

CAPTION COMPETITION



We've never gone in for Caption Comps before (too much space), but this has to be an exception. Closing Date Tues. 18 Sept. Winner gets the "Clough Story" video.

CURE THE SUMMERTIME BLUES

WITH

BRIAN

50p

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WHAT A SUMMER ...
HARRY LOST FORM ...
PSYCHO MISSED THE PENALTY ...
MIGHT LOSE DES TO EUROPE ...
BLOODY HELL

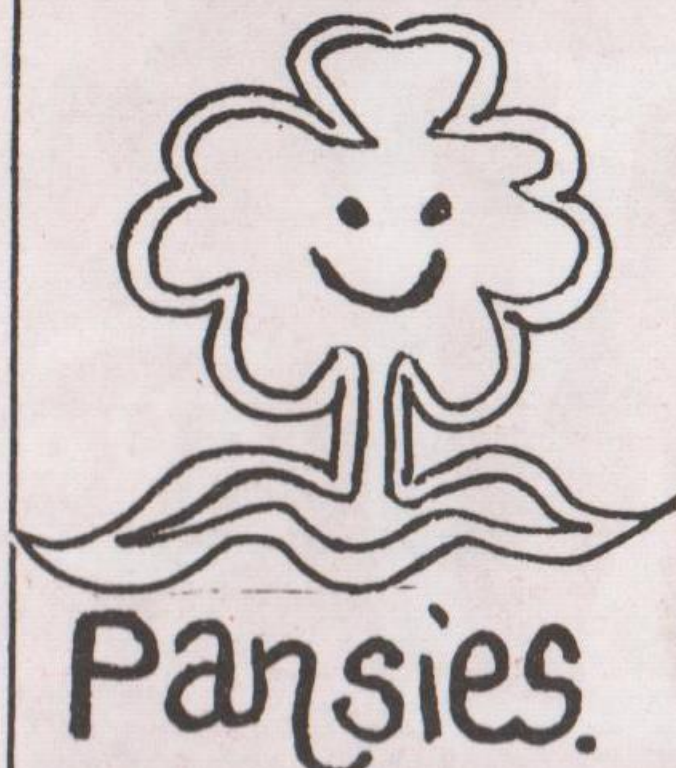
STILL IT COULD BE WORSE...
I COULD BE ALEX FERGUSON



"DON'T WALKER WAY DESSIE.."

BRIAN

6 GRAYS INN BUILDINGS,
ROSEBERY AVENUE, LONDON EC1R 4PH. (for all)
(correspondance)



BRIAN/Pansies
badges out
soon....

Welcome back to the City Allotments for the new season. As you can see, there have been one or two changes during the close season - like the new official club badge here, and you'll have noticed the huge steaming piles of manure and compost on the pitch - very popular at the Baseball Ground, I'm assured. There have been one or two changes on the playing side too. I'm sure you'll give a warm welcome to our new 'keepers, Digweed (ex-Brighton) and Flowers (Southampton) - neither has safe hands but both have green fingers - and I'm sure you're looking forward to seeing them blossom later in the season. Then there's Mower (Walsall) sweeping up at the back, Bloomer (Chesterfield), Blades (Derby) and Berry (Stoke), all budding talents. In fact the only player you'll recognise is Steve Hedge, who's looking very trim this season. The final change is of course that we've pulled out of the League - the only competition we're interested in now is the FA Vase. Come on you Pansies!

TEACHERMAN.

THREE LIONS ON HIS CHEST...

The look on his face said it all. We've all wanted the ground to swallow us up at times, but rarely have I seen such DESPAIR outside of Hollywood or News at Ten. Just when all those who'd been prejudiced (by libellous media or effective performances v their teams) were beginning to see the light..... WHY did he have to change his mind and hit it straight? (Why didn't Robson pick Nigel instead of Beardsley?) WHY did

that gangling sausage-maker have to balloon his one over? (Such illustrious names as Platini and Maradona have failed and yet been saved by those following). WHY did Robson not at least start with Psycho v Italy and give Dorigo a run-out in the 2nd half? WHY DID IT HAVE TO BE ONE OF OURS?? Someone always has to lose (I had visions of Dessie scoring the winner at 11 - 10). You can say that

saying that Psycho will live with that memory for the rest of his life, have nightmares for years to come, and will always be remembered as the man that cost his country the World Cup. You don't have to tell him that, after seeing him cry his heart out. He's probably going to get slagged off for the rest of his international career, if he has one. It's just as well that Graham Taylor is taking over from that vindictive Robson. Never mind though - he'll always be a hero to us Forest fans. Long live PSYCHO! PSYCHO! PSYCHO! by NINA NAGARAJAN.

psycho Mafia ...

Why did Bobby Robson say that Psycho and Chris Waddle were too mentally drained, after the penalty shoot-out, to play against Italy - and then have the nerve to bring Waddle on at half-time? Not only was he being hypocritical but he might just have ended Psycho's international career. You don't have to read between the lines to see that Robson blames Psycho for England not getting to the final. Probably the most patriotic player in the squad (did you see the way he blasted out the national anthem?), Psycho

apparently wanted to play against Italy but Robson had other ideas. He put on Dorigo, who isn't such a bad player but he just can't tackle (a vital requirement for a full-back, I would've thought). The stick Psycho got in the papers the following day was ridiculous. Everyone said he missed his penalty, when in fact it was saved - what more could the man do? It was Waddle who missed, or perhaps he thought the goal was in the sky. I'd have thought Shilton would have saved at least one.... Now everyone is

DES is CRAP!!

Previous articles in the BRIAN have apparently, to some people, given the preposterous impression that Des Walker is some kind of superhuman player without whom the team would have fallen apart most weeks. This obviously initially started off as a joke, but as more and more media men joined in the jest, even Bobby Robson was taken in and picked him for the World Cup. Now it's time to put the record straight. Des is, in fact, totally crap! Let's look at the evidence:

- 1). He's easily pushed off the ball. Look how easily John Aldridge bundled him into the hoardings at Cagliari. And what about that infamous David Kelly goal at West Ham last season?
- 2). Despite being a regular in the team for five seasons, he has yet to score a single goal in a competitive match. It's all very well stopping goals, but football's about winning!
- 3). He panics in pressure situations.

Stockholm, October 1989. A point will take England to Italy - one minute to go. Guess who tries a suicidal backpass? Only our quadregenarian keeper saved the day. 4). He is frequently beaten for pace by forwards - Tony Cottee in the Simod, Kevin Campbell at Highbury, Barry Horne at the Dell, Lineker at the City Ground - need I go on? 5). He lacks ambition, having just signed a new contract at Forest. So you see he's not really worth a mega-bucks bid after all, and would be an embarrassing failure in Italy. Someone like Mark Wright, or our own Terry Wilson, would be a much better target for someone with a spare £3 million. There will be those, one supposes, who will think that this apparent about-turn is merely a selfish and cynical ploy to throw foreign scouts off the trail and therefore keep Dessie for ourselves for the next decade, but the sad truth is that we pick him only on sentimental grounds.

Could you print all the above in Italian?
by TEACHERMAN.

penalties are fundamentally unfair, and you'd be right, but we knew the rules before we started. I think we all woke up with that sickness in our guts that Thursday morning. Stuart, you had an excellent World Cup very almost to the very end. That's still something you should treasure. That's something we'll always be proud of you for. You've had time to get away from it all in pre-season and now you're

at a crossroads - you can either let it haunt you for the rest of your life or you can let it drive you on, turn it into positive energy (not that you've ever been exactly lacking in inspiration). You're not that old, 1994 is a viable prospect for you. Graham Taylor knows the value of a tough defence (he also sold Tony Dorigo pretty soon after moving to Villa...). You can make it up to the Nation then.

As for us, you owe us nothing. When you come out v QPR you can be assured that we're all 200% behind you. And when we're awarded our first penalty... tell Nigel to sit down. And if you think you've got it tough, just imagine what it must be like for Donadoni. No words can erase the memory but new deeds, fresh challenges, can make it fade. As the banner said, WE STILL LOVE YOU, PSYCHO. Now get out there and lead us into Europe.



MAD RAM DISEASE

There was continued panic in Derby today as the Mad Rams scare continued. Rumours of the disease are growing stronger by the day, with the ticket office at the Baseball Ground reporting a huge slump in season ticket sales. In an attempt to stop the panic, the Minister for Sheep, Cap'n Bob Maxwell boomed "There's no reason for concern. To prove this I even go to watch the Rams myself... well, I do now and again... but not recently,

mind you". The Minister's denial has only heightened the controversy. A top Expert told me "It's of their own making, young man. They sold the best, and were left with offal". Observers first became aware of the disease, B.S.E. (Beware Second Division Extremely likely), when the Rams showed "spongey form" towards the end of last

season. The defence was believed to be most affected and the hind of the Rams was marched off to the Wolves. "Jemmo certainly made mincemeat of them last season", our expert added, and the panic measure has only heightened expectation that the whole he(bbe)rd will be slaughtered next season. by TEACHERMAN.

SUBSCRIPTIONS, BACK ISSUES, STOCKISTS,
CONTRIBUTORS etc ON PAGE 22/23

COACH CRASH!

Graham Taylor recently announced that he intends to regularly take training sessions at the top English clubs as part of his "tracksuit" approach to the England manager's job. Here at BRIAN we have managed to get hold of an exclusive transcript of what happened at the City Ground recently when G.T. turned up to take a top secret session.

- G.T. : OK lads, I just want you to treat me the same as you would the Gaffer...
No, no please, get up off your knees. Where are you off to, Nigel?
- N.C. : Dad always lets me go and do the shopping on Thursdays. Margaret goes mad if I don't get to the meat counter before the best cuts have gone.
- G.T. : Erm...this isn't a very good start, is it lads. Let's have you jogging round the track to warm up. Off you go.
(the players run half-heartedly for a few paces, then stop, staring at Taylor)
- G.T. : What's the problem?
- B.R. : Och, well the Gaffer's usually just going off for a wee game o' squash 'bout noo.
- G.T. : Hey! Aren't you Scottish? No bloody spies here thanks. Clear off. Any other non-English, go and wait in the Jubilee Club.
- T.W. : Bloody brilliant. Ye're mae kind o' gaffer.
- G.T. : Oh dear, we still haven't got started yet.
- S.P. : How abaaht a quick stroll dahn by the river.
- G.T. : No, no, five-a-side, that's the thing. I'll have Des, Harry and Nigel on my side. Franz, you pretend you're Tony Daley, and I'll be Dorigo.
- S.P. : In that case, mite, I'll captain the ather side.
- G.T. : Right, everybody ready? Des, is it from Italy that you're still limping?
- S.P. : Nah, he tripped over his bloody wallet, ha ha.
- G.T. : That'll do! Right, we're off. Oh, lovely ball Nigel...never mind Tony, I mean Franz....played Harry, pass it here, I'm fre..AAARGGHHH!!
- S.P. : Sorry, me old son, mistimed that one.
- G.T. : But my leg! Where's my leg?!!
- G.C. : Don't worry boss, I'll soon fix that. Used to be a carpenter, you know, before I went to Lincoln City, that was...
- G.T. : Did you say Lincoln City? The peak of any professional's career. You'll be in my first team squad. What a nice young man (loses consciousness).
(at this moment, B.C. sticks his head round the door)
- B.C. : Right lads, that's today's twenty minutes. Off you go. See you Saturday afternoon!
by TEACHERMAN.

WE WON THE CUP - THE PRICE IS GOING UP

Last season some time I wrote pointing out how our admission prices corresponded directly to whether or not we won anything. Well, those of you with wallets as fat as Judas' can ignore this, but the vast majority read on. Let me start at the beginning. Back in the good old days of 77/78, when we took the world by storm, it cost a massive £42 to sit in the Main Stand, and £18 to stand on the terrace if you bought a season ticket or £1.50 at the gate. As the seasons and the trophies went by, come 80/81 just four seasons later and the prices had increased on average by 80% (Argentinian type inflation) to Main Stand £75, Terrace £32, Gate £2. Then we stopped winning things, and as we struggled to get Derby-type gates of 14,000, the prices were held till season 84/85, when a modest 17% increase pushed tickets up to Main Stand £82, Terrace £41, Gate £2.50 - this being the largest % increase. These prices then rose by 33% over the next 4 seasons, with gate prices still taking the biggest rises, until they stood at M.S. £108, T. £52, G. £4.50 by 88/89. Then BINGO! we won a couple of cups and things really began to take off. In the last two seasons the prices have increased by 25% for the Main Stand, 35% Terrace and Gate and an incredible 90% for the Junior Reds (who says child exploitation ended in the 19th century?). Once again the average fan on the terrace, and the most vulnerable (Jr. Reds) bear the brunt. Thank God we never won anything for 9 years.... Well, what's the point I'm

getting at, you ask. Well, I know if we're going to compete with the giants of Europe (now English clubs are back), we need their kind of revenue, and to get players of the calibre of Baggio, Matthaeus and David Currie (ugh?), we need to pay good wages. But apart from Currie who have we bought? Maybe when we turn up for the new season we will be greeted by an Olympic-style stadium nestling on the banks of the Trent, or even canteen staff who serve you after half-time, who knows? But one thing will be certain,

for a man who has supported Forest all his life and has for the last 6 seasons purchased season tickets for my son as well as myself - I won't be doing so this year. I'll even have to pick my games, because with a wife, 2 kids, mortgage, poll tax and drink problem to support something will have to go, and given the choice of spending £6 in a warm pub in winter or £6 freezing my nuts off on the Bridgford...I'm afraid my liver is going to take a battering and not my balls.

And don't forget folks, Forest are at present one of the richest clubs in the land, but what's the point of sitting on a pot of gold if all you get is piles. The days of blindly following a team to the ends of the Earth are now being priced beyond me, and as much as I hate to mention D**** twice in one article, when I ask the 'hordes' of Rams fans that surround me at work why they don't go anymore, they all say the same thing, "It costs too f***** much!" Makes you think, doesn't it?
IMA TYTEGIT.

crystal balls part 1

The usual space-filling article by some would-be Nostradamus.

CONTENDERS: Liverpool, Forest, Tottenham, Leeds, Chelsea. The only teams likely to make any substantial title challenge.

LIVERPOOL still have a shoddy defence, but are unlikely to relinquish "their" title just when UEFA look likely to invite them back next season. Ronny Rosenthal will make headlines in seedy nightclubs, but will be revealed as the overweight, talentless lump that failed miserably in the ultra-tough Belgian league. FOREST may have retained King Dessie, which should cut our 'goals against' figures by at least 10%, but we STILL haven't found a Webb replacement in midfield. With Carr on the right, Parker wide on the sunny left flank, Nigel refinding his form and Psycho (hopefully) taking his summer frustrations out on the opposition (in true hard-but-fair fashion)....well... we might not win the League but Europe should be well within our reach. SPURS will undoubtedly have their purple patches, with predictable press euphoria, but will come a cropper on too many important occasions to finish top of the pile. Gascoigne's petulance will be rewarded by red and yellow cards, and his skill by red and yellow bruises. Too many of the rest of the side are mere journeymen or prima donnas. It'll be quite sickening how many people become armchair Spurs fans. LEEDS - a name to conjure with! - have enough money to play a prettier form of football now the Second Division is

behind them, Strachan & (hiss!) McAllister being those most likely to deliver it. And remember Sheridan was not the sole talent in the Cup side. Will upset quite a few people, especially in the intimidating cauldron of Elland Road. Hopefully the fans will follow the trend of Big Clubs behaving better in Division One. Good Cup bet. CHELSEA have bought well, if expensively, in Wise and Townsend. Will start well and, if the likes of Durie manage to stay in one piece, might surprise a few people. Goals For tally will be high, but with Tony Dorigo as the BEST of their defenders

PRETENDERS: Aston Villa, Arsenal, Southampton, Everton, Coventry. Might string a few impressive results together but it'll all end in tears. VILLA just have too much on their plates; a new manager (and foreign - though his English is undoubtedly better than Derek Mountfield's); too many big pay packets; too much pressure on David Platt; the fact that they're now a Team Everyone Wants To Beat; European distractions... Last season they won lots of games they didn't really deserve to. It'll be a lot harder this time around. ARSENAL have got no chance with the change in the offside rule. With it OK to be level the benefit of the doubt should go to the attacker more (as long as Georgie thinks it's in the Spirit of the Game...), and Tony Adams will be made redundant (and right at the end of the summer season as well...).

Kevin Campbell will ensure a good few points at home though. SOUTHAMPTON will undoubtedly benefit from the precocious talents of Le Tissier and Wallace, but will it really be enough? Too many old legs to hope for more than a good cup run. EVERTON deserve the Egyptian goalkeeper, especially as he's bound to come unstuck with Watson in place of Ramzy. Will bore countless spectators comatose, but the combination of having the art of the Q-O draw down to perfection, and the occasional home rebellions of Cottee, Nevin etc., will ensure they don't slip too far. COVENTRY (are you sure?), well, yes - good up-and-coming youngsters, the urge to go one better

than last season, the inestimable David Speedie - have you forgotten the 4-2 game already? NON-ENTITIES: Crystal Palace, Manchester City, Norwich, Man. United, QPR. Teams that we'll laugh at when they actually drop points to Derby... PALACE will be very hard to beat, especially at home, but even with their raids on the cream (ahem) of South London's defences, they're still going to get tonked a few times on their travels. One classic Cup result does not the Team of the Ninties make... MAN.CITY's flirtation with relegation this time will be a bit of a leer rather than a full tongue-sandwich, as Howard's dour efficiency gets to

Football = Violence?

England beat Cameroon 3-2 after extra-time, Lineker's second penalty clinching victory, and the celebration was to commence. Unfortunately, this was a Sunday night, and as the game finished at about 10.25pm, it was up to last orders already. So we finished our drinks and left the Newshouse. Heading down St James Street we could hear singing coming from the square, and as we turned the corner we saw 200-300 fans dancing in front of the Council House. We, of course, joined in as did several hundred others in wild celebration of a semi-final place gained. Union Jacks were raised - including our Newshouse Reds flag, fresh back from Italy - not a hint of trouble. The fountains became a disco and the police did nothing to spoil the scene, with broad smiles and even a little jig at one point. Cars, with banners flying, circled the square with horns blaring.

Little did we know, at this time of joy, that fellow(?) England fans(?) were trashing town centres throughout the country. What was the need? Where was the celebration in smashing a window or picking a fight?

Of course, the tabloids picked up on this - Hooligans! Thugs! Soccer Fans On The Rampage! Football may have been the catalyst behind the violence, but were these true football fans? Were they the ones who stand on terraces week-in, week-out? Or were they the usual city centre beer monsters who cause trouble week-in, week-out, this time using football as an excuse? As far as the press were concerned, they were simply Football

Fans causing trouble, thus they were grouping them with people like yourself, who watch your team through thick and thin causing no-one any bother. As soon as any violence occurs the British Media wheel out their favourite stereotype, the Football Hooligan - complete with Skinhead and Bovver Boots.....

Where football is concerned the British Media are only too happy to highlight the bad and ignore the good. If there is trouble following an England game and you report the details, why not balance it by saying where fans gathered and no trouble took place?

For people who do not follow football, let alone attend matches, the only mention of crowd behaviour they hear is when fans cause trouble. The media make it seem that football fans cannot gather together without violent conflict.

In a recent news article in the Daily Express a "Top Scientist" claimed that if your child could not read by the age of six then it would grow up to be a football hooligan. Just because a late developer cannot get to grips with Janet and John it does not mean that he or she will grow up to brawl with anyone who supports a different team, let alone follow football.

Why do we let our image take such punishment? In British Culture a football fan IS a hooligan, and vice versa. Have you ever caused trouble? Are you a hooligan? Whether you are or not you are branded as one.

But what can we do??? Can our image be changed??? by BOB STEVENS.

work. City fans to start craze for pillows and pyjamas? NORWICH will go back to being inconsequential to all but Ipswich fans. UNITED will be even more slothful than usual as they won't have to worry about winning anything for a few seasons now, and the win bonus should keep Neil in starving third world children, if he wants to put his

SWEEPING PARTNERS

If you scout through the pages of the summer fanzines, you'll most likely find many articles on England's sweeper system. This is no exception. It is perhaps just a trifle predictable to write about it, but to ignore it would mean I might as well be writing for a gardening magazine. To kick off then how does this look?

CROSSLEY

WILSON

CHETTLE WALKER

LAWS

PEARCE

HODGE PARKER

CROSBY CLOUGH

JEMSON

You'll have to excuse the fact that I think that Crosby would suit this system better than Carr (although Carr will probably be in France by the time this is published).

Now Parker's no Gazza, and Bing's no Barnes, but I reckon we'd walk the league with this line-up. Remember how effective Bing was at Coventry when he was given a roaming role. Also, Nigel was outstanding in our first three meetings with Spurs last season in a similar role. Parker's lack of pace wouldn't matter as all he'd need to do is feed Bing and the two Nigels', and we know he can do that. Laws and Pearce are the best two attacking full-backs in the league, and Chet and Desmond are a formidable pair.

How do I explain the choice of Wilson in the Wright/Baresi (!!) role? Well, I know it would appear dangerous having Terry that close to our goal, but he's actually a remarkably good passer of the ball, and is very good in possession. You're now going to ask which planet I've been on for the last three years, but believe me he is the wright(!) man.

The crucial difference between the way England played against Holland and the way in which Arsenic, Villa & Spurs play

money where their mouths are. Lots of sloppy play and jammy draws. Training should be interesting when Captain Marvellous takes over as Player/Manager though - Paul McGrath will be straight back! QPR Parker, sure, Wegerle evengerle, but who else? Wilkins may be a crab but he could do with the extra legs.

cont. page 28

the so-called sweeper system is this. By man-marking the main scoring threats and having the sweeper actually sweep up the rest, the so-called full-backs can get forward and the footballers in the team can play football with the confidence that if they lose the ball they have more than a flimsy line of four as protection. It annoys me intensely that Arsenal are credited for being innovative when all they've done is withdraw a midfield player (cos they never use the midfield anyway) and add a third centre back. They still rush out in a line with their arms in the air leaving massive gaps for decent wingers and nippy midfield players to penetrate. Spurs deserve more credit because they do try to play a genuine sweeper, but Mitchell Thomas, Pat Van Den Hauwe and Gundi Bergsson are so crap that they're doomed from the start. Villa are slightly more flexible cos McGrath is such a good player, but again are hindered by two terminally dreadful full-backs.

With Des in the side, of course, you don't necessarily need a sweeper as he's good enough to mark his man and everyone else's. The problem is that he often has to, and as at Everton, where Cottee got free on three occasions to wreak havoc, we often pay quite heavily.

I frequently have rows with people who think Ooh-Tommy and Jemson should play up front and Nigel should play the "Webb" role. This is clearly daft as Nigel would only be fit for about 1/4 hour per game. I don't think people appreciate quite how much ground Fatty used to cover. Anyway, the point I'm trying to make is that Nigel could play a sort of Webb-ish game in the above line-up, as he wouldn't have to get back and defend as quickly or as often. Good, eh?

If Bobby's decision to play this way does have any influence over football league managers, I only hope that they all realise exactly how it's supposed to be played. A league full of Bould/Adams/O'Leary type defences would do wonders for the D.I.Y. stores.

by DAMIEN MACKINNEY.

home from home WEMBLEY home with the Pies

Wembley twice in a season for the second successive year, but last season's 2nd trip was not with Forest but with our Trentside counterparts Notts. Having beat Bolton in the semi-final play-off they qualified for their first ever Wembley appearance against Tranmere. The Disco Bus left Nottm in sunny weather to waves from Magpies fans outside the Sal.. These soon changed to frowns as Forest scarves appeared. Why is it that Notts fans are so hostile to us? We all know them, we drink around town with them, but when talk turns to football they call us F-Worders (the F-Word being, of course, Forest). Still, off down the M1 with the stereo blaring out anything from the Happy Mondays to the Pogues to a distinct lack of either Pies or Tranmere Scouses. Our previous Wembley excursion only weeks before had seen another Footy Coach bedecked in either Blue or Red every couple of miles - they sped past as we chugged to the music. A few cars with colours in were spotted but no sign of other coaches till we met up with the Ivor Thirst Wembley Char-a-banc run by the lads from the County fanzine, The Pie. Up to the Abercorn Public House in Stanmore where we met up with the Pie lot, having timed it perfectly for opening time. A good time, and drink, was had by all as we basked in the Wembley sunshine - it's strange how we always get good weather, remember the '79 Final v Southampton when we left Nottingham under an inch of snow

RAMSHACKLE...

Here at the BRIAN we've been accused of a certain bias against our woolly friends from down the A52. Of course, nothing could be further from the truth, so we're only too pleased to put the record straight and demonstrate our good neighbourliness by presenting a review of the highlights of DCFC's season 1989 - 90:

1). The Rams heroically surge into a first-half lead at the City Ground.....

.....thanks to an own goal against the run of play.

2). Mark Wright forces his way back into the England team.....

.....because a far superior Forest player is being rested for 45 minutes prior to the Littlewoods Final.

3). Derby stay in the FA Cup longer than Forest.....

.....only to suffer an ignominious home defeat to Port Vale three days later.

4). The Rams, in search of their first major trophy for 15 years, surge into the Littlewoods Quarter Finals.....

.....only to be once again outplayed by a Second Division outfit.

5). Dean Saunders wins widespread acclaim for some spectacular goals.....

.....for Wales.

6). The Rams show their willingness to be one of the big clubs by splashing out on Mick Harford.....

.....with the money from the sale of star striker Paul Goddard to relegation-haunted Millwall.

7). Cup Final fever hits the Baseball Ground.....

.....as the Women's FA Cup Final is staged there. The Rams' first team turns up under the misapprehension that they're playing. The TV cameras only visit all season.

8). The team show their mettle with a great fightback at home to Luton.....

.....only to wilt again against the (ahem) "Mighty Hatters".

9). Mark Wright avoids a repeat of last season's Chappo embarrassment.....

.....because he'd just been sold, so Jemmo makes him look a fool this time.

10). More records tumble to the Mighty Men from the Baseball Ground.....

.....First Division's oldest player, First Division's tallest player, etc.. Liverpool must be bricking themselves.

by TEACHERMAN.

only to find a hot summers day as we got into London. We timed the trip to arrive at the Twin Towers at about 20 to 2, in order that the County fans could drink in the atmosphere, see the teams lead out, National Anthem etc. On the tube there was a healthy mix of Pies and Tranmere fans, as well as many of the usual Forest travelling faithful.

Getting out of the tube we found we were walking up the right-hand side of Wembley Way, but superstition made us switch to the left as we had walked there in all previous successful Finals. Well, we had to make sure of a successful trip, didn't we? The game was the usual Third Division fare but Notts had the upper hand, taking the lead through

1985-86 a kick up the eighties

In spite of the evidence that spending money on players wasn't always the best policy, 1985 saw another five players arrive for a total of £875,000. They were Neil "My wallet's not very fat yet but it soon will be" Webb, Stuart "My nickname's not Psycho yet but it soon will be" Pearce, Ian Butterworth, Brian Rice and Robbo, back from the wilderness of Derby. Swain and Hart, after a couple of seasons of sterling service, were given free transfers. This meant Forest began the season with quite a big squad, but this was soon to change. Within a week of the season starting, Harry was off to Villa for £400,000....

This coincided with a dreadful start to the season, with five defeats in the first eight games, three of them at home. In the first two months of the season, there were five different defensive combinations, and although Des had his first run in the side then, he had yet to show the form which has since made him the best defender in the land. October began with a 7-0 aggregate win over Bolton in the Milk Cup, Sutton replacing the injured Segers in goal, and Carr making his League debut at Villa. The sixth straight win of the month saw us past Derby (yeaahh!) in the Milk Cup, and suggested that things were improving. A very patchy November and December knocked this idea on the head, and also saw us knocked out of the Milk Cup by QPR's pitch and a very helpful referee.

January 1986 was, as usual, a mixed month. To get the bad out of the way first, in the FA Cup we were held to a 1-1 draw at home by Blackburn, losing the replay 3-2 at Ewood Park. Of course, we were getting used to this by now. Much better were our League results, starting with a 5-2 win over Coventry (from 0-2 down) that featured a Webb hat-trick. Better still, we won 3-0 at

Tottenham (remember, this was before we started doing this every year), and just one week later we were at Old Trafford. 2-1 down with eight minutes left, goals by Walsh and Clough gave us what the meeja calls an improbable victory.

In fact, in the second half of the season, Forest lost only two League games, but the disastrous start, coupled with the fact that a lot of these games were draws, ensured that no impression was made on the top of the League. With no European places to play for, the last few months were a bit flat, although crowds were surprisingly higher than they had been at the same stage the previous year. There were some highlights, most notably a 4-0 home win over QPR (bit of revenge there), and a 4-3 victory against Leicester that featured a last minute winner from Nigel, direct from a corner. This contributed to a final League position of eighth. Perhaps the most important thing about this season was that the side began to feature some of the key players in the success that was to come. Suttty established himself as number one choice in goal, Psycho soon became popular (albeit after a dodgy start, and a 3-month injury lay-off when Brett Williams played), and Des was showing great form by the end of the season. Furthermore, Franzee was dashing up and down the wing to great effect (Wigley had been sold to Sheffield United earlier in the season); Webb was doing his pre-Fat Wallet heroics, and Nigel was top scorer and Player of the Year (in his first full season). David Campbell and Gary Fleming replaced Davenport and McNally, who left for Media United and Coventry before the transfer deadline. This was also the last season of Adidas and, more importantly, Skol. What a relief, eh?

by ALEX MONEY.

Tommy Johnson. A second half header from Craig Short secured the victory and Notts's return to the lake of the 2nd Division from the duck pond of the 3rd. It's about time Notts made it as they've constantly threatened to do so since Larry Lloyd successfully navigated them from the First to the Third. I didn't think they'd receive a trophy

but sure enough they did, in the shape of what looked like a brass toasting fork, but a trophy to parade nonetheless. The Disco Bus took it as a sign for the Disco to commence as we reached Stanmore once more. A good day with a great celebration to follow... The County fans may be hostile to us, but Chairman Derek Pavis seems to want

Forest fans to attend games at Meadow Lane (financial reasons no doubt), having made this public via the Evening Post. If I can't afford or attend an away match for any reason I might just do that, Del. THE STUDENT.

ISSUE 20 SHOULD BE UNVEILED BEFORE THE WORLD AT THE ARSENAL HOME GAME ON THE 22ND SEPTEMBER.

Thinking back over the season the other day, the suspicion arose that we hadn't seen many headed Forest goals. And when I went through on a match by match basis, I found that it was true. The first didn't come until Bing, of all people, scored at Tottenham on New Year's Eve. A couple of days later, Harry glanced in a beauty against the Scouse, but the next one didn't arrive until Toddi made his one positive contribution of the season against Chelsea in February. The fourth and last one, Crosby's infamous effort v City notwithstanding, came when Chet nodded in the rebound from the bar against Moaners United in the final home game of the season. Four out of a total of 77 League and Cup goals is not very many - about 5%, to be precise. Now there was a time when every third goal seemed to be a header, so this led me to compare it with a few previous seasons. In 1988-89, the picture is slightly better, but not much. Out of a staggering total of 113 goals in League and Cup, just ten came from headers - about 9% of the total. In the season before, 84 League and Cup goals were scored, of which 10 for certain, but possibly more (the memory isn't what it used to be... I'm sorry, I've forgotten what I was saying), were headers, a percentage of 12 (or more). So much for the recent past. What of other seasons, when the team was made up of different players? Well, 1983-84 is often looked at as the best season pre-88 and post-80, and in the course of finishing third in the League and reaching the UEFA Cup semi-final, 90 goals were scored. Of these, 17 were headers (I think - sorry, I'm not claiming this is an exact science), or about 19%. If you go even further back, to that Championship season of 1977-78 no less, you'll find that of the 104 goals, at least 22 came from headers, or 21% of the total.

But what do all these statistics prove? Well, for one thing, that John Motson doesn't have a monopoly on irrelevant detail, but perhaps more importantly, that not nearly so many goals come from headers from the present side when compared with the League and European Cup-winning one. And if you think about it, it doesn't take a genius to work out why that should be. In 77-78, we had Robbo putting in numerous good crosses every game, along

HEADS *we don't* SCORE



with the considerable aerial presence of Withe, Burns, Lloyd and Needham. Although Withe left before the following season, he was replaced by Birtles, who proved to be just as effective in that department. By 1983-84, the personnel had changed considerably, but headers still made up a significant proportion of the overall goal output. For this we probably had to thank Birtles, Hart, Anderson and, surprisingly enough, Hodge. About a third of the latter's goals came this way in his first spell at the club - which is a little surprising, remembering that the above-mentioned goal v Liverpool was the only header out of the 24 he's scored since coming back in '88. So how can the current 'drought' be explained? Over the last few seasons, we've had some players with good heading ability (Wilkinson, Chapman, Foster), so it can't be simply put down to us having a bunch of short-arses who can't head the ball. It has to be the quality of the crosses and the corners, which has deteriorated badly of late. Until this improves, we could field a team of basketball players and only score four headers a season. You may well say, what does it matter when we score 113 goals in a season (as in 88-89) how they come? True, but it would be nice to see the odd one nodded in from a corner, when all else fails. by ALEX MONEY.

WEMBLEY... *witterings & wisdom*

Hello me darlings, before I talk of Wembley and other matters, 1990-91 is upon us as you read this, hopes are high, the Championship Trophy sits snugly once more in the cabinet in the Visitor's Sitting Room at the City Ground and all's right with the world. Go on, dream, it's free!

However, I'm still back in the euphoric reality of another Wembley Wondershow. Well, we won, didn't we? Curate's egg of a season, wasn't it? I suppose to finish off with our annual Wembley visit and win, to dent Fat Wallet's pride (though I suppose he had the last laugh) and to relegate misfit Sheridan made up for those pennies spent being entertained (am I kidding you) at Highbury and, as Psycho so charmingly puts it, 'less glamourable' places like Charlton and Southampton.

Back to the Little Wood Children. Wasn't it lucky that our No.9 should choose Wembley for his defence-splitting pass of Spring 1990 but also to do it at the only moment that the other Nigel clearly outran Barrett. Incidentally (and this is one thought that has probably gone down the plughole already), why not buy Barrett, use him or the magnificent Des as sweeper, with the other alongside Chet who is beginning to look a real class centre-back. This would free our adventurous, shoot-on-sight full-backs for yet more forays into enemy territory, because if last season is anything to go by, goals from anywhere will be mighty welcome this year. Nigel Clough could then drop back to midfield with Harry 'Back to his Very Best' Hodge. Nigel's lack of pace really is a liability up front and this year the demands of being top scorer and top provider have made him look even more cheesed off than usual. The No.9 spot is then open for Ruby (look up your rhyming slang), because having paid a few bob for him they are presumably going to play him somewhere.

Jemmo looked sharp and eager at Wembley and good

as the lone front man. Franz was also quick and eager. For all his awful crosses and dead-end runs he occasionally really sparks, and no defence can relax with that pace.

For a team aspiring to greatness Mr Suntan is not the answer. He was useful and could even be a match-winner as No.11, as No.8 he is just, well, anonymous. Toddi tried in midfield but perhaps the instructions were garbled in the translation, I'm sure he wasn't told to practice his piercing passes through our defence, and one-twos with the opposition in the middle of a Cup semi-final. Talking of No.8's, has BC some secret strategy? Sell Sheridan to Sheffield Weds to show him who is boss, see them relegated and then buy him back cheap.

Back to Wemberlee though and as was stated in Play-away Ish.17, the Twin Towers are a holy grail to worship at, for singing and atmosphere and colour (and a match free of Brian Moore, the poison dwarf and his kilted friend), not for watching. I was in Stalag Tricky, Compound 121. Row 10, Seat 101 turned out to be on the 18-yard line opposite the Royal Box. This was lucky as although I saw few of the doings on and off the pitch, I did see Jemmo 10 feet in the air behind the goal, and rather cleverly sussed out that he had scored, as 30,000 red and white clothed idiots were going bonkers at the time, and I also saw Psycho waving the Cup aloft. The problems of vision were two-fold; one was the evil fencing (oh, for the Simod, when we were treated like human beings and proved that it is possible to watch an exciting football match without several square miles of chain-link in the way), and the other

was the fact that the first fifteen rows of seats were more or less on a level with the pitch. The Littlewoods expensively printed programme was an ideal cushion for the few minutes that I was sitting down. In fact, I spent most of the match in a rather undignified squat, trying to heed the cries from behind of 'sit down chaps' (I think), and yet trying to see my dear Trickies.

Finally on Wembley; anyone with vivid memories of Hillsborough is entitled to have the screaming hab-dabs trying to reach Wembley Park tubestation after the game - that dank, evil smelling tunnel is something else.

At the time of writing our entry back into Europe is again in doubt after an incident with Leeds United "fans". At the same time I read reports of continuing riots all over the continent. Why don't they ban the lot, then we can get together and play a European Banned Cup tournament with probably a lot less trouble than the official competitions. The atmosphere at Wembley, with over 70,000 people, most of whom were deeply committed, moving hither and thither, was excellent. Why doesn't our friendly UEFA boss comment on that?

Rambling to a close now, dear friends, you will be glad to know. Question: 'Is Clough Mad?' Answer: 'Yes'. But as one who actually remembers Division III (South), you'd better enjoy the good times whilst they last; hang on to our madman, warts and all he's the best thing that ever happened to our club. And now I must go back to working out what to wear when that Championship trophy is paraded around the City Ground.....

by RAMBLING RED ROMPO.

FOREST COMP.

Dear Mr and Mrs Hodge,

It is with great regret that I write to you concerning the behaviour of your son Harry. As you know, Harry came to us here from Gedling Comprehensive with a reputation as a pleasant, quiet, hard-working lad (according to colleagues who taught him), and certainly we were very pleased with him during his first stay here at Forest Comp.. Indeed, the Head, Mr Clough, was very surprised to hear from the Head of Villa Comp that he was unpopular with the other boys, and from Mr Bastard, the Head of Tottenham Hell Comp., that he was expelling him for truancy, so much so that we took him back here two years ago. We have been delighted with Harry's progress since then, so much so that he won Form Prize last year. Therefore, what I have to report is doubly disappointing. Photographic evidence clearly shows young Harry, on the recent trip to Italy with our rather ineffectual woodwork master Mr Robson, sitting on the back of a bench. I am sick and tired of repeating to pupils the danger of such a practice, often illustrating the point with a gory but fabricated tale of a youngster many years back who fell backward and cracked his head open. In addition to the danger, there is also the discourtesy to others - leaving trainer imprints and dirt on the seat of the bench. "Do you behave like this at home?" I enquired (as I invariably do in such situations) of your son. He assured me that he does not. But this is only half the tale; the same evidence revealed young Harry drinking from a carton, later seen blowing around the nearby running track. As an educationalist I have a bizarre mania for litter-tidying, and so I view this aspect of the incident as particularly serious. As a result, I regret to have to inform you that we shall not be allowing Harry to participate in the forthcoming long exchange trip to Sociedad in Spain. I realise that he will be sorely disappointed, but I hope he has learned a salutary lesson.

Yours and Co.,

Teacher

More work for the postman. The results of the Lithuanian jury are as follows:

1). PLAYER OF THE YEAR.

| | | |
|-----|-------------|-----|
| 1st | DES WALKER | 69% |
| 2nd | Steve Hodge | 24% |

Comments here included "Sheer World Class every week", "Let's hope he's still here to receive the award" and "Isn't this a foregone conclusion?". The only other players to receive any votes were Stuart Pearce and Brian Laws. (Last Year: Stuart Pearce).

2). GOAL OF THE YEAR.

| | | |
|-----|--------------------------------|-----|
| 1st | JEMSON v SPURS (L.C. Q-F) | 36% |
| 2nd | Gaynor v Huddersfield (L.C.) | 33% |
| 3rd | = Jemson v Derby (A) | 10% |
| | = Pearce v Coventry (L.C. S-F) | 10% |
| 5th | Crosby v Man. City (H) | 5% |

"Goal of a life-time. This would've walked ITV's Goal of the Season", said Mark Jopling. Although this category would probably have been even closer had ITV captured Tommy's classic in full. (Last Year: Parker's 2nd v Everton, Simod Cup Final).

3). HOME GAME OF THE YEAR.

| | | |
|-----|----------------------------|-----|
| 1st | MANCHESTER UNITED (League) | 51% |
| 2nd | Liverpool | 20% |
| 3rd | = Crystal Palace (L.Cup) | 9% |
| | = Derby | 9% |

POLL RESULTS

"The day Fat Wallet Judas sank without trace into the City Ground mud", said Alex Money, whilst an anonymous person from Carlton proposed a "Best Facial Expression" category in honour of Mr Webb's reaction to the fourth goal. (Last Year: QPR (L.Cup).

4). AWAY GAME OF THE YEAR.

| | | |
|-----|--------------------|-----|
| 1st | TOTTENHAM (L.Cup) | 63% |
| 2nd | Liverpool | 14% |
| 3rd | Tottenham (League) | 9% |

As Alex Money put it, "Not even the slimey Nayim and Bing doing it His Way in front of goal could stop us winning this in style". (Last Year: Arsenal).

5). BEST AWAY GROUND.

| | | |
|-----|--------------|-----|
| 1st | OLD TRAFFORD | 40% |
| 2nd | Anfield | 12% |
| 3rd | Villa Park | 10% |

No surprises here, though it's worth noting that another 12% of you came out with comments like "they're all bad". (Last Year: Old Trafford).

6). WORST AWAY GROUND.

| | | |
|-----|-------------------|-----|
| 1st | = BASEBALL GROUND | 25% |
| | = THE DELL | 25% |
| 3rd | = Highfield Road | 15% |
| | = The Den | 15% |

Not just out of local rivalry, but because of the bad view (though at least it wasn't as crushed as last season), the exorbitant prices and the non-existent facilities. Southampton is just a heck of a way to go to not even SEE us lose. (Last Year: Derby).

7). BEST OPPONENTS.

| | | |
|-----|-----------|-----|
| 1st | OLDHAM | 54% |
| 2nd | Derby | 12% |
| 3rd | Tottenham | 10% |

"The day as a whole, including the fans" said Anon of Carlton, while Ian Trembirth thinks the Latics "Showed great spirit - it was a shame we had to beat them". The 2nd place SHOCKER was qualified each time with phrases like "always six points", in case you were worried. (Last Year: West Ham).

8). DIRTIEST OPPONENTS.

| | | |
|-----|-------------|-----|
| 1st | LIVERPOOL | 33% |
| 2nd | Man. City | 30% |
| 3rd | Man. United | 14% |

"They probably weren't the worst, but they got away with most" is how Alex Money puts it. Other interesting votes were cast for Blackburn Reserves (ask Tommy Gaynor), and Neville Southall. (Last Year: Liverpool).

9). BEST OPPOSING PLAYER.

| | | |
|-----|------------------|-----|
| 1st | EARL BARRETT | 25% |
| 2nd | = Paul Gascoigne | 15% |
| | = Gary Lineker | 15% |

A result that should leave God & Co. in no doubt as to who we'd like should we be needing a Dessie replacement... Others who impressed included Matthew Le Tissier, Paul Parker, David Platt, John Sheridan ("however, he's not worth £150,000 a game" - Michael Eardley), David Speedie, Dennis Wise and Thorvaidur Orlygsson (thank you, Tim Gough of Sandiacre). (Last Year: Neil Webb - category then "Player You'd Most Like To See At Forest").

10). BEST POLICE FORCE.

| | | |
|-----|-----------------|-----|
| 1st | NOTTINGHAMSHIRE | 35% |
| 2nd | Metropolitan | 25% |
| 3rd | = Liverpool | 12% |
| | = Manchester | 12% |

Obviously having B.C. for a mate leads to a better understanding of football fans. Mark Jopling voted for the Romanian Miners, who could well come in handy at our last home game this season.... (Last Year: n/a).

11). WORST POLICE FORCE.

| | | |
|-----|---------------|-----|
| 1st | WEST MIDLANDS | 84% |
|-----|---------------|-----|

A virtually unanimous victory for the "West Mids Ludicrous Crime Squad" (Alex Money), in particular those of the Coventry School of Community Policing. Their only possible rivals, as Simon Myers suggested, would be the Italian Carabinieri. (Last Year: West Mids.).

12). WORST REFEREE.

| | | |
|-----|------------------------|-----|
| 1st | GEORGE COURTNEY | 56% |
| 2nd | Roger Gifford (M.City) | 16% |

More accolades for 'World Cup' Courtney and his fine understanding of the "Spirit of the Game". There were also a few votes for Helmut Kohl, rather more for "All of them", and one suggestion that we should employ Italians. (Last Year: George Courtney).

13). BEST AWAY PUB VISITED.

| | | |
|-----|--|-----|
| 1st | STANMORE (Funny how no-one could remember the name...) | 30% |
|-----|--|-----|

Others were very mixed but included two in Derby (Robert Peel & The Jubilee), Peggers and an amazing total of 35% in London, which just proves you're a bunch of lager drinkers.

14). BEST FANZINE (APART FROM BRIAN).

| | | |
|-----|---------------------|-----|
| 1st | THE PIE | 18% |
| 2nd | When Saturday Comes | 16% |
| 3rd | The Tricky Tree | 12% |

"Another glorious year of slagging Forest" from our friends across the water. A very diverse selection here proves that plenty of you read other teams' fanzines, honourable mentions to the Mutton Mutineer (Derby!), Through the Wind & Rain (Liverpool!!), Fortune's Always Hiding (W.Ham) and Brian Moore's Head... (Gillingham). (Last Year: The Pie).

15). BEST BRIAN ARTICLE.

| | | |
|-----|--|-----|
| 1st | NIGEL CLOUGH DIARIES | 24% |
| 2nd | = Oldham Victims of Cup-Snatch Outrage | 8% |
| | = Scarf | 8% |
| | = Sheridan Debates | 8% |
| | = Trentenders | 8% |
| | = Wembley I-Spy | 8% |

Nearly 30 different articles were nominated in this section, so we must be doing something right... (Last Year: Psycho Interview)... on the other hand..

16). WORST BRIAN ARTICLE.

| | | |
|-----|-------------------------------|-----|
| 1st | BRIAN RICE LIMERICK | 15% |
| 2nd | = Trentenders (again!) | 12% |
| | = What We Did On Our Holidays | 12% |
| 4th | Lee Chapman slag-offs | 10% |

Thanks for keeping us informed, and we'll try to keep a stricter eye on things in future. Thanks also to the 36% who said "none in particular", or something similar. (Last Year: Boris of the Bridgford).

Some of you suggested additional categories, such as Most Promising Player (Ian Woan), Best Programme (Coventry L.C. S-F), Dirtiest Git (Steve McMahon) and Sexiest Player (Stuart Pearce), but you'll just have to wait until next year.

The new shirt was won by ALUN GADD of Beeston. Thanks to everyone who voted.

WARNING: IF YOU REALLY
CAN'T TAKE ANOTHER WORD
ABOUT THE WORLD CUP, PLEASE
TURN STRAIGHT TO PAGE 22

World Cup Influences

... WE COULD DO WITH...

Forza Garibaldi banners

Cameroon style t-shirts

Red cards for tackles from
behind on our Nigels

Referees so good you can't
remember their names

Attacking 'wing-backs'
(we've already got them, I
know)

Real men crying when they
lose

Celebrating goals with the
Milla hip-shake

Brazilian-style 'sod the
football, let's dance'

German-style tactics and
organisation

Goalkeeping, Higuita style
from opposition goalies
(e.g. Brucie)

Cameroonian imports (but
not Massing)

Czech-style headed goals
(remember them?)

Schillachi's 'imploring
eyes' pose

Waddle's semi-final haircut

Des being given rave
reviews by all and sundry

People saying 'Stuart
Pearce had a good World
Cup overall, he didn't get
into trouble with refs, and
you can't blame him for
missing that penalty'



ITALIA '90

If Italia 90 didn't exactly turn out to be a feast of magical football, at least it finally proved once and for all just who are the most important people in the game. Not the Berlusconi/Maxwell type entrepreneurs and their associates in the hospitality bars and sponsors lounges. Not even the players, for whom the World Cup should be a fantastic stage on which to display their talents, but in reality is more of a meat market and auction for the big-spending Italian league clubs. A kind of legalised brothel in which the big fat businessmen can take their pick of any number of high-class tarts and lavish them with money and 'gifts' to perform for them on a regular basis. What these players should realise is that no-one loves a fading beauty, and the likes of Maradona can soon be whisked away from the comforts of the bordello to the squalor of a rented room alongside St Pancras station. There was precious little beauty on the pitches of Italia 90. The Germans were awesomely proficient and, er, German really. The Italians never achieved the style of which they are capable, and only showed occasional flashes of brilliance and passion. If Germany looked German, then Brazil looked like Germans on an off-day with their sad imitation of careful Euro-footy and Argentina were ghastly. Even the teams that came closest to capturing the world's hearts had their ugly sides. Ireland, especially McCarthy, are a team of bruisers, and Cameroon at their worst were out-and-out psychotic. But still, the World Cup 1990 was a great spectacle that seemed to make even those cold, icy souls with no real interest in football fall hopelessly in love with it. The people who made it like this are the people who put more into the World Cup than any businessmen, FIFA dogsbodies and players put together. More money, more glamour, more passion and, in a lot of cases, more effort. Without these people and their love of football, the whole episode would be a totally heartless, meaningless affair. The organisers of the 1994 'World Soccer Bowl', as I'm sure some smartarse American publicity monster will dub it, will discover this to their cost. No passion, No World Cup. These people are the fans.

A train journey. A hot day. No food or drink. Overcrowded compartments and extremely drunk young men sleeping in the toilets, luggage racks and corridors. Eleven hours of it. A journey through hell. Tales of harrassment by French riot police and having your stash of booze confiscated. All this for a series of football matches. The train from Paris to Torino (for us), and on for probably another seven or eight hours to Napoli, was occupied almost 100% by

kilted Scots, on their way to follow a team almost 100% of them thought was hopeless. No trouble, except that at Modane on the French/Italian border most of them were way too pissed to find their passports and fill out customs declaration forms. The Scottish made themselves extremely popular in Italy. Most matches on the northern mainland seemed to have a small collection of wandering Scots on a day trip from Genoa and, of course, the kilts were a

source of constant fascination for the locals and other supporters alike.

In Turin, for the Brazil v Sweden game, the Brazilian supporters brought colour and noise and a fantastic carnival atmosphere. The clothes were amazing, with green and yellow flares seeming to be the ultimate football fashion statement on match day, and shorts overhung by an enormous belly the thing for days in between. Our hotel was the basecamp for the World Cup campaign for a posse of elderly Flamengo supporters, whose passion for football was quite contagious. Tales of 50,000 making a 4-day coach journey to an away match, drums beating even while watching other games on the crappy black and white tv in our hotel bar, and an unswerving confidence that their team would win the World Cup. Confident enough to live off tinned beef and buckets of rice for a month to save money for tickets to the final. I'm sorry they didn't get there. On the vast expanse of tarmac outside the Nuovo Comunale in Turin, they danced the samba and lambada to a live band and huge PA system based on the back of a truck. Tickets for this game proved the most difficult to get.

2nd Category tickets with a face value of @ 50,000 lire (£25) were going for twice that right up to kick-off, but the roar of the crowd at the start of the game brought a Black Mondayesque price spiral and the touts were virtually giving them away. "Biglietti 20,000 lire?" Sold to the man in the Cool As Clough shirt. Inside, the carnival continued, though it became pretty obvious that maybe half of Brazil's support was not Brazilian, with a lot of Scandanavian, American and Australian hangers on pretending to be from downtown Rio. It also became obvious that we weren't in the presence of too many football-crazed urchins from the shanty towns. There was money here and you could almost smell it. After a half decent match, the ritual celebrations. Dancing and partying around central Turin in a display that made the previous night's motorcade of deranged Italians look tranquil as West Bridgford on a Sunday afternoon.

And so on to Milan, where we were pleasantly surprised to see the city still intact after the reported (and obviously exaggerated) major riot

The whole of last season was just a dream and N*** W*** (aka Bobby Ewing) has just come out of the shower at the City Ground (The Guardian).

Soccer

WORLD CUP WARM-UP

Sardinian Select XI (1) 2 England (5) 10
McMahon (og) Beardsley 3
Tomasso Webb 3, Bull 2
Platt, McMahon

SARDINIAN SELECT: Nick Spano, Moro, Bertolini, Tomasso, Marrocos, Martinez, Yoku, Ennos, Zola (Leoni, 60min), Corda. ENGLAND XI: Seaman (Arsenal), Stevens (Rangers), Dorige (Chelsea), Wright (Derby), Hodge, Nottm Forest, h-t), Butcher (Rangers), Webb (Nottm Forest), McMahon (Liverpool), Platt (Aston Villa), Steven (Rangers), Beardsley (Liverpool), Bull (Wolverhampton). Referee: A Guzzardo (Oristano).

MAGIC MOMENTS



POP star sensation KIM WILDE says: "I will always remember my almost overwhelming desire to give poor Stuart Pearce a big hug after he missed that penalty."

ITALIA '90 ITALIA '90

- So that's why he missed - if I were you, Psycho, I'd miss a few more!! (Sunday Ram).



... WE COULD DO WITHOUT...

John 3:16 banners

'We came, we saw, we kicked ass'

Red cards for anyone
breathing too loudly

Vautrot, Kohl, Codesal

Using the sweeper system
to justify massed defences

Assaulting the ref for
making a decision you
think is wrong

Celebrating goals by forward and backward rolls
across prostrate team-mates

Brazilian-style stripping
off - quite apart from
pandering to 'the lads',
just try doing that in
January

German-style collapsing
windmill impressions when
touched

Goalkeeping, Higuita style
from Sutton, Crossley etc.

US imports (1994 here they
come!)

Czech-style early 80's
haircuts

Maradona's hands behind
back pose

Waddle's pre semi-final
haircut

Des being greedily eyed-up
by all the big clubs in
Europe

People saying 'Dorigo would
have scored that penalty'

by ALEX MONEY.

involving West German fans on the day of their first game. By the time we arrived most of the Germans had gone back home as Milan is an easy enough jaunt down the Autobahns & Autostrada to make each match a day trip. From Milan, a 2 hour train trip to Bologna took us to the second match of our tour, one of Italy's most beautiful cities, and an encounter with a pretty bizarre set of supporters. The fixture between Colombia & Yugoslavia brought about a fairly dramatic culture clash between the colourful Yugoslavians, for whom face painting, looking drunk without actually being drunk, banging large drums and singing strange versions of familiar English terrace songs seemed to be the order of the day, and the Colombians, who managed to make Brazil's merry band seem about as animated as a Main Stand Rug and Thermos carrier. Around the ground they waved flags, honked horns and got generally pretty damn funky to some Latino type sounds from monster sized ghetto blasters. This was an

opportunity for a nation whose domestic league has been suspended due to the cocaine war and related match fixing, and whose national team hadn't qualified for the finals since 1962, to put on a show. Inside the ground a crazed Colombian in a Condor suit, complete with head-dress and yellow, red and blue wings, was suspended from a stadium wall by a bunch of amigos(?) with a harness. Carnival queens wore t-shirts with "No Drugs" messages and a huge banner read "Cafe, Si - Droga, Non!" This was a pretty ordinary match, the only highlights really being Carlos Valderama's chaotic hairdo and the half-way line antics of Higuita, the Colombian goalie. "Medellin", the universal 'bloke behind me' said as Senor Higuita displayed his talents as a tricky midfielder, "Coca City". This, it was later discovered, meant Higuita plays for Medellin in Colombia, and Medellin happens to be a major drug capital. Looking at Higuita, I should have guessed. In defeat, the Colombians were cheery and in no mood to stop the party. In victory,

the Yugoslavs looked like they were just glad not to be in Yugoslavia and the result was a bonus.

The West Germany v UAE game brought the hordes back to Milan, and there wasn't so much as a hint of trouble. Fifty/Sixty thousand Germans, a lot of whom had obviously had a good day on the Schnapps, but it never got more than boisterous. Big crowds and a few songs around the cathedral square and a good few banners apolo-gising, in Italian, to their hosts for the earlier hassle. The majestic San Siro (Meazza) stadium was totally bedecked in the red, yellow and black of Germany, with a tiny group of Arabs tucked away in the expensive seats. A few local basket cases had obviously decided to lend their support to the under-dogs, and we found ourselves sat near a group with UAE flags and the full Arab costume, but with decidedly Italian accents, who insisted on turning to face Mecca every time (and it wasn't that often) the UAE forced so much as a corner. A romp for the Germans, but despite the quantity, their fans were disappointing. A couple of pretty stereo-typed chants, a few clapping games and not a lot of humour (sorry, bit racist that, but true). The most notable feature of this match was a dramatic thunderstorm and the way the hairs on the back of my neck stood up at the sight and sound of 60,000 people assembled singing "Deutschland Uber Alles". There'd be a few people around Central Europe a lot happier if the new unified Germany could adopt a less menacing anthem.

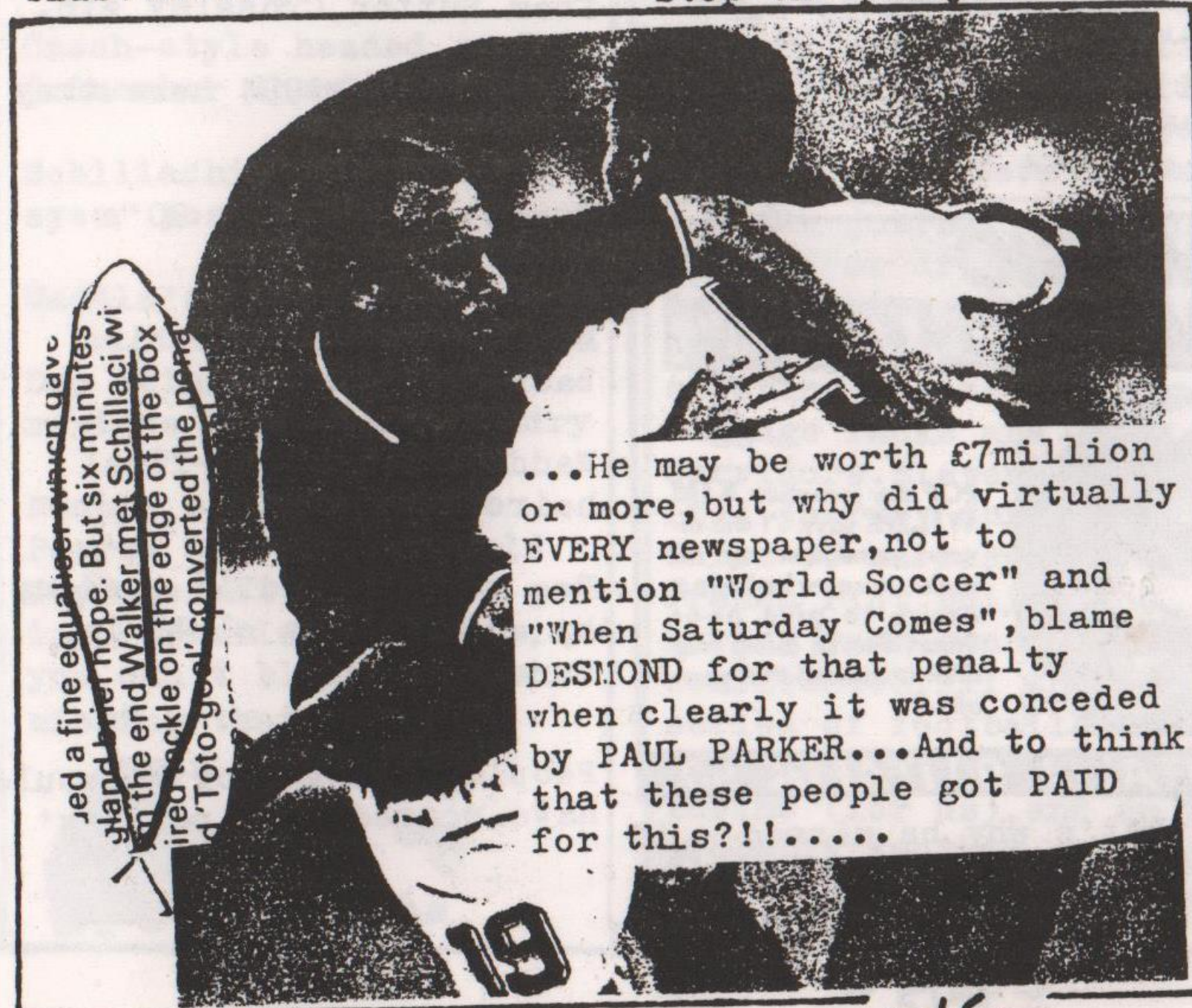
Next stop Verona, for Belgium against Uruguay. A roasting hot day and the first time we'd actually

become aware of the alcohol ban on match days. In the backstreet bars of Turin & Milan business had seemed to be going on much as normal, but Verona was painfully dry. A look around the city's well-preserved Roman Stadium/Theatre brought a few predictable comments about it being in a far better state than the Baseball Ground. Surprise sight of the day was a party of @ 20 Irishmen in full colours sat outside a bar by the stadium, watching Ireland v Egypt. They seemed to have based themselves on the mainland rather than the islands and were as totally involved in the match as if they'd been watching it in the flesh. The Belgians were surprisingly well-supported (well, we were surprised) and every bit as colourful and rowdy as the Germans, but much more entertaining. The songs were less like copies of English songs, and much more varied. There were more banners from obscure league clubs, and all-in-all much more of a party atmosphere. Outside the stadium there was a major rave going on under a gigantic flag, involving about half the population of Belgium. A small group of Belgians paraded around the ground in a mock funeral march, carrying a Uruguayan flag and playing a desperately out of tune bugle. Inside the ground, the Belgians around our seats were totally bemused to find an Englishman and a Welshman supporting their team and forced black, red and yellow flags into our hands and plied us with non-alcoholic lager (no choice!) from the Stadium bar. This time, the inevitable 'bloke behind me' happened to be the recently sacked coach of Borussia Moenchenglad-

bach and he prattled on about English football being ten years behind the times and applauded back-passes for the majestic technique with which they were struck. The Uruguayans were far fewer in numbers, but made up for that by grouping together and waving a forest of blue & white flags to an incessant beating of drums. Our match tickets had been purchased from a group of middle-aged Nacional supporters who teased me about beating us in the World Club Championship. The word "Clough" and a thumbs up from all concerned, and the words "Ronny Rosenthal" (not sure why they picked him!) and a thumbs down (from me) was about the limit of our communication, but the bond that is there when real football obsessives meet was unmistakeable. Each Belgium goal was followed by a flag-waving procession through the aisles by the Belgians and, to their credit, even more flag-waving and drum-beating by the Uruguayans. Belgium looked a red-hot team and yours truly immediately put a lot of money on them to win the World Cup (one born every minute!) On the late train back to Milan, we shared our compartment with a young German with an unhealthy obsession with Leeds Utd and Chelsea who had 'collected' 33 English grounds. His next port of call on his World Cup Tour was to Sardinia to join the fun he anticipated at England's next game. A true dickhead.

Any anti-German feeling building up in us was confirmed at our last match, back in Milan for West Germany v Colombia. The Germans seemed to have come in even greater numbers for this one, even though their team had

already qualified for the next stage. The Colombians were hugely outnumbered and gathered behind one goal. Before the match, the human Condor did his flying routine from the stomach-wrenching height of the second tier, and the Germans entertained themselves by whistling and jeering every non-German player who appeared in the dreadful video to the dreadful World Cup Rock Song that got played (at least twice) at every game. The sight of Ruud Gullit lifting the European Champions Trophy went down especially badly. The match itself saw Colombia totally outplay Germany and fall behind to an undeserved goal in injury time. But for unfortunately Fashanu-esque displays from their two front men, they'd have romped this match. The Germans were ecstatic and anyone with any sense of right and wrong was gutted. "Auf Wiedersehen" they sang to remind the luckless South Americans that they were on their way out. Charmless. Quite why anyone would have enjoyed seeing Colombia crash out is beyond me. Anyway, the referee obviously felt the same way and played an amazing amount of injury time until Colombia ran straight up the pitch and nabbed an equaliser. This was the most joyous moment of our World Cup experience. Surrounded by almost tearful Germans we were out of our seats and grooving. "Auf Wiedersehen, Ciao". The never-ending walk down to ground level from the top tier of the stadium and then the tram journey into town provided the chance to play spot the happy Germans (very few), and the beauty of the



...He may be worth £7million or more, but why did virtually EVERY newspaper, not to mention "World Soccer" and "When Saturday Comes", blame DESMOND for that penalty when clearly it was conceded by PAUL PARKER... And to think that these people got PAID for this?!!.....

equaliser was celebrated with a real snorter of a session in the bar next to our hotel.

Straight after the game, we began the long train journey home. A few English refugees from Sardinia were on the train, complaining of hassle from the police, the fact that the pizzas taste better in Pizza Hut, what beer they could get tasted like piss, and that no Italians spoke good English, whilst the smelliest, worst-dressed, ugliest and most stupid of them moaned that Italian women must be frigid because (surprise, surprise!) he hadn't got laid. We were glad we'd gone for a more international approach to Italia 90, and wondered why it is that (so many) Englishmen abroad are so hopeless and seemingly incapable of adapting to being in a different country. Despite the popular opinion that the English behaved pretty well at this World Cup, the fact remains that there was fighting, there was the need to inflict a diabolical alcohol ban on large chunks of Italy and there was a hideous amount of racial abuse slung at the black England players (especially noticeable in the Belgium game). The fact remains, that the English abroad are pretty ugly and much as I'd love to start going to see Forest in Europe again, I personally feel that the rest of Europe would be better off without the hassle.

by BRIAN MONDIALE.

WORLD CUP DIARY.

SATURDAY JUNE 9TH. Get up with a stinking hangover and blame Cameroon. But some things just have to be done. Gatwick is the usual chaos and the bars are full of already confused looking Scots in full tartan regalia. The air is full of insults

LET'S ALL 'AVE A DISCO

AN ANGLO-IRISH AGREEMENT RESULTS IN AN ALCOHOLIC TOUR D'ITALIA FOR "JOHN BULL" & "PADDY O'REILLY"

between the 3 sets of fans but no-one takes offence, we all have a common purpose, after all. The blokes behind us on the plane try to chat up a Signorina with lines like "we are English Hooligans" "Does your Mother know?" she deadpans and the little boys blush. Ciampino airport passport control; the cream of English man/hooliganhood is here, panicking should their warnings for riding a bicycle without lights show up. You can almost touch the raw nerve-ends. "Don't I get a stamp?" pipes Paddy. **ITALIA 90** starts here. Roma: set off for a bar with a telly. Within yards we are accosted by waiters and led downstairs, expect some gloomy corner and distant B&W but emerge instead into a room of pint-clutching Irishmen singing "Enjoy Yourself" and "FRANCO BARESI!". Italian TV is weird, adverts at goal-kicks, little diagrams measuring distance, speed, velocity of shots, and Pacman-style figures with the speed and mobility of Terry Butcher lumber on masquerading as the Austrian defence. **ITALY SCORE!** The place erupts, the diminutive chef is thrown jubilantly into the air and the waiters jig frenzidly. Bou Bou Bou **ITALIA!** Outside it's wall-to-wall traffic, people sit on car rooves waving flags and beepbeepbeep. Some of the lads produce a massive Irish Tricolour and we run through the streets with it, clapping and shaking hands and singing **ITALIA! SCHILLACHI!** When in Rome.. We eventually go in search of a more Anglo/Celtic means of celebration, though our first alcohol

ban of the tournament means that we have to eat too, but it's a good start. And the Septics lose 5-1 to Czechoslovakia! Ha ha! **SUNDAY 10TH.** Take one hour train journey to Civita-vecchia. Possibly a nice town at some point but it's dry (surprise, surprise), and the local passeggiata are all petrified by the 400 or so English & Irish fans. It's like horror-movie fear, they know it's not real but they gawp and squeal just the same. The search on boarding the boat is pretty thorough; our Duty Frees are confiscated (as expected but no harm in trying), matchboxes are perused and they even unscrew our bottles of orange and sniff them (Ah Schweppes!). The boat is absolutely mobbed. About 35% Irish, 15% English and 50% Italian soldiers, just to keep an eye on things. Brazil v Sweden comes on TV but it is difficult to watch when it's so stuffy and I feel queasy. There will be no sing-songs on board, cameramen are filming everywhere and there is next to no food or (non alcoholic) drink. Great way to spend a 14 hour crossing.

MONDAY 11TH. Wake at dawn and sip what's left of our mega-strong vodka and orange cocktails (ah! Schweppes!) under the eyes of the tooled-up army. Arrive Cagliari 10am. On a train to Iglesias (presumably named after ex-Real Madrid goalie Julio) at 10.45. This is an inspired move, 40 mins journey and we're in a 'wet town' (although we almost get deported for putting our feet up on the train). The first bar falls quiet in true spaghetti western

fashion as we enter, adolescents are despatched around town on scooters ("the English are coming!"), and 10 minutes later the owner is telling us of his life in West London 15 years ago, and the local youths are asking if we've ever met Paul Scarrott (this was to be a recurring motif on this holiday). Silence falls as the news report from Cagliari comes on TV. Ooh look, that's the boat we were on - ooh, we were searched by them - ah hooligans! all those knives they confiscated! (mostly swiss army, actually, pretty useful for campers...)...and the alcohol! Some scumbags actually tried to smuggle spirits on board - and look, there goes my underwear... Even Scarrott has trouble making National TV in 36 hours. As late as possible, we head back to Cagliari for the match. Nearing the ground, we have one bottle of "Schweppes" left, so we charitably offer it to a bunch of passing England fans. "Nah...we're tripping". Arrivederci it's one on one. The first touts want 100 lire (£50) per ticket, the second offers 2 for 100L, a girl in pink trousers offers 2 for 50L. £12.50 each for the top category 1 tickets. Up yours, Colin Moynihan. The security consists of 3 bag and body searches, smug faced carabinieri throwing out deodorant, bottle openers, suntan lotion etc. The ground is basic but affords a reasonable view, and with a 40,000 capacity could give Forest a few building tips. We are near the halfway line, surrounded by German tourists. Lineker scores and the Union Jack-toting half of our party livens up. The other half sulks and counts the flags. Aldridge murders Desmond and a few unpleasant words are said

about Scousers. The English fans do congas and sing let's all have a disco. The Irish sing: 1) Que sera sera 2) Come on you boys in green 3) Molly Malone 4) We're on the march with Jackie's army 5) You'll never beat the Irish (this one sounds familiar). You'd think that an island with such a rich heritage of authors, songwriters and poets would come up with stuff more numerous, original & varied than that. Ireland equalise. We swap moods. The Irish sing "You'll Never Walk Alone" to much retching in category one. But overall the best bit of the game is watching a vicious thunderstorm roll in from the sea, far more dramatic than events on the pitch. Shame there's no roof over category 1... A few locals come out and beepbeepbeep in support of the Irish. We board the especially delayed midnight boat to Sicily. People not well-up on Geography think that Sicily is next door to Sardinia. They should be forced to spend 12 hours on another overnight (dry) boat. We wendy out and blow £45 on a cabin.

TUESDAY 12TH - SATURDAY 16TH. Base ourselves in Cefalu, a smallish resort 40 miles from Palermo. Despite the distance the town is dry for Egypt v Holland, though surely any Egyptians or Dutch staying in Cefalu would be at the game, so why bother? Doze through most of the match. The town has been thoroughly colonised by the Irish by the time we get in. Immediately we are passed by two Italian youths on a moped singing "Ooh aah Paul McGrath". Over the next few days the language barrier is broken, as we soon realise that the only Sicilian we need to know is "SCHI-LAA-CHI!", while they respond with "CAASS-CA-RI-NO!" (presumably

because of his Italian roots). There is not a hint of animosity between peoples, those who don't want to talk to us ignore us and the rest show us books of Cefalu architecture and all support Juventus. As the beer flows faces become familiar, the smooth-talking Baldrick, the omnipotent "Il Papa" & Gerry and the rest of the Laddoes from the bar in Rome. The latter crew take us to the hotel by their campsite, where the owner is apparently a mafiosi & cares little for alcohol bans. The Sardinian stories soon became legends: the 30-seater catamaran that took 27 hours to get to Cagliari and arrived literally awash with vomit (we met over 50 of the passengers), the English bloke who involuntarily left the supermarket via the entrance gates (and he had paid for his goods) and found himself interrogated by carabinieri for an hour, the Englishman who crossed the road to greet an Irish friend, only to be roughed-up by the police. For once, there was much sympathy for the plight of the English, but then this was the World Cup - who gives a f*** about politics? But the one problem with actually GOING to the World Cup is you seem to miss half of the games. Either you're at another game or you're travelling, or you're in some crowded bar trying to maintain three conversations and drink 3 bottles of Corvo. There was no escaping to your hotel room either as all TVs had been removed for the duration of the World Cup, tell-tale sockets remaining. We did manage to see Italy v USA, and to join in the beepbeepbeep afters, and to be in Sicily generally during the Rise of Toto was to be at the heart of it all. P-T-O

Another game we watched religiously was naturally England v Holland, courtesy of the Big Screen erected in the main square. Felt proud to be English again, in spite of the stray Hup Hollanders burning St George's flags. There were so many replays, and so many heads in the way, that we didn't actually realise that Lineker's goal had been disallowed until after the final whistle. Meet Il Laddoes waving flags on the steps of the Cathedral. They ply us with lager and tell unprintable tales of a Liverpool defender being had up for child abuse. End up at the disco, which is dry in honour of Ireland v Egypt. Until Il Laddoes procure a bottle of Bacardi by somewhat dubious means, and we don't mind so much when obscure House gives way to U2.

SUNDAY 17TH. The train to Palermo is mobbed, even corridor space is at a premium. Luckily it's an Express. The locals are gobstruck as the locoverde comes steaming through their suburban hamlets with people waving green appendages and shrieking SCHI-LAA-CHI at any life-form. At Palermo station we sign a petition slugging the FAI for withholding information on tickets, bumping up the prices & making life very difficult for people not on official tours (you could get advance tickets, in theory, for any match from the Italian BNL bank, which has a branch in London). The station staff hand out free sunhats.

Panic drives us to buy £30 cat. 2 tickets from a Dublin lad who only wants his (FAI ripped-off) money back. Around the corner are scouse touts doing them for £20... For a ground that housed 3rd Div. football last season the stadium is excellent, tho'

JB notes that the exits merge dangerously onto very few staircases, and we have no protection from the boiling heat. One woman faints and departs on a stretcher, but at least she missed an abysmal game. The Irish physically can't string 3 passes together and the Egyptians show no inclination to try. Interest is sustained only by laughing at Cascarino's fat, wobbly buttocks and the Egyptian sailor's band singing "Who the f*** are Cameroon". The Irish are under no illusions about the poverty of this performance, but still are determined to enjoy themselves come what may. The phrase on everyone's lips is "As long as we don't disgrace ourselves against the Dutch"...

MON 18TH/TUES 19TH/WEDS

20TH. Hire a car for a few days break around the coast (after half an hour of cruising round pretending to be Italian & screaming CAASS-CA-RINO at the unsuspecting green and lobster-pink hordes). Taormina is full of German package tourists with bronzed nipples and English couples who "didn't realise the World Cup was on..." Toto & Baggio do the Czech-Slavs but there is a distinct lack of beepbeepbeep. We do hit on the only post-2am bar in town, though, which is full of pastel pink Paddies who've been conspicuous by their absence during daylight hours. Thursday dawns, we load up with tinnies and bomb back to Cef. to offload the car before setting off for the Big One...

THURSDAY 21ST. Decide to leave our departure to Palermo till late as A) We don't want to be panicked into paying extortionate prices and B) It's quite pleasant sitting sipping on our balcony watching the parade pass by, all face-paint, inflatable crocodiles,

ole ole ole ole and desperate optimism. 5:45 and the man at the ticket office refuses to sell Palermo tickets to people in green. We board the train anyway. 2½ hours and several tinnies later we realise why. We haven't moved. Apparently the Fiat workers are on strike and are sitting across the tracks. Socialism goes out the window. There is no chance of getting there before half-time, when all the touts will have gone. In a way it's down to our own arrogance. All along we have tried to be independent, muddling along with our menu-standard Italian and distancing ourselves from the queues at the tourist offices. This

has given us head-starts with accomodation, allowed us to pass thru' cordons & avoid 'football specials', but had we stayed on the platform with the rest of the Greenies we would surely have been bussed to Palermo. Subdued we head for Rockefeller's, where the upstairs is on top of the bar, perfectly positioned for discreetly lacing our orange with vodka and in the front row for the tv. Gloom deepens with the Dutch goal (fortunately we are tuned to RAIUNO and so are spared the sheepshagging Moment of Glory - the deification of Mark Wright has to be one of the worst things about the World Cup...). The unlikely figure of Niall Quinn equalises and Paddy alternates between solo Mexican waving/telling tales of a Dublin booze-up with Mr Quinn/sulking at not being there. JB is nervously ignorant of the England score and sits there slagging everything that moves until the final whistle. Laugh at the suicidal Egyptians and know that the draw will give us exactly what we want, Eire on Monday, England on Tues.. We're first in the queue

when the bar re-opens at midnight, relax and wait for the Bhoys to come home....

FRIDAY 22ND. Sore heads aplenty next day. Swop stories at the station. Tickets were going for £50, the atmosphere was the best ever, the Dutch were outnumbered and the all-night sessions at the campsites were something special. The Dutch were a strange breed, there was no aggression but any friendships were forged by the Irish. The Dutch seemed content to enjoy themselves amongst themselves, and you got the impression that had results gone another way... Get train to Bologna (booked in advance as the most southerly of our 4 potential destinations). We've got a sleeper, £40 EACH makes a large hole in the budget but the next 17 hours would've been unbearable without it. A

brief stop in Messina, where Paddy runs round frantically plaguing shop assistants for "er... t-shirt... er, Schillachi, Toto Gol?" Receive many bear hugs and offers of marriage but alas, no shirt.

SAT 23RD/SUN 24TH. Arrive Bologna @ 7am. Board trains to Genoa, shock commuters by drinking vodka (the only way to stay awake). Few fans on either train, but Genoa station is awash with green. Get cheap B+B near the station and set off for the ground. Another thing about the Irish is the effectiveness of The Grapevine, whether it's scaremongering about deaths in Sardinia or the fact that tickets go on sale to Irish fans only at 4pm. Queue for 4 hours in the blazing heat. The powers that be hand out free cans of coke (a nice gesture), but most prefer regular relays to the supermarket round the corner. Genoa is still full of Scots; Hibs

fans who agree to buy back Brian Rice and drunkards who tell us that the drink ban is very lax and the Brazilians thought they were mad to party when they'd lost. Category 3+4 tickets have run out long before we reach the counter and the staff are issuing vouchers and telling us to come back tomorrow (to queue for another 2 hours). Discontent is rife, "If you hate the FAI clap your hands" (tho' for reasons too complicated to divulge it is probably not their fault). Fair bit of singing by now as the supermarket raids begin to take effect.... Genoa is an ace town - ports usually are - full of backstreet bars & bier-houses. The Scots have paved the way for friendly relations with the locals. Brazil v Argentina and Germany v Holland fly by, and we give up before the barstaff do...

MONDAY 25TH. Match day. Curfew starts at 3pm, a mere 2 hours before KO. The dock bars serve us, the posh bars give eyes like Schillachi at the mere suggestion. Roam around the tackshops in the alleyways, where we find our bestest souvenir, a little ball with the 24 World Cup flags on, press one and the appropriate national anthem rings out (approved by customs officers everywhere). Paddy buys a tri-colour & gets filmed (again) scrawling FOREST GREENS on it (corny). Once again the game is a dog & we're too tense to enjoy the good bits and the penalties take 5 years off our lives. The best team loses but this thought does not occur to us. This has never happened to Ireland before and will quite possibly never happen again. To BE HERE is to be at the centre of the Universe. Scotland, eat your heart out. And the first bar we pass has an icebox full of Heineken. We

take only the ice (I don't think) as there's Italy v Uruguay to go. Squeeze onto a pool table with some Scots who steal us wine and cringe at memories of Park-head '83. More Toto-Frenzy. We out ITALIA the Italians and then it's off to the party in the square. Spot 2 Romanians and prod them to see if they're real. Then get lured by the Siren of the Fountain. Swin thru' the first bit then dance on the centre, vertigo forgotten, kissing saturated strangers. Bottles of wine approach us from all angles and if we all fell off and died tonight it'd be a hell of a way to go. The Italians even stop beepbeepbeeping & get out of their cars to stare at us. Eventually we are evicted but even the carabinieri are laughing. If this had been in Bologna the following night we would have been deported...

TUESDAY 26TH. Bologna is supposedly the driest town yet with a 48 hour ban. We walk straight through the cordon and have a very nice Chinese meal where they neither know nor care of such things. For the 1st time the police seem to be hassling the touts and getting tickets is an anxious business. Eventually some snotty septic deigns to sell us 2 for 150 lire, in the Belgium end, naturally. A large chunk of official fans are also there due to some almighty cock-up and we all have to endure non-stop chants of "England go home" from people in baseball caps with flapping wings on. This proves too much for some people and there is a minor scuffle during extra time. Just kiddies showing off, really. Anyway, another game where we support the lesser side, we bite our nails & Claesen bites Des's ankles. I think another penalty shoot-out would've killed us, which makes it

even more superlative when Platt scores (even though we can see nowt for our £37). "Belgium go home", we sing with relish. Get kept in for ages, then feel like circus animals as our route away is lined by gawping locals. Herded onto buses with an armoured car guarding each one, gun turrets at the ready. Is this a dream? Am I in Belfast? Did the Belgians get this treatment? It all seems a long way from Genoa. On the bus we hear our first tales of Rimini; people whose hotel was fire-bombed at 5am (they looked out the window & went back to bed), tooled-up Riminese roaming the streets hitting out indiscriminately while the coppers picked up every Englishman, regardless of what they were doing. Obviously some of these people were no angels but can you remember tales of wrongful arrest in Euro 88? Presumably they got the right ones that time. What gets us most is the resignation with which these tales are told, but then we

were only in Sardinia for 14 hours. The buses unload one at a time and we queue up for 2½ hours at left luggage. It's all very subdued, no singing, a police cordon round the station that is impregnable. One rebel plays the Undertones fairly quietly on his ghetto blaster. Seconds later he's surrounded by no less than TWENTY SEVEN carabinieri, and we don't see him again. Really there wasn't such a great deal of difference between the majority of the English & Irish fans. The Irish didn't have the press and a nauseating Sports Minister inciting hatred towards them before they'd even landed. The English didn't have such a feeling of unity, but that's hardly surprising in such an

*SEE "WHEN SATURDAY COMES" No.43 FOR A FULL ACCOUNT OF EVENTS IN RIMINI & DETAILS OF THE "RIMINI DEFENCE FUND", SET UP BY THE PSA IN THE HOPE OF CLEARING THE NAMES OF THOSE INNOCENTS AMONGST THE DEPORTEES.

atmosphere of mistrust and resentment. If an Irishman started to mouth-off and offend people every Irish person within earshot would try to calm him down and diffuse the situation. English fans would make a hasty exit, unless they happened to be part of the lunatic fringe. The only thing we can hope for is that England's success will encourage more people to follow them away, that the effects of said lunatic fringe will be diluted, and our reputation will gradually fade. And that the new Sports Minister actually has some understanding of our Glorious Game. WEDS 27TH. To have to leave before it's over causes a depression that in some ways lasts all summer, but the cashflow is exhausted and work commitments call. OK so in footballing terms it was very poo-er but to be there was something to drink out on for years. Nice to get back to Bitter, Marmite and Rain again though.

ALL-TIME FOREST FOOD XI.

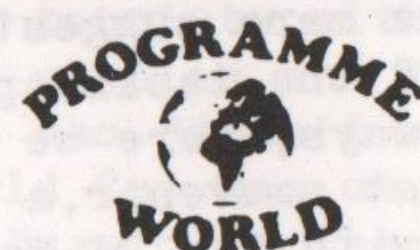
- 1). Sutton's Seeds
- 2). Ian Butterworth
- 3). Pearce Duff Chocolate Flakes
- 4). Walker's Crisps
- 5). David Need-ham
- 6). David Campbell's Soup
- 7). Carr's Table Water Biscuits
- 8). Brian Rice
- 9). Alan Lamb
- 10). David Currie
- 11). John Robertson's Jam

Subs:

Wigley's Spearmint Gum
Woods-pecker Cider
William Cobb
Arthur Lemon
Terry Curran(t).

SIMON MYERS.

ALL VIEWS EXPRESSED ARE THOSE OF THE INDIVIDUAL AUTHORS AND WILL PROBABLY BE CONTRADICTED ELSEWHERE IN THIS MAGAZINE.



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Circus, Charing Cross Rd, London WC2.
Plus (when we remember) Nostalgia & Comics, Smallbrook Queensway, Birmingham and from the fanzine mail order service: AFN Distribution, 127 Langbrook Rd, London SE3 8RA.

living by numbers - part 2

As a break from my search to find a method of determining winning horses from their draw numbers, or identifying some correlation between the lucky numbers on a pools coupon and the birthdates of friends and family, I thought an exercise in spotting some cause-and-effect on last season's performances might give us some clues for next season's results. The first thought that raced into my head was "How often did the team that scored first go on to win/draw/lose the game?"

TABLE I.

Forest score first:

| Final Result | W | D | L |
|--------------|----|---|---|
| Home | 8 | 2 | 0 |
| Away | 4 | 2 | 0 |
| TOTAL | 12 | 4 | 0 |

Opponents score first:

| Final Result | W | D | L |
|--------------|---|---|----|
| Home | 1 | 2 | 6 |
| Away | 2 | 3 | 8 |
| TOTAL | 3 | 5 | 14 |

So we never lost, either home or away, having opened the scoring, and on no less than three occasions (Derby H, Wimb A, Spurs A) did we triumph following an initial disappointment. Furthermore, having scored first, we were generally three times more likely to go on and win than get pegged back to a draw. But if the others did bag the first, we were only half as likely to pull something back as throw our hands up in horror. Not for us, the saying "at their most dangerous when they've gone behind".

Fascinating, eh? But we've only just begun (c. Karen Carpenter). What about those "Ends" of the ground, prized possessions to us all? Table IIA shows the goals scored, by Forest and Opponents, split over wins/draws/losses at the City Ground:

TABLE IIA.

| Forest Goals: | W | D | L | TOT. |
|---------------|----|---|---|------|
| Trent End | 9 | 3 | 1 | 13 |
| Colwick Rd | 12 | 3 | 3 | 18 |

Opponents Goals:

| | W | D | L | TOT. |
|------------|---|---|---|------|
| Trent End | 1 | 5 | 6 | 12 |
| Colwick Rd | 2 | 1 | 6 | 9 |

What's up with the Trent End? We scored fewer and conceded more than at the soggy end! Must be the sight of the kagouls that drives on the Reds/scars off the foes.

How does this compare with away from home? Obviously the comparison is slightly different, with no identified "Ends", but Table IIB shows the goals scored in front of the "home" or "away" (ie us) fans:

TABLE IIB.

Forest Goals:

| | W | D | L | TOT. |
|--------|----|---|---|------|
| "Home" | 5 | 2 | 0 | 7 |
| "Away" | 11 | 4 | 1 | 16 |

Opponents Goals:

| | W | D | L | TOT. |
|--------|---|---|---|------|
| "Home" | 2 | 3 | 7 | 12 |
| "Away" | 1 | 3 | 9 | 13 |

(NB. Not including Luton A. 1-1).

Good stuff, this! Twice as many scored in front of the travelling army as in front of the other set (sing your hearts out - it does work!).

Now, what about probing deeply into the stuff that really matters - those long sleeved shirts, how does their potency compare with the short sleeved equivalents?

TABLE III.

| Sleeve Length | H.Goals | A.Goals | TOT |
|---------------|---------|---------|-----|
| Short | 21 | 17 | 38 |
| Long | 10 | 7 | 17 |

Get that shirt CHANGED Nigel, Bing, Brian R....

Next issue features an in-depth analysis of the significance between the number of the loco pulling the football special, the coach drivers' combined weight and the yards from which Psycho shoots. Eat your heart out, John Motson! by STEVE HANLEY.

No, not the usual highly readable one-upmanship about a trip to Albania to see my beloved Partizan Tirana reserves' crucial relegation battle, but instead an imaginary sneaky peek in the players' diaries to see just how professional footballers spend their summer break:

1). DAVID CURRIE....will be visiting the opticians in an attempt to correct the eye problem that prevents him from seeing further than his own boot, and therefore rules out passing to better-placed team-mates. The same sad complaint that afflicted Martin O'Neill all those years ago.

2). TERRY WILSON....having returned from his annual trip to the Betty Ford Clinic, will return a week earlier than the others for pre-season training, which as we all know consists entirely of practising goal-line clearances (Chappo had also been earmarked for this extra practise, as he had become so successful at it that he had started to use it at the other end of the pitch).

3). FRANZ CARR....having spent much of the summer wrangling with his agent on the subject of his personal terms for several abortive attempts to move to a French club, with attend a masterclass at Crucifixion Carpenters PLC to help him with his crosses.

4). STUART PEARCE....fresh from scoring the winning free-kick goal in the World Cup Final from the halfway line (well, almost...), will enter the Ear, Nose & Throat Dept. at QMC to have a decent gruff East Midlands accent inserted into his voicebox to replace that high-pitched cockney whine so ill-becoming of such a swashbuckling warriorlike (cont'd p.97).

5). GARRY PARKER....will also be spending some time in hospital, this time in the plastic surgery department, not only to have his skin toned up with the pigment removed from Michael Jackson, but also to have a John Sheridan mask fitted in the hope that the moaners will recognise him for the class player he undoubtedly is.

6). BRIAN RICE....will be spending the entire summer on the rifle range. Cynics might suggest that he definitely needs to improve his shooting, but Brian tells me that he has identified the heckler in the Main Stand and wishes to prepare a "little surprise" for him at the start of the new season.

7). THORVAIDUR ORLYGSSON....will be scouring the "Situations Vacant" column in the Reykjavik Times, or failing that, finally removing those ice-skating boots which have prevented him from standing up for more than 30 seconds at a time since his arrival in Nottingham.

8). NIGEL CLOUGH....will be another of the hospital possee, having skin grafts on his shins to replace that removed by First Division centre-halves at regular intervals during the season, and sadly barely protected at all by those crap shinpads he endorses and therefore has to wear himself.

9). STEVE SUTTON....will be taking plenty of paracetamol and having lots of early nights to try to make up for the over-indulgences of his benefit season, which resulted in his being physically unable to sign a new contract.

10). STEVE HODGE....will not be taking a holiday. He will train for eight hours a day alone at the City Ground, and still look fresher than most when they report back for pre-season training the day before the season starts.

by TEACHERMAN.

NO GAME FOR THE METAPHYSICAL

Have you been glued to the box for the duration of the World Cup? Looking forward to another all-conquering Trickies season? I sympathise with you, so was I prior to reading in the Sunday Correspondant (24/6/90) that:

"Football is intrinsically pointless. This is because it is impossible to play well".

The purveyor of this gem of information which will come as a shock to millions across the globe? A certain Dominic Lawson. And his credentials for shattering a love of millions? He's Editor of the Spectator. His evidence? Let me elaborate. You see, as a child (though one suspects a very grown-up) little Dom was taken by his Stepfather to see Spurs (oh deary me, no wonder he concludes that it is impossible to play football well), but Dom being oh so mature and sensible could not see the attraction.

"Perhaps, the sheer meaningless of it all was a relaxation to him", Dominic concludes of his Stepfather, Sir Alfred Ayers's fascination, after all, Sir Alfred spent most mornings "...wrestling with the meaning of meaning".

All a little circumstantial so far Dom, ah good, some solid raw material - video evidence. If, and not a lot of people know this - or are inanely dull enough to do it - you play a footie match at fast forward there is, says Dom, no cohesion or rhythm, it looks like a game of pinball. Whereas - and here comes an unexpected twist - if you play a video of rugby at fast-forward it resembles the glorious

game it indeed is, or so Dom espouses.

Crikey, well that's me all but converted, now if only Dominic had a theory on why football has its hooligan problem I'd be completely convinced as to his position as my guru for getting down to Beeston on alternate Saturdays, hold on, here it is....

"It is the very impossibility of football which lies behind the violence associated with the game". Of course, the reason Leeds "fans" rampaged in Bournemouth was because Vinny gave "our" Lee an impossible pass to control - ie one to his feet - thus wreck the town and kick the police. I see, it's

all crystal clear to me now. However, Dominic, if this is indeed the case, how come we don't hear of riots every Saturday night in towns such as Halifax and Scarborough, teams with players, one would suspect, with degrees of ineptitude on a par with Bryn Gunn (if indeed that were possible!)

Unfortunately, for Dom his evidence is contradicted that self same day, in that self same paper, when an English Hooligan (is this a profession?) said at source:

We have CS gas and believe me we will use it... After all this is war - English hooligan in Italy.

Of course he did, not newspaper fabrication at all! Convinced? no, sadly neither am I, and come August I will be following, no doubt, in Dominic's eyes, blindly, my beloved Reds. I suppose I'm just one of those unfortunates who didn't have a "Sir" as a stepfather, nor a fat grotesque father who cocked up the economy for several years, merely a working class lad who follows his team but still knows, Dominic, that if you're.....

"as sick as a parrot" you're actually PSITTACOTIC.

Mark Williamson.

New Kids on the Block (sic)

With Forest back in training, we, the fans, look forward to the new season with renewed interest. Everybody knows the men who made their names winning the Littlewoods Cup twice, but what of those who may make the breakthrough this coming season? Here BRIAN gives you a brief appraisal of some of the men most likely to make debuts during 1990-91:

ANDREW MARRIOTT (Goalkeeper).

With Mark Crossley set to start the season as No.1, and Steve Sutton refusing to sign a new contract, an injury may open the way for Marriott. Signed from Arsenal last summer, Andrew is a former England Youth International.

CRAIG BOARDMAN (Defender).

A tall, strong defender, rather similar in style to Des. Craig has good positional sense and is particularly fast, with a good first touch.

SCOTT GEMMILL (Midfield).

Son of trainer and midfield hero Archie. Again another fast player with a good touch. Works very hard throughout the midfield and scores vital goals. Very similar to Webb but more industrious (and about half the weight - Ed).

MARK SMITH (Winger).

Signed from Scottish club Dunfermline during the middle of last season. Normally plays right side but can operate on the left. Very tricky and speedy, with a slightly better cross than Franzy!

TONY LOUGHLAN (Midfield).

Another player who can play on either flank. Tends to be rather erratic. Tony's crosses sometimes leave a bit to be desired. Needs to put on a bit more weight and work on his crosses.

NEIL LYNE (Striker).

Forward signed from non-league Leicester United before the start of last season. Had a good start and looked quite outstanding in the Central League. Hit by an injury during the Christmas period, but returned by the end of January. Tall, blond Neil wins balls in the box both on the ground and in the air. Good control and very sharp.

These are just some of the players to look forward to seeing during this coming season. If you don't have anything planned on Wednesday nights why not go and give the reserves a shout. Normally the football is well worth it - especially as season ticket holders get in for nowt.

See you there, MARK CHAPLAIN.

DES~erter

So we're not good enough for Dessie any more. To be honest you can hardly blame him. Juventus are one of the Top 5 clubs in the world, after all; the magnificent new stadium, three times the support, stars like Baggio, Schillachi, Haessler. The trip to the training camp must have been a real eye opener compared to the low-key five-a-sides at Forest. The media attention will be a burden for a man who has always liked to keep himself to himself, but he's an intelligent bloke, he knows exactly what he's letting himself in for. Ian Rush he ain't. Which brings me to my point. Des is obviously going to go next season anyway, which could mean us

losing out on a couple of million due to his being under contract, so why not do an Ian Rush-style buy and loan deal? We get one more glorious year of Des and the £5-7million, Juve don't have to worry about any other clubs swooping in, Des has another year of learning to be a media superstar, instead of getting thrown in a' the deep end. We cannot compete financially with the likes of Juventus (although the odd £7million would help). And while we were all ecstatic when the Board turned down the £5million, we must realise that he's going to go so let's get what we can out of it. Des Walker is very possibly the best Tricky of all-time. It's a

tough game (Saint), and a stray boot from the likes of Graeme Sharp could end his career at any time. Why shouldn't he cover himself with European glory, and earn the millions that his talents so richly deserve? (Although in this case, it appears that money is only one of several concerns). Compared to the saga at this time last year, Walker has conducted himself with honesty and dignity, which only makes Neil Webb look even more ridiculous (so you went to one of the world's greatest clubs, did you Neil??) It will be a sad, sad day indeed when Des leaves the City Ground. But if we respect him to the last then maybe we'll see him back some day.

RED REG.

The NME finally dispels the rumours that footballers only listen to Mickey Jackson and Luther Vandross (sorry Franzy)...

Andrew Collins' article on football was sad. If you don't like football - fine. Who cares? But why come up with some half-baked sociology thesis with absolutely no solid foundations? And why did NME print such crap?

Nigel Jemson, address withheld

Our Nigel remaining as cool as at Wembley in his slagging of Andrew Collins - why didn't he include his address:

THE CITY GROUND
NOTTINGHAM.

Re: Northside.

Jack Barron, eh? He really is the king of the chemical entendre. "Herb garden," indeed. What a hoot!

Tommy Gaynor

And Ooh Tommy Gaynor espouses about Northside - wot an indie-popster, let's just hope the Almighty doesn't hear "Shall We Take A Trip" and its' intro: "L...S...D...!" (This does not refer to the Betting Shop in West Bridgford). Tut tut, Tommy.



Dear Brian,
I think you will agree that the above (taken from a leaflet advertising an army museum), is further evidence of the tender, compassionate side of our leader's character. The baby looks about as pleased to see him as Pat Nevin, though.

A. Hallam, Wollaton.

saplings..

FOREST SIGN MALE-MODEL SHOCKER!!
(It's amazing what you can dig up in old programmes...)

Ian 'Bomber' Bowyer's children. Twins Paul and Lisa (8 years) with Garry (12 years) in Wrangler kids outfits - just right for 'JUNIOR REDS'.



Looking into our Crystal Balls, let's have a sneak preview at the chants we'll all be singing towards the end of the season:

- 1). Hand it over Liverpool
- 2). Webby is back
- 3). Nice goal Dessie, let's have another one
- 4). England's number 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 and 11
- 5). We want ten
- 6). Oh Kingsley we love you
- 7). We're going to win the lot
- 8). Down with the Derby, you're going down etc.
- 9). We all agree, Jemmo is better than Chappo
- 10). Brian Rice is a football genius

TEACHERMAN.

SAPLINGS supplied by: Tim Gough, S. Hanley, Mark Jopling, Brian M., David Prior, Rich McKenzie, JSP, Robbins, Willo & a couple of people whose names we've mislaid.

The author deploys something called "Pearson's F statistic" (which bears no relation to the number of expletives uttered by the England left-back) to establish how long a match would have to be played to fairly discriminate between two teams.

- LAY OFF OUR PSYCHO!!
(Sunday Correspondant)

Neil Webb signs for culture club

Presumably after running into Boy George at the Hacienda. Whatever next? Nigel joins Happy Mondays? Franz joins Guns 'N' Roses? Psycho joins Banarama?? Watch This Space... (D. Exp).

became a fan of either Derby or Notts and acquired his distaste for Forest that way (especially as this was circa the 1959 Cup win); or C) He actually became a Forest fan, and has fallen over backwards not to show it ever since... Have you noticed that for the past two seasons, Forest's first match has been against a club that has unexpectedly gone on to do well in the Championship; Norwich City in 88/89 (though they faltered towards the end) and Aston Villa in 89/90. Not only that, but also that the final game of the season has been against a club that is relegated; West Ham & Sheffield Weds. I suppose it's too much to hope for next season.... Rather than an unpublicised civic reception for Notts County, followed by a poorly publicised civic reception for Forest, why not a joint well-publicised reception for both teams? Judging by the number of Trees at Wembley cheering on Notts against Tranmere, on our part at least there is the desire to see both teams succeed...

Walker in Conference side

- Van Basten in your pocket one match, Macclesfield or Merthyr the next....

CONT. FROM PAGE 7

DROSS: Wimbledon, Sunderland, Sheffield United, Luton, Derby. One of these teams will cause profound embarrassment by winning at the City Ground. **WIMBLEDON** Probably this one. We all say it every year but they can't last forever, especially now they've lost their one decent player (why the hell did Wise stay there so long? Chelsea will get him in the England squad in no time) to the exodus. The fight for survival will be long and bloody. Not suitable for children. **SUNDERLAND** could be affected by a sense of guilt at their unexpected ascension. Gabbiadini is classy but is likely to defect to Liverpool once Dalglish realises Ronny is a donut. Aging, stropky defence will prove porous. **SHEFFIELD UNITED** will resign from the League as Bassett

leads his troops off to liberate Kuwait. Either that or they'll terrify our little boys into surrendering all six points, make hardened colliers vomit copiously at the sight of their away kit and go straight back down with nothing to show but the scars they got from Wimbledon. **LUTON** shurely can't get away with it this time?? Not unless David Evans nominates himself Sports Minister (haven't heard a peep out of this Atkins bloke yet). **DERBY** "Rams to the Slaughter" read the headlines in the Mirror. Maxwell swaps back to Oxford in embarrassment. Shilton is mutton and the few reasonable players look likely to be gone by Christmas. Yes, I think we can start singing, boys....

by **RUSSELL GRUNT.**

Coventry. 1st September. 3pm. The only way to ensure seeing the whole match at Highfield Road is to i) Acquire a straitjacket and muzzle, ii) Get a seat (still no protection from the rain, though). Whatever you do don't attempt to cheer, swear, clap, move or breathe, or you may live to regret it. Well the 4-2 debacle is still fairly fresh in our minds, but the semi-final will still be on their minds so this should be a fairly, er high, the defence has been swashbuckling affair. Cov are a lot better side than they

are given credit for....

READING MATTER:

The WestEnd (50p +SAE)
PO BOX 128, Coventry CV1 5TQ.
Sky Blue Army (40p +SAE), 406
Anstey Road, Wyken, Coventry CV2 3FF.

Crystal Palace. 15th Sep. 3pm

No doubt prices will be through the ceiling after their cup run... This will be pretty tough as their confidence will still be high, the defence has been strengthened, they have the aerial power and the graft

and a rather good player called Wright who'll be fit and raring to go... Not an away win banker on the pools ticket as gates will be up (have you seen the amount of kiddies sporting Eagles tops these days? Makes a change from the Candy-stripe, anyway...). Reasonable view but beware of rainclouds. Look out for **EAGLE EYE** (50p +SAE), 30 Manor Court, York Way, Whetstone, London N20 ODR. Still in buoyant mood from Wembley, bundles of fun.

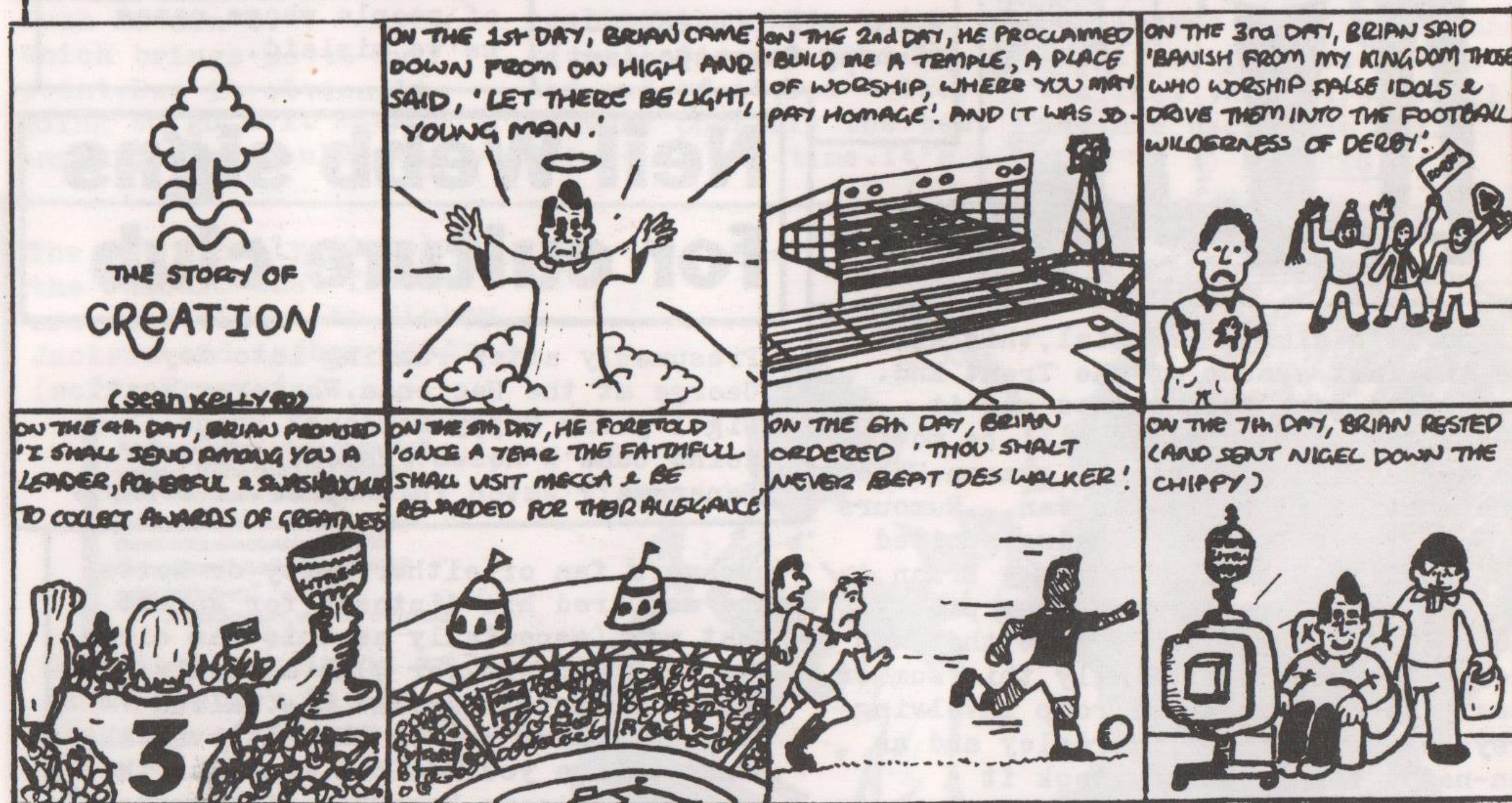
"GET YOUR KIT OFF!"

Prior to those obnoxious play-off finals last May, something occurred that made me take notice. Derek Pavis (ex-Forest director, frustrated by his inability to secure a power position at NFFC, turned to Meadow Lane to fulfill his ambition) stood up to the League who insisted Notts wear a change strip in the Wembley Final v Tranmere. Quite rightly, Derek told them to get stuffed. Tranmere's white/white in no way clashes with County's black-white/black and the League duly relented.

This set me a-thinking about the trend in recent years of teams wearing change strips for no apparent reason. Is there a rule on the subject? Do clubs themselves choose when to wear a change kit? Am I being cynical in suggesting the influence of the kit suppliers to promote sales? Cast your mind back to the days of baggy shorts, leather balls with yellow laces and boots that covered the ankles. If a visiting team's usual colour clashed with that of their hosts, the visitors turned out in all white or plain blue etc.. Everybody was happy. In the early 70's, clubs like Man. City, WBA and Leeds started to wear distinctive change strips. A trend was set and other clubs followed. Scarves, hats etc were produced in these colours and it all became very lucrative. Around the same time, the FA/FL ruled that clashes in shorts and socks were not allowed. The thing snowballed from there to the great Adidas/Umbro rip-off of today. OK, colour clashes exist and alternatives are required. You could argue

that the all-white version of the 50's and 60's was not very imaginative, but some of today's are hideous e.g. Liverpool, Sheff. Weds., Sheff. Utd! (A sensible one is West Ham's, which actually contains all the club's usual colours). But consider the following from last season where the visiting team wore its second strip when no colour clash whatsoever existed: (all seen on TV clips)
Arsenal at Millwall and Everton
Leicester at Leeds
Watford at Sheffield United
Sheffield United at Portsmouth
Northampton at Tranmere
D**** at Sheffield W... to name just a few.

Some of these changes, in my opinion, created a greater clash than the main colours, e.g. Arsenal's with its high blue content and D****'s vertical stripes at Hillsborough. Another example, why did Forest wear red shorts at Spurs last season? Perhaps there is hope. Villa turned out in their usual claret at Forest, Liverpool and Man. Utd last season, something unheard of in the past. To my knowledge, there was no confusion among players, officials or fans about which team was which. Interestingly, none of the teams reciprocated at Villa Park. Football teams should be proud to wear their prime colours as often as possible. This is the identity that supporters cherish. The tinkering around to satisfy the greed of kit suppliers should stop. It will be interesting to see if Chairman Derek's outburst has any effect this season. by **MAJOR OAK.**



F.S.A.

THE FOOTBALL SUPPORTERS ASSOCIATION meetings are back in season again. Cure football's ills (all-seater stadia, Italian policing, blasphemous remarks about swashbuckling left-backs etc), over a pint at the New Mechanics Institute, Trinity Square on THURSDAY 13th SEPTEMBER. 7.30 start.

W A Y

Liverpool. 28th August. 7.30(?)

A bumper, all-ticket crowd, the Scouse are often a bit jittery at this time of year and we're usually quite good (last 2 seasons not withstanding)... A fully fit Des (hopefully not for Juventus), the inspiration of last season's comebacks still fresh, the most vulnerable Liverpool defence for years... well it has to happen some time! All seats but fairly cheap, no fences (but watch out for foreign tourists

wearing half the souvenir shop taking snaps, and we also bear the brunt of the 4.30 crowd streaming out...). Police low-key (sometimes too low-key, especially after dark...). Unmissable. FANZINES: Through The Wind & Rain (now £1 +SAE = Bumper Issue and very good too), PO Box 23. Bootle, Merseyside L30 2SA. When Sunday Comes (50p +SAE) 2 Maybury Court, Shaftesbury Road, Woking, Surrey GU22 7DT.

ENGLAND the GRAHAM TAYLOR Year(s)?

A PSYCH(O)IC PREDICTION OF THE TAYLOR TERM OF OFFICE
BY DAME RUSSELL GRANT AND TREVOR FRECKNALL.

SEPT 1990. ON THE PITCH: England 1 Norway 2.

A miserable start for Graham Taylor's regime with a defeat at Wembley. Nigel Spink has a nightmare of a game ("SPINK STINKS" - The Sun), and Gordon Cowans is sent off for a late challenge on Trondheim. Afterwards Graham tells Gary Newbon, "Every game is difficult nowadays - especially for us". Steve Hodge is on the bench but not used.

OFF THE PITCH: Paul Scarrott runs amok in Oslo, thinking that it's an away game.

MARCH 1991. ON THE PITCH: Rep. of Ireland 3 England 0.

A dire display by England in this European Championship qualifier. Olney misses a penalty and Ormondroyd is stretchered off. Unfortunately, a long enough stretcher is not available and two 'regular' size ones have to be welded together, causing a substantial delay. Steve Hodge not in the squad.

OFF THE PITCH: Scarrott nuts his reflection in a Dublin washroom mirror.

JULY 1994. ON THE PITCH: Malawi 6 England 1.

A terrifying spectacle as England crash out of the PEPSI COLA World Cup. Luther Blissett gets a surprise recall. Steve Hodge, fed-up waiting for his recall, becomes Youth Coach at Forest. The tabloids call for Taylor to go. He refuses to budge unless The Sun alleges Taylor had a romantic association with a ball-boy whilst at Villa. The allegations are rubbished in court as Graham takes libel action, but the pressure is too much, and just before a tour of the Balkan Republics he resigns. The FA reveals that Taylor is to take up a job with World Club Championship holders AFC Cairo. "TRAITOR!" - Daily Star.

OFF THE PITCH: Scarrott goes downtown in West Hollywood as England prepare for their game v Latvia in L.A. He runs into "The Psychos", a street gang with particularly dangerous left feet, and has finally met his match. Scarrott renounces violence (again!), does charity work, returns to England a media darling and, when Taylor finally goes months later, is awarded the England job as there are no other applicants. Not even Steve Hodge.

by UPPER EXEC. PHIL.



LEFT: A boyish Graham accepts his new job as England Manager (@ August 1990)....



RIGHT: The years have taken their toll as Taylor resigns in February 1995....

NOTTINGHAM FOREST 1989/90

(CBS/WSA/ITV) Well, it wouldn't be the Official Football League Video without a few mistakes, would it? No Man Utd v Luton action to savour this year, I'm afraid, but we are told of the signings of Tony Laughlan and Neil Fyne from Leicester City (only 3 mistakes in that little sentence), and our scorer against Arsenal was apparently Stuart Parker. Apart from that, the rest is well put together, with much to savour apart from the promised "all the goals for and against". A couple of Chappo's amazing missed chances from six yards out early in the season, that tackle on Ted McMin, Nigel's double penalty miss at Highbury, Psycho's goal-line clearances at Anfield, etc. There are a couple of disappointments, though. There's little Littlewoods coverage apart from the goals v Palace & Spurs (replays), and (good) potted highlights from Wembley - so no amazing Leeds Road goals, or the infamous Neville Southall incident, or any of the superb Highfield Road defensive masterclass (the goals from the first leg, including THE FREE KICK, are happily here though). In addition, for some reason there are numerous Derby "near misses" (ie when they got near our penalty area) from the Baseball Ground (Trevor East's churlish idea of revenge?) Overall though well worth the £12 for the remarkable feat of making an often frustrating season look really exciting, and for the controversial incidents (Psycho's foul, Harry's wall-pushing, Dibble/Crosby etc) that seemed to follow us round this year. One final tip - fast-forward the Sheffield Wednesday home game!

by TEACHERMAN.

LETTERS

Dear Brian,

The best thing about the World Cup is that we get to see Des & Psycho (plus Harry on the bench) in action every week, but while this may be a good thing, and makes all Forest supporters feel proud, it could also be a bad thing.

Firstly, we are made to believe that Harry has virtually signed for Real Sociedad already, now the papers are claiming that Des is on his way to one of the Italian big guns. How soon before Psycho is snapped up as well? (His 'goal' against the Dutch was brilliant but makes it harder for BC to keep him at the City Ground).

Why aren't foreign clubs making a move for the rest of the England squad? I don't recall anyone making an offer for crooked Robbo or any of the Liverpool players (two of which were booked, ha ha). It doesn't seem fair, these big clubs already have the best players in the world but still want more. I wonder if the clubs Gullit, Baggio etc play for would like it if their names were linked with a move to England just after they'd signed a three year contract.

All we can hope for is that Des actually does let someone beat him, and that Psycho hurries up and gets booked (hasn't at the time of writing), to stop foreign clubs taking them away.

Nina Nagarajan, London.

Dear Brian,

It is my view and I'm sure that of other fans that Forest need to buy a couple of new players, especially a central midfielder player. I know Nosey is not a half bad player but he is much better on the left! I also know people slag Fat Wallet off - and why not, he plays for M** U** - but the fact remains that we haven't replaced him, and Forest lack his strength in midfield.

B.C. says there aren't any good players available - although that doesn't stop him buying more wingers - but if players aren't available then how come the likes of Des, Psycho & Harry are being tapped up by other clubs when they are also "unavailable". Why can't Forest do this? I wish B.C. would get his finger out and strengthen the team this season.

Adam Gillett, Cosby.

Dear Brian,

I am sick of those poor hard done by Scousers moaning on about not being allowed back into Europe with the rest of us. It was them who were largely to blame, the likes of Forest, Arsenal, Coventry, Norwich, Oxford, Everton etc. have had to suffer during these last five years through no fault of our own - and the Trickies are still suffering due to the loss of our UEFA points and places. The ban should just have been on Liverpool in the first

place - but I didn't hear many of them admitting that at the time. Liverpool always stands alone - they truly don't give a f*** what happens to the rest of the League.

Yes, maybe the European competitions are devalued without them, but the same goes for Ajax etc.. Yes, their behaviour does seem to have improved a bit post-Hillsborough (or is this just over-protective reporting?), but to allow them back with the innocent Villa and United would be an insult to the 39 Italian dead. It takes more than time to heal, Liverpool, you should know that.

"Colin Barrett", Carlton.

Dear Brian,

I'm sick to death with the whole population of England worshipping Paul Gascoigne. Personally, I think he is nothing but an overweight, over-rated, over-paid B***ARD! He doesn't deserve all this publicity, all he did was cry in a football match. And unlike our Psycho, who cried because he probably felt he had let the team down (which he didn't, Chris Waddle did), Gascoigne cried because HE wouldn't be playing in the final. Talk about selfish. If England want to win the World Cup they should dump players like Barnes, Beardsley, Robson & Butcher, and pick real good players like Bing and Nigel Clough.

Dawn, Solihull, Brum.

10 REASONS WHY DESMOND DOESN'T REALLY WANT TO GO TO JUVENTUS....

- 1). You can't get mushy peas in Turin.
- 2). Juve are owned by Fiat, so he'd have to drive a poxy Uno, instead of the Ferrari/Porsche/Lada he really wants.
- 3). He might have to share a room with Baggio and his Buddhist chanting.
- 4). He'd never play in the Simod Cup again.
- 5). Everyone hates Juventus. Torino, Milan etc are much trendier.
- 6). Luther Vandross doesn't play in Italy very often.
- 7). All those nasty medals would clutter up his mantlepiece.
- 8). If he thinks he looks so good in black & white he can always moonlight for Notts.
- 9). His game would go to pot from being up against dross like Schillachi in training, instead of Phil Starbuck.
- 10). He wouldn't really want to break 20,000+ hearts, would he....?

by RED REG.