a bit of an odd couple in some ways. He was flamboyant and used his journalistic skills both to inform and entertain - often to the point of hyperbole; I am measured, reserved and circumspect. But we are both fighters, both courageous, both understood what was the at the heart of the problems with world football, and both prepared to use our individual voices to advocate for improved transparency and accountability in football.

He gave me so much advice in the regular calls we had over many years, but amongst those that stand out were:

"Don't take any notice of what they say about you, it is a sign of their desperation.

 $You\ are\ not\ wrong.$ 

Your instincts are totally correct.

Be patient.

Their time will come.

Write it all down!

*Keep the documents!* 

The fans are with you!

You have a story to tell, and you will tell it in your own time.

Show don't tell.

You will have the last laugh!

'Revenge is best served cold'.

Onwards and upwards."

Always 'onwards and upwards'.

Andrew could not attend the 2015 biennial *Play the Game* conference in Aarhus because of his filming commitments with his final BBC *Panorama* programme. The conference was one of

the highlights on his calendar; he had been to every conference since their inception, and he was genuinely sorry he could not attend. I had also been invited to give the Opening Keynote Speech that year. He called me the evening before from New York, pleased with the day's filming in and around Brooklyn, to wish me all the best, and asking me to let him know how it was received.

I knew something was wrong when he did not return my call or my emails.

It was a few weeks later, after I had returned to Australia, that his wife Clare Sambrook - also an award-winning journalist and author - contacted me to tell me that Andrew had suffered a stroke while filming in New York; that he was now back in England; and that he would be returning home from hospital soon.

Andrew was not the same Andrew after the stroke - but he was still Andrew.

As I wrote here: Kind, generous, fearless, funny, optimistic, loyal, and brilliant. He continued to file information and documents. He continued to look out for stories. He continued to help journalists he liked. He also fielded a number of film offers for his books and his story.

He was well enough in 2017 to do a copy edit of my book and to write the Foreword for it. I am honoured that he did so; I think I may be the only person for whom he has written a Foreword.

Just 18 months ago Andrew wrote a withering email in support of me to a state-based football organisation in Australia that was taking action against me for telling the truth. It took him all afternoon to type the few paragraphs, but he did it anyway.

I was fortunate to be able to visit Andrew and his family - whom he adored - in Cumbria on several occasions between 2015 and 2018. If not for the Covid pandemic that prevented Australians from leaving our country for the best part of two years, we had been hoping to make another visit last year.

We continued to keep in touch via 'phone and email, the most recent being just before Christmas.

It is at this point that I pause.



Andrew and Bonita take a walk near his home in Cumbria, January 2018.

Writer's bloc has returned.

I don't think I can do justice to the man who helped me immeasurably at one of the lowest parts of my life and became a friend.

I hope those of us who are privileged to have been invited to contribute to this tribute magazine can continue in our own small way - even, in my case, at the "arse end of the earth" - to do work of which Andrew Jennings would be proud. More importantly, I hope this and the other contributions in this magazine inspire young journalists to consider Andrew's path, rather than the easy one.

Farewell my friend. You will never be forgotten.

Onwards and Upwards.

**BONITA MERSIADES** of Australia is a whistleblower, and the only football insider to speak

out about corruption in football and specifically the 2018/2022 World Cup bidding process. She has assisted authorities in five countries. Her second book Whatever It Takes — The Inside Story of the FIFA Way was published in

Way was published in 2018. She is a lifelong

grassroots football volunteer and participant, and the owner of Fair Play Publishing and founder of the Football Writers' Festival.



BY KATARINA PIJETLOVIĆ

Andrew and I met in Coventry 2009 at the *Play the Game* conference. Organisers of the conference included a guided tour of the castle in Coventry for the participants and I went on it.

After standing in a group of people for five minutes and hearing about the front door of this castle, I realised I'm not going to survive the guided tour and went back to the bar I had seen earlier. Andrew Jennings and Jens Weinreich were already there by the table, drinking beer.

It was an easy introduction - Andrew was in freeform, and very sociable and friendly. By the time people came back from the castle tour the three of us were ready to party. I remember the three of

us walking around Coventry and bar hopping that evening.

Every *Play the Game* after that we would hang around with Jens and Nikki Dryden. He was the person that was waiting for me at the door of the conference venue to greet me.

I learned some tricks of the trade from Andrew on the methods for obtaining confidential documents. His speeches were always a hit among the participants and the highlight of the



Andrew and Katarina, 2011.

conference. Who can forget his confrontations with FIFA's Jack Warner?

I never saw him in person after the 2013 conference, but we exchanged messages. He was the heart and soul of *Play the Game* and it will never feel the same without him.

I hope that Rosie and Henry will know who their Dad was and what he did to expose corruption in sport and for investigative journalism in general. Rest in peace Andrew, we'll miss you.

KATARINA PIJETLOVIĆ is a Reader in Sports Law at Manchester Law School. She is the author of EU Sports Law and Breakaway Leagues in Football (2015), regularly contributes to academic journals and presents at conferences on the topic of sports law, and establishment of rival competitions. She is a member of the Advisory Board of the Professional Tennis Players Association.



Chuao, 2009: Restaurant Democracia. (Photo: Jens Sejer Andersen)

## "It's time to start digging"

BY ROSA LÓPEZ DE D'AMICO

In 2009 we had the honour of welcoming Andrew Jennings to Maracay, Venezuela. It was not easy to obtain his books in Venezuela. We had the Spanish version of *The Lords of the Rings* and later The *New Lords of the Rings* thanks to friends. The few who knew him were amazed that someone had the courage to write in such a way and show all the truths that were known to occur in the governance structures of sport.

In 2009, with the support of the regional government of Sport of Aragua, three excellent journalists - Jens Sejer Andersen, Ezequiel Fernández Moores and Andrew Jennings - were brought to Venezuela to investigate and expose the truth about what goes on in the upper echelons of sport, amongst those who are the 'untouchables'. We were seeing journalists who represented a different model of sports reporting, not the statistics of those who won or lost but investigations that uncovered irrefutable truths. Andrew did not hesitate for a moment to come to Venezuela and show that journalism and transparency can be used to improve governance in sport, particularly in a fair way. The translators and participants enjoyed his humour, but also his genius and sense of justice. It seemed impossible to them that one could speak in such a way.

Andrew was a man who appreciated simplicity and who had a willingness to cooperate with anyone who wanted to work. His experience in Venezuela led him to write to me that he and his family would take basic Spanish classes. I

remember in 2010 he wrote to me that if I could find a student willing to research Rafael Esquivel, president of the Venezuelan football federation that he was willing to mentor them. (Years later, Esquivel has pleaded guilty to the federal conspiracy charges related to fraud and racketeering./JW)

Once Andrew shared the basics of how he saw himself: "I'm not a sports reporter. I am an investigative reporter. For me, there is a very simple test: When you look at any organisation, institution or individual and you discover that there are contradictions between their public performance and their private behaviour - then it's time to start digging. There can be no exceptions." His spirit of seeking transparency in sport was always present in his writings. He visited Venezuela again in 2011, but in the city of Caracas, with another audience. We shared his writings with our doctoral students.

We are saddened by his departure, and I copy verbatim the words of colleague Jorge Ramirez: "Friend Andrew left a great impression on me when I had the honour of sharing the stage with him in Maracay. A gentle and noble being, but implacable in his speeches, without ornamentation or waste."

Farewell Andrew Jennings. May your writings, still unknown to many, reach many, especially the younger generations to follow your school!

Prof (PhD) Rosa López de D'Amico works at Centro de Investigación EDUFISADRED at the Universidad Pedagógica Experimental Libertador in Maracay, Venezuela.

## FOI, please!

BY BOB MACKIN

Andrew Jennings was my inspiration in covering the Vancouver 2010 Winter Olympics, which were as much a political and economical circus as they were about sport. FIFA also came to town, some five years later, and I approached that event in the same fashion. I just didn't get to chase Sepp Blatter around Vancouver with a camera. Andrew's work in exposing the Blatter bunch's corruption led to the FBI crackdown that spring and it meant the president was too scared to travel for fear of arrest and extradition to the U.S.

I was thrilled to attend Andrew's talk at the University of British Columbia a few months before the 2010 Games. A few of us on the Olympic beat even shared some good times with him at a local pub afterward. I kept in touch with him over the years and was honoured for him to be a guest on my podcast in March 2018. He ended the segment with an intriguing idea:

"Freedom of information, please!"

Though sports federations should take the first step on their own, Andrew was stressing the ease at which governments could ultimately enact the law and still not meddle in the affairs of the sports federations.

"I think if you bring this sort of pressure to bear on, and it's not exactly unpleasant, it's just government saying oh, by the way, you're subject to freedom information. Okay, we won't interfere, but we put the mechanism there, get on with it. And I think you'd get a most surprising, and hopefully, a new world of sport."

In memory of Andrew, why not a new campaign for transparency in sport? Freedom of information, please!

BOB MACKIN is an award-winning journalist, and author of a book about the Winter Games 2010: "Red Mittens & Red Ink:The Vancouver Olympics". He publish at theBreaker.news.





#### BY STEVEN BERRYMAN

I can see like it was yesterday that day in August 2011 when I opened my laptop in Southern California and started reviewing the daily Google Alerts that hit my e-mail each morning.

A certain article immediately caught my eye, which related to an American who had a secret world of offshore accounts ("FBI investigates secret payments to FIFA whistleblower"). What really interested me though was the fact that the subject of the article was an Executive Committee member of Fédération Internationale de Football Association, otherwise known as the world football governing body FIFA. Since I have loved and played the game of football since I could walk, run, and kick a ball, the content of this article fascinated me.

At the time when reading the article, besides being a supporter of the game, I was also a Special Agent with the IRS Criminal Investigation Division, a U.S. federal law enforcement agency that specializes in tax crimes, money laundering, violations of the Bank Secrecy Act, and other financial fraud.

The article was written by an individual by the name of Andrew Jennings, who because I followed sports and football around the world, I had a vague recollection that he was an investigative journalist that covered issues concerning the International Olympic Committee and FIFA. After reading this article, I immediately went to Jennings' website, transparencyinsport. org, and read several more articles by him that outlined further alleged corruption in world football ("Chuck's world of offshore bank accounts").

I researched everything I could find by Mr. Jennings and other journalists about this topic, and within two months I became part of an investigative team with members of the Federal Bureau of Investigation in Manhattan, and the United States Attorney's Office in the Eastern District of New York.

Reading this simple Jennings article that August day ended up altering the next seven years of my life in ways that I could never have imagined.

Based upon me reading the excellent writings of Andrew Jennings on his website, published books, documentaries, podcasts, and more, I soon learned that the corruption in the governance

# "Much of this may have never come to light were it not for the tenacious and dedicated research and reporting over the decades of investigative journalists"

Steven Berryman, Special Agent with the IRS, on the historical FIFA indictments in the U.S.: "reading this simple Jennings article that August day ended up altering the next seven years of my life in ways I could never have imagined"

of football had also been researched and written about by other able investigative journalists as well.

In those early days of me being involved in the FIFA corruption investigation, I poured over whatever I could find by reporters and media outlets around the globe such as Jens Sejer Andersen/Play the Game (Denmark), Jean François Tanda (Switzerland), John Sugden/Alan Tomlinson (United Kingdom), Sports Business Daily and Sports Business World, James M. Dorsey (Singapore), Folha (Brazil), Andrew Warshaw (United Kingdom), Lasana Liburd (Trinidad and Tobago), Inside the Games, Heidi Blake/Jonathan Calvert (United Kingdom), and last but definitely not least, the organizer of this tribute, Jens Weinreich (Germany). The work by all of these journalists and others assisted me tremendously, and by extension, the overall U.S. investigation, by giving background and history on the governing organization itself, and the nuances and allegiances that existed amongst the various countries and confederations represented on FI-FA's Executive Committee.

Further, their reporting shed light on how the commercialization of football began and changed the game, and how certain governing officials over the decades may have lacked the necessary ethics and integrity to be trusted in their positions of administrative power.

After many years of hard work by U.S. federal law enforcement, DOJ prosecutors, and with mutual legal assistance from numerous countries around the world, this culminated in the late May 2015 charges and arrests of several FIFA officials in Switzerland, and in other countries in South America, Central America, and the Caribbean. The resulting press conference gave global football fans a peek in to the extent and depth of the U.S. investigation, and just over two years later in the criminal trial of some of those individuals, more was publicly revealed about what had been happening behind the scenes in the governance of the beautiful game while the world watched their favorite teams and footballers every week on the television.

Please know that much of this may have never come to light were it not for the tenacious and dedicated research and reporting over the decades of investigative journalists the world over, with this especially being true of the departed, but never forgotten, Andrew Jennings.

When I retired after 31 years of being an IRS-CID Special Agent in mid-2018, I told myself I was going to thank in-person, whenever or wherever possible, every one of those reporters/journalists/authors/documentarians/bloggers/whistleblowers who came before us in the quest to expose the corruption in the game loved by billions.

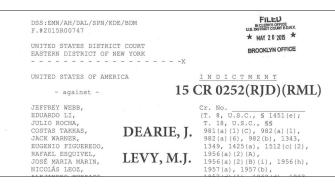
I have succeeded in doing that with some of the names mentioned above, but very sadly, I never was able to make it to England to connect with Andrew Jennings before his passing. I deeply regret this, so here I sit writing my appreciation, admiration, respect, and recognition to the man who I hold one hundred percent responsible for giving me the opportunity to participate with others in working an investigation of something so close to my heart.

I am not sure what I would have physically done had I met Andrew Jennings personally, but I am sure I would have tried to hug him, shake his hand, Covid fist-bumped him, or whatever, but I hope wherever Mr. Jennings is now, he feels not only my individual thanks, but also from those around the world who realize what a truly special and unique investigative journalistic talent he possessed.

Rest in peace Andrew, and again, my sincere thanks.

STEVEN BERRYMAN is the founder of Berryman Prime LLC, an investigative firm focusing on sports corruption and integrity issues, match fixing matters, sports gambling, anti-bribery, anti-corruption, anti-money laundering (AML), and complex financial fraud matters. He was a former Special Agent with the United States Department of the Treasury, IRS-Criminal Investigation Division (IRS-CID). From 2011 through mid-2018, Mr. Berryman was the lead IRS-CID case agent on a worldwide investigation relating to tax, international money laundering, and corruption in sports governance within FIFA.

The first page of the first DOJ indictment on crimes in the empire of FIFA from May 2015.



## "Get it done!"

## A sport federation insider's view

BY ALEX PHILLIPS

Whilst he was feared, even hated, by many inside sports federations, Andrew Jennings was also admired by many others. Most secretly, but a few openly. As soon as his book *FOUL!* came out, I ordered it.

The hardback arrived and sat on my desk at work. One of the senior UEFA lawyers saw it and immediately asked to borrow it - never to be returned, in true sports governance tradition.

Everyone wanted to know: what had he uncovered this time around?

I remember Andrew at the 2011 UEFA Congress in Paris, roaming around the spectacular Grand Palais, with a smile on his face, truly in his element. Congresses are moments when you have many of the big fish all in one pond at one time. Little did he know that, only a month or two previously, something had happened between the two biggest fish, Sepp Blatter and Michel Platini, that four years later would end both their football careers. But then again, he was insightful and humble enough to say that his work was probably just the tip of the iceberg. He was proved right.

I did not work with him or leak documents. In any case, UEFA were the good guys for many years back then: le bon élève - the good pupil. For UEFA staffers like Gianni Infantino and myself, who had joined UEFA under Lennart Johansson, Gerhard Aigner and Lars-Christer Olsson, we felt we were fighting FIFA corruption. The good fight, as we saw it. So for me Andrew Jennings was a kind of hero in that respect, because he was doing a much better job of it than we were.

Perhaps there was also an element of pride that he was a compatriot. OK, so yes, we messed up a lot of the world with our colonial activities, we invented football hooligans, we facilitate grandscale global corruption with our tax havens and advisors, and so on. But how many other countries can boast an Andrew Jennings? (Maybe there is another rivalry here with Germany ...) And what is a patriot?

He had to take criticism from our own FA for trying to expose FIFA corruption before the 2010 World Cup vote. What, in the national interest? So we criticise FIFA for corruption year after year - but then take a break when we are in a World Cup bid?

#### What a legend!

What a nonsense that was to someone like him who was just after the truth. The truth is the truth - whether you are in the middle of World Cup bid or not - and many people around the world would respect and admire that. That's the kind of patriotism that I can relate to it. And to the FA's shame Andrew was proven right again.

Anyway, back to the story. UEFA was not corrupt and had fought two bitter FIFA Presidential election campaigns against Blatter in 1998 and 2002 - and lost miserably. Yet here was this one guy, looking a bit like a scarecrow in his dodgy raincoat, doing more damage alone to the corrupt FIFA than UEFA, with all its money and power, could do. What a legend!

His work made me realise back then that only external forces would be able to have any real impact on corruption in football. And this really was a walking, individual, personification of "external force". After I heard that he was unwell I made a pilgrimage to talk to him in person, for the first time, in Cumbria in 2018. He was lucid and full of life. I said that I was thinking about writing a book

one day. He said: "Stop thinking about it, stop talking about it, and just get it down on paper." As I mumbled something about having kids, being busy, work blah blah he interjected: "Just GET IT DONE!". But in a kindly way.

Some insiders he'd known for many years, and some he changed his view on. I began to ask him about his relationship with Jérôme Champagne, and whether the reason that Champagne had never been exposed was because he had leaked so much to journalists - but he cut me off before I could finish the question: "Don't talk to me about that c\*\*t". Another place that he trod, where few others dared to tread, was criticising his fellow journalists if they were weak, or got captured by those they were supposed to be reporting on - a breach of journalistic Omertà, surely?

He did not care, because journalists that were part of the game were part of the problem. What he did care about was his profession, and a ferocious pursuit of the truth.

#### Comedian's technique

He was also funny with it. Yet a lot of the humour was the simple comedian's technique of telling the truth. Saying what everyone else was thinking, without daring to say it. Or perhaps it was saying things that would make people laugh with nervousness: "These sports officials are Mafia. Criminals." Nervous insider giggles follow. The insider would say: "Well, he's gone over the top a bit there. I like some of his work but that's too much. That's an exaggeration." Well, was it? Who was proved right?

One small example of his work really stayed with me. He'd obtained and published documents that showed



Pilgrimage to Cumbria: Alex Phillips, Andrew Jennings. (Photo: PRIVATE)

Blatter's FIFA "Independent" Ethics Committee persecuting a good and honest person, the Chilean Harold Mayne-Nichols: effectively for having had the temerity to even think of standing against Blatter for FIFA President. This wasn't in a book, or a Panorama. It was just one of many examples of FIFA corruption back then. It wasn't about money. It was just something that was downright wrong. Here, Jennings was exposing the FIFA President for abusing FIFA powers in order to trash a decent person's reputation and ruin their career. A form of corruption that is much harder to highlight than brown envelopes changing hands.

Just one example, amongst so many, of wrongdoing that Andrew Jennings exposed and brought to the attention of the public and football insiders. We suspected this type of thing was happening - he proved it. For all of this, many people inside sport are thankful - albeit most secretly, of course. Some of those insiders are in top positions, and probably would not be where they are today without his work.

I am currently the Administrator to the World Football Remission Fund—the \$201m that FIFA, CONMEBOL and Concacaf got back from the DOJ. Jennings played a critical role in helping the DOJ do their work so successfully and get rid of so many corrupt football officials. For which all football-lovers around the world are grateful. As he said himself, these people are stealing money from the people's game. He played a huge role in getting it back to where it can be used to really develop the world's favourite sport.

He also made it clear to the world that, without investigative journalists and whistleblowers, no change would happen in sport governance. And he was the spiritual leader of those investigative journalists. This is his legacy, and an inspiration to many - both insiders and outsiders. For calling out corruption that everyone suspected (a few even knew), and calling it out in an effective way that would actually lead to concrete change. With the documents. Beyond reasonable doubt. He really got things done, and not just stories.

**ALEX PHILLIPS** was writing in a personal capacity. He is a former senior UEFA official (2002-19), and now Administrator to the \$201m World Football Remission Fund.

# The tricks of Tricky Ricky

How a British journalist infiltrated the National Congress to get down top officials and change sports policy in Brazil

BY AFONSO MORAIS

With the death of Andrew Jennings I have lost one of my greatest inspirations as a professional and a dear friend. Much has been said about the brilliant and award-winning career of one of journalism's most intrepid and daring reporters. I want to devote a few paragraphs to recall relevant reporting by Andrew Jennings that reinforces his influence in creating a bolder model of investigative journalism.

According to him, young journalists should go out more often to talk to sources and read less press releases.

I want to reveal the human side of my "comrade" - as we used to call each other in person, through hundreds of emails and in the countless Skype calls.

I also want to share some of the time when I had the immense privilege of working alongside him with the mission of revealing to Brazilians that the organizers of the 2014 World Cup were nothing more than, in his words: "ridiculous, perverted and corrupt gentlemen". I even had the honour of hosting him for a few days in my humble residence in 2012 when he proposed to visit Brasilia in secret. I confess that it was exciting to host such an unusual, famous and controversial character. Even more so seeing that white-haired gentleman parading through my house wearing his famous blue farmer's overalls, beige journalist's waistcoat and coloured socks (he wore red and pink). We had amazing conversations about various subjects that I will carry with me for the rest of my life.

The purpose of the visit was to make contacts, draw up and discuss strategies on how to "overthrow" the then "untouchable" Ricardo Teixeira from the presidency of the *Brazilian Football Confederation* (CBF). Months later, the president fell and Jennings knew about it before I did. It was unforgettable when I got his call happily celebrating the result of our actions that weak-

ened *Tricky Ricky*, as he used to call Teixeira. "We took down the first one. Now we are going after Joseph Blatter, Jérôme Valcke and João Havelange," he said, after saying Brazilian authorities should arrest Ricardo Teixeira.

It was only in 2011, when I was invited by former player Romário to join his team in the Chamber of Deputies, that I got in touch with Andrew. Enthused by his new mandate as a federal deputy, the footballer decided to create a blog to publish information about the organisation of the 2014 World Cup. As one of the people responsible for the publication, I suggested that we seek out Andrew, recognised as "FIFA's enemy number 1", to propose an interview at the launch of the blog.

Andrew took the opportunity to use the media interest around Romário to publicize evidence of Ricardo Teixeira's involvement in some cases of corruption and question his presence as president of the Local Organizing Committee of the 2014 World Cup. With the recognition he had just earned in Brazil, Jennings then accepted an invitation to present his findings at the Education, Culture and Sport Commission of the Federal Senate (EC) in October 2011. As soon as the congressmen linked to CBF heard about the meeting, they tried everything to make sure it didn't happen. At the same time, Teixeira filed a defamation suit against Andrew Jennings using an interview he had given to ESPN Brasil months before to try to keep him away from Brazil. Jennings reported that bailiffs were trying to track him down in London and that they once went to the BBC's London headquarters, where they mistakenly believed he was an employee.

Getting Andrew to Brazil at this time involved the British Embassy, some good politicians led by Júlio Linhares, journalists, lawyers, civil servants and business people who wanted to ensure Jennings had the opportunity to return. He also had a police escort and a



Two of the most corrupt officials in FIFA's and football's history: Chuck Blazer (USA) and Brazil's Ricardo Terra Teixeira, called Tricky Ricky.

Picture taken at FIFA's Gala Dinner in May 2004 near Paris, at Château de Chantilly. (Photo: Jens Weinreich)

guarantee for his personal safety. Andrew Jennings' presentation to the senators at the commission was broadcast live on *TV Senado*, *ESPN Brasil* and several other media outlets.

Amongst other things, Jennings said that Teixeira and Havelange received bribes to sign a contract with ISL. According to him, both had confessed to Swiss authorities the illicit receipt and made a legal agreement to return part of the money and pay a fine so that, in exchange, their names would not be disclosed by the Swiss. The information was confirmed seven months later when the Swiss justice system responded to a request from several media companies and released dossier revealing that the two Brazilians did in fact receive bribes worth millions from ISL.

In 2013, I attended the *Play the Game* conference in Denmark. After the presentation of a FIFA representative, Andrew asked: "Can you tell me if the FBI has ever been to FIFA?"

The FIFA representative arrogantly replied that not yet and that he did not believe they would, to which Andrew replied: "They are coming and they will knock on your door soon". At the close of the lecture, Jennings was highly

sought after, but he preferred not to fully expose the truth. However, at night, after dinner, he confided in me that he was in contact with the FBI and that he had been supplying the agents with information and documents.

As is well known, around 18 months later, in May 2015, in Switzerland, the US authorities arrested 14 leaders attending the annual FIFA congress, including the former president of the CBF, José Maria Marín, on charges of money laundering and corruption.

Jennings' keen journalistic sense has contributed greatly to world sport. And his investigations and denunciations reverberated in Brazil in such a forceful way that they also shook the structures of Brazilian entities such as CBF and the Brazilian Olympic Committee that have always been accused of corruption and mismanagement. With his leadership, generosity and his ability to attract young reporters, journalistic vigilance increased and many Brazilian sports leaders were condemned by justice or removed from their positions, as happened to Havelange, Teixeira, Marín, Nuzman and others.

After Andrew Jennings' visits to Brazil, statutes were updated to prevent

endless re-elections of sports body presidents, laws were created to further protect sports resources, and other legal devices were improved.

The World Cup and the Olympic Games did not leave good memories for Brazilians on and off the fields and courts. Besides the unforgettable 7-1 loss against Germany at the semi-final of the World Cup, the mega sporting events left unfinished works, embezzlement of billions of public money and the construction of many stadiums that became white elephants.

But as fate would have it, the real legacy of the mega-events promised by the highest sports entities to the Brazilians was delivered by "FIFA's enemy number one" with his indispensable and impeccable performance in the Brazilian Congress with the mission of revealing the "dirty game" of the cartolas who run sports.

We fought the good fight, comrade! It was an honour to share the trenches with you. I learned to be a better citizen and a more attentive and questioning journalist. As you always said:

"Where are the documents, comrade Afonso?"

Farewell, my dear friend!

## "It was worth it!"

BY LÚCIO DE CASTRO

It was the end of October 2013, two months before summer, in Rio de Janeiro. It was so hot, the air conditioning could not cope. A crowd was squeezed into the auditorium of the *Pontifical Catholic University* for a lecture on investigative journalism. I was among the speakers, but the reason for the capacity audience was not because of me. Andrew was the reason.

At some point came the question that he must be asked every time, a thousand times. Before answering, Andrew gave some context: "I'm an investigative journalist, I have to say things carefully. I do a lot of research on my subjects. But despite that, I try to speak in an interesting and attractive way." He went on to define what an investigative journalist is: "He is one who, when he walks, looks like he farted. Everyone around wants to get away."

The audience went wild.

He concluded by saying that when he walked around FIFA or the IOC that was the exact feeling he had when everyone saw him: that he had farted and everyone was leaving.

The perfection of this image accompanies me to this day, as well as the certainty that no one has wanted to escape from the powers of sport around the world more than Andrew Jennings.

In my case, he was generous above all. In the act of sharing information,

allowing me to ask questions. He was generous as the great are. When it comes to Brazil, his contribution went further. He exposed, embarrassed and laid bare some of the biggest corruptions in the history of the sport. Many of the people involved are Brazilians. The importance of this is even greater here because of the nature of our sports press. We live in a country where the sports press is severely curtailed.

At times when democracy was strengthened (here now so sadly at risk under the tragedy of an unspeakable ruler) advances in journalism were achieved in various areas, but in the area of sport it is always more difficult and more restricted. The relationship between broadcasting rights and journalism in larger companies punishes with banishment and eternal exile those who dare to do journalism in the sports field. Faced with such a situation, the presence of Andrew Jennings, who became so familiar around here before the World Cup and the Olympics, was a light for these journalists.

His extraordinary deeds, his courage and his fearlessness made it all worthwhile. As a Brazilian poet says, "even if bread is little and freedom is small".

It was worth it.

**LÚCIO DE CASTRO** is one of the most famous Brazilian investigative journalists.. He has worked previously for ESPN and is now running the investigative platform <u>Agência Sportlight</u>.



Lúcio de Castro. (Photo: Play the Game/Thomas Søndergaard)

## Tick. Tick. Tick.

BY GRAHAM DUNBAR

Andrew Jennings made everyone smarter and better in their work reporting on FIFA and the Olympics.

Starting work for the Associated Press in Switzerland in 2008, Andrew's FOUL! was the first book that lived on my desk. That investment of just £9 to be schooled in the ways of the FIFA Family might be the best value education the journalism industry ever offered. Riotously funny and gloriously irreverent. Corrosively true and - Tick. Tick. Tick. - eventually vindicated.

It told the story of ISL at its core but foretold so much more. The Russia-Qatar votes. Bribes in Trinidad. Chuck's taxes. Blatter's mafia. Valcke's hubris. The heart of it all is there in Andrew's words. By revealing FIFA's rotten core, he encouraged and invited us, and law enforcement, to expect and look for more then document it.

Andrew was an inspiration, a righteous guide and great for business.

Thank you.

## Well-founded, fact-based

BY SØREN BANG

Back in the day and seen from a distance, many probably felt that Andrew Jennings' uncompromising attacks on top executives in international sport sometimes went a little too far, were a little too confrontational, a little too unpolished. I was one of them, having been Play the Game's Editor-inchief for many years. Later, it became clear to me that his harsh outbursts against 'the crooks' who were thriving in some of the major international sports organisations had nothing in common with random insults. They indeed belonged to his well-founded, fact-based, and sober description of what Jennings himself so wonderfully labelled the 'pond life' of international sports organisations.

#### BY GRIT HARTMANN

Idon't know exactly when I first met Andrew Jennings in person. That is because he was present long before, since the mid-90s. At that time, I was working on my first book, a reckoning with GDR sports, and I was wondering about the respect that a few communist party bigwigs (who were scorned in East Germany) enjoyed within the IOC. Only after reading *The Lords of the Rings* nothing surprised me anymore. More than anything, I loved this book for its tone towards the "suits". It was my discovery of global sport politics.

One encounter with Andrew that I remember vividly was as late as the *Play the Game* Conference in 2013. Andrew was interested in my work on one of the many Olympic crooks, the Hungarian weightlifting boss Tamás Aján, then still under the protection of the IOC and its useless Ethics Commission. I was a little surprised at how kind and candidly curious he was.

This is what I have always associated with him. He was incomparable not just for his investigations, or his humour, but because he embodied a rare balance in our profession: as relentless as he was in stepping on the toes of the sports nobility, his heart towards colleagues he trusted was bigger. That came first to mind at the news of his

## "Go for the bastards!"

death, when I spent the day going through old emails. Andrew never had a problem sharing information. With me, he did so for example before the European Games in Azerbaijan. When I read his comments on "Pat the twat" (Hickey), I swear I heard him laughing. At the time, I struggled a bit with focus: the Aliyev kleptocracy, its tentacles to the West and to the sports gangsters, the gross human rights violations ...

His advice to me may be unpopular: "Cut the human rights back. Use a few great examples then go for the bastards!" I believe it was and still is the right approach. Because of course, the powerful and those with access to them will always use corrupt practices to fill their pockets, stay in power. It is corruption in its many forms (more than ideology, at least with the enablers in sports) that poses a threat to basic civil rights. And there, in the bloody blood money, however difficult to pinpoint, lies the reason why IOC and other sports organisations treat human rights rather as a PR exercise, but in reality don't care.

When I came across a few lines in an article during the Tokyo Games claiming that Aljaksandr Lukaschenka, the dictator of Belarus, had used his NOC to launder money, I thought of Andrew:

This would be his topic now, if he were still active, wouldn't it? No one ever followed up on that. Okay, we are all busy - but I was, at least for a moment, reminded that there are things you cannot be too busy for.

A final word on his strong presence: The title of the film that brought Aján's downfall, *The Lord of the Lifters*, was a salute and a bow not to Tolkien, but to Jennings. I never told him that. But I like to imagine that he knew.

**GRIT HARTMANN** is based in Leipzig. She has written several books. Her work is focused on sports politics and doping. One of her films, produced with Hajo Seppelt, brought the corrupt IWF president Tamás Aján finally down.



Good old times: former IWF supremo Tamás Aján, IOC president Thomas Bach. (Photo: IWF)

#### BY DOMINIK SINNREICH

hen Jennings talks about Blatter and FIFA, he does so with his whole body. He slides around the room on his office chair, gesticulates wildly, runs his hands through his hair. In between, he smokes a cigarette every now and then, Golden Virginia, rolled by himself. And he exudes an almost childlike glee when he talks about how he's just teased them again with a new revelation story. That's how I described Andrew in 2008 on the sidelines of the biggest sports journalism conference ever in Germany, inspired by Play the Game, for the Austrian football magazine Ballesterer. At that time I was still a Frischg'fangter, as they say in Vienna - a newcomer. Andrew Jennings had to hold his workshop several times because everyone wanted to listen to him.

He changed my view of journalism forever at that conference. He didn't

## "Find those decent guys!"

just stand for a love of the journalistic craft (I teach my students to this day with BBC snippets from Andrew because he was so good at editing complex and investigative work for TV). He was not only known for good lines. He also stood for a very particular look at people, for a social and a sociological look at the corrupt networks he dedicated his life to exposing.

Andrew was the first sports journalist I heard quote the great sociologist Pierre Bourdieu. And his workshop back then had the great title: *How do you get the documents they don't want you to see?* He didn't show us magic tricks, but rather his view of the world and of people. "Find those decent guys!" That was his advice to us. Whether you do it with a lot of time and patience or with fireworks (as with Jen-

nings' signal to the "decent guys" in FIFA, so beautifully described by Jens Sejer Andersen in his obituary).

AJ also had another view of what he did, one that is easily lost, especially from a young, enthusiastic newcomer. In that 2008 article, actually an interview, he mused about Blatter and his compulsion to control. "He's a micro-manager. Nothing happens without him knowing about it. He's always in the office early, which is symptomatic of a man who runs a corrupt organisation." But then Andrew added: "One thing has to be said. Nobody has died in this matter. We're not talking about global warming, Darfur, the Congo. It's just a bunch of clowns stealing."

**DOMINIK SINNREICH** is based in Vienna. He runs his media company <u>Newsroom GmbH</u>.

## "Walk his path"

BY LAURA ROBINSON

In 1992 Andrew Jennings and Vyv Simson published *The Lords of the* Rings. They were established investigative journalists yet wrote in the book's introduction: "To our surprise [Olympic sport] has turned out to be the most difficult investigation we have ever undertaken. In recent years we have written, or made TV documentaries, about the Mafia, the Iran-Contras affair, terrorism, corruption at Scotland Yard and other dark areas of public life ...The world of Olympic, amateur sport has proved the hardest to penetrate. Never before have we found it so difficult to obtain on-the-record interviews, documents and original sources ... It is a secretive, elite domain where the decisions about sport, our sport, are taken behind closed doors, where money is spent on creating a fabulous life style for a tiny circle of officials."

They got that right.

The book was important in many ways, and changed the way we understand the secretive sporting world that is run by a very few. It brought, along with the other ways Andrew shared journalism - in documentaries, more books, and many articles - a new lens. For instance, instead of the usual fawning and unquestioning sports story, Andrew made the connection between the authoritarian and patriarchal organization of sport and the practice of fascism. He understood sports' political economy with its dangerous secrets, collusions and cover-ups as a threat to civil society and democracy, and delivered all with his trademark impish smile.

We may be saying good-bye to Andrew in the physical sense, but his way of practicing journalism, and how it enhanced transparency and civil society casts a long and bright shadow (Yes, shadows can be bright, especially in contrast to the dark ones we know so well). Truth and transparency were the materials Andrew demanded and when he received bullshit and walls, you knew it. No one else could get away with the expletives he used, in a very personal way, mainly against FIFA representatives. He had no use for niceties.

I was also going to write that he had no patience either, because it appeared that way when he let loose against a sport official. But he had plenty of patience. His nasty words to sport officials weren't because they tried to ignore him; they came because he had found, over years, the documents that proved a self-glorifying press release was really a big fat lie, or that a self-glorifying sport official was a big fat liar - or criminal.

Patience, that's what he had. The public persona of Andrew didn't reflect the meticulous and patient way in which he gathered information necessary in order to reveal the man (there were many) behind the curtain and the web of crimes in which he was involved. Anyone who has investigated those behind curtains knows about patience because their first tactic is to ignore us: requests for interviews, requests for documents, requests for clarification when things just don't seem to add up - nope, we're not answering you. So, then we file for FOI's, get into the archives and try to find inside sources. This can take years and Andrew put in those years - gathering and compiling documents until he had what was needed, and that's when we saw the unforgettable gotcha moments.

Didn't you just love Andrew, in his rumpled trench coat waiting outside an airport for a grand poo-bah whose day he is about to wreck - only because he's asking real questions? Their responses made journalistic history, and they're super fun to watch on-line.

It's not like we weren't asking real questions before *The Lords of the Rings* was published, but we were so easily ignored. Andrew created a solid landing place for journalists who sought truth.

In terms of credibility, you can't beat being a straight white male - which Andrew was - but the space he created by prying the door open a bit wider helped the journey for the rest of us.

The best way to pay tribute to him is to walk his path - ask the questions, get the documents, never give up, and then catch the bastards.

**LAURA ROBINSON** is a Canadian journalist who reported on abuse and discrimination against black and indigenous peoples, and female athletes and students. She has published several books. Laura is the recipient of the Play the Game Award 2002.



## Transformation from a naive Olympian into a critical writer

BY NIKKI DRYDEN

When Andrew Jennings and Vyv Simson published *The Lords of the Rings*, I was a 17 year old first time Olympian. I had heard nothing of the book, and blindly swore my allegiance to the Olympic Rings. Four years later when he published the sequel, I did know about it, but chose not to read it ... although the cracks were forming in my view of the Olympic Games, as an elite swimmer I was deeply invested in the Olympic Movement.

I finally read both books, still prominently displayed on my bookshelf. Andrew's work put me on the path to become one of the world's leading experts in the field of sport and human rights. Starting from a governance perspective built on his investigative work, I continue to argue that the only way we will realize human rights in sport is if good governance comes first.

Humbled as I was to wade into Andrew's books, it was a whole new world when I met him at *Play the Game*. He took me under his wing and hoping I would stick with journalism instead of law, he recommended readings and tried to break me out of my legalistic and boring writing style. Our relationship culminated in *Look*. *Who's Coming To London*, an e-book we published together ahead of the 2012 Olympics detailing the real biographies of the IOC.

His style was like no other. His smile hid so much trouble. Andrew's work and mentoring transformed me from a naive Olympian into a critical writer, scholar and legal activist. I may never have lived up to his hope for me, but he certainly lived up to my hope for him.

**NIKKI DRYDEN** is a Human Rights lawyer. She competed for Canada at the 1992 and 1996 Olympics. (Photo above: PTG)

## "The truth matters"

BY ROGER PIELKE

Ispotted Andrew Jennings having breakfast and decided to join him. This was in October 2013, in Aarhus, Denmark at Play the Game. I was feeling pretty good about myself, having the day before participated in a debate over FIFA's future with Mark Pieth, the Swiss academic who was then leading FIFA's internal reform efforts, Walter de Gregorio, a FIFA spokesperson and Osasu Obayiuwana, a British-Nigerian journalist. I had presented clear evidence that FIFA's reform process was floundering and despite the organization's assurances, had accomplished very little. I wanted to hear what Andrew thought about the debate.

Well, as it turned out, not too much. Andrew graciously asked me to sit down and join him for breakfast. He then proceeded to tell me in his distinctive and colorful way that the entire debate the day before had completely missed the point. He told me that these people - referring to me and my fellow panelists - didn't understand FIFA at all. It was not an organization that could be reformed. It was in his view completely corrupt and the only way to fix it was root and branch evisceration of its leadership. Even that he said might not fix the rot. Remember this was 2013. The full scope of FIFA's corruption had only started to emerge, thanks in no small part to Andrew's incredible and dogged reporting over the years - chronicled in books, blog posts and bombshell articles.

Even so, despite the revelations of various alleged corruption associated with the Qatar 2022 and Russia 2018 World Cups, it really couldn't be that bad, could it? But widespread recognition of the corruption at the heart of FIFA would not be generally recognized until May 2015 when Swiss officials, collaborating with the U.S. Federal Bureau of Investigation, conducted a predawn raid at the swanky Baur au Lac hotel in Zurich, Switzerland, rounding up a number of FIFA officials.

The raid kicked off the public side of a years-long investigation that rocked FIFA to its core. For his part, Blatter was indicted in 2021 by Swiss authorities, accused of fraud.



Not at Play the Game but in the heart of Zurich: AJ debating FIFA matters with Mark Pieth.

It was his last trip to FIFA's capital ever. (Photo: Jens Weinreich)

It turns out Jennings had been working with the FBI since 2009.

Andrew was right in 2013 - we didn't know the half of it. But he sure did.

I first met Andrew in Cologne, Germany at the 2011 *Play the Game* conference, which has served as a biennial meeting for all sorts of independent-minded and sometimes trouble-

"My goodness, I thought, who is this guy? My first introduction to Andrew had me asking a lot of questions. Foremost among them: where were all the other investigative journalists doing actual investigative reporting on the myriad issues of sport governance?"

making observers of international sport - athletes, academics, administrators and journalists. In Cologne, my first PtG conference, I learned immediately that Andrew was a hero-like figure in the community, and it didn't take long to figure out why. In the cavernous auditorium at the Deutsche Sporthochschule Köln, Andrew was on stage featured on a panel about FIFA corruption.

Andrew's every revelation and accusation was more incredible than the last.

My goodness, I thought, who is this guy? It quickly became apparent that Andrew was the real deal. Unbeknown to me, and I suspect much of the audience that day, FIFA had sent several officials (including Walter de Gregorio, whom I would debate two years later in Aarhus) to attend the session that featured Andrew. Perhaps they wanted to monitor his comments in person or maybe even to try to intimidate him from the audience. I later learned that those same FIFA officials had been invited by *Play the Game* to participate in the panel alongside Andrew but had declined. That didn't really send a message of confidence from FIFA, an organization I had studied in depth but had never seen in action.

As you will have guessed, Andrew was not intimidated by the FIFA officials in the audience, who had chosen to sit in the audience of the sloped auditorium such that they were exactly at eye-level with Andrew on the stage - so much better to stare him down, perhaps. That decision might have been a tactical mistake. After Andrew spotted the FIFA officials in the crowd, he laid into FIFA

with redoubled vigor, which included a comparison of their activities to a mafia. This apparently was the comment that triggered de Gregorio, who could no longer control his previous silence and rose to defend the allegations of corruption. He loudly shouted to the stage and to Andrew that at least FIFA does not kill people like a mafia.

A vigorous debate ensued - Andrew at the podium and FIFA in the audience. Other audience members joined in. I looked on, mouth agape, live-blogging the whole thing. The debate spilled out into the hallway and continued there. Andrew was unwaveringly polite but unrelentingly tenacious, and de Gregorio, who was in his first week in the job as FIFA spokesperson, increasingly visibly frustrated. *Play the Game* chronicled the day's events in a press release. I suspect a video of the session still can be found online.

My first introduction to Andrew had me asking a lot of questions. Foremost among them: where were all the other investigative journalists doing actual investigative reporting on the myriad issues of sport governance?

Through the PtG community I have come to know and deeply respect many such reporters - like Jens Weinreich (who shared the Play the Game Award with Andrew in 2011, and now carries his legacy forward as a preeminent independent investigative voice), Jens Sejer Andersen (fearless leader of PtG), Nick Harris (who first broke the Russian doping scandal), Hajo Seppelt (who revealed allegations of Russian whistleblowers among many subsequent stories) and Bonita Mersiades (a whistleblower herself who has also investigated corruption in global football), to name just a few.

But in 2011, this community was comparatively quite small.

What stood out to me then, and still stands out to me today, is how difficult it is to hold power to account.

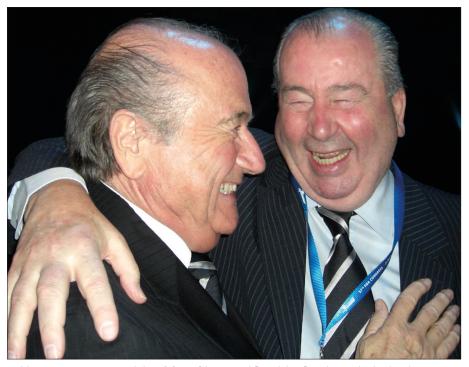
No doubt this challenge is found across journalism, but the challenge seems particularly acute in the relatively small world of sport, where journalists can face conflicting incentives - they are expected to celebrate sport, requiring access to athletes and often administrators, which can be viewed as contrary to holding sport organizations accountable. Newspapers and editors surely do not want their sports reporters engaged

in actual or perceived conflict with the sports organizations they cover.

Andrew was famously barred from FIFA headquarters, reportedly for asking Sepp Blatter about a bribe - FIFA was no doubt sending a message to all reporters with that action.

In the years since that 2013 breakfast in Aarhus, Andrew and I would keep in

Journal as well as the Indianapolis Star and Orange County Register - to cite some prominent examples in the United States - have all become heavy hitters in sport investigative journalism over the past decade due at least in some part to the pioneering work Andrew did showing that sport is far too important not to hold to account.



Has anyone ever trusted them? Sepp Blatter and Don Julio Grondona, who had stolen more than \$100m and was only not indicted because he died 2014. (Photo: Jens Weinreich)

touch by email. His subject lines would always be something like "Leaked documents!" or "Gosh, Look what I found!". I would always read them with amazement as to what he had uncovered. Frequently he would respond to one of my own blog posts, letting me know that there was much more to the story.

My own continuing education in the issues of sports governance was made so much richer because of my interactions with Andrew, and thanks to all of the incredible journalism he conducted over his career. Were he still with us to read this, I suspect he'd tell me that I don't even know the half of it! Andrew received much praise and accolades for his reporting on FIFA - long overdue and well-earned. He will always be remembered and celebrated for that.

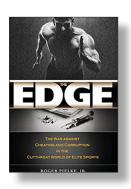
But more importantly from where I sit is what Andrew contributed to legit-imizing hard-hitting investigative journalism of sports organizations. There can be little doubt that *USA Today*, the *New York Times* and the *Wall Street* 

Indeed, investigative reporting in sport is now a burgeoning field, largely separate from that branch of journalism that covers sport as sport, but instead as the business or political enterprise that it is, attendant with all of the foibles that come with it. Both sport and society are better for that.

Andrew also taught me something else - the truth matters, always, but especially so when it is being overlooked or ignored, and even when it is difficult to hear or carries a professional cost.

Andrew Jennings, RIP.

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#### BY ANDREAS SELLIAAS

My family had saved money and planned for four years to take a month-long trip to Brazil to take part in the 2014 World Cup. We had never been to a World Cup before and why not start with the championship in football crazy Brazil?

But at the start of 2014 my conscience gave me second thoughts. I had followed Andrew Jennings work for many years, and he had recently published his book *Omertà* on corruption and football officials being involved in mafia activity. Moreover, I had been one of the most prominent critics of FIFA in Norway for a long time. I called Andrew Jennings and asked him if I should go. I did not want to contribute with money to a corrupt organization and even less give the impression of being a hypocrite. If his answer would be to stay home, I would have followed his advice and the rest of the family would have wanted to kill me. In other words, I put my destiny in his hands.

"Go to Brazil!", he told me. "Brazil is a wonderful country. The anger is only at their own sports officials and FIFA. They will be warm to foreign visitors." He wanted me to go and celebrate the World Cup with the fans in Brazil, but at the same time report back from what I saw on our journey and continue to investigate sport's officials and FIFA.

I have met Andrew Jennings on many occasions, interviewed him, corresponded with him and talked to him over the phone. Every time he has been friendly, witty, sharp and shared with me his knowledge of history and journalism. The first time I met Andrew was outside the congress hall in Reykjavik in 2007, where Play the Game held its biennial conference for the fifth time. He was standing there in his lumberjack shirt and wilderness survival vest, trying to keep his rolling tobacco cigarette alive in the cold Icelandic wind. He was surrounded by a small group, having a laugh at the expense of the corrupt men in the world of sports.

Judging by his outfit he looked more like an old fisherman or grandfather telling old stories to his mates than being one of the most influential investigative journalists in the world of sports.

I was in Iceland at my first *Play the Game* conference as a researcher in international politics, presenting a new



project called Sports and Reconciliation. But after listening to Jennings' breathtaking presentation FIFA: An Era of Corruption Nears Its End later in the evening and watching his newest documentary FIFA and Sebastian Coe, I already started doubting my research project. Instead, the seed of becoming an investigative journalist was planted in me. The history of Jack Warner, ISL and other stories he had been digging into for a long time was of course shocking, but what struck me most was his angry attack on Coe. I am from Norway, and Coe was and still is one of the most popular foreign athletes in my country. His beating of world records at the Bislett Games and the legendary rivalry with Steve Ovett and Steve Cram at the same event were big topics in Norway. Furthermore, his friendship with the late Svein Arne Hansen (director of Bislett Games, president of the European Athletics), and later his support of the Oslo Winter Olympics bid 2022 made him very popular in Norway.

Coe was the first head of an newly arranged FIFA's ethics committee, but Andrew made the case that Coe did not want to find any wrongdoing in FIFA to increase England's chance of being the host of the 2018 World Cup. Three years later when a bid was held, England did not win the right to host the World Cup, Russia did. But what Jennings' showed us in 2007 was the insane logic of FIFA officials, a world he showed us how to open up.

Andrew's work on Sebastian Coe was never a big story in Norway, for obvious reasons, but previously he had made headlines and uproar in Norway.

His book *The Lords of The Rings* (co-authored with Vyv Simson), published in 1992 was a shock to many Norwegians preparing for the Winter Games in Lillehammer in 1994. IOC president Juan Antonio Samaranch was looked upon as a grandfatherly figure in Norway. Being made aware of his relationship with Franco's fascist government and seeing pictures of him do-



## ing the Nazi salute was hard to believe. But Norwegians seem to easily forget or simply ignore such facts. After the Games Samaranch was almost made a saint when he closed the Games by saying (as he always did) it was "The best Olympic Winter Games ever!'

However, some Norwegians have not forgotten or ignored the work and life of Andrew Jennings. The world famous snowboarder Terje Håkonsen boycotted the Nagano Olympics in 1998 after reading Jennings' book from 1992 and the 1996 follow up book *The New Lords of the Rings*.

Inspired by Andrew Jennings' work on FIFA the two Norwegian journalists Torgeir P. Krokfjord and Espen Sandli revealed a big ticket scandal before the World Cup in South Africa in 2010, a work very much appreciated and encouraged by Andrew.

Some years after Reykjavik I started to work as an investigative journalist myself. Together with my good friend and colleague Jan Jensen in *Ekstra* 

## Professor punk

BY ALEJANDRO WALL

Thad read Andrew Jennings - his articles, his book *FOUL!* - and I had also read about him. His tough questions, his investigations, that unbreakable, incorruptible journalist, the one who had gone in with the Sicilian mafia, with Scotland Yard, fearing nothing, and who now had as his object of work the powerful people of football.

But I only met him in December 2007, on a hot day in Buenos Aires, when he presented *The Beautiful Bung*, his documentary for the BBC about the FIFA bribery scandal.

The venue for the screening was the headquarters of the British Council in the Argentine capital. The first thing that struck you when you saw him was his un-British manner for such a place. He was more of a punk. A Scottish punk. Even on the screen, while the programme was being shown, in the part where he reserved a container in case he felt the urge to urinate while waiting for Joseph Blatter. But the best was to come later. I had asked to have a coffee, to chat with him, maybe turn it into an interview. We hurried out of there with

Bladet' we have tried to follow Andrew's advice to go in another direction to the rest of the media. On one occasion this led us to a former KGB officer responsible for sending the letter from KGB to all Eastern European countries to secure the election of Juan Antonio Samaranch as the IOC-president at the congress in Moscow in 1980.

Samaranch was a few years earlier lured into the KGB web after he was caught smuggling icons made by the famous Russian painter Ilya Glasunov when he served as the Spanish ambassador to the Soviet Union. Andrew was not surprised, but he was happy that we continued with his previous work.

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another colleague and a woman who was helping him as a translator. The punk didn't want to drink coffee. His mouth was dry, he was thirsty, so here came the ice-cold beer. The punk assembled his cigarette, gave it a light, and the beers arrived. Then another round, and then another round.

We were young journalists from a faraway place trying to find out how to work in the lion's den, in the centre of power and investigating that power, waiting for the professor's signals. The professor made it easy. There were no lectures, at least we didn't feel them, but there was generosity - in the information he shared, in the places to look, in following Julio Grondona closely, the name that made FIFA corruption close to us here in Argentina.

There was another meeting in those days 15 years ago after a master class for a journalists' forum. Jennings again took off the starch that surrounded him and was simply Andrew. As on another occasion some time later, in Coventry, after he had presented at another *Play the Game*, during a night of beers that no one wanted to end. Or in his responses to every email query.

There was in him, even if it was for a young Argentinean journalist, a kind of commitment to share information, whether out of generosity or the idea that others would continue to pull the thread. Facilitating the task without looking at whom.

On one of those occasions, when asked a question, he told me that he wasn't that interested in football, that he didn't follow the matches, but that he was interested in football being a clean place. He explained that is why he was so proud of an award given to him at that time by a supporters' federation. He was working, in his own way, for the football of those supporters.

But what I wrote down, what I kept in a notebook but above all in my memory, was a suggestion: that if we were going to do journalism, if we were going to do investigations, we should do it "with humour and elegance". It was worth it, professor punk.

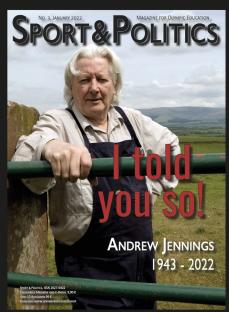
**ALEJANDRO WALL** is based in Buenos Aires. He works for <u>Tiempo</u> and other media. Alejandro has published several books.

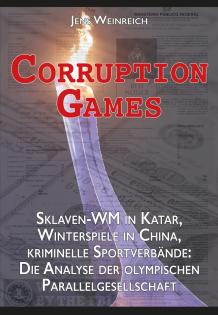


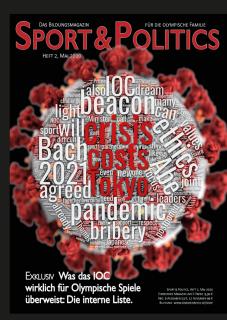


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