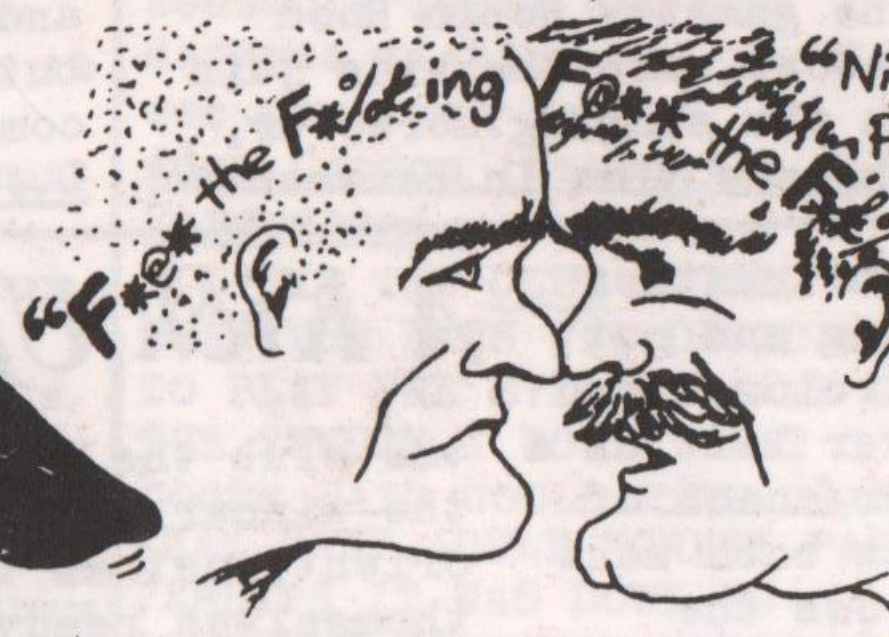


I love to walk down Trentside, Now that winter's here,



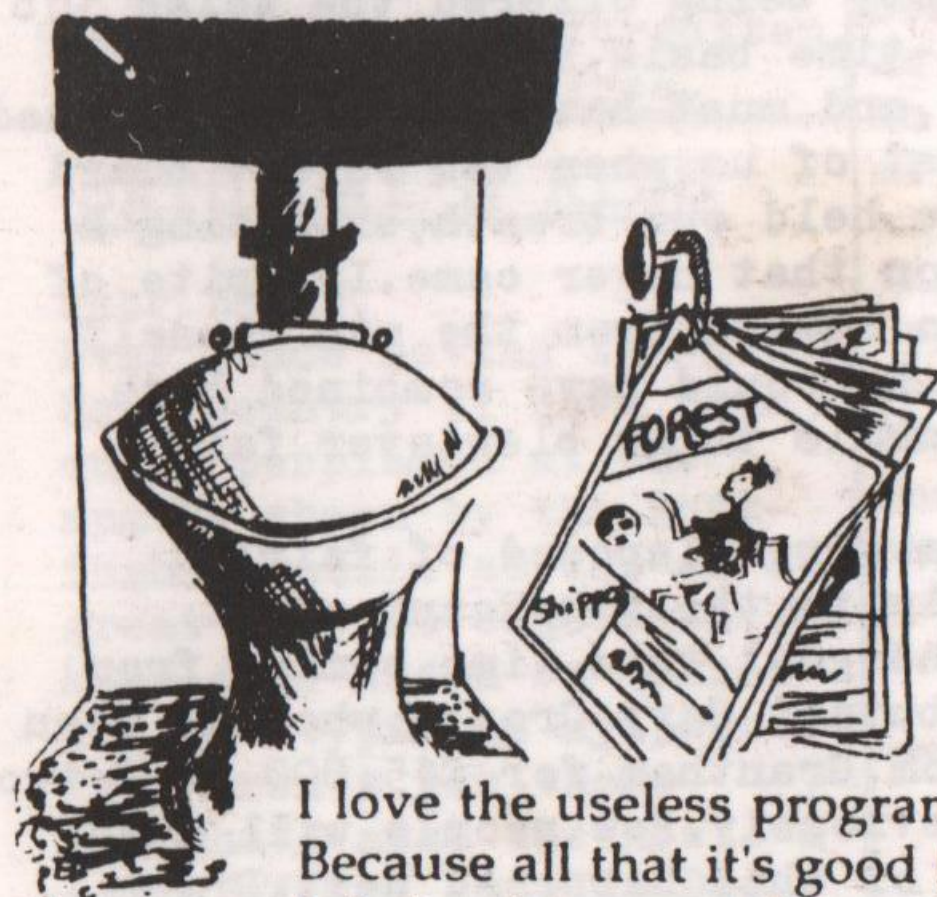
I love the overpowering stench,
Of burgers, fags and beer,



I love the witty dialogue,
From all the folks I meet,



I love the whinging mardy
Who sits in the next seat,



I love the useless programme,
Because all that it's good for,
Is being hung on a loop of string,
On the back of a boghouse door,



But all ain't bad at Forest,
Despite what the moaners say,
Our manager's the best there is,
And he claims he's here to stay,

"New 3 year deal
... the number
nine... more
money than the
treasury... bunch
of pansies...
... meant to be
played on
grass...
... blah...
blah...?"



Though Nigel always holds his hips,
And doesn't score these days,

"One cannot fault his passing game",



Well, that's what Margaret says,



Though Clough-the-Younger's
scoring boots,
Seem permanently on vacation



His partnership with Nigel Jem's,
A winning combination,



We've Psycho as our skipper,
Who is sure to have a corker,
And surely everybody knows,
The oppos might as well stay home
You'll never beat Des Walker,
Cos we're the Tricky Trees!

© THE NUMBER NINE.

7920 B

NO. 21

BRIAN'S

WINTER WARMER

FORGET DERBY...
STUFF SPURS...WHO
NEEDS POINTS WHEN
YOU'VE GOT GARY
CROSBY'S SMILE...

HOTEL MAJORCA

December
'90

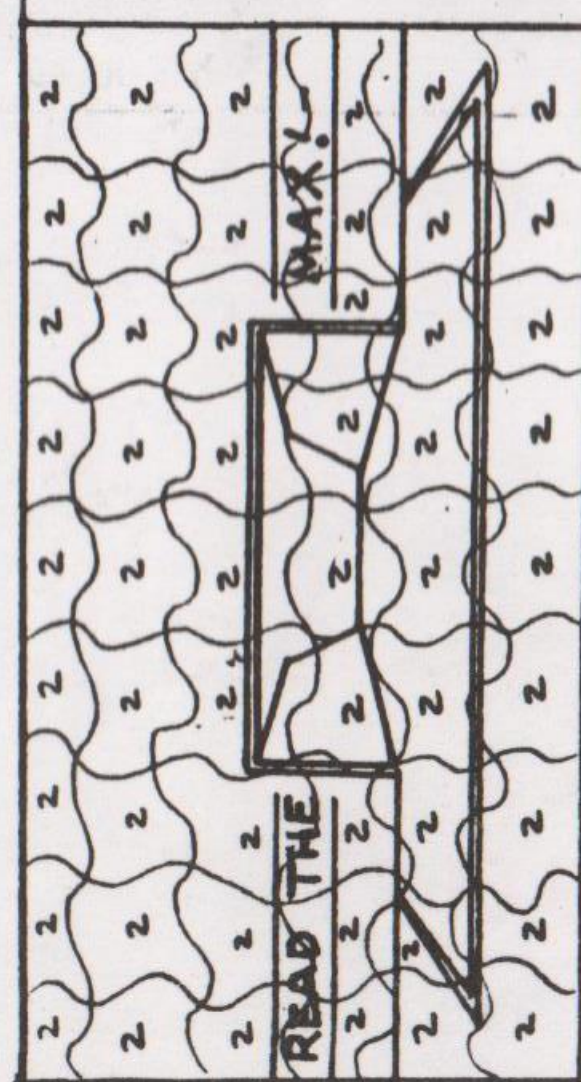
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FUN
PAGE!

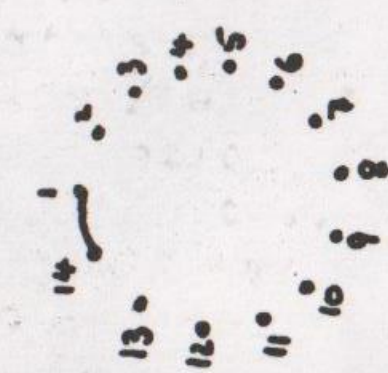
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V	E	R	Y	D	O	R	E	A	G	Y	Q	N	W	J
P	I	S	S	P	O	O	R	R	Z	L	Y	Q		
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R	E	L	L	E	G	A	T	I	O	N	E	X	T	
B	L	L	O	O	D	Y	A	W	F	U	L	L	M	N

"WORD-SEARCH"
UP OR DOWN, RIGHT OR
LEFT, FIND THE WORDS
THAT DESCRIBE "THE RAMS"



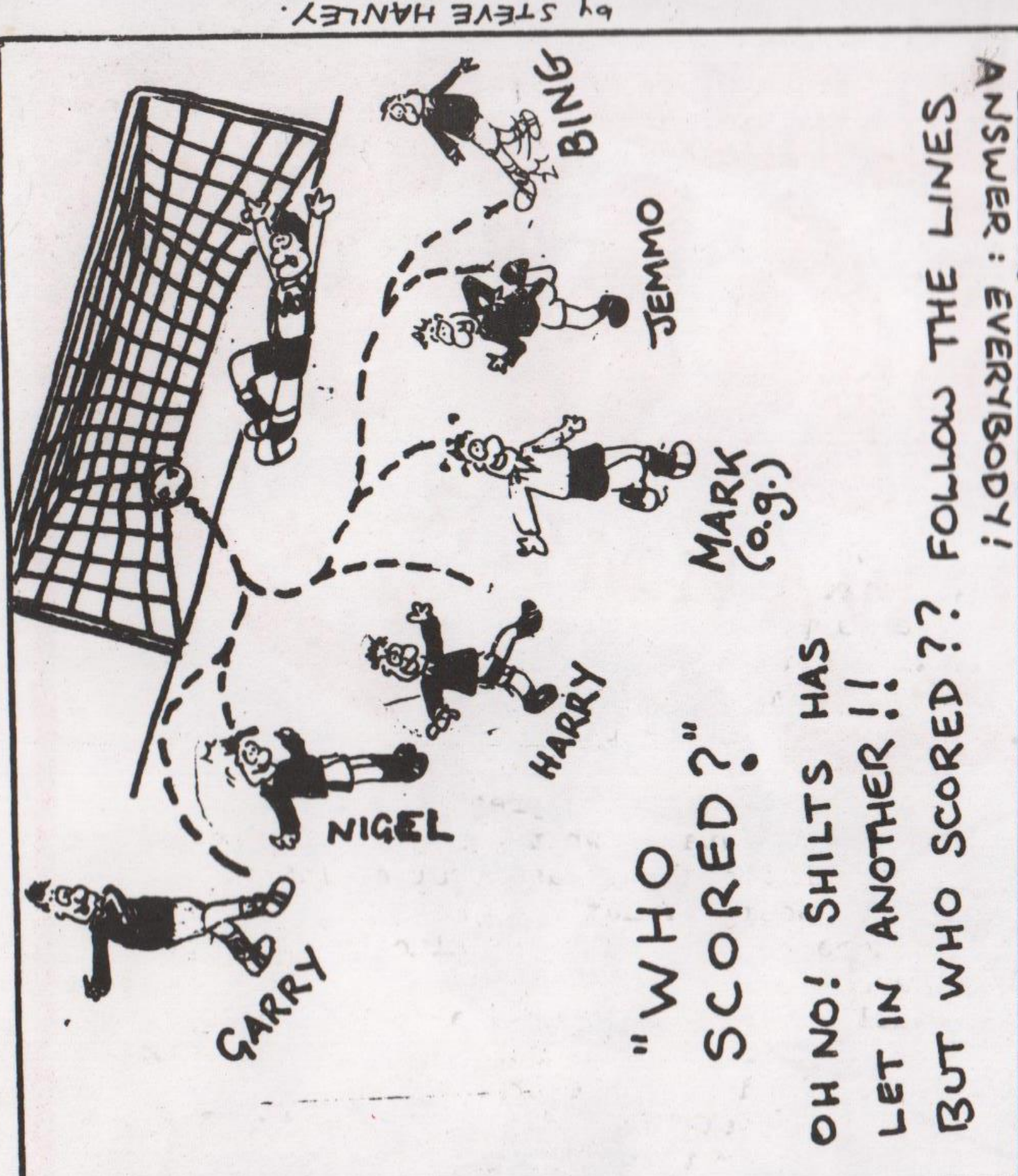
"COLOUR BY NUMBERS"
FOLLOW THE KEY, AND
SEE THE BASEBALL GROUND
READY FOR ANOTHER MATCH!

- 1 - WHITE
- 2 - BLACK
- 3 - RED
- 4 - YELLOW
- 5 - GREEN
- 6 - BLUE



"JOIN THE DOTS"
AND SEE A
RARE SIGHT FOR
RAMS PLAYERS!

"JOIN THE DOTS" ...
AND SOLVE THE QUIZ:
1. NUMBER OF WINS V FOREST
RECENTLY?
2. CHANCES OF STAYING UP? ZERO



BRIAN

6 GRAYS INN BUILDINGS,
ROSEBURY AVENUE,
LONDON EC1R 4PH.

Apologies for the extreme tardiness of this issue, but this was due to a mixture of outside commitments and the traditional mid-season lack of inspiration. Although there are still debts outstanding on some of the back issues, the only way the BRIAN is folding is in the middle to accomodate the staples. We will continue as long as the demand is there. Thanks to all those of you that sent letters of support. We have always had a policy of not printing flattering letters (we'd rather use the space for matters Forest), but they were very much appreciated. As for reports of BRIAN funded foreign trips, these are frankly libellous and I have the credit card debts to prove it. Although why the BRIAN Editor's personal finances should be of interest to the average Forest fan is a mystery to all but the Tricky Tree. Once again, events on the pitch have overtaken us, most notably the despair of Derby and that bizarre game at Coventry. Any in-depth comment would require the mass restructuring of this magazine and yet another missed deadline, so the post-mortems will appear in Issue 22. Hopefully the twin traumas will have given the Reds a kick up the backside in the meantime, thus rendering all the S. Peel-esque rhetoric obsolete.

BACK ISSUES:
Nos 3&4 (40p each), 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 (50p each). Add 25p P+P for one copy, plus 10p for each additional copy.

SUBSCRIPTIONS etc on page twenty seven.

The club's accounts for the past financial year reveal that most money went on re-signing existing players on new, long-term contracts. One of these has been leaked to the BRIAN, and is reproduced below:

NFFC CONTRACT

The player must.....

- 1.....always give 100%
- 2.....always pass the ball to a colleague in a worse position when having a chance to shoot within the penalty area
- 3.....never shout "man on" to warn colleagues of an approaching opponent
- 4.....never take a free-kick or corner further than two yards
- 5.....never head the ball in the opposition penalty area
- 6.....never speak to the press
- 7.....hug the manager whenever this is expected
- 8.....wear hideously unfashionable clothes to club social functions
- 9.....increase his transfer value by 2000% per annum
- 10.....deliberately give up the chase for any pass from Terry Wilson or Brian Rice, allowing the crowd to blame them
- 11.....deliberately kick the ball into the Trent End during the warm-up, as the fans are remarkably simple-minded and this feeble ploy never fails to win them over
- 12.....kick the practice balls fiercely in the vague direction of the tunnel at the end of the kick-about, secretly aiming to hit policemen (5 pts) or Junior Reds (10 pts)
- 13.....totally ignore the bemused and bewildered mascot whose parents have paid a fortune for the privilege
- 14.....never admit to reading, or worse, enjoying, a fanzine
- 15.....score one own goal per season
- 16.....do domestic running repairs at the home of the manager (as requested)
- 17.....warm up for 90 minutes when sub, even though there's no chance of getting on
- 18.....pretend not to count how many other players are greeted before him when the crowd chant the player's names before the match starts
- 19.....listen to Luther Vandross albums
- 20.....not snigger (or join in) when opposing fans sing "Daddy's Boy"
- 21.....never argue with officials (right backs excepted)
- 22.....vacate the immediate area when Stuart Pearce is lining up a shot
- 23.....not cost a lot of money, otherwise a cut-price move to a second division club will be offered after four matches in the reserves
- 24.....always give 200% against Derby County

PETER TAYLOR A TRIBUTE

Whatever reasons Nottingham Forest Football Club may have given for allowing the death of Peter Taylor to pass by without a minute's silence before the Everton game, the fact remains that thousands of supporters were denied the chance to pay last respects to a genuine hero. The excuse that Peter Taylor himself would not have wanted the player's concentration spoiled by such an emotional moment may have been well intentioned, but to keep the fans in the dark in such a way was insensitive to say the least. The players and Brian Clough had the chance to reflect on Peter Taylor at his funeral, but what about those of us mere supporters who idolised him and many of whom got themselves into the ground before the match v Everton especially early in anticipation of a minute's silence? There will be a minute's silence at the AGM, but still nothing for the ordinary fans. To redress the balance a little, the following is a short summary of the career of Peter Taylor. A chance for younger supporters who may only know of him as an "assistant" to Mr Clough to know a bit more about him, and those of us old enough to remember his contribution to the "Glory Years" to reflect on the loss of a hero.

Peter Taylor was a Nottingham lad, born and bred, and played in goal twice for Forest as an amateur (v Notts County) in the wartime league. He signed professional at the age of seventeen, not for Forest, but for Coventry City. He stayed at Coventry for nine years, until the arrival of a brilliant keeper called Reg Matthews (who was good enough to

play for England whilst still in Division 3) made him realise that a first team place was unlikely to remain his. Taylor was sold to Middlesbrough for £3,500.



It was at 'Boro in 1935 that Peter Taylor and Brian Clough first met. Taylor noticed the ability of Clough, 4th centre forward to be tried in the pre-season 'Probables' v 'Possibles' match. Taylor took Clough under his wing, tried to get him signed by Coventry (Clough wasn't highly rated at Boro to start with), and began to share an obsession with football. Clough continued to score goals for Boro but, apparently, was unpopular with the other players, got a reputation as Trouble and was eventually sold to Sunderland. Taylor had moved on to Port Vale for £750 and from there went on to play for Southern League Burton Albion. In 1963, Peter Taylor became manager of Burton. By 1965, not only had Brian Clough's playing career ended, but he had been laid off from the Sunderland coaching

position he had been given. In the autumn of that year, Brian Clough was offered the managership of Hartlepool United (then just called Hartlepoons) and, despite not having been in close contact with Taylor for four years, managed to persuade him to give up his comfy job at Burton (they were top of the Southern League and holders of the Southern League Cup) to join him at the rather less successful Hartlepoons. The deal even included a wage drop to go with the added insecurity.

At Hartlepoons, Taylor established his strength in buying players, Clough pushed and promoted the club, staved off the liquidators and managed the team to the dizzy heights of seventh from bottom. Next stop for the duo was Derby, who they guided to promotion from Division 2. Again, Taylor's part seemed to be in spotting potentially great players like Roy McFarland and John McGovern (the latter had first linked up with them at Hartlepoons). The two built Derby into a successful team with relatively cheap players, and consolidated later with bigger buys like Terry Hennessey, Willie Carlin, Colin Todd, Archie Gemmill and Alan Hinton (a superb winger from Forest, who for some reason was disliked by Forest supporters). To cut a long story short, Derby won the league in 1971-72 under Clough and Taylor, and again in 1974-75 under Dave Mackay, with a team basically built by his predecessors. There were controversies along the way that made Clough and Taylor the most talked about duo in football. Relationships with Forest were strained by the Ian Storey-Moore (non) transfer, in which

Derby thought they had signed Forest's biggest star, paraded him on the pitch before a game at the Baseball Ground, and then were told the deal was off by Forest. The police investigated suspicions of a fixed match that decided the 71-72 championship, and there was a protest started amongst Rams fans when the Chairman of the time started to attack the managers. Clough and Taylor eventually resigned, but left Derby a much bigger club than when they joined. From Derby, both Clough and Taylor went to Brighton and inherited a team capable of some pretty abysmal results (4-0 loss to Walton & Hersham in the Cup, an 8-2 home defeat by Bristol Rovers in the league). Clough soon left to manage Leeds, while Taylor stayed on for two more years, until July 1976.

The pair were re-united at Forest in summer 1976. Chairman Brian Appleby and vice-chairman Stuart Dryden were keen to get Clough and Taylor together to revitalise a mediocre (to put it kindly) 2nd Division team. Again, Taylor took the role of finding the players and Brian Clough made it clear that they were an equal partnership, not manager and assistant. One of Taylor's greatest achievements must have been to turn John Robertson from an ineffective, overweight plodder into the most brilliant overweight plodder ever. The ability to put the right players in the right team continued. Taylor's acquisition of Peter Withe provided the ideal target for Robertson and Martin O'Neill's crosses and he scored 16 goals as Forest clinched promotion in 1976-77. The rest is legendary as Forest, under Clough and Taylor, went on to win two European Cups, one League Championship, 2 League Cups, 1 Charity Shield, 1 European Super Cup and (the first of

'I always knew that two men, the right two, could build up a club quicker than one.'

PETER TAYLOR

them all) the Anglo-Scottish Cup. Clough and Taylor lashed out on some pretty big money buys, and while a few of these turned out to be pretty dodgy (Wallace, Ward & Fashanu spring immediately to mind!), most of them showed signs of pure genius. Shilton cost a record for a goalkeeper (£300,000), but proved to be one of the bargains of the century. Kenny Burns cost £145,000 and came with a reputation as a problem player that surely only Clough & Taylor could overcome or understand (after Taylor spied on Burns at the races and reported that his gambling habit was wildly exaggerated). Trevor Francis cost over or around (depending on which papers you read) a million, got his Forest career off to a half decent start by scoring THAT winning goal and went on to prove that he was well worth the money. Taylor was responsible for sending out a scout to watch Garry Birtles, who was bought for a whopping £2,000, and other bargain buys included Archie Gemmill (£20,000), Larry Lloyd (£55,000). The miraculous transformation from no-hopers to Tricky Trees was the work of TWO men, Clough AND Taylor, and there will almost certainly never be another story like it. As well as his ability to spot players, Peter Taylor apparently had a fabulous sense of humour and the ability to perk up Brian Clough when he was low. Brian demonstrated that the partnership was a two

man thing by his attempts to get the League to allow both of them to lead out Forest in the League Cup Finals. This was rejected, but Taylor led the team out for the Southampton Final in 1979. The partnership ended in bitter circumstances. Brian negotiated a decent payoff for Taylor after his departure from Forest (which was brought about by Taylor's poor health and the feeling that the partnership had lost its magic), but Taylor promptly returned to management at Derby. The relationship was soured over Taylor's signing of John Robertson for the Rams (apparently he went behind Clough's back), and some believe that the publication of his book, "With Clough By Taylor", caused a further rift. The two never got the chance to revive their friendship before Peter Taylor's death, but Brian Clough, to his eternal credit, always continued to remind people of the significance of Peter Taylor's contribution to all their successes.

Peter Taylor died on October 4th 1990, aged 62, whilst on holiday in Majorca. A genius and a true hero was lost. Brian Clough must regret that the bitterness was never overcome. "BRIAN" the fanzine would like to belatedly pass on deepest sympathy and condolences to Brian the manager, to Peter Taylor's wife, and their two children.

CAN WE HEAR OURSELVES SING?

Three cheers for Chairman Mo and the Board, as later this month they should reveal plans for a £10m redevelopment of the City Ground which will eventually provide a quality First Division ground worthy of our wonderful Trickies. However, in the mean time any redevelopments will cause many problems for us, the fans, especially those in the Trent End who will be homeless vagrants for the next couple of seasons. The question is where do the much-maligned all-singing (and recently all disco-dancing) supporters go next season when our beloved cowshed is shut?

The most obvious answer is the Bridgford terrace, but for many TrentEnders this is not a happy prospect, because if the Bridgford was such an attractive place we'd all be standing there already. It's open terracing leaves the fans exposed to rain/sleet/snow, and anybody who sings or claps while standing there tends to be giving a solo performance the like of which has not been hated so much by the old grumblers since Justin Fashanu's many virtuoso performances on the pitch. It's hardly the liveliest place in the ground and can only really compare favourably in terms of atmosphere with the Pavilion Road, which seems to be entirely composed of kagoul-clad thermos-clutching fans who haven't been excited since the 1959 FA Cup win. Of the 3 stands that could house the 'noisier' Forest fans, the Upper Tier of the Exec would seem a good bet. If the noise level of the Trent End could be

reproduced there then the roof and side walls would help to create a deafening sound and the team really would hear our support. (Anyone who needs further proof of such great noise should have been at Old Trafford recently, where the volume of the seated Man Utd fans behind our terracing was deafening at times). The Main Stand could also provide a temporary home, as this season already more and more noise has been heard from there, but the drawback is the small capacity, which is decreased further to true supporters because of all the complimentary tickets that are given out to rich businessmen attending their once yearly match. Both these stands have the disadvantage of being vastly more expensive than the terraces and so many more fans will be unable to afford the increased prices.

The only other option, the Exec Lower Tier, seems to be the best option as it has the advantage of offering cheaper seats and a good atmosphere due to the proximity of away fans. But again there are disadvantages in that the view is not that good and that for Cup matches the seats would be lost to away supporters.

So, where are the cheerful souls from the Trent End going to be next year? Will they have a new stage for their vocal performances or will they be dispersed around the ground, ensuring that our woeful vocal support is reduced further? I hope that others will offer their opinions so that what support our team receives can continue next season and beyond.

by THE WRITING RED.

Mr Clumsy!

Chapman's chance was set up by a splendid, curling cross from Sterland which bounced near the penalty spot and eluded the oncoming Chapman

I shouldn't really feel sorry for someone who's already earned more money than I'll ever sniff, but poor old Chappo.

Now we all know he was never going to take a pass on his thigh, side-step Kenny Burns, nutmeg Bobby Moore, shoulder charge

Stuart Pearce, out-pace Des Walker and crash a venomous drive past Gordon Banks, but the guy never lacked heart. And let's not forget he chose Forest above a lucrative move to the Rams! All in all I don't think we have any cause to

complain at the service provided by Lee Chapman. Who could forget the afternoon he took on the combined brilliance(?) of Mark Wright and Peter Shilton, left them floundering and celebrated his goal in true Garibaldi style before an ecstatic

Osmaston End? So it's been with a touch of remorse that I've chuckled at the Chappo jibes in BRIAN, and a feeling of injustice at Teacher's new feature "Mr Clumsy". It's going to be difficult obtaining details of Chappo's latest misses once he's relegated to the reserves Mr T, so p'raps justice will have been done.

I liked Chappo and I think he liked us. He had a good

rapport with the fans, always acknowledged our support, and proved that with the right service he would always score goals. It looks like he's not having too good a time of it at Leeds.....

....I hope that when he eventually turns out against Forest we give him a Martin O'Neill/John Sheridan type reception - he deserves nothing less. The SANDIACRE TREE.

Chapman hits back

FORMER Forest striker Lee Chapman has hit back at the Leeds United boo boys who are turning his move to Elland Road into a nightmare. His substitution in Wednesday's 3-0 win over Leicester saw him booed of the field and he said: "I was surprised and disappointed by their reaction. I expected something better from Leeds fans."

A WING AND A PRAYER

There are times I feel really sorry for Garry Parker. He can't pick up a paper without reading the tired old "really missing Neil Webb" fallacy, or even worse, about some expensively-priced second-rater whose arrival at the club as his replacement is imminent (McAllister, Bett, Ferguson, Ohana et al). Most of the crowd still seem to have a Sheridan fixation (how many were at the Huddersfield match, fer-chrissake), or want him shoved out to the wing. And now, it seems, a section of the crowd, possibly believing him to be Rice or Wilson, are all too ready to get on his back after the slightest error. Under the circumstances, I don't suppose being on the cover of the distinctly average "Football Monthly" and being defended by someone with a silly pseudonym in a fanzine is much of a consolation. Yet his contribution to the team since Webb's departure is undoubtedly under-rated. His reading of the game, passing ability, one-touch skills and shooting ability are all more highly developed than the seemingly perfect Hodge (not that I'm knocking Harry). Neither Des nor Chet are particularly good

at bringing/passing the ball out of defence, and who runs back from the halfway line to take over and keep the play flowing - you've guessed it. Naturally, he's consistent rather than flamboyant, and much of his routine work is overlooked as a result (after all, soccer is a high speed game at first division level, we can't be forever mentally noting who did what), but is no less effective for all that. It would be sad to see such a vital member of the team pressured into errors by crowd comment in much the same way as McGovern, Bowyer, Webb, and yes, Wilson and Rice, have been in the past. The issue about whether his skills would be better employed on the wing is a more serious one, but surely those advocates of this move do not believe that they would see an immediate return to the goalscoring form of two years ago. Roughly half of those goals weren't scored from the wing anyway, and those that were resulted from a mixture of Franzie brilliance and defenders failing to clear the ball. In any case, time and time again we have seen that wingers only have one season of true genius, then

mysteriously seem to lose their touch. Burke, Wigley, even to some extent Franz and Bing, and certainly Toddi - all started off brilliantly only to decline. There are plenty of examples at other clubs (Nevin, Beagrie, Rhoades-Brown, S. Cross, P. Barnes, Morley) of players who seemed world-beaters, then disappeared. So what happens? The answer would appear to be two-fold: * A frustrated or over-zealous member of the Union of Full-Backs "mis-times" a tackle and the player ends up injured and despite appearing to recover, somehow never quite recaptures that last half-second of speed that used to leave defenders sprawling.

* By studying videos and listening to other members of the secret Union, Full-Backs discover the chink in the winger's armour and amaze him by suddenly stopping him each time. The player's self-confidence goes, and he's finished as a winger. I don't believe for a minute that any Forest supporter would want the same fate for someone who is currently the unsung hero of the team.

by TEACHERMAN.

...or was he??

BC's Big Night Out

Vic Reeves and side-kick Bob Mortimer have been taken ill and replacements found in Brian Clough and 'Bing' Crosby. Channel 4, Friday night, 10.30, and the curtain raises. Through the dry ice a green-topped figure belts out an old Smiths single.

"Bigmouth, la la la, Bigmouth Strikes Again.... Thank you and welcome to another Big Night Out. You would not believe what's going off out back, there's Neil Webb in his fully recycled boob tube - smart, not at all tarty - with Barbara Striesand and they're chasing the Andrex puppy with a dishcloth". BC seems to have taken Reeves' persona to the limit.

"Anyway, time for my first guest, please stand for Bing! My assistant!". On trots Bing in a carpenter's overall.

"So, Bing Fact Number One. As you all know, Bing cannot help but raise a smile at the sight of a spirit level". The nippy winger grins as BC reveals a shiny new spirit level. The crowd cheer.

"Bing Fact Number Two, he hates crosses!". The small figure turns away in shock as BC produces a small cross complete with the figure of Franzie in crucifixion position. The audience boo loudly.

"Oh I am sorry Bing", mocks BC. The tricky winger stumbles and the ball runs out for a goal-kick.

"So on with the show and my next guest, MAN TAKING THE STICK!!". The crowd go barmy as a figure appears carrying a long stick, his face obscured by a cardboard helmet. BC salutes him before asking "Are you going to reveal your identity, MTTTS?". The MTTTS nods and the helmet is lifted to reveal.....

"By Jingo, it's my son Nigel who's taking the stick and if it doesn't stop I'll resign...or will I?". Clough Jr. parades round the stage taking all the abuse until he is brought down from behind by a clumsy Mark Wright challenge. The crowd's abuse is now directed toward the Clumsy Sheep.

"So now stand, gyrate, and join me on another trip to Novelty Island to take a look at the latest speciality acts in the world of light entertainment". BC approaches a small fenced-off paddock into which all the acts must step to avoid instant disqualification.

"The first contestant please".

A fat figure with dyed black hair and an ill-fitting suit appears.

"And you are Mad Max Robertwell. Your hobbies are buying and discarding crap football teams and juggling live goldfish. So what are you going to entertain us with this evening Max?"

"I'm going to rub your face in the dirt", proclaims the mound.

"And how are you going to do that?", asks BC.

"Oh, I hadn't quite worked that one out yet, but I'll do it eventually".

"So in other words you offer no entertainment value at all, DISQUALIFIED!", yells the Boss triumphantly.

On strolls the next contestant.

"And your name is Terry Wilson and it says you are a Top Class Midfielder for a living, pull the other one Jock", quips BC.

"For my act I present a refreshing bottle of whisky".

"And what are you going to do with it?", enquires BC.

"Drink it", announces Terry before downing it in one and rushing off to the hospitality bar to get a refill.

"So the third and final act please!"

On trots Gary Newbon, top TV personality and Bowls commentator extraordinaire.

"Not you again...so what boring dreary act do you have for us this time Newbon?". The boss's voice is full of contempt.

"Give you a big sloppy kiss, Big Boy", winks Newbon.

"You had to mention the kiss...you couldn't let it lie!", shrieks BC in a mock show of anger. "Go on, get off!!"

BC contemplates the winner before announcing Terry Wilson. The young Jock U-21 staggers round the stage taking the applause.

"Join me after the break when I'll be talking to Peter the Gambling Sheep and the Kangaroo Court of Lord Justice Taylor, who'll be sentencing the entire Football League to all-seater stadia".

BC winds up the first half of his show as everyone reaches for the off switch.

by BOB STEVENS.

The Root of All Evil...

In reply to Teacherman (Issue 20), whilst being the greatest motivator in the game, Brian is hardly a "Financial Genius". Take a closer look at his examples: Webb, Foster and Fleming all wanted to leave. Certainly they left for a profit, but in Webb's case what use is that when since his departure we've been floundering amongst the also-rans and Rams of a desperate First Division. The Sheridan and Currie debacles need little explanation, both victims of Brian's arrogance, much like we were when McAllister decided not to sign. Incidentally, after less than half a dozen games between them they were sold at a loss of nearly half a million. This attitude of selling to survive is unnecessary and negative. That's how Forest became in the late 60's/early 70's and thus were relegated. Thanks to the great man, we were put in a position of not only rivalling the best, but beating them. Why should that change now? When we won the league, with I may add very few young and inexpensive players, the First Division was far better than it is now. Take a look at the "Big Five", United and Everton are embarrassing, cheque-waving

victims of the media hysteria afforded to the game today. Yet Arsenal and Spurs have got where they are through a combination of youth and essential signings. The attitude of surviving solely on youth went out with the Busby Babes. If you cannot spend you don't survive. Yet we can spend. What's the use of building new stadiums when you haven't the team to fill it? Look how it crippled Chelsea and Wolves. The players must be as frustrated as we are, hearing the now time-honoured "there's nowt better around" or "there's nowt wrong with us". Financially no, but we are slipping further away from the top for the sake of a couple of class players that Brian will not buy. Look at our squad, a crazy mixture of class and mediocrity, in fact a victim of this obsession with youth. Whilst Chettle, Crossley, Keane and Jemson have broken through, Starbuck, Crosby, Glover, Wilson etc have not. Yet they still remain because supposedly they are better than anyone else around. Well, if Brian thinks that then I suppose, Teacherman apart, we must all accept that our days at the top are numbered.

by PETER GILBERT.

CRIMES & MISDEMEANOURS

Way back in No.7, there's a cracking article by Alex Money entitled "Foul Deeds And German Goalkeepers". No. 7 is sold out now so I'll do a quick summary (apologies to Alex if I've missed his point). Basically, inspired by Viv Anderson's shocking revelation that he would commit a "Professional Foul" and suffer the consequences in order to prevent a goal, Alex used examples from Snodin to Olsen, to Toni Schumacher's attempted murder of Patrick Battiston, to various Tricky sending-offs in 82/83, to show that justice is hardly ever seen to be done in these situations. In 82/83 the problem was met head on by the League who decreed that players guilty of committing a professional foul would be sent off. Now, this didn't work because players were

being sent off for any foul deemed to be intentional, be it a striker about to shoot or a full-back about to receive a square ball from Ray Wilkins. The main problem, however, was that the aggrieved team very rarely scored from the resulting free-kick, and often the remaining 10-man were so manically hyped up that they tore the opposition apart (remember the '85 Cup Final?). Alex quite sensibly suggested "A free-kick with a difference. No.1 - all players apart from the one taking the kick have to stand 10 yards behind the ball. No.2 - the goalkeeper has to stay back on his line. No.3 - the player taking the kick doesn't have to pass the ball to anyone before touching it again. In other words.... when the whistle is blown,

it is in fact just like starting play as it was before the foul was committed". Clearly no-one on the FIFA committee reads the BRIAN because as you all know this season the ludicrous sending-off rule is back in. The subtle difference, to be fair to FIFA, is that referees have been instructed to only send off the offender if a clear goal scoring opportunity has been denied. Surprise, surprise, it isn't working. Steve Bruce gets sent off in the first half at Luton and United win 1-0 with a second half goal. The following Saturday John Scales is sent off early on and Wimbledon earn a 1-1 draw, and so on. During the Spurs game at the City Ground we witnessed another problem, that is the interpretation of the term "clear goal

scoring opportunity. With about 15 minutes to go, and the score at 1-1, Nigel Jemson stole the ball from David Howells and as he broke away Howells wrestled him to the ground. Had Jemson broken free he would have been one-on-one with Erik, having the chance of a near-post shot, or pulling the ball back, as for once there were a few Trickies arriving in the middle. Now to me that's a "clear goal scoring opportunity". Mr Midgeley, who is by and large a very good referee, thought not and merely booked Howells. With one minute to go, the very same Howells cleared a Gary Crosby shot-cum-trickle off the line, and we all know what he did 30

seconds later. Justice? You tell me. Well, no-one said life was fair, and had we bothered to mark Howells at the corner it may not have mattered as much, but to me Alex's solution at least gives a team who have created a goal scoring opportunity the benefit. Conversely, picture this. Nigel's got his back to goal and Parker is being marked. Bing hides behind the full-back, and Jemson is standing watching, hoping that his marker buggers off to give him some space. Nigel receives a slight nudge in the back and we get a free-kick. Psycho then wallops it in from 200 miles and we hang on for the 1-0. Justice? by DAMIEN MACKINNEY.



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come on ALL you reds

It's always struck me as a bit sad and unfair that not all the team have their name chanted by the Trent End when they run out onto the pitch. Obviously, Leader Dessie and Harry are always likely to be the first three, but what about our unsung heroes such as Steve Chettle? We realised just how much we relied on Chet last season when he was out of the team. When all the other names are chanted poor old Chet must feel like saying "Oi...don't you lot know my name?" BC was spot on when he had a go at certain sections of the crowd for not getting

behind the team. Wouldn't it be a great boost if ALL thirteen names were chanted and acknowledged before every match? We all know certain players have their limitations, but they ALL deserve equal support and encouragement. Now it occurs to me that we've got an ideal opportunity to put things right and the club have got a great opportunity to involve the fans (revolutionary stuff, this!). Without wishing Forest to enter into the razzmatazz of American style entertainment (although with the advent of all-seater stadia this is bound to happen), it

RESERVE

FOREST RES v MAN UTD RES 27/9/90: Forest gave a debut to Argentinian defender Nestor Lorenzo, on loan from Italians Bari. United, fielding a team containing half a dozen players with League experience, were immediately under pressure with Leighton tipping over Hodge's first minute header. United almost took the lead on ten minutes, but Wallace's free kick flew narrowly over. A bad back-pass by Loughlan almost led to a goal for United but Sutton came out and saved well. Orlygsson's flighted cross after 20 minutes caught out Leighton and was cleared for a corner which was headed over by Lyne. Lorenzo, after a quiet start, was booked for his

would be quite simple for the scoreboard to flash up the names of our fave Garibaldis before the kick off, eg:

"PSYCHO!"
"OOH TOMMY GAYNOR!"
"OOH AAH FRANZY CARR!"
"OH HARRY HARRY!"
"ONE GARY CROSBY!"
"YOU'LL NEVER BEAT DES WALKER!"
etc etc.

Maybe the Trent End could think up some better chants for the players, as only Franz Carr has a good rap. Maybe the club could organise a competition for the Junior Reds to come up with new songs...am I getting carried away? You never know, this could lead to more fun, more atmosphere, more entertainment...more fans? I know that BRIAN is read extensively within the club hierarchy, what chance of someone putting the idea into practice?

by THE SANDIACRE TREE.

REPORT

by MARK CHAPLAIN.

second foul on Lee Martin, although he redeemed himself minutes later, clearing after Orlygsson needlessly gave the ball away. Forest seemed to be lacking a little cohesion with too many passes going astray, and it was no surprise that half-time came with the score still at 0-0. HT: FOREST 0 UTD 0. Forest started the second period with a more purposeful attacking rhythm. First Hodge headed over Gemmill's cross, and a Loughlan shot on the turn beat Leighton but rebounded off the bar. A square pass by Lyne set up partner Loughlan, whose drive was only inches over. United threatened only occasionally with Sutton coping with most efforts, mainly crosses and long range shooting. Forest, however, made their superiority pay midway through the half. Lyne's header found Williams, whose accurate ball played Woan in, fractionally onside. Woan comfortably drew Leighton before sliding the ball just inside the post. Lorenzo, joining the attack, had a header saved from a left wing corner by Rice. Rice was replaced by Steve Stone with ten minutes remaining. Indeed it was Stone who set up Forest's second goal, beating two players before setting up Hodge, whose first shot was parried by Leighton but Hodge lashed the rebound into the net via the bar. FT: FOREST 2 UNITED 0. Forest: Sutton, Williams, Woan, Wassall, Lorenzo, Gemmill, Orlygsson, Hodge, Lyne, Loughlan, Rice (Stone). Sub not used: Boardman.

FOREST RES v EVERTON RES 17/10/90: Forest kept up their pace at the top of the Pontins League with an easy victory over Everton Reserves.

Everton's penalty area was pressured for most of the first half as a variety of shots and crosses bombarded the visitors goal. Charles went close with a stinging shot from 20 yards. Gaynor had a shot punched clear and Stone's close range header was well saved by Kearton. With Forest doing most of the pressing it came as no surprise when Woan fired Forest into the lead. A fine square pass by Stone was taken by Woan, who coolly fired across the goal into the far corner. Nine minutes later the Reds were two up. Stone made amends for an earlier miss to nod in Carr's accurate cross. HT: FOREST 2 EVERTON 0.

With Forest already well in command the second half became almost a formality after Forest had weathered the first 15 minutes. Everton went close with a 20 yard free kick which failed to trouble Crossley. Everton were reduced to 10 men near the end when striker Ebdon was sent off for dissent after already being booked. Gaynor was replaced by Orlygsson, whose extra pace caused Everton a few late scares. FT: FOREST 2 EVERTON 0. ATT: 1,631. Forest: Crossley, Charles, Williams, Boardman, Wassall, Gemmill, Carr, Stone, Gaynor (Orlygsson), Lyne, Woan. Sub not used: Laws.

FOREST RES v SUNDERLAND RES. 1/11/90: Forest made an impressive start in this match but flattered to deceive, only just maintaining their unbeaten start to the season. The Reds poured forwards from the kick-off and were unlucky not to take the lead when Woan's fierce drive struck the bar. Although Forest exerted tremendous pressure on

the visitors goal the final ball was off-target. Carr eventually scored for Forest but was ruled off-side. The Wearsiders were lucky not to be reduced to 10 men when Woan split the offside trap, only for keeper Tim Carter to handle the ball outside the area. He escaped with a booking. Forest spurned a glorious chance 5 minutes before the break, Orlygsson's low cross eluding everybody. The Reds did get the breakthrough, however, two minutes before half-time. Stone's cross was somewhat fortunately steered in by the falling Orlygsson. Sutton in the Forest goal had rarely been troubled. HT: FOREST 1 SUNDERLAND 0. Forest seemed to lose their grip on the game during the second half as Sunderland's neat passing game threatened to open up the tight Forest back line. Stone missed a good chance to add to the lead when, after accepting Woan's through ball he fired straight at Carter with the goal at his mercy. Sunderland responded well and ought to have been level when Rush's free header was well wide. Boardman got in a solid tackle to deny Pascoe and Charles turned away a goalbound shot from under his own crossbar. Lyne replaced Carr with quarter of an hour remaining. Forest by this time seemed a spent force up front. It came as a shock to the Reds when Sunderland equalised five minutes from time, when Boardman and Wassall failed to clear between then leaving Cornforth to blast home from eight yards. FT: FOREST 1 SUNDERLAND 1. ATT: 1,152. Forest: Sutton, Charles, Williams, Wassall, Boardman, Gemmill, Orlygsson, Stone, Starbuck, Carr (Lyne), Woan. Sub not used: Loughlan.

Playaway

QPR: This lot have had more home grounds (12) than other in the League. Loftus Road is technically the most modern ground in London, having been rebuilt in the '70's. Who remembers the League Cup game when only half the floodlights came on and we all went home again? **SHEFFIELD UNITED:** Brammall Lane staged the world's first ever floodlit match in 1878. The last cricket match ever played on this once joint venue (at one time a regular test match venue) was a County match in 1973.

NORWICH: The original Carrow Road stadium (capacity 40,000) was built from scratch in an incredible 82 days in 1935. The River End houses the League's only pub in a stand (as opposed to a night club) "The Nest", named after Norwich's previous ground. "Carrow" is defined as a wandering Irish gambler - ooh Tommy Gaynor?!

PHIL-O-FAX.

PS The reference in my earlier missive to the tunnel under Chelsea's pitch was not quite correct - the tunnel was in fact under/behind the old main stand.

for the average non-Blade, but a good read nonetheless.

NORWICH: 2nd January. 7.30pm(?). Awkward away trip, but at least we can have a lie-in on New Year's Day. The fence at the front may be gone but the pen is still against RSPCA regulations. Nice toilets though. Seats advised if you have enough influential blood relations to acquire one. Narch (local dialect) have improved of late and will probably benefit from the fact that they won't have to get up so early. Watch Ruel Fox, pick your brains for insults to throw at Butterworth, and don't look too closely at Robert Fleck if you're still feeling the effects of Monday night. **FANZINES:** "NEVER MIND THE DANGER" (50p) is recommended, as is "THE CITIZEN" (40p), both will help shorten the journey home immensely.

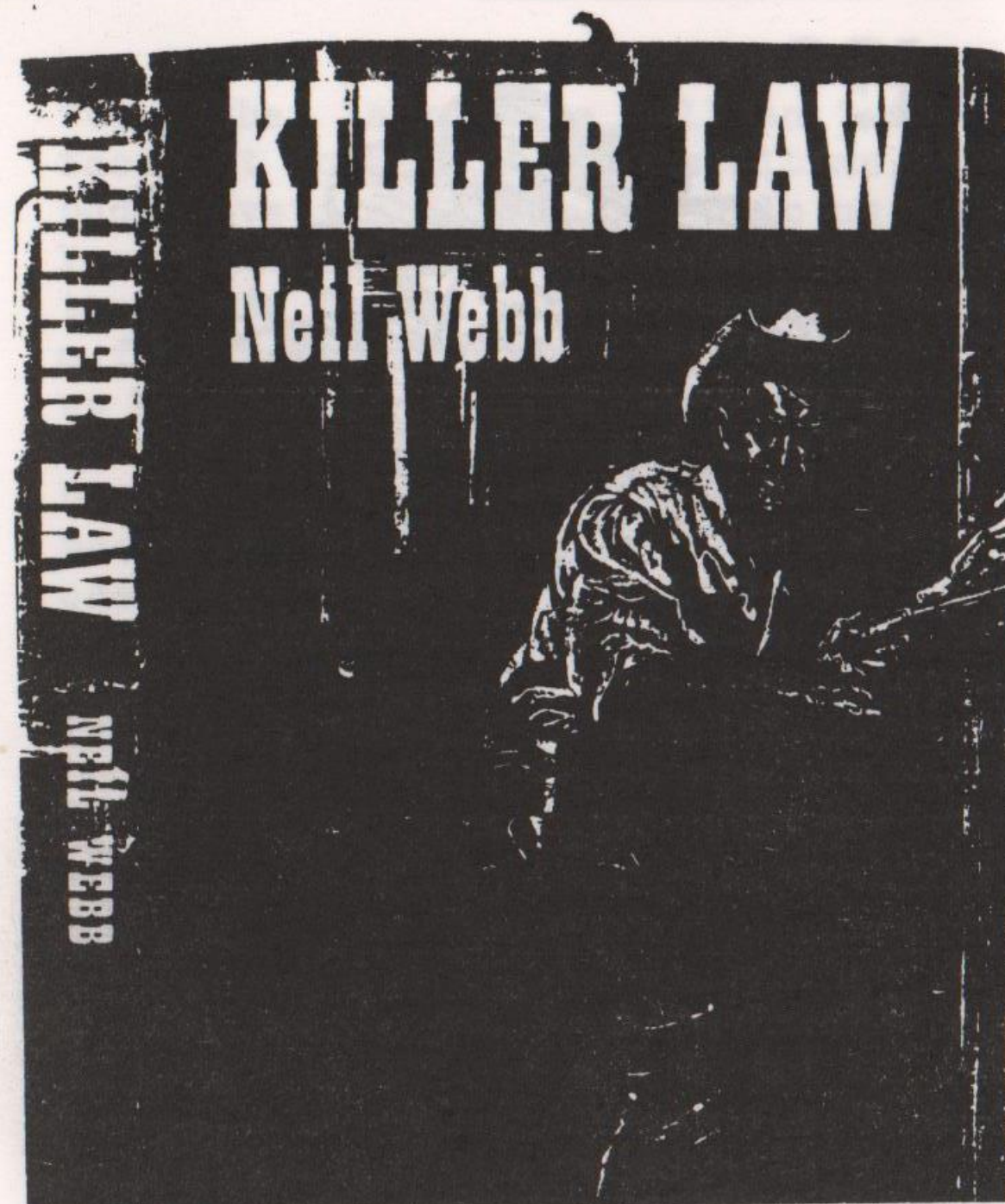
A Amazingly brilliant centre-half Des, England's finest, generously helped
Z Italians Juventus, knowingly leaving many Nottinghamians openly panicking. Quickly results slumped terribly, until valiant Walker's (e)xpedition yonder zigzagged... victory, with (e)xcellent youth zooming.

QPR: 15th December. 3pm.

After the likes of Coventry, Derby, Leeds etc., it'll be refreshing to visit a ground where the atmosphere is less explosive, if there is any atmosphere. The stands at Loftus Road remind me of the cattle sheds on my toy farm as a toddler, only the plastic's painted blue instead of grey and presumably the dog won't run off with one in its mouth any minute. QPR are a team without a cause, leaderless, unmotivated. Wegerle is a tricky blighter but he'll always miss more than he scores. Reminds me of Peter Davenport in some ways. In recent(ish) years we've won once on the plastic (Birtles header) and once on the sand (OOH Tommy Gaynor), and if we play to an nth of our potential we ought to win this one. **TOP TIP:** Alcoholics travelling by public transport should disembark at Shepherds Bush (Met line) rather than White City (Central) as there are many more hostels en route. **FANZINES:** "A KICK UP THE R'S" (£1) A meaty tome of quality. Appears about as frequently as Franz Carr, but almost as worthy. "IN THE LOFT" (£1/50p) More prolific. Not the most anarchic of mags but urinates all over the programme. If spotted, buy.

SHEFF UTD: 22nd December. 3pm (we hope).

Presumably they don't have Christmas shopping in Sheffield. A new trip for many people. Well it's a short stroll due south from the station, loads of bars on the way, and south of the main shopping centre so traffic shouldn't be too horrendous. The away end is comparatively comfortable, but a seriously low roof means you'd see NOWT of a Blades/Wimbledon contest, but this shouldn't bother us as we're not going to give them the ball for a second, are we. Seats advised if funds allow though, as otherwise it's a good ground. Currie, Woodward, Badger etc would turn in their graves (except they're alive) at the current side, but they have to win sometime and it would be folly indeed to underestimate them. The trainspotters amongst us will remember Tony Agana tearing us apart at Weymouth (0-2 after 15 mins, 5-2 full-time), and Brian Deane can play a bit. The rest of them are crap though. Hopefully United fans will love us for demoting Wednesday, but history and geography suggest prudence (and Beryl). Nice song about Woodbines and chip butties though. **FANZINE:** "THE FLASHING BLADE" (40p). Perhaps a little too parochial



Dear BRIAN,
I thought you might like to see how Fat Wallet has taken to supplementing his 'meagre' income. No doubt Mrs Fat Wallet has had to ghost write in his name as more than two syllables in a row could prove taxing for him and besides, it's hard to write and count cash at the same time. Yours, T. Woolley, Chilwell.

When the trail hands from Texas saw their herd on the train at Big Creek, Kansas, they figured they were entitled to the mother and father of all celebrations. After weeks of privation and danger on the long trail they planned to cut loose in the usual style - wine, women and gambling, with fist fights and gunplay thrown in for good measure. But Lonnie Lee and the trail boss, Frank Curtis, riding into town first to collect the cattle money, found the situation changed from the previous year. Big Creek was tired of all the rampaging cowhands, the shootings and drunkenness and brawling. Strict new laws were being enforced by tough, ruthless operatives. But somewhere there was a crooked set-up, and it didn't take long to show.

THE
FATTEST
WALLET
IN
THE
WEST!

HOW TO WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE.

Dear Sir,
Please rush me a copy of the Almighty Brian, you Forest turd. Stuart Pearce is SHITE and he lost me a f***** tenner due to that effort of a f***** penalty.

He shot, He missed,
He must be f***** pissed
Stuart Pearce, Stuart Pearce
Two nil - Two - nil
We kicked your arses at Anfield.
From a Liverpool Fan.
PS Your team are dirty bastards.
*YOU'LL GET NOWT FROM US, YOUNG MAN, UNTIL
YOU LEARN SOME MANNERS....

STUART PEARCE IS
HE-MAN
MASTER OF FULL BACKS

CHAMPION
OF TRUTH IN THE ETERNAL FIGHT
AGAINST PRETENDERS TO HIS
TITLE



Food, Glorious Food??

How long is it since you last visited the refreshment stalls in the City Ground, or more to the point, how long is it since you walked past, looked at the price and decided it was time to start that diet after all?

The City Ground snack bars are not alone in being rather pricey and of rather inferior quality to snacks sold in the outside world.

So how much does it cost to fill your face at Forest?

Hot (?) Pie or Pastie	85p
Cup of Tea	55p
Cup of Bovril/Coffee	60p
Soft Drink	40p
Sausage Roll	60p
Mars Bar	25p
Twix	25p
Crisps	18p

Are we getting value for money from these purchases? Can it really cost 55p for a cup of tea? The cup is so small and thin that you have burnt your fingers and spilt half of it on the way back to your place. And 60p for coffee or Bovril! Does it really cost that much to heat up (?) an urn full of water and then pour it into pre-packed cups? Or is it just another excuse to fleece the fans.

We are the bread and butter(!) support to this club, even with all their sponsorship deals they still wouldn't be able to survive without us passing through that turnstile once a fortnight. What can we do? Is it really too much to ask for a reasonably priced cup of tea, that actually tastes of tea, to warm us during the cold winter months? I'm not suggesting that we should be subsidised or that the club is wrong for making a profit on catering (the more profit they make, the more can be spent on team and ground improvements), just that they treat us fairly.

ITALIA SPAWNED A MONSTER...

It all started innocently enough. A talented young footballer with a cheeky grin and a mischievous sense of humour, playing for his home town club. But it wasn't long before the rot set in. Barely into his twenties, he abandoned his roots when a big flash club waved its considerable wad at him. With the big club came the big star attitude, the England place, and before long, tabloid acclamation as the People's Choice.



On a recent TV programme someone, possibly ex-football hack Julie Welch(?), was reminiscing about her youth in Nottingham and eating mushy peas at half-time at both Forest and County. Whatever happened to the Mushies? I cannot remember them being served at the ground myself, but a little research reveals that a few pubs in Town used to serve them with mint sauce as a Nottingham delicacy. Why not resurrect this tradition? A warm, filling snack, cheap to produce - and a vegetarian alternative to the meat pie. Asking around I find it is possible to buy a catering pack of mushy peas for a little over £5. This serves approx 100, so you don't have to be a mathematician to work out that's 5p per serving. Then you need mint sauce, polystyrene cups and plastic spoons, which could add another 5-10p to the cost. Total @ 15p in cost, sell for 40p and you've got a 25p per cup profit and some happy fans. If we do not complain about the food available to us in the City Ground we cannot expect to be heard.

Anyone for a "REVIVE THE MUSHY PEAS" Campaign?
The STUDENT.

It's difficult to remember exactly when the nickname first appeared. At the time, it was no more significant than any of the other footballer's nicknames you heard, like Robbo, or Shilts, or Macca, or even Psycho. The point at which it stopped being like them was when headmaster clone Barry Davies started using it. Then we knew it was serious. But it was Italia 90 that changed it from a commentator's ingratiating to a marketing tool. Much more than the way he actually played, it was those tears at the end of the semi-final, when "the whole nation cried with him", that transformed

him into a public limited company. The tears that launched a million t-shirts, in fact. Not to mention books, albums, shin-pads, duvets, and even, God help us, records. You wouldn't mind all of this so much, though, if it had all been accompanied by a few signs of maturity. But instead, all we get is him going around like a big kid who doesn't want anyone else to play with his toys. And the problem is, refs don't seem to be aware of the flipside to his cheeky, chummy behaviour. They don't seem to see the two-footed tackles and his "GAZZA RAP"

The fog on the Tyne is not mine, not mine
The fog on the Tyne is not mine
cum on!

Sitting in a sleazy snack bar
Slowly filling my Geordie mouth
I love Newcastle and I love the Tyne
And I love to live down south
sing!

The fog on the Tyne is not mine, not mine
The fog on the Tyne is not one
cum on!

This Geordie boy wears black and white
I'm proud of where I came
As soon as I outgrew St James's Park
I moved to White Hart Lane
sing!

The fog on the Tyne is not mine (etc)
cum on!

The North East is the place to live
I'm Geordie through and through
So when I gets an offer to play for
Spurs

I says Newcastle....stuff you

SUPERLATIVE

I thought it would be funny to see what sort of heroes and superheroes managers in Division 1 would make:

Superman - BRIAN CLOUGH (who else!) He could also be Robin Hood because of Forest's ability to steal (points) from the rich (Man Utd) and give to the poor (Spurs).

Batman - BOBBY CAMPBELL Old Bobby does bear a striking resemblance to a bat. Maybe Dorigo could be Robin.

Spiderman - ALEX FERGUSON Does seem to have a Webb in his team and Incey Wincy Spider lurking around.

Dr Who - JOZEF VENGLOS Current Villa team is not what the doctor ordered.

Sherlock Holmes - ARTHUR COX Hasn't got a clue.

Tarzan - KENNY DALGLISH Both able to communicate with animals. Elephants, gorillas, McMahons etc.

Flash - TERRY VENABLES El Tel's head is so swollen after his team's freak

continual swiping at opponents. Above all, Neil Midgeley didn't seem to be aware of the way he was baiting Roy Keane, culminating in the aggressive, triumphal sneer that he went out of his way to deliver after Spurs' winner at the City Ground.

When McMahon's elbow gave him a bloody nose, part of me wanted to see the Scouse git suspended by his genitals from the nearest lamp-post. But part of me thought, "About time, too". After all, "he's only a fat little Geordie".
by ALEX MONEY.

sing!

The fog on the Tyne is not mine (etc)
cum on!

A fishy on a dishy is what I eat
Why eye and Newcky Brown
My Geordie roots are firmly set
Right 'ere in London Town
sing!

The fog on the Tyne is not mine (etc)
cum on!

My favourite group is Lindisfarne
A Geordie band all the rave
Check out my latest LP, bonnie lads
"Gazza Live with Chas'n'Dave"
sing!

The fog on the Tyne is not mine (etc)
cum on!

I love the Geordie way of life
Pease pudding in the local pub
I'm so proud of being a Geordie boy
That I play for a London club
sing!

The fog on the Tyne is not mine, not mine
The fog on the Tyne is NOT MINE!
by the SANDIACRE TREE.

start to the season, he's bound to take the title of 'Big Head' away from Cloughie.

The Hulk - JOHN SILLETT They are both fat, annoying gits who go green after being knocked out of the League Cup. In Sillett's case, green with envy.

Captain Kirk - DAVE BASSETT Would like Scottie to beam him up, probably to third from bottom.

Rocky - GEORGE GRAHAM Give George and his lot a pair of boxing gloves and they're right at home. Rocky 1 v Norwich, Rocky 2 v Man Utd.

Aquaman - CHRIS NICHOLL Southampton did seem to wet themselves after Forest's comeback.

Lawrence of Arabia - STEVE COPPELL Or rather, Lawrence of Selhurst. No one can believe how this team can be unbeaten and 4th in the league without playing football, so I'll put it down as a mirage. Lawrence was always seeing a lot of these.
by NINA NAGARAJAN.

Love And Pearce

It may have taken time to appear, but the anti-Pearce backlash reared its ugly head with a vengeance in the wake of the home game v Burnley.

"Psycho Pearce Needs A Good Kicking!" screamed the Sun's back page headline, re-iterating the views of Burnley's David Hamilton, who obviously felt his 15 minutes of fame were overdue & felt obliged to claim them in whatever tawdry, sordid way he could. The story beneath was a ludicrous assassination of Pearce's character and ability that would have been laughably sad if it hadn't been given such unwarranted prominence by the country's top-selling 'news' paper.

It's undeniable that Pearce has an inbuilt (but fast receding) tendency to be a little too 'swashbuckling'

at times, but it's also undeniable he's England's best left-back and worth every single one of his caps. That a lower division journeyman like Hamilton should question Pearce's international class is hilarious.

What isn't so hilarious is that the Sun saw fit to give Hamilton his 15 mins in the first place. I guess I shouldn't have been surprised. It was an inevitable development in the anti-Pearce campaign; a campaign sections of the media have been itching to fuel since that disasterous moment in Turin when Bodo Illgner's penalty save broke all our hearts.

That fateful moment triggered murmurings that he'd bottled out. When he was passed over for the England captaincy, it was because he wasn't a great communicator

with the outside world, they said. It was because of his "obsessive hatred" (Daily Star) of the media, they said (actually it's suspicion rather than hatred, and you can't really blame him for that). It was because his temperament was unreliable, they sniggered.

The latter is nonsense, and anyway, if the over-riding criteria for the job of England captain is amiability, personality & the ability to put on an engaging display for the camera, how on earth did Bryan Robson ever get the job? Why did no-one send Graham Taylor a video of Pearce's PR triumph on "A Question of Sport"? Could have made all the difference...

As it is, The Captain is going to have to content himself with the knowledge

"Psycho Pearce Will Get A Kicking", screamed the headline. The corresponding article detailed how Pearce would get "done" by a crafty 1st Div. player soon, how he had non-league control and was thus forced to tackle dangerously to win the ball back, and how he was saved from a red card because he was a World Cup player. These insights were linked with Hamilton, the Burnley sweeper. Now, Hamilton may be naive in dealing with the tabloid press and thus victim of a "stitch-up", but surely the FA will act against him. Although an enthusiastic sub-editor was responsible for the inflammatory headline, the comments of Hamilton "bring the game into disrepute" much more than any mild criticism of Alex Ferguson by Graeme Hogg or Paul McGrath, and punishment should reflect this (Hogg & McGrath received large fines). Pearce has played in the First Division for 6 years. Any player wanting to "do" him would probably have done it by now. His control sometimes lets him down. It happens to all players but very few then attempt to regain possession. Pearce does. It is up to the referee to determine whether his efforts constitute foul play or otherwise. Against Burnley his control was pathetic. Indeed, one attempt resulted in the ball shooting forward 25 yards before the Burnley net halted its pro-

gress! Finally, referees have shown no lack of willingness to book Pearce this season, so it is likely that a red card, if necessary, would be forthcoming. It is true that Pearce receives unnecessary bookings. So does Gascoigne, darling of many writers. Pearce is labelled as dirty; Gascoigne is accused of recklessness. For the same act. Some would argue that this is an inevitable, if regrettable, result of playing his 'natural game'. I don't agree. After the first Cup game v Coventry, he received a lot of stick for his foul on Gallagher. In the 2nd leg he played hard but fair and completed his task without committing a single foul. It was widely predicted that he would encounter problems with refs in Italy but he only lost control once. This was against Cameroon when the game looked like getting away from England. Inexcusable but understandable. The latest round of criticism came before the match at Old Trafford. Again, a quality performance. He can, and should, cut those rash tackles out of his game. As an attacking left-back he is without equal in the English game. Certainly Forest's attack is much less potent without him. I hope Pearce starts to make the sports pages for the right reasons, preferably as captain of the FA Cup winners 1991.

by FRANCES REEVES.

that he's the best left-back in the country (did somebody mention Crocodile Dorigo? Thought not). What's more, he's ours for another five years now.

Hamilton may not have seen Pearce's prettier side, indeed the roll-call of injuries he claims the Capt was responsible for suggests he may have caught more than

a glimpse of the dark side of the moon. However, Pearce is not a dirty player. The hardest player in the league, perhaps, but not the dirtiest. For that reason, I was pleased to see BC & Forest scurrying off to consult their lawyers, even though nothing has come of it. But then again, everything worked itself out nicely for (almost) all concerned:

Hamilton got his name in the headlines; Pearce's reputation suffered no real damage (unlike his pride, no doubt), as all those in the know treated the 'story' with the contempt it deserved; and Forest waltzed through the 2nd leg of the tie and moved a step closer to Wembley. Viva Hate!

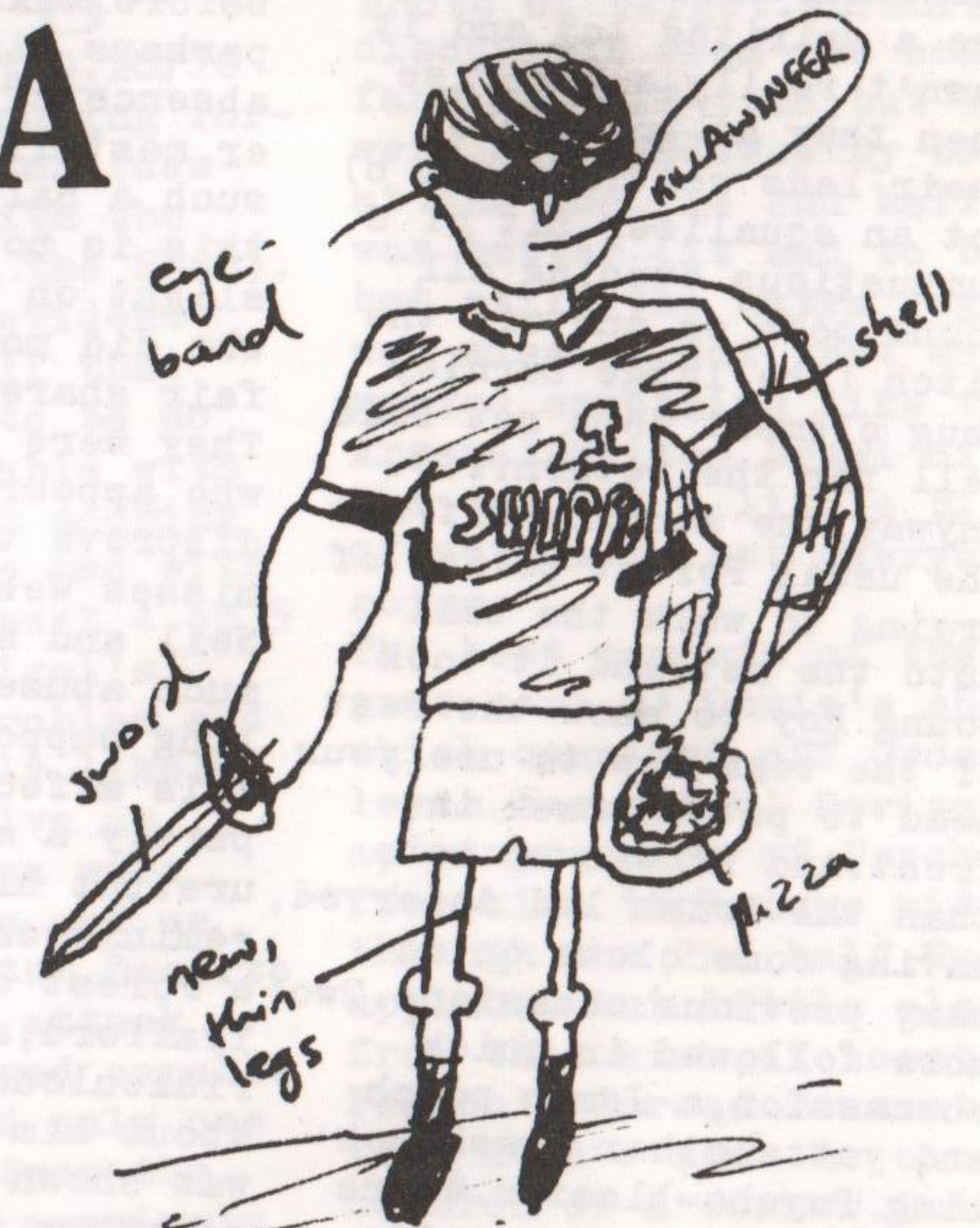
by MIKE WALSH.

PSYCHOMANIA

The London press's multitude of ways of describing our inspirational captain in the great "Is Stuart Pearce the best left-back in Britain or what?" debate (then only to decry him as lacking personality - surely they can't have it both ways?) reached new heights (or depths) with this effort from Phil Shaw of the Independent (yes, he who thought we were totally outclassed at Anfield), as the introduction to his review of the Man U game.

IT IS hard to imagine "Pearce-mania" ever gripping the nation, for the Forest captain is to the high media profile what *Teenage Mutant Hero Turtles* are to low-key marketing, but in one respect Stuart Pearce comes out of his shell as gleefully as Gazza.

So, "Pearcemania" is an amusing concept, is it Phil, which is "hard to imagine". Well, next time you have the good fortune to be assigned to a match at the City Ground, I suggest you leave the complimentary salmon sandwiches and steaming hot tea in the hospitality room a few minutes earlier and see what happens. If the entire home crowd on their feet, right arms saluting our leader much in the way that many "great" rulers in history (from Caesar to Hitler) were greeted, cheering uproariously when the object of their adulation gives a bellicose double-fisted salute... if all that isn't a manifestation of "Pearce-mania", then I don't know what would be. Especially when you consider that many of the adoring multitude, sane, responsible members of the public the rest of the week, are wearing the "Psycho" t-shirts sold in their thousands by the club shop: if he thinks this is low-key marketing, perhaps Mr Shaw might inquire of Adrian Sheldrick Marketing just how much they've made on these products! As



regards comparisons with the swashbuckling (it's that word again!) turtles, Psycho certainly seems to have a harder shell than Leonardo, Donadoni and co., and his free-kicks are deadlier than any poncey ninja aerobatics. Or perhaps Pearcey is in fact the mystery 5th turtle - why else would he have spent a large part of the summer in Italy other than to guzzle copious amounts of the local speciality pepperoni and cheese pizza? And certainly some of the recent press coverage of his style of play belongs in the sewer. Some of those naughty, naughty bootleg souvenir sellers (which of course, boys and girls, you should never, ever buy or you'll turn into a Ram) have noticed the connection and started selling "Forest Mutant Hero Pansies" t-shirts. And then there's the famous turtle battlecry, which many experts have incorrectly transcribed (it must be the cockney accent) as "Cowa-bunga", when what is being said, as we all know, is.... KILLAWINGER! by TEACHERMAN.

MATCH REPORTS BURNING SPEAR

Forest 4 Burnley 1.26th Sep

So the tradition of a rout in this round is resumed, not that it was as easy as it looked. Chettle's annual goal got us off to a spritely start, and we knocked it about quite prettily for a bit, but these Northern Clog-wearers are a spirited lot and it wasn't really a surprise when they a) got one of their lads sent off and b) got an equaliser. Bit of a rumbustious evening all round, both on and off the pitch (the large Burnley thug element does not bode well for the return...). Anyway, the second half saw the usual Forest policy of trying to walk the ball into the net, and it took young Roy to show the rest of the team how to use your head to put us back in front. And it was no more than the Irish lad deserved, having come close on so many previous occasions. Two more followed in quick succession, a Jemmo poach and yet another swashbuckling Psycho-blast. We're going to Stanmore, you're not. **RALPH COATES.**

PS Full marks to the club for letting season ticket holders in free again, how many other clubs still do this now that everyone's forgotten there are fewer league games?

MY LEFT FOOT

Man Utd 0 Forest 1.29/9/90

At last! A victory in the 'new' white shirt! It's taken 11 games to achieve but it was no less than the team deserved. This was a travelling performance of high quality. When will it happen at Anfield? Pearce answered the latest press criticism and taunts from the Stretford End with a typical ground-to-air missile after seven

minutes. This provided a platform for some solid defending allied to swift counter-attacking, particularly in the second half. Only superb goalkeeping from Sealey prevented a more realistic scoreline. Particularly noteworthy were stops from Parker, Keane, Jemson, and a Clough free-kick. The latter two saves led to the ball bouncing temptingly in front of an empty goal before being cleared - perhaps highlighting the absence of Hodge, the player most likely to seize on such a half chance. However, this is not intended as a slight on Parker or Keane who did more than their fair share in midfield. They were aided by Clough, who appeared determined to disprove theories that he misses Webb. Indeed, both Neil and his wife received much abuse from the travelling support, and whether this affected his game is purely a matter of conjecture. But his performance was reminiscent of his days in a Forest shirt at Old Trafford, and Ferguson's ridiculous press hyperbole about him (and Pallister) was shown to be the blind nepotism that most people saw it as.

The only black spot to such an enjoyable day was the apparent indifference of the police towards the host of objects thrown by the schoolboys in the adjacent United pen. One can barely imagine the fervent activity that would have resulted from the law should this have happened at Coventry. Both forces operate at extremes: Apathy to over-reaction. Can't anyone find the right balance? **FRANCIS REEVES.**

HARRY - THE COMEBACK

Forest 3 Everton 1.7/10/90.

A good one this. Twenty-five thousand odd of us within

the hallowed walls, to witness the ritual slaughter of the Merseyside bridesmaids. Our Harry marked his return after too long away with a double; another superb chip from Jemmo; a Psycho-blast-er onto the bar; and a goal from McDonald which was as good as many we've seen. It took Harry less than two minutes to begin the proceedings, turning a cross that followed good work from Parker beyond that scruffy bugger. I don't think the aforementioned scruffy bugger is enjoying his football at the moment. Sulkily ignoring our appreciative applause, he spent most of the game shouting and pointing at his colleagues, or shaking his head in dismay at more defensive frailties. Mind, their equaliser was a belter - a volley from way out of the area which was always going wide until it bent inside the post at the last possible second. No more goals, but no less passion up to half-time with the referee booking Keane for his first foul (and that no more than a mis-timed tackle). This balanced a booking for an Everton player. Chettle was booked for his...ahem... fourth foul - I swear the red card was intentionally flourished, whether it was a mistake by the ref or a brief spell of colour-blindness from me, I can't be sure. Jemson's restoration of our lead was another example of his party piece: a perfect chip over Southall after a run and cross from Parker. The points were sewn up after the ball fell to Harry from Roy Keane and it was neatly pushed between the scruffy one's legs. Cue more head-shaking. Everton seem a curious side - must be too skillful to go down, but little commitment visible. Nevin continues to disappoint,

one of my favourite non-Forest players but I've never seen him play well, live, for Everton or Chelsea. Sharp and Cottee totally outplayed by Chettle and the other bloke. Our Desmond had a great game even by his standards, at one stage in the first half he seemed to be soaking everything up single-handed, a bit worrying that the others were all prepared to let him....

All off to Burnley, are we?

STEVE HANLEY.

TINSEL TOWN IN THE RAIN

Burnley 0 Forest 1.10/10/90

What a barrel of laughs this was. A journey up to the shire of the dark, satanic mills on a thoroughly miserable day, to witness a non-match, howled on by a set of home supporters all doing good impressions of teenage mutant ninja headcases. Even the local police were wary - one told of a fellow officer in plain clothes, who had been beaten-up by the local thugs because he didn't have the same accent as them. I suppose the ability to string a few words together gave the game away as well. Indeed, the wise word (although official) from the law was "watch your backs - every man for himself". Traditional Northern Hospitality. But at least we were under cover, and at only £4, it was a trip down memory lane from the cost point of view. Enough change from a fiver to see George Formby at Th' Empire Ballroom. Small irony in the programme, which has a column called "programme review" - a hatchet job on Div 4 rivals. Carlisle Utd's prog. is derided as having 10 pages out of 24 devoted to adverts, "far too high a proportion". A quick check of the Burnley offering shows 19 pages out of 32 similarly

advert dominated - a % of 57 as opposed to the 40% of Carlisle's. Funny old game, football. Details of the match? Oh, it was crap, but we won 1-0 - Bing, 84th minute.

So fate has been kind and rewarded us with a voyage to Plymouth. Another Wednesday afternoon with a sick note.

STEVE HANLEY.

Bridge Sighs

Chelsea 0 Forest 0.20/10

I was eagerly looking forward to this match (despite standing with the Chelsea fans in the Shed). However, it was evident from the 1st half that this was going to be no thriller comparable with some of the high scoring encounters we've had with Chelsea in the past 4 or 5 seasons. OK, so Nigel's absence was a problem, and Crosby was hardly likely to be as effective up front. But Chelsea were terribly average, and we were little better. Despite a blunt Chelsea attack (only Durie seemed capable of a threat), and only one shot on target from the home side in an amazingly dull first half, Forest were unable to pose many substantial ideas and threats to the home goal. Hodge was strangely subdued, and Wilson was only reliable to tidy up rather than create. Not that it was all bad; our passing was OK, nice and pretty, as ever, when we had the space; and the greatest living defender and the captain gave Dixon and Wilson short change all afternoon. Despite the ritualised abusive chants at Psycho from the Chelsea fans around me, there were some pleasing comments later about how effective we were defensively, as they realised that getting past Desmond and Stuart is akin to getting Thatcher

to admit she is wrong. But the spark was definitely missing. Probably because Hodge was quiet, and Franz missed having Nigel to pass him the ball into space as he likes it. No doubt facing England's second best left-back proved very tricky for the little man.

Keane was indeed living up to his name, trying hard, and Jemmo had a couple of shots on target. Murmurs of discontent from the home fans at half-time, but they were overshadowed by boos at the end. The 2nd half was better (it had to be), but still the extra edge was missing. Not that we wanted something like the Arsenal/United brawl of the day, but a little bit of action to get everyone going.

The best moments of the game were a) Durie's shot which cannoned off Crossley's bar, and b) Dorigo's apt impression of Psycho's free-kick technique midway through the 2nd half. Much applause but little else from this kick, at least Pearce's forced Beasant into a save and the concession of a corner. But goals were never really on, and seven quid for nothing, as it were, seems like a bloody expensive afternoon to me. I look forward to some cohesion entering the play soon, and isn't it really about time we sorted out a midfield partner for Harry? Just a thought....

ANDY THE PART-TIMER.

EVERYTHING BUT THE GOALS

Forest 1 Spurs 2.27/10/90.

Oh Gawd, it keeps on happening. Enough clear chances to have three points secure within the first half, then we're slouching off with nothing. From a reasonable sixth in the table to an embarrassing tenth. From a whisper to a scream.

The power of The World Cup, and a certain "daft as a brush" Geordie meant an all ticket sell-out and live transmission to the Norwegians. This manifested itself in peculiar advertising boards - I'm going to get myself some Hellandhus right now!

25 years since BC first sat in the dugout - I wonder if he's as peed off with chucking games away as we are. It all began reasonably enough - a van den Hauwe cock-up leading to a sharp chance for Nigel C. Parker went close before Nigel C got another chance to trouble the scorers (and took it), following industry from Jemmo. Possibly the best move of the half, involving Parker, Harry & Nigel C led to Roy Keane being denied by the width of a rotten old crossbar. At the other end, Gascoigne was given too much room and wasn't far away. My favourite sack of spuds, Stewart, missed n chances, including an excellent smother from Crossley. Jemmo contrived to get the same from Thorsvedt with only the "big Norwegian" to beat. So came the break, 1-0 up and just about on top. Part two saw us gradually losing control but still occasionally threatening. Lineker, largely anonymous so far and playing a little deeper than usual, showed incredible skill, striking an overhead kick on target from a difficult angle, as quick as something very fast indeed. Then, after 68 minutes, thanks to a failure to clear from a "Gasser" run, Howells hoofed the ball beyond Crossley. Now, the thought that had been in my mind before this was "Why not bring on Franzy in place of Bing, or the ineffective Parker, just to cause a bit of panic at their back". Still, I haven't got 25 years

experience. A Dessie surge forward almost led to us regaining the lead, with Howells clearing off the line from a Bing shot. Then, of course, the wheels completely fell off as, in the "time added on" Howells met a corner with his head to leave eleven red shirts and 20,000 red hearts all with red faces. STEVE HANLEY.

headcases

Plymouth 1 Forest 2.31/10. This is the kind of game which leaves you on the way home questioning your sanity for even attempting the trip in the first place. The Disco Bus picked me up at 8am and we set off for town to pick up the rest of the Travelling Reds with nothing better to do than travel the equivalent of the length of the country to see a Cup game. Stopped off at Burnham-on-Sea for lunch and finally reached Plymouth for 5pm. On reaching the ground we entered and took our place on a very shallow terrace which didn't give the best of vantage points. Ten minutes into the game I went in search of the toilet and promptly missed Parker scoring what was described as a cracker, following the Men In Green's failure to properly clear a corner. The Pilgrims used the typically 2nd Division ploy of the 'long ball game', or the 'long pass game' as England supremo Taylor described it. Forest settled down, played the ball about and took a 2-0 lead by half-time courtesy of a Jemmo effort. The rain came down and the Forest faithful found their voice with a nice remix version of "Singing In The Rain". The lads in the seats sang songs that seemed to have more in common with a rugby changing room than a football

match.

Rather worryingly, Dessie left the field after an hour with what turned out to be a hamstring injury. He was replaced by Wassall. Then the 2nd substitution with Starbuck replacing Jemmo. Almost immediately Plymouth scored to make it 2-1, prompting myself and Red Reg to start a chant of "Starbuck is back", with more than a hint of sarcasm. The whistle went, we were through, please God, somewhere near to Nottingham next time... COV? Oh well cheers. Finally, after pathetic police attempts to clear the Forest fans in a most illogical manner, we crawled into Notts at about 6 o'clock. Are we right in the head or what? THE STUDENT.

nice boys

Leeds 3 Forest 1.3rd Nov. A first visit to Elland Rd, all the horror stories are still fresh in my mind. The pub is positively neanderthal, no conversation, just grunts and belches, and the only women in the place are the bar staff. And why does my mate seem to be playing the "Let's make it blatantly obvious we're away fans" game? (pointing, stopping, looking confused, "LAST time I was here..."). But the racist propaganda is thankfully not in evidence (at least not outside the away end), and overall it's really no more intimidating than Anfield, Ayresome, Filbert Street, etc... Leeds fans aren't even as noisey as I expected, for the whole match we heard little more than the Gregorian chant of "we are Leeds, we are Leeds, we are Leeds" (oh really, I thought I was in Halifax) from the sunhatted hordes. The view was crap and the toilets were crawling, but the Real Nightmare was the game itself....

I have not seen such a spineless performance for, ooh, seven months. Obviously we missed Dessie, but his absence also caused the defence to panic where before they would've thought "If I cock-up, Des will be covering". Laws made the first fatal mistake in the 26th minute, when he stood back to let Mr Clumsy fumble in from close range, though in reality we could have been two or three down by then. Aargh Tommy Gaynor needlessly handled to give away the penalty for the second, and it was time for that "Oh God, we're going to get hammered" feeling in the guts again, last heard of at Goodison. Once again we were totally over-run in midfield. Even all-singing, all-dancing Roy Keane could barely muster a shimmy. And up front any vague threat was cut out by the masterful Fairclough. Did we really have to let him go? The 2nd half was a little livelier, Jemmo was fouled and would perhaps have got a penalty had he not tried to milk it. We're not good enough for Gary McAllister so that's the last mention he'll get in this publication. Bastard. The arrival of Starbuck was met with groans but precipitated Clough's move deeper. A

fine ball let in Jemmo... cue mass celebration. It is at times like these that we get a glimpse of what it must be like to be a Mansfield supporter. Kept looking for the break, but it was not to be. Leeds are dire, easy to see how QPR won after being 2-0 down. Derby won, we were almost humiliated and those scumbags in the sunhats had the nerve to sing "Champions of Europe" at us. Take me home. PHIL GAMBLE.

CORNERED

Villa 1 Forest 1.10th Nov. Sometimes I wonder about Brian. Why does he persist with Bing the Carpenter when he has the Master Craftsman? Ok, so Franzy's crosses are a little erratic, but he's one of very few Forest players capable of producing that little bit of magic when we need it most. The new seats in the away end make a difference, there was no atmosphere whatsoever in the first half, the view was interrupted by endless streams of late-comers waving to their mates, but at least the coppers couldn't sneak up behind you and eject you for farting. If I have to I'd say the game was pretty even. We had

our chances but Jemmo appeared to be sleepwalking. Carr and Daley cancelled each other out to a certain extent in the first half. We should've had a penalty for handball (though if Jemmo had followed up instead of sticking his arm up, Arsenal style, he might have scored anyway), and a Crosby cross eluded not only the Villa defence but also the lurking Psycho & Chet. 0-0. The 2nd half was more nail-biting, perhaps Villa were galvanised by our chants of INTER, INTER (Inter Milan is the equivalent of Notts Forest) Psycho had to hoof clear from a Big Norm boo-boo, but our resident Viz character was the hero minutes later, knocking out Platt's penalty. Psycho's desperate clearance caused much fist-clenching and gesticulation, but when will we learn to defend at corners. 0-1. It was left to Franzy, now switched to the right, to save the day. A classy ball from Nigel C saw a mazy run and the ball ended up in the net, for once, rather than on the M6. A definite improvement on last week. Let's hope that when Harry's fit we'll see him and Mr Suntan in the middle, with Keane and CARR wide. Get them shelves fixed. JERRY MARCHANT.

Bad News

Has anybody noticed the amount of unnecessary publicity Forest get because of unusual/tragic/unpopular circumstances? Here is a list of Twenty:-

- 1). Stuart's penalty miss (he's still our hero).
- 2). Cloughie's boxing with fans v QPR, League Cup.
- 3). Dessie's Juventus farce.
- 4). Being the other team at Hillsborough.
- 5). Everyone outside of Nottingham wanting Liverpool to win in the replay.
- 6). Everyone outside of Nottingham wanting Oldham to win at Wembley.

- 7). The late David Longhurst played for us.
- 8). Crosby's goal v Man City.
- 9). Playing a big part in relegating Sheffield Weds when Luton were worse and should have gone down.
- 10). Not having a minute's silence v Everton, and seeing the armbands scattered all over the pitch.
- 11). The John Sheridan saga.
- 12). Buying the first £1 million player (now look at the prat!)
- 13). Having a successful father/son partnership which keeps Nigel on the field when most other managers would've taken him

off.

- 14). Having a manager who slates off his own fans.
- 15). We always lose to Wimbledon at home.
- 16). Some of our Stu's tackles - I like 'em!
- 17). Brian's differences with Maxwell and Co.
- 18). Brian on Boon - fancy putting it at the end. I watched it all, desperate, eh?
- 19). Brian wanting to be God /Pope/PM/King of England/Manager of Wales!!!
- 20). Our shaky starts to the season and the way people write us off immediately. But we don't care, do we colleagues. Once a Tricky, always a Tricky.

by NEIL of CARLTON.

Curtain Raiser

Despite recommendations in the aftermath of Hillsborough that clubs should provide pre-match entertainment to entice the crowd to arrive earlier at matches and thereby avoid any last minute rush, the scenario at the City Ground from 1pm onwards remains depressingly familiar. Let's just run through that veritable cornucopia of pre-match spectacles, all incredibly included in the bargain increased £6 entrance price:-

- 1.15: Gates open. Trickle of fans with nothing better to do file in.
- 1.20: Scoreboard flickers into life, still bearing result of previous reserve match.
- 1.45: Visiting players in ill-fitting trendy suits tiptoe onto pitch to sample the atmosphere. Handful of away fans applaud (the rest are ensconced in some cosy Notts pub until five to three).
- 1:46: Players leave field after frightening chorus of "Who the hell are you" half-heartedly sung by the Trent End centre section, which has now been declared full by the police. Not a single seat is yet occupied in the Exec Stand.
- 2.00: Maurice Roworth, in smart blue blazer, is applauded by Trent End as he walks in front of them whilst giving sponsors tour of ground. Sponsors impressed by this apparently spontaneous yet ritual respect for the Chairman.
- 2.05: Exec Stand snack bar runs out of mysterious "sludge" ingredient for hot drinks. Young female employee sent to obtain more, unfortunately having to endure wolf-whistle/mindless sexist chants from some Trent Enders.
- 2.06: Two young ladies, much more attractive than snack bar employee, are ignored by Trent End as they pass by in decidedly unsexy St Johns Ambulance outfits.
- 2.15: Tannoy dribbles into action. "If you've just arrived dahn here at the City Ground, welcome to you, and we'd like to extend a special welcome to our visitors today. If you turn to the back page of your programme, here's the new record from Elton John. "Let's all have a disco?" Not much chance with the crap records they play.
- 2.16: Little bald bespectacled man in red anorak passes, selling programmes to those who somehow missed the thousands of sellers within a two-mile exclusion zone around the ground.
- 2.20: Important looking policeman arrives in front of Trent End, with posh flat hat, long, shiny cane and earphone. Cracks pathetic joke to ordinary copper who laughs obligingly, points at crowd a lot with shiny stick, then disappears.
- 2.35: Chet, Brian Laws and Tommy Gaynor run out for a kick-about to a polite smattering of applause.
- 2.36: Des Walker comes out to a rapturous standing ovation all around the ground.
- 2.37: Rest of players come out except for Pearcey (polishing biceps) and Nigel (pretending to comb hair, but in fact afraid of tiring himself out).
- 2.38: Man in suit presents Steve Hodge with silver salver for something or other.
- 2.40: Liam O'Kane appears on pitch, claps a few times, and players mysteriously disappear back down tunnel.
- 2.46: Jemmo finishes kicking practice balls back towards tunnel (three Junior Reds hospitalised).
- 2.47: First spectator arrives in Exec Stand seat.
- 2.48: Exec Stand full.
- 2.53: Scoreboard claims Forest have taken one-nil lead.
- 2.54: Ballboys (specially selected for inability to throw/kick a ball) run out of the tunnel sprinting as fast as they can. By the time they reach the Trent End they collapse on the floor exhausted.
- 2.56: Away team run out pretending to ignore boos, chants, laughter at gaudy kit, etc.

- 2.57: "Robin Hood" record drowned out by demonic raucous cries of "Psycho".
- 2.58: Linesman, having heard of our No.3's free-kick prowess, checks net for holes.
- 2.59: BC gives Trent End lucky(?) thumbs-up signal. Psycho loses toss, arriving late in centre circle despite dragging poor little mascot at 100mph through mud to meet ref.
- 3.00: What, all this AND a football match. Well not quite - some giant fanzine seller arrives sweating and soaking wet and stands right in front of you.
by TEACHERMAN.

~SAVE OUR SHIPSTONES~

In 1852 James Shipstone opened his brewery in Nottingham and the famous Shipstones Fine Ales were born. The Star Brewery in Basford is as much a part of Nottingham as Robin Hood, but sadly the legend of Shipstones is to die, if you believe what the owners Greenalls say. They claim that the brewery is not profitable and that they can buy beer cheaper elsewhere. Like Nottingham Forest (who only buy the best), do you really want to buy cheap? You get what you pay for and for Shipstones to be moved from Nottingham to Burton-on-Trent is unacceptable. It is like saying that Forest playing at the Baseball Ground would be okay, but we all know that the City Ground is where the Reds should be and the same principal applies to Shipstones. When the lads play, across their chests is the message 'Shipstones Fine Ales', and all spectators know that is a Nottingham ale. Like Forest, Shipstones is First Division and to relegate it to a Burton ale is to lose that local taste and character that is uniquely Shipstones. Not only is the Mild and Bitter under threat, but 200 jobs will be lost in the City, and what is to happen to that magic building, the Star Brewery? The management of Shipstones say it is to be mothballed, so does this mean there is a chance to save the brewery from the grasping accountants who work out of Warrington? The fight to save part of Nottingham's

heritage is on. The local branch of CAMRA, The Campaign for Real Ale, do not intend allowing the closure to go unnoticed. A major campaign has been launched and a petition with over 11,500 signatures was collected and given to the Lord Mayor of Nottingham, asking him to get the City Council to try to stop the closure. At the same time a Shipstones Drinkers Club has been opened to try to promote Shipstones and membership is FREE.

To join the Club send an SAE to:

Shipstones Drinkers Club,
145, Abbey Road,
West Bridgford,
Nottingham NG2 5ND.

Those who wish to financially support the campaign should note that a Save Our Shipstones bank account has been opened. Contributions to the fighting fund will be appreciated and sums over £1 will ensure a special Save Our Shipstones badge being sent with the membership card.

The campaign to Save Our Shipstones is about how much local people care about local institutions, and to save the brewery, the jobs and the beers it is up to you to register your concern. Write to your MP, complain to the brewery, contact the media - we want to keep Shipstones as much a part of Nottingham as Nottingham Forest. It is up to you to help Save Our Shipstones.

ANDREW LUDLOW, (Chairman, Nott'm CAMRA).

"The Ballad of an (ex)
Reading Goal Scorer"

Another boring Wednesday
God, I wish I was dead
And I'm shaking with rage
At the things that you said
We made you a hero
And now we're rejected
Left to pray for the day
That our team's resurrected
You muttered about
Your England career
Why not admit it
It was the money, my dear
So I'm going away
Where your lies cannot harm me

NEIL WEBB'S kulture spot

I'm on the march
With the Red & White Army
No, the things that I hate
Like you, and Tarby
Nicholas Ridley
Dentists, and Derby
Won't bother me
At Norwich away
Or down at Wembley
One bright day in May

So when you've gone
To meet your Great Marker
People will say
"Did he know Garry Parker?"
But we'll bear no grudges
It's all in the game
No, we'll never forget you
Neil Whatsitsname
Dylan Thomas' Liver.

SAPPLINGS

...Latest Des story (yawn). Apparently (sounds like typical pub bullsh*t to me) Mr Walker was alleged to have been interested in Juve because of their promise of a Ferrari on signing on the dotted line. Enter our hero (Maurice Roworth) to offer him the same if he stays. Told you it sounded unlikely. What need would he have of a car he can run faster than... Perhaps young Desmond would be further encouraged to stay if he was given a few freebies from the club shop, instead of having to fork out for his own Forest boxer shorts, key-rings and photos of Nigel Jemson... More Wapping lies (probably), can the attempted sale of Mr Wilson to Norwich really have been prompted by an incident in the dressing room involving Our Tel and a Member of the Opposite Sex???... Unnerving news, it appears Harry Hodge's house is up for sale! Eeek! Thing is, young Steve already lives on one of the most desirable roads in the area, and as a bachelor (but not in the Justin sense) would have no need of a larger property. Perhaps he's selling out to Spencer Trethewy! ...On The Move? #2, Ian Woan recently spotted up at Paul Hart's Chesterfield... More insights into Our Leader's record collection; Psycho spotted at the Pogues gig in Derby (very brave), where a song was dedicated to a "certain left back from a club down the A52". Makes a change from Darryl (bass, veteran of Munich and Madrid) and Philip (guitar, recently seen on the South Bank Show sporting a Forest rugby-style shirt) paying to see him... Still with Our Man of Thighs, did you know he wears a teeny size seven boot? Which just goes to show, it's not size that counts, it's what you do with it... Why did it cost SIX POUNDS to stand at the Newcastle ZDS game? Hardly likely to pull in the part-timers... With the advent of a new Trent End, a new Bridgford End and an additional tier above the Main Stand (sometime before the year 200), how about a new name worthy of our Super Stadium? "City Ground" has never had an auspicious ring to it and has only ever featured in three Trent End ditties (remember them?), two of which advocated violence on opposing fans! How about the "Trentside Stadium"? Any others?... And while we're at it, wouldn't it be fitting to name one of the stands after Peter Taylor? A local hero if ever there was one... Did you know that the latest Trent End chartbuster, "You've Lost That Loving Feeling", as first heard v Sunderland, was originally recorded by the Righteous Brothers, but was also a hit for Daryl Hall & John Oates, Cilla Black and Telly Savalas! Are we sure about this?... SAPPLINGS provided by: Teacherman, Bobbins, Laurence Jones, Steve Hanley, Tim Gough, Tony Bosworth, David Prior, Red Reg and Clare from Chesterfield...

Pearce gives warning on Government assets

Psycho's not buying electricity shares, then!

Bankers agree Walker package

Does Maurice know about this?

Disrespectful fun with Nigel

So why didn't he get the gloves out?

It was Nigel's greatest hit, Vivaldi's *Four Seasons*, which most had come to hear. Despite exaggerated rubato and nutty glissando effects, it was good, disrespectful fun, at least until the cold set into the players' fingers.

Psycho discovers holy disorders

Although it was Jemmo & Wilson who scored v the Saints...

O YOU BEAUTIFUL EWE:
A revival of an ancient sheep fair, held in the village square, with sheepdog trials, stalls, a goat show and even a competition for the most beautiful sheep photo!

A report of DCFC's "Player of the Year" Dinner...

Bond option for Walker

004 starring in "Trophies Are Forever", "On Her Majesty's England Service", "For Eyeties Only" (gulp!). Can anyone think of any more?

THE SUNDAY TELEGRAPH NOVEMBER 11 1990

Don't be seen without your Psycho goggles

SKIING is a high-tech sport suffering from jargon overload. My vocab benefited greatly from a visit to a ski tienda near the CIG (Calan). If you want to impress while on the piste...

Injury forces early end to Laws' career

I nearly choked to death on my breakfast over this...

What has Des done to upset the Stock Exchange Boys now? Bought some Juventus shares? **Walker faces SE questions over interview**

Webb rolling back the jeers

IT WAS what you might expect: blood, sweat and tears. The first Sounds familiar!

11m sheep 'might have brain disease'

15,000 or so definately have...

Hilton new milestones

Steve Chetle, Visual Arts Officer, Cleveland Arts, looks at local sculpture

The New Milestones Project in Cleveland is a major part of the development of public sculpture in rural areas of the county.

Cleveland Arts, an independent arts development agency, through myself as its visual arts officer, has established the project in a close working relationship with Common Ground and, in particular, with Joanna Morland, the then project officer who was based in Dorset, the county chosen to pilot the New Milestones project.

Next week, Chet looks at Graffiti Art, choosing examples from the lane between the Trent End and the Main Stand car park...

fundamentalism

After a few too many on a Friday night, the conversation can turn to anything. One Friday in August I found myself chatting, well, slurring then, to a bloke from Singapore called Bernard. Quite an interesting chap, who has an incredible know; edge of various religions. He was able to explain what drives Muslims on and what keeps Buddhists quiet, what frightens a Sikh and what strengthens a Christian. He spoke for quite a while, and I listened intently, keen to learn. He then asked me what my religion was, and when I replied he laughed and said "no, seriously?", and I explained to him why Nottingham Forest Football Club is my religion. I don't believe in God, or any other form of greater power for that matter, and the only icons I've ever worshipped are Trevor Francis and Andrew Eldritch. This is because for two and a half years I could stroll across Trent Bridge and watch Trev do something that only a handful of people in the History of the World have even been able to do at that level. It was real, I could see it in front of me and it was therefore very believable. It also inspired me and gave me strength, which is surely the point of any religion.

Driving up Carrington Street before the County Cup Final and seeing all the Garibaldis literally brought a tear to my eye, and Stuart Pearce's salute actually made me cry. And this was before the season had started. You see, although I love cricket, and although the World Cup was a wondrous experience, the City Ground is my place of worship. Walking from the Meadows past Tournay's Quay, across Trent Bridge and left past the Rushcliffe Borough Council Building and into the Trent End is a very moving experience. Whatever happens in my life, however many girls dump all over me, however many pints I spill or jobs I lose, every other Saturday for nine months of the year Nottingham Forest Football Club will field eleven players in Garibaldi Red shirts at the City Ground, West Bridgford, Nottingham, and on that I can rely. To be fair to Bernard he accepted this, although I'm not quite sure if he really understood why as a ten-year-old I cried when Bowyer scored at the Mungersdorfer, or why as a twenty-year-old I cried when Parker scored at Ashton Gate, but he found my religion infinitely preferable to that of many so-called Christians he knows who commit adultery, blasphemy etc., but place themselves way above other humans just because they go to church once a week.

I don't wish to offend any readers who feel deeply about their chosen God and religion, because I respect the fact that they may find strength in different beliefs, in the same way that I would expect them to respect my feelings, each to their own and all that. Football is real and it lifts me to approach other aspects of life in a more positive manner. Fifteen hours before the League season began I was tingling all over. Childish? Possibly. For real? Definitely.

by DAMIEN MACKINNEY.

EURO WOE

As I sat through possibly the most tedious match of all time, watching Fat Wicket and his over-rated chums lolloping around against some Hungarian no-hopers who seemed in awe of a defence taken apart but four days earlier, I began to wonder why we, as Littlewoods Cup winners, were not also taking apart some team of part-timers in some exotically named backwater. Of course, the official reasons are well-known - UEFA places are allocated on the basis of points awarded on the basis of a country's showing over the past five years. As these five years (conveniently) coincided exactly with the post-Heysel period (a year earlier, and Everton's Cup Winners Cup triumph plus Liverpool's European Cup final appearance would have earned us a second UEFA Cup place), England naturally had no points at all and therefore were given only one representative place, along with the other giants of football that are Malta, Luxemburg, Cyprus, Finland and so on. Rules are rules, I suppose, and the clubs and the FA seem to be happy to settle for that, presumably grateful that any clubs were let back in at all.

But surely these were special circumstances, requiring a special solution. Despite our five year absence, England still lead the league table of Euro pots won (with 22 in total), with Spain (19) and Italy (16) next best but still some way behind. Could not the England quota have been worked out on the basis of what it was in 1985? UEFA would argue that this would deny other countries of their hard-earned places, but this is not necessarily the case. For example, the FA could have suggested that the English clubs would be prepared to play (seeded) qualifying round ties to ensure no-one lost out.

Even if the above had not been possible/desirable, there is no reason why it should not have been us and not Villa playing in Ostrava, under two possible circumstances: firstly, who decided they were qualified to judge whether a second place in the league is worth more or less than a League Cup triumph. And secondly, what happened to the spare "berth" left vacant by Liverpool's continuing ban? Quite simply, the champions AC Milan were given a bye, no doubt much to the disgust of Signor Berlusconi (up to £1million in gate receipts/advertising/TV fees lost). Why were Villa not promoted to the Champions Cup, leaving Forest to compete in the UEFA? True, the precedents would suggest not doing this (when Liverpool won the EC and FL in 1977, England had just one team in the EC the following season, Liverpool were given a first round

bye and City, the league runners-up, were in the UEFA), but as I've already said, these are surely special circumstances? Why should UEFA do all this, they would probably have asked the FA? Well, the answer is quite simply NOTTINGHAM FOREST. The European competitions are a poorer place without us, and surely it would have been better to have for this, the first season back, a pack of three former European Cup winners. The Trees of course were champions twice no more than ten years ago, and popular champions at that, as we all discover when wearing our Garibaldis on holiday. So not only would we have had the "romantic" (for want of a better word) vote, but also, unlike Villa and United, our supporters have a trouble-free record (particularly important under the circumstances).

A strong case, one would have thought, but what happened? Certainly, with the recent past record of the seemingly totally inept FA, we were unlikely to get any help from that quarter, so it was up to the club. And what efforts did they make to make sure the club's case was properly put forward? Well, nothing from what I can make out. In the Arsenal programme, Paul White merely states "everyone here at the City Ground and all our supporters were very disappointed that we were overlooked..." No details about cloak and dagger behind the scenes machinations, lobbying of other Euro officials met during our past campaigns, protracted and heated correspondence. Nothing, just one dry, empty sentence.

Along with many other supporters, I still feel cheated, rather than disappointed, that we're not in the UEFA Cup this year, and would like to know more details of what the club actually did to try to secure European football for the 90-91 season.

by **TEACHERMAN.**

*EDITOR'S NOTE: The European Cup has always been open only to the various league champions and the current holders. Manchester United were invited to join champions Wolves in the 58/59 competition following the tragedy at Munich, but they withdrew before the first round was played.

MORE A-Z

I began another one, which perhaps someone can finish:

Angry Board criticised downright evil fanzine, getting humiliated, indeed justifiably.....

by **TEACHERMAN.**

Songs of Yuletide Cheer

On the first day of Christmas, Brian Clough he promised me
A roof on the Bridgford "I guarantee"
On the second day of Christmas, Brian Clough he promised me
Two tough-tackling full-backs
And a roof...
On the third day of Christmas, Brian Clough he promised me
Three days out at Wembley
Two...
On the fourth day of Christmas, Brian Clough he promised me
Four pounds admission
Three...
On the fifth day of Christmas, Brian Clough he promised me
Five League Cups
Four...
On the sixth day of Christmas, Brian Clough he promised me
Six points off Derby
Five...
On the seventh day of Christmas, Brian Clough he promised me
Seven goals at Anfield
Six...
On the eighth day of Christmas, Brian Clough he promised me
Eight pints at lunch-time
Seven...
On the ninth day of Christmas, Brian Clough he promised me
Nine wins away,
Eight...
On the tenth day of Christmas, Brian Clough he promised me
Ten goals from Psycho
Nine...
On the eleventh day of Christmas, Brian Clough he promised me
Eleven internationals
Ten...
On the twelfth day of Christmas, Brian Clough he promised me
Twelve more years of BRIAN
Eleven internationals
Ten goals from Psycho
Nine wins away
Eight pints at lunch-time
Seven goals at Anfield
Six points off Derby
Five League Cups
Four pounds admission
Three days out at Wembley
Two tough-tackling full-backs
And a roof on the Bridgford "I guarantee"

by **STEVE HANLEY.**

Once in Royal Brian's City
Stood some lowly terrace and stands
Where a multitude oft assembled
To see silverware in Psycho's hands

God Rest ye Merry Forest Fans
May nothing ye dismay
For Wimbledon Football Club
Get thumped on Boxing Day

WORDSEARCH COMPETITION: The two Villa tickets were won by Mrs T.K. Harvey of Nuthall. Hope you enjoyed the game. Thanks to everyone who entered. No competition this issue as we completely forgot and now there's no space left. And we're pretty brassic anyway. Sorry. **BRIAN #22** will be out for the 3rd Round Cup game if we're at home, Cov the following week if we're not. As always, all articles, letters, saplings, cartoons, match reports etc welcome. We try to squeeze in as much as is humanly possible, as you've probably noticed. **THE BRIAN WOULD LIKE TO WISH A HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL OUR READERS, AND GOD WE HOPE THINGS PICK UP A BIT IN THE NEW YEAR.....**

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Dear BRIAN,
I'd like to draw your attention to the articles "World Cup Waffle" by Johnny Garibaldi (Issue 18) and "Reds In Motion" by Alex Money (Issue 20). I cannot believe I am the only reader to find the extracts in these articles racist.

QUOTE: "You mustn't hit him or hurt him or call him a spade" (Reds In Motion). This is not funny, but simply racist. Even if the song says "you musn't call him a spade", surely the BRIAN realises that this is a racist term.
QUOTE: "John Barnes has never found his Liverpool form in an England shirt - them darkies, they're all pace & fancy stuff and no brains or guts" (World Cup Waffle). I would like to point out that Des Walker, Franz Carr and Gary Charles are also "darkies/spades" - or are they simply excused from being black because they play for Forest? Anytime these players are praised, I cannot recall anyone saying "them darkies, they're all pace & fancy stuff..."

Yet in the same issue as "Reds In Motion" you say "we have no racist editorials"! I think this is clearly unnecessary, even if the articles are the individual's own views. I for one do not want to read any literature which is racially offensive and I find this as irrelevant as sexism in football.

I can only hope that you print this letter for others to realise that any racist abuse people have for footballers can stay away from the game altogether. It is not wanted at a football match.

Mark Feinstein.

ALEX MONEY REPLIES:

I gather that one of the articles I did for BRIAN 20

I gather that one of the articles I did for BRIAN 20, "Reds In Motion", has caused one reader some offence. The line in question was part of a notional Brian Laws rap, and went as follows:

"You mustn't hit him or hurt him, or call him a spade"

The 'him' in question was, of course, John Barnes. Now apparently this is "not funny, but simply racist". The first part I can accept - obviously not everybody has the same sense of humour. But I would hotly dispute the charge of racism. The point, if there was one in what was a fairly flippant piece, was that we shouldn't criticise John Barnes for his colour, but on the basis of the way he performs for England. The same also goes for Beardsley and McMahon - fine when they're playing for Liverpool, but a bit ineffectual for England, unlike Des and Psycho, who perform equally well both for club & country.

Of course, "spade" is a racially derogatory term, but it wasn't intended as a racial insult in the context it was written. Instead, it was more of a recognition that black players (and black people generally) are often insulted in this way, and in many other often more extreme ways. On the basis of the reader's criticism of me for the above, presumably a sentence like "black players often have to suffer insulting names like 'spade' from racist dead-heads" would cause offence as well - because it has the word 'spade' in it.

As someone who has tried to confront racist bigots both at football and in life generally, it makes me very angry to be accused - unjustly - of racism. People should be more careful when making accusations like that.

JOHNNY GARIBALDI ADDS:

The John Barnes quote was intended as an ironic statement, not to be taken at face value, but to show up the stupidity of such statements. Unfortunately JB's lack of England form attracts much of this sort of crap, and you only have to read Dave Hill's absorbing JB biography, "Out of His Skin" to realise that it's not confined to the brain-dead minority on the terrace. I used the line "all pace & fancy stuff and no brains or guts" precisely with Des in mind, as even the worst bigot must admit that does not describe the Unbeatable One.

I accept that the irony should have been made clearer, but that's down to bad writing rather than racism.

THE BRIAN HAS ALWAYS DEPLORED RACISM IN ALL FORMS AND HAS OFTEN PRINTED MATERIAL ON THE SUBJECT (FOR FURTHER READING, SEE "FRESH FRUIT FOR ROTTING VEGETABLES" IN BRIAN #3). WE HOPE YOU WILL ACCEPT THAT THE INTENTIONS WERE GOOD IN BOTH THESE CASES, IF NOT MANIFEST, AND THAT THE BRIAN WOULD RATHER SUPPORT DERBY THAN PROMOTE RACIST VIEWS.

Dear BRIAN,
Betrayed, betrayed, betrayed. That's how I felt after the humiliation at Leeds. Not through the football, as the Trickies simply played below par, but for what followed at the end of the game. With the 90 minutes up and our 4th defeat on the cards, I and 99% (exit moaners) of the Forest faithful stood proud and applauded our team. In showing our appreciation we were greeted by only THREE of our team: Crossley, Jemmo & Clough. The other eight showed nothing more than the backs of their heads as they crawled back down the tunnel.

If Forest continue to turn their backs on their supporters then slowly but surely their support will fade. Neither of us would like to see this, so come on Forest, give US credit where it's due. Thinker.

Dear BRIAN,
There are some people with short memories of Lee Chapman. Why all the abuse? During his time with the Reds he never let us down and scored some great goals (Chelsea away, Everton Simod, etc), and created a few too (eg West Ham away). His unselfishness helped Nigel to top the scoring charts, and though he obviously wasn't everyone's ideal striker, he was effective. So don't slag him off, when a certain Justin Fashanu, who WAS crap, once sported our colours! Finally, I wonder if the powers-that-be at Forest still have enough material from our European campaigns on video for possible future release. It would be great to have memorable moments such as Liverpool, AEK, Cologne etc on film permanently. How about it Forest? A tribute to the lads who made the Midlands proud. If Liverpool and United can do it, why not us? Dean Claxton, Derbyshire.

PIES AND CHIPS

Dear BRIAN,
What a thoughtful, balanced, reasoned, intelligent bunch some of your correspondants are! I refer in particular to Sean Pearce (Bri 20). What a load of sectarian tosh (he says, well aware that there have been complaints in some quarters at the BRIAN using the sort of language he wants to use). I write as a County fan, who, although surprised, was perfectly happy to see Trickies fans at Wembley cheering us on. It's true, at the moment Forest & County do have a special relationship. It's one born of the 2 teams being of no real threat to each other for

such a long time. But as such, it's hardly surprising that the two sets of supporters perceive the relationship differently. Whilst Forest fans can quite easily live without any feeling of dislike for the Pies, we're stuck with seeing Forest in Europe, at Wembley every year, with more fans, more money, a bigger ground - is it surprising that a section of our fans hate Nottingham Forest? It scans better than "We've got an inferiority complex" or, "God, we really envy Forest". And on top of all this, despite the fact we've got the two closest grounds in England, Forest continue to ignore us, trying to set up a meaningful local rivalry with a team not only in a different city, but in a different county! A team who are considerably worse than us as well, as next season will show! There are no reasons why there can't be perfectly good relationships between our two sets of fans. After all, we all went to school with people who supported the other team, and we all know some of that strange species of people who spend one week on one side of the river and cross over the next. And if fanzines can't play a part in that good relationship, are they really acting in the interests of all? After all we come from a city with 2 bloody good teams and one of the nations most apathetic publics towards football - it does us good to stick together. I can't pretend that the relationship won't change when we get promotion. I mean, until a couple of months ago I had a deep dislike of Mansfield, now it's pity (and a bit of irresponsible mirth come 4.45 on a Saturday when I see they've lost again!) I certainly don't want the city's two teams to become too close - or we might find people calling for us

to merge, or ground share or something; but let's put this into perspective, if we're not going to win the League, I'm sure I speak for 99% of Pies in saying that we'd rather see Forest win it than a London club or the Scouse.

As for Wembley? Well, there were so many red shirts there it was definitely an all-Nottingham event - and if Sean Pearce (what blasphemy to have such stupidity coming from someone called S. Pearce) was too small-minded to come and enjoy our great day out, then that's his loss - but, next time we get to Wembley you're welcome to come but leave your chants at home!

Graham M. Ward, London W1.

PS A bit of reverse Notts-Spotting (is this a first?) At the end of County's match at Birmingham last season, a policeman announced "At the end of the game will the fans of Nottingham County remain where they are for a few minutes...". I ask you!

Dear BRIAN,
Would all you students please stop writing about your music taste (or non-taste more often). If you have strong opinions on the Happy Mondays, Stone Roses, or whoever may be trendy this week, write to the NME, not the BRIAN. Also, some people seem to have a small anti-southern bias, which is a rather pointless argument as both Desmond and Psycho are from London and where would we be without them, eh? Keep up the good work writing glorifying articles on Psycho & Des but never forget their roots! Iain Dolan (probably the only Forest fan in Welwyn).

IT'S THAT MAN AGAIN

Dear BRIAN,
Last Saturday was not a good day! I can take conceding a goal in the last minute of a football match, but the disgraceful episode that followed I will never

forget. I refer of course to the irresponsible actions of Mr Gascoigne, who took it upon himself to run 20 yards with the sole intention of laughing contemptuously in the faces of Roy Keane and Stevie Hodge. Behaviour likely to incite violence? You probably made a lot of friends in Nottingham during the World Cup, Mr G - you've lost them all now and rest assured your infantile reactions towards fellow professionals will never be forgotten.

The Sandiacre Tree.

SATURDAY'S KIDS

Dear BRIAN,

Ever since moving to "Robin Hood Country", I have been quite perplexed at the apathy shown by the Nottingham public as far as our great game is concerned. The knowledge shown on "three and in" typifies my point. "Why aren't you there tonight?", asks the host. "I can't afford it", "my Dad won't take me", "it's too cold" and many other over-used excuses.

However, my disbelief mounted with the re-scheduling of the Everton game. Oh great, I think, it might be on TV. No such luck. The reason for putting the match back is so that you can all go on the Big Dipper. This appalls me - how "football supporters" would rather go to Goose Fair than undertake the traditional Saturday afternoon trek to the match beats me.

On the Saturday when you should have been playing Everton, I was at a ground where football is a way of life, the supporters wouldn't miss the match for anything. We will probably be in Nottingham next season, hopefully at the City Ground but perhaps Meadow Lane as well. I hope it will be on a Saturday. Depending on the time of year Goose Fair or "Chrimbo" shopping may take priority. If Quinn

and McGhee repeat last season's feats and the defence tightens we should see you next year.

Adam Gordon (Newcastle fan) Ravenshead.

*IT WAS THE CLUB RATHER THAN THE FANS WHO DECIDED TO PLAY THE EVERTON GAME ON THE SUNDAY. I DOUBT THAT GOOSE FAIR WOULD HAVE DRAWN AWAY MANY ADULT FOREST FANS, PERHAPS IT WAS DOWN TO PRESSURE FROM THE MILITANT WING OF THE JUNIOR REDS?

Dear BRIAN,

As a footnote to my letter in the last issue (Forest's attendance swindle), I note with some amusement that this weekend's game against Spurs, a game which by the club's own admission had been sold out two days before, was watched by a capacity crowd of....yes, you guessed....27,347. I rest my case.

Airhorn Alex, London N3.

GROGGY PROGGY

Dear BRIAN,

In spite of the many letters of complaint in recent BRIANS, the Forest programme remains a travesty. The present offering fails to include one decent reading article on a regular basis. Secretary Paul White is the main culprit. His piece is reminiscent of the lightweight few words included in the Forest Review of the early 70's. That was forgivable, considering the parlous state of the club: 2nd Division football and gates rarely exceeding 10,000. With Barron (surely the worst goalkeeper ever to be picked regularly for Forest?) in goal and the deadly duo of Galley and Martin up front, it's no wonder the club had little to write about or look forward to. Today, plenty happens both inside and outside the club which Mr White ignores in his tedious personal view. How about carrying out a bit of research to make

your articles more informative, Paul, thus appealing to intelligent adults rather than the Junior Reds in the 5-10 age bracket seemingly targetted at present.

Ken Smales got it right. One always felt his notes had been thoroughly researched and carefully prepared. Quite often he included statistics to back up his arguments on the many issues affecting the club. He displayed a wide knowledge of the football world in his articles. We get none of this from Paul White. I quote from the Arsenal programme, "Having been involved with a club that has sampled great success on foreign soil, I can tell you there is nothing like the anticipation of games with top European teams for getting the adrenalin going". Zzzzzzzzzzzzzzz.

If Mr White cannot be bothered, he should stick to bean counting and be replaced by someone who can put in the effort. Why not bring back Peter Tozer who, like Ken Smales, possesses a depth of knowledge about the club and can articulate it in an interesting and readable form, witness his series on Forest in bygone years printed during the early 80s.

The responsibility, ultimately, rests with the Editors. After their sacking from the Evening Post over 10 years ago, the Clough-led support for Lawson & Bowles must have led to them being offered a lifetime contract to edit the programme. It's low standard suggests laziness and the smug feeling that Forest fans will be satisfied with whatever is churned out, so long as it contains a few colour photos and, wow!, the inside of a recently refurbished Greenall asset-strippers pub. There must be many other supporters out there who, like myself, used to avidly collect the programme only to stop due to its poor

value for money. It's possible to read the present programme from cover to cover starting from when the last of the ball boys

runs out to midway through the ghastly Robin Hood record, when the kids join in the singing. Moreover, there's time in between to

buy a festering meat pie and a cup of cold Bovril, but that's another complaint.....

L.J. Stephenson, Mapperley Pk.

The summer of 1987 saw the continuation of the trend of players leaving and not being replaced by anybody. Fairclough and Metgod went to Tottenham, Bowyer left on a free transfer to become player/coach of Hereford, and Birtles and Mills both went to Notts. They were joined across the river by Home Ales, who ended their sponsorship after one season, to be replaced by the beloved Shippos. The captaincy of the side, needless to say, went to a Mr Pearce....

Overall, it was a very good start to the season, especially away from home, where five out of the first six League matches were won. These included games at Coventry and Derby, the former of which saw Terry Wilson score on his debut in a 3-0 victory, while the latter featured a single goal by Wilkinson that enabled him to win over most of his former critics. These matches sandwiched a 6-1 aggregate victory over Bowyer's Hereford, and the home leg of this saw Steve Chettle make his first City Ground appearance as a sub for Fleming. At about this time, David Campbell joined the exodus, going to Charlton.

The season seemed set fair at this point, but we were brought down to earth with a crash by a 3-0 Littlewoods Cup defeat against a then second division Man City. November proved to be patchy, and it seemed that the customary winter malaise was setting in. December saw a sudden upward turn, with four straight wins which took Forest into second place in the table, albeit ten points behind the inevitable Scouse. The first of these games, against QPR, featured a four-minute Clough hat-trick and a first goal for Tommy Gaynor, who had joined the club from Doncaster in October. Boxing Day provided us with even more satisfaction, the 2-0 win at Highbury being our first for more years than I'd care to mention. This game, you'll recall, led to Forest being dubbed as exciting as "cold fish-and-chips on a wet night in Scunthorpe". Which was a bit rich, coming from Arsenal.

New Year's Day 1988 promptly dished any hopes we had of the title, with a 2-0 home defeat against a Gascoigne-inspired Newcastle. For once, though, League results ceased to matter so much as we had that rarest of things, an FA Cup run. It began in in auspicious surroundings, with a 4-0 win at Halifax, and one of the goals came from Calvin Plummer, who had returned to

A Kick Up The 80s ^{87.8}

the club the previous year. He also got the winner in the next round at Leyton Orient, just as the media were getting themselves ready for another giant-killing act. In fact, the media soon had plenty more to get their fangs into, with the Almighty being offered the Welsh job on a part-time basis. He was keen to accept it, and must have been as surprised as the rest of us when the Forest board refused. We held our breath, expecting a resignation that never came. In spite of one or two noises from the man himself about how he could have combined both jobs, the whole thing blew over fairly quickly.

Birmingham were disposed of fairly comfortably in the 5th Round at St Andrews, the goal this time coming from recent debutant Gary Crosby, who had been signed from Grantham for £15,000 just two months previously. Few people will need reminding of what happened next. Drawn away to Arsenal, goals from Wilkinson and Rice gave us a memorable victory, which just goes to show how tasty cold fish-and-chips can be. In the run up to the semi-final, we had successive home wins against Derby (of course) and Liverpool. The latter came just a week before we were due to play them for a place at Wembley.... Our optimism wasn't really justified, however, and in spite of making a good fight of it, the inexperience of players like Chettle was shown as we lost 2-1. That particular dream was over, but at least it was a platform for things to come. Best to draw a veil over what happened next, except that the BBC liked it so much that they made it into a video called 'Match of the Century'. A few days later, we cheered up a bit after winning the League centenary tournament at Wembley. There were five home games left, but Forest had run out of steam, drawing three of them and leaving us in a final position of third. Player of the Year awards had begun to proliferate by this time, with Sutton winning the Forest Review one and Clough the Post/Shippos alternative version. Two players arrived before the transfer deadline - Garry Parker from Hull for £250,000, and Nigel Jemson from Preston for £150,000. Osbold returned to Scandinavia at this time, after making only four appearances for the club.

by ALEX MONEY.